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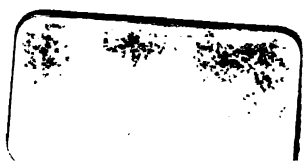
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Per 1419 d 33



TER ROW;

THE
FAMILY TREASURY
OF
SUNDAY READING.

EDITED BY THE
REV. ANDREW CAMERON,
(FORMERLY EDITOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN TREASURY.")



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PRACTICAL AND DEVOTIONAL PAPERS.

	Page
"Thy Love is Better than Wine" ...	8
Lemons and Pictures, especially for Young Men, from the Book of Proverbs. By the Rev. Andrew Thomson, D.D., Edinburgh ...	50
Sky Christians. By the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler ...	57
Unhappy Marriages ...	107
The Deceitfulness of Sin. By the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler ...	118
Satan's Witnesses ...	143
"Slippery Places" ...	148
The Wedge with a Crack in it ...	200
"My Cry" ...	268
"Because of the Saviour of thy Good Ointments thy Name is as Ointment poured forth" ...	331
The Traveller's Psalm ...	370
Self-Dedication to God. By the Rev. Charles J. Brown, D.D., Edinburgh ...	406
The Pocket-Book, and its Uses in the Closet ...	523
"He giveth His Beloved Sleep" ...	590
The Golden and the Gilded ...	641

NARRATIVES, ANECDOTES, &c.

Hours in Eastern Hospitals. By an Indian Missionary—	
No. I. ...	11
No. II. ...	110
On Both Sides of the Sea: A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration—A Sequel to "The Draytons and the Davenants." By the Author of the "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family" 18, 45, 129, 215, 282, 371, 383, 457, 597, 646, 705	
What are You going to do To-morrow?	43
The Old Nurse ...	48

Sketches of Church History—

	Page
I. The Lives of the Apostles ...	80
II. Traits and Stories of the Infant Church ...	163
III. Chequered Scenes ...	236
IV. Stars in the Firmament ...	277
V. A Cloud of Witnesses ...	373
VI. The Peace-maker, and the Martyrs of Carthage ...	419
VII. The Man of Genius ...	498
What I have Learned among the Tombs	176
The Blind Eyes Opened ...	179
The Story of a Huguenot Galley-Slave	237, 297
My Alpine Friend ...	244
Let Him that Heareth say, Come ...	248
Birthday Musings ...	281
Arthur Erskine's Experiences—A Tale of the Sixteenth Century, 257, 314, 435, 487, 546, 615, 692, 743	
A Starry Night ...	256
"Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it" ...	363
Work in the Wynds ...	367
The Missing Receipt ...	402
Leaves from an Hospital Visitor's Note-Book ...	431, 497, 698
Another Starry Night ...	442
How the Grain of Mustard-Seed sprung up ...	480
Memory and the Final Judgment ...	563
Autumn Trees ...	594
"Freely—Freely" ...	612
A Soldier's Conversion ...	626

POETRY.

The Child whose Name is the Mighty God ...	57
The Still Waters of the Valley. By the Author of the "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family" ...	97
"At Evening-Time it shall be Light" ...	120

The Power of Life. By the Author of the "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family" ...

	Page
Winter Thoughts ...	243
Wonders of Day and Night ...	248
"Redeeming the Time" ...	334
Savonarola ...	449
By the Way ...	526
The Parting at Tyre ...	535
The Night Service ...	556
Blow upon Blow ...	618
In the Glen ...	629
A Song of the River ...	636
The Betrayal of the Yucatan Islanders	690
The Church of Pentecost. From the German of Karl Gerok. ...	700

THE TREASURY PULPIT.

"Every Scribe Instructed." By the Rev. Alexander Yvill, Cargill ...	12
The Memory of the Lost. By the Rev. D. B. Coe, of the American Board ...	30
Ordination Charge. By the Rev. A. L. R. Foote, Brechin ...	39
Heaven the Scene of Christ's Priesthood. By the Rev. Hugh Martin, M.A., Free Greyfriars', Edinburgh—	
Part First ...	170
Part Second ...	358
The Two Antagonistic Principles; or, Perfect Love Casting out Fear. By the Rev. A. L. R. Foote, Brechin ...	303
The Preaching of Another Gospel Accursed ...	630
The Rose of Jericho. A Sermon for Children. By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan ...	685

BIOGRAPHY AND PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

Daniel Rowland and his Times; or, England a Hundred Years Ago. By the Rev. J. C. Ryle ...	1, 88
---	-------

	Page		Page		Page
Manuel Metamorphosis	97	No. III. The Psalms of David ...	424	Not Forsaken	64
John Berridge and his Ministry; or, England a Hundred Years Ago. By the Rev. J. C. Ryle	151, 204	No. IV. The Davidic Ordinances for the Service of Song ...	526	The Deformed Preacher	121
A Maori Missionary	159	No. V. Psalmody under Solomon and the Later Kings	668	The Law Concerning the Spreading Fire	123
Henry Venn and his Ministry; or, England a Hundred Years Ago. By the Rev. J. C. Ryle	334, 411, 473	No. VI. The Psalms of the Cap- tivity and the Return	727	The Message in the Letter	126
Doctor Edgar	500	Ancient Jewish Chamber—Damascus Gate (with Engraving)	258	The Eclipse	183
Walker of Truro and his Ministry; or, England a Hundred Years Ago. By the Rev. J. C. Ryle	513	Old Testament Difficulties— 1.—Samsen	312	The Diamond Locket	185
Gambold and his Poems	541	2.—Jael	315	Real Value	188
James Hervey of Weston Favell and his Ministry; or, England a Hundred Years Ago. By the Rev. J. C. Ryle ...	577	MISCELLANIES.		The Story of Cheilonis; or, The Mean- ing of Intercession,	190
Toplady and his Ministry; or, England a Hundred Years Ago. By the Rev. J. C. Ryle	678	An Anglican on Union	35	The Prisoner and the Peach	252
Fletcher of Madeley and his Ministry; or, England a Hundred Years Ago. By the Rev. J. C. Ryle	721	Christianity and Natural Science ...	45	Childlike Trust; or, Little Susan and the Brambles	255
BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL MISCELLANIES.		Sir S. Baker on the Nile Tribes ...	77	A Passing Memory	255
Via Dolorosa (with Engraving) ...	58	The Decelvaleness of Unrighteous- ness	86	Spring and its Lessons	317
The Lily	115	Faithful in that which is Least ...	119	The Westminster Boys	319
Manna	117	Thoughts in Trial	213	Mary's Troubles, and how She got out of Them	378
The Convent of the Cross (with En- graving)	120	Notes on "Ecce Deus"	228, 308	Pierre's Pet Lamb. By A. L. O. E. ...	382
Pool of the Virgin (with Engraving) ...	192	What of the Tide—Is it Ebbing or Flowing?	341	My Little Teacher— Part I.	445
Notes Introductory to the Psalter. By the Rev. William Binnie, D.D., Stir- ling— No. I.	193	Rationalism and Ritualism—How they fall to meet the Sinner's Case ...	365	Part II.	510
No. II.—David, the Anointed of the God of Jacob, and the Sweet Singer of Israel	270	The Modern Apotheosis of Doubt ...	453	Part III.	571
		In Paris	558	Little Carl	448
		M. Guizot's Testimony to the Christian Revival in France	624	Little Wilhelm	502
		Goulbourn on Personal Religion ...	736	The Church of the Valleys. No. I. ...	504
		Miscellanies by T. L. Cuyler— I. The Cross of Christ First	759	The Thorn in the Conscience. By A. L. O. E.	507
		II. Cloudy Christians	760	The Story of Pauline	567
		CHILDREN'S TREASURY.		Lazy Susy. By A. L. O. E.	574
		Winter Emblems	59	Gretchen's Vines	636
		The River Divided. By A. L. O. E. ...	61	"I Can't Rub it Out." By A. L. O. E. ...	637
				Charlie, and the Robin's Song	640
				The Nobleman's Jewels	640
				Grasping the Apple. By A. L. O. E. ...	701
				The Unlocked Door	704
				The Eagle's Nest. By A. L. O. E. ...	761
				Be Honest, Children	764





THE FAMILY TREASURY

OF

SUNDAY

READING.

DANIEL ROWLANDS AND HIS TIMES;

OR, ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE.

ONE of the greatest spiritual champions of the last century, whom I wish to introduce to my readers in this paper, is one who is very little known. The man I mean is the Rev. Daniel Rowlands of Llan-geitho in Cardiganshire. Thousands of my countrymen, I suspect, have some little acquaintance with Whitefield, Wesley, and Romaine, who never even heard the name of the great apostle of Wales.

That such should be the case need not surprise us. Rowlands was a Welsh clergyman, and seldom preached in the English language. He resided in a very remote part of the principality, and hardly ever came to London. His ministry was almost entirely among the middle and lower classes in about five counties in Wales. These circumstances alone are enough to account for the fact that so few people know anything about him. Whatever the causes may be, there are not many Englishmen who understand Welsh, or can even pronounce the names of the parishes where Rowlands used to preach. In the face of these circumstances, we have no right to be surprised if

his reputation has been confined to the land of his nativity.

In addition to all this, we must remember that no biographical account of Rowlands was ever drawn up by his contemporaries. Materials for such an account were got together by one of his sons, and forwarded to Lady Huntingdon. Her death, unfortunately, immediately afterwards, prevented these materials being used, and what became of them after her death has never been ascertained. The only memoirs of Rowlands are two lives, written by clergymen who are still living. They are both excellent and useful in their way, but of course they labour under the disadvantage of having been drawn up long after the mighty subject of them had passed away.* These two volumes, and some very valuable information which I have succeeded in obtaining from a kind

* The memoirs of Rowlands to which I refer are two small volumes by the Rev. John Owen, Rector of Thrumington, and the Rev. E. Morgan, Vicar of Syston, both in the county of Leicester. The private information which I have received has been supplied by a relative of the great Welsh apostle, though not in nasal descent, the Rev. William Rowlands of Fishguard, South Wales. Some few facts, it may be interesting to my readers to know, come from an old man of eighty-five, who, when a boy, heard Rowlands preach.

correspondent in Wales, are the only mines of matter to which I have had access in drawing up this paper.

Enough, however, and more than enough, is extant, to prove that Daniel Rowlands, in the highest sense, was one of the spiritual giants of the last century. It is a fact that Lady Huntingdon, no mean judge of clergymen, had the highest opinion of Rowlands. Few people had better opportunities of forming a judgment of preachers than she had, and she thought Rowlands was second only to Whitefield. It is a fact that no British preacher of the last century kept together in one district such enormous congregations of souls for fifty years as Rowlands did. It is a fact, above all, that no man a hundred years ago seems to have preached with such unmistakable power of the Holy Ghost accompanying him as Rowlands. These are great isolated facts that cannot be disputed. Like the few scattered bones of extinct mammoths and mastodons, they speak volumes to all who have an ear to hear. They tell us that, in considering and examining Daniel Rowlands, we are dealing with no common man.

Daniel Rowlands was born in the year 1713, at Pant-y-beudy in the parish of Llanwndlle, near Llangetho, Cardiganshire. He was the second son of the Rev. Daniel Rowlands, rector of Llangetho, by Jennet, his wife. When a child of three years old, he had a narrow escape of death, like John Wesley. A large stone fell down the chimney on the very spot where he had been sitting two minutes before, which, had he not providentially moved from his place, must have killed him. Nothing else is known of the first twenty years of his life, except the fact that he received his education at Hereford Grammar School, and that he lost his father when he was eighteen years old. It appears, from a tablet in Llangetho Church, that when Rowlands was born, his father was fifty-four and his mother forty-five years old. His father's removal could not therefore have been a premature event, as he must have attained the ripe age of seventy-two.

From some cause or other, of which we can give no account, Rowlands appears to have gone to no University. His father's death may possibly have made a difference in the circumstances of

the family. At any rate, the next fact we hear about him after his father's death, is his ordination in London at the early age of twenty, in the year 1733. He was ordained by letter dimissory from the Bishop of St. David's, and it is recorded, as a curious proof both of his poverty and his earnestness of character, that he went to London on foot.

The title on which Rowlands was ordained was that of curate to his elder brother John, who had succeeded his father, and held the three adjacent livings of Llangetho, Llanwndlle, and Llandewibrefi. He seems to have entered on his ministerial duties like thousands in his day—without the slightest adequate sense of his responsibilities, and utterly ignorant of the gospel of Christ. According to Owen he was a good classical scholar, and had made rapid progress at Hereford School in all secular learning. But in the neighbourhood where he was born and began his ministry, he is reported never to have given any proof of fitness to be a minister. He was only known as a man remarkable for natural vivacity, of middle size, of a firm make, of quick and nimble action, very adroit and successful in all games and athletic amusements, and as ready as any one, after doing duty in church on Sunday morning, to spend the rest of God's day in sports and revels, if not in drunkenness. Such was the character of the great apostle of Wales for some time after his ordination! He was never likely, afterwards, to forget St. Paul's words to the Corinthians, "Such were some you" (1 Cor. vi. 11), or to doubt the possibility of any one's conversion.

The precise time and manner of Rowlands' conversion are points involved in much obscurity. According to Morgan, the first thing that awakened him out of his spiritual slumbers, was the discovery that, however well he tried to preach, he could not prevent one of his congregations being completely thinned by a dissenting minister named Pugh. It is said that this made him alter his sermons, and adopt a more awakening and alarming style of address. According to Morgan, he was first brought to himself by hearing a well-known excellent clergyman, named Griffith Jones, preach at Llandewibrefi. On this occasion his appearance, as he stood in the crowd before the pulpit, is said to have been so full of vanity, conceit, and

levity, that Mr. Jones stopped in his sermon and offered a special prayer for him, that God would touch his heart, and make him an instrument for turning souls from darkness to light. This prayer is said to have had an immense effect on Rowlands, and he is reported to have been a different man from that day. I do not attempt to reconcile the two accounts. I can quite believe that both are true. When the Holy Ghost takes in hand the conversion of a soul, he often causes a variety of circumstances to concur and co-operate in producing it. This, I am sure, would be the testimony of all experienced believers. Owen got hold of one set of facts, and Morgan of another. Both happened probably about the same time, and both probably are true.

One thing, at any rate, is very certain. From about the year 1738, when Rowlands was twenty-five, a complete change came over his life and ministry. He began to preach like a man in earnest, and to speak and act like one who had found out that sin, and death, and judgment, and heaven and hell, were great realities. Gifted beyond most men with bodily and mental qualifications for the work of the pulpit, he began to consecrate himself wholly to it, and threw himself, body, and soul, and mind, into his sermons. The consequence, as might be expected, was an enormous amount of popularity. The churches where he preached were crowded to suffocation. The effect of his ministry, in the way of awakening and arousing sinners, was something tremendous. "The impression," says Morgan, "on the hearts of most people, was that of awe and distress, and as if they saw the end of the world drawing near, and hell ready to swallow them up. His fame soon spread throughout the country, and people came from all parts to hear him. Not only the churches were filled, but also the churchyards. It is said that, under deep conviction, numbers of the people lay down on the ground in the churchyard of Llanowalle, and it was not easy for a person to pass by without stumbling against some of them."

At this very time, however curious it may seem, it is clear that Rowlands did not preach the full gospel. His testimony was unmistakably truth, but still it was not the whole truth. He painted the spirituality and condemning power of the law in such vivid colours, that his hearers

trembled before him and cried out for mercy. But he did not yet lift up Christ crucified in all his fulness, as a refuge, a physician, a redeemer, and a friend; and hence, though many were wounded, they were not healed. How long he continued preaching in this strain it is, at this distance of time, extremely difficult to say. So far as I can make out by comparing dates, it went on for about four years. The work that he did for God in this period, I have no doubt, was exceedingly useful, as a preparation for the message of later days. I, for one, believe that there are places, and times, and seasons, and congregations, in which powerful preaching of the law is of the greatest value. I strongly suspect that many evangelical congregations in the present day would be immensely benefited by a broad, powerful exhibition of God's law. But that there was too much law in Rowlands' preaching for four years after his conversion, both for his own comfort and the good of his hearers, is very evident from the fragmentary accounts that remain of his ministry.

The means by which the mind of Rowlands was gradually led into the full light of the gospel have not been fully explained by his biographers. Perhaps the simplest explanation will be found in our Lord Jesus Christ's words, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine" (John vii. 17). Rowlands was evidently a man who did honestly live up to his light, and followed on to know the Lord. His Master took care that he did not long walk in darkness, but showed him "the light of life." One principal instrument of guiding him into the whole truth was that same Mr. Pugh who, at an earlier period, had thinned his congregation! He took great interest in Rowlands at this critical era in his spiritual history, and gave him much excellent advice. "Preach the gospel, dear sir," he would say; "preach the gospel to the people and apply the balm of Gilead, the blood of Christ, to their spiritual wounds, and show the necessity of faith in the crucified Saviour." Happy indeed are young ministers who have an Aquila or Priscilla near them, and when they get good advice are willing to listen to it! The friendship of the eminent layman, Howell Harris, with whom Rowlands became acquainted about this time, was no doubt a great

additional help to his soul. In one way or another, the great apostle of Wales was gradually led into the full noontide light of Christ's truth; and about the year 1742, in the thirtieth year of his age, became established as the preacher of a singularly full, free, clear, and well-balanced gospel.

The effect of Rowlands' ministry from this time forward to his life's end was something so vast and prodigious, that it almost takes away one's breath to hear of it. We see unhappily so very little of spiritual influences in the present day, the operations of the Holy Ghost appear confined within such narrow limits and to reach so few persons, that the harvests reaped at Llangeitho a hundred years ago sound almost incredible. But the evidence of the results of his preaching is so abundant and incontestable, that there is no room left for doubt. One universal testimony is borne to the fact that Rowlands was made a blessing to hundreds of souls. People used to flock to hear him preach from every part of the principality, and to think nothing of travelling fifty or sixty miles for the purpose. On sacrament Sundays it was no uncommon thing for him to have 1500, or 2000, or even 2500 communicants. The people on these occasions would go together in companies, like the Jews going up to the temple feast in Jerusalem, and would return home afterwards singing hymns and psalms on their journey, caring nothing for fatigue.

It is useless to attempt accounting for these effects, as many do, by calling them religious excitement. Such people would do well to remember that the influence which Rowlands had over his hearers was an influence which never waned for at least forty-eight years. It had its ebbs and flows, no doubt, and rose on several occasions to the spring-tide of revivals. But at no time did his ministry appear to be without immense and unparalleled results. According to Charles of Bala, and many other unexceptionable witnesses, it seemed just as attractive and effective when he was seventy years old as it was when he was fifty. When we recollect, moreover, the singular fact that on Sundays, at least, Rowlands very seldom was absent from Llangeitho, and that for forty-eight years he was constantly preaching on the same spot, and not, like Whitefield and Wesley, incessantly addressing fresh congregations, we must

surely allow that few preachers have had such extraordinary spiritual success since the days of the apostles.

Of course it would be absurd to say that there was no excitement, unsound profession, hypocrisy, and false fire among the thousands who crowded to hear Rowlands. There was much, no doubt, as there always will be, when large masses of people are gathered together. Nothing, perhaps, is so infectious as a kind of sham, sensational Christianity, and particularly among unlearned and ignorant men. The Welsh, too, are notoriously an excitable people. No one, however, was more fully alive to these dangers than the great preacher himself, and no one could warn his hearers more incessantly that the Christianity which was not practical was unprofitable and vain. But, after all, the effects of Rowlands' ministry were too plain and palpable to be mistaken. There is clear and overwhelming evidence that the lives of many of his hearers were vastly improved after hearing him preach, and that sin was checked and distinct knowledge of Christianity increased to an immense extent throughout the principality.

It will surprise no Christian to hear that, from an early period, Rowlands found it impossible to confine his labours to his own parish. The state of the country was so deplorable as to religion and morality, and the applications he received for help were so many, that he felt he had no choice in the matter. The circumstances under which he first began preaching out of his own neighbourhood, are so interesting, as described by Owen, that I shall give his words without abbreviation:—

"There was a farmer's wife in Ystradffin, in the county of Carmarthen, who had a sister living near Llangeitho. This woman came at times to see her sister, and on one of these occasions she heard some strange things about the clergyman of the parish, that is, Rowlands. The common saying was, that he was not right in his mind. However, she went to hear him, and not in vain; but she said nothing then to her sister or to anybody else about the sermon, and she returned home to her family. The following Sunday she came again to her sister's home at Llangeitho. 'What is the matter?' said her sister, in great surprise. 'Are your husband and your children

well !' She feared from seeing her again so soon and so unexpectedly, that something unpleasant had happened. 'Oh, yes,' was the reply, 'nothing of that kind is amiss.' Again she asked her, 'What, then, is the matter ?' To this she replied, 'I don't well know what is the matter. Something that your *cracked* clergyman said last Sunday has brought me here to-day. It stuck in my mind all the week, and never left me night nor day.' She went again to hear, and continued to come every Sunday, though her road was rough and mountainous, and her home more than twenty miles from Llangeitho.

"After continuing to hear Rowlands about half a year, she felt a strong desire to ask him to come and preach at Ystradffin. She made up her mind to try ; and, after service one Sunday, she went to Rowlands, and accosted him in the following manner :—'Sir, if what you say to us is true, there are many in my neighbourhood in a most dangerous condition, going fast to eternal misery. For the sake of their souls, come over, sir, to preach to them.' The woman's request took Rowlands by surprise ; but without a moment's hesitation he said, in his usual quick way, 'Yes, I will come, if you can get the clergyman's permission.' This satisfied the woman, and she returned home as much pleased as if she had found some rich treasure. She took the first opportunity of asking her clergyman's permission, and easily succeeded. Next Sunday she went joyfully to Llangeitho, and informed Rowlands of her success. According to his promise he went over and preached at Ystradffin, and his very first sermon there was wonderfully blessed. Not less than thirty persons, it is said, were converted that day ! Many of them afterwards came regularly to hear him at Llangeitho."

From this time forth Rowlands never hesitated to preach outside his own parish, wherever a door of usefulness was opened. When he could, he preached in churches. When churches were closed to him, he would preach in a room, a barn, or the open air. At no period, however, of his ministerial life does he appear to have been so much of an itinerant as some of his cotemporaries. He rightly judged that hearers of the gospel required to be built up as well as awakened, and for this work he was peculiarly well qualified.

Whatever, therefore, he did on week days, the Sunday generally found him at Llangeitho.

The circumstances under which he first began the practice of field-preaching were no less remarkable than those under which he was called to preach at Ystradffin. It appears that after his own conversion he felt great anxiety about the spiritual condition of his old companions in sin and folly. Most of them were thoughtless headstrong young men, who thoroughly disliked his searching sermons, and refused at last to come to church at all. "Their custom," says Owen, "was to go on Sunday to a suitable place on one of the hills above Llangeitho, and there amuse themselves with sports and games." Rowlands tried all means to stop this sinful profanation of the Lord's day, but for some time utterly failed. At last he determined to go there himself on a Sunday. As these rebels against God would not come to him in church, he resolved to go to them on their own ground. He went therefore, and suddenly breaking into the ring as a cock-fight was going on, addressed them powerfully and boldly about the sinfulness of their conduct. The effect was so great that not a tongue was raised to answer or oppose him, and from that day the Sabbath assembly in that place was completely given up. For the rest of his life Rowlands never hesitated, when occasion required, to preach in the open air.

The extra-parochial work that Rowlands did by his itinerant preaching was carefully followed up and not allowed to fall to the ground. No one understood better than he did, that souls require almost as much attention after they are awakened as they do before, and that in spiritual husbandry there is need of watering as well as planting. Aided, therefore, by a few zealous fellow-labourers, both lay and clerical, he established a regular system of Societies, on John Wesley's plan, over the greater part of Wales, through which he managed to keep up a constant communication with all who valued the gospel that he preached, and to keep them well together. These societies were all connected with one great Association, which met four times a year, and of which he was generally the moderator. The amount of his influence at these Association-meetings may be measured by the fact that above one hundred ministers in the principality regarded

him as their spiritual father! From the very first this Association seems to have been a most wisely organized and useful institution, and to it may be traced the existence of the Calvinistic Methodist body in Wales at this very day.

The mighty instrument whom God employed in doing all the good works I have been describing, was not permitted to do them without many trials. For wise and good ends, no doubt—to keep him humble in the midst of his immense success and prevent his being exalted overmuch—he was called upon to drink many bitter cups. Like his divine Master, he was “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.” The greatest of these trials, no doubt, was his ejection from the Church of England in 1763, after serving her faithfully for next to nothing as an ordained clergyman for thirty years. The manner in which this disgraceful transaction was accomplished was so remarkable, that it deserves to be fully described.

Rowlands, it must be remembered, was never an incumbent. From the time of his ordination in 1733, he was simply curate of Llangeitho, under his elder brother John, until the time of his death in 1760. What kind of a clergyman his elder brother was is not very clear. He was drowned at Aberystwith, and we only know that for twenty-seven years he seems to have left everything at Llangeitho in Daniel's hands, and to have let him do just what he liked. Upon the death of John Rowlands, the Bishop of St. David's, who was patron of Llangeitho, was asked to give the livings to his brother Daniel, upon the very reasonable ground that he had been serving the parish as curate no less than twenty-seven years! The bishop unhappily refused to comply with this request, alleging as his excuse that he had received many complaints about his irregularities. He took the very singular step of giving the living to John, the son of Daniel Rowlands, a young man twenty-seven years old. The result of this very odd proceeding was, that Daniel Rowlands became curate to his own son, as he had been curate to his own brother, and continued his labours at Llangeitho for three years more uninterrupted.*

* For a clue to all this intricacy, I am entirely indebted to the Rev. W. Rowlands of Flahguard. Unless the facts I have detailed are carefully remembered, it is impossible to understand how Daniel Rowlands was so easily turned out of his position. The truth is, that he was only a curate.

The reasons why the Bishop of St. David's refused to give Rowlands the living of Llangeitho may be easily divined. So long as he was only a curate, he knew that he could easily silence him. Once instituted and inducted as incumbent, he would have occupied a position from which he could not have been removed without much difficulty. Influenced, probably, by some such considerations, the bishop permitted Rowlands to continue preaching at Llangeitho as curate to his son, warning him at the same time that the Welsh clergy were constantly complaining of his irregularities, and that he could not long look over them. These “irregularities,” be it remembered, were neither drunkenness, breach of the seventh commandment, hunting, shooting, nor gambling! The whole substance of his offence was preaching out of his own parish wherever he could get hearers! To the bishop's threats Rowlands replied, “that he had nothing in view but the glory of God in the salvation of sinners, and that as his labours had been so much blessed he could not desist.”

At length, in the year 1763, the fatal step was taken. The bishop sent Rowlands a mandate, revoking his license, and was actually foolish enough to have it served on a Sunday. The niece of an eye-witness describes what happened in the following words: “My uncle was at Llangeitho church that very morning. A stranger came forward and served Mr. Rowlands with a notice from the bishop, at the very time when he was stepping into the pulpit. Mr. Rowlands read it, and told the people that the letter which he had just received was from the bishop, revoking his license. Mr. Rowlands then said, ‘We must obey the higher powers. Let me beg you will go out quietly, and then we shall conclude the service of the morning by the church gate.’ And so they walked out, weeping and crying. My uncle thought there was not a dry eye in the church at the moment. Mr. Rowlands accordingly preached outside the church with extraordinary effect.”

A more unhappy, ill-timed, blundering exercise of episcopal power than this, it is literally impossible to conceive. Here was a man of singular gifts and graces, who had no objection to anything in the Articles or Prayer-book, cast

out of the Church of England for no other fault than excess of zeal. And this ejection took place at a time when scores of Welsh clergymen were shamefully neglecting their duties, and too often were drunkards, gamblers, and sportsmen, if not worse. That the bishop afterwards bitterly repented of what he did, is very poor consolation indeed. It was too late. The deed was done. Rowlands was shut out of the Church of England, and an immense number of his people all over Wales followed him. A breach was made in the walls of Zion which will probably never be healed. As long as the world stands, the Church of England in Wales will never get over the injury done to it by the preposterous and stupid revocation of Daniel Rowlands' license.

There is every reason to believe that Rowlands felt his expulsion most keenly. However, it made no difference whatever in his line of action. His friends and followers soon built him a large and commodious chapel in the parish of Llangeitho, and migrated there in a body. He did not even leave Llangeitho rectory, for his son, being rector, allowed him to reside there as long as he lived. In fact, the Church of England lost everything by ejecting him, and gained nothing at all. The great preacher was never silenced practically for a single day, and the Church of England reaped a harvest of odium and dislike in Wales which is bearing fruit to this very hour.

From the time of his ejection to his death, the course of Rowlands' life seems to have been comparatively undisturbed. No longer persecuted and snubbed by ecclesiastical superiors, he held on his way for twenty-seven years in great quietness, undiminished popularity, and immense usefulness, and died at length in Llangeitho rectory on October the 16th, 1790, at the ripe old age of seventy-seven.

"He was unwell during the last year of his life," says Morgan, "but able to go on with his ministry at Llangeitho, though he scarcely went anywhere else. It was his particular wish that he might go direct from his work to his everlasting rest, and not be kept long on a death-bed. His heavenly Father was pleased to grant his desires, and when his departure was drawing nigh, he had some pleasing idea of his approaching end."

One of his children has supplied the following

interesting account of his last days :—"My father made the following observations in his sermons two Sundays before his departure. He said, 'I am almost leaving, and am on the point of being taken from you. I am not tired of work, but in it. I have some presentiment that my heavenly Father will soon release me from my labours, and bring me to my everlasting rest. But I hope that he will continue his gracious presence with you after I am gone.' He told us, conversing on his departure after worship the last Sunday, that he should like to die in a quiet serene manner, and hoped that he should not be disturbed by our sighs and crying. He added, 'I have no more to state, by way of acceptance with God, than I have always stated; I die as a poor sinner, depending fully and entirely on the merits of a crucified Saviour for my acceptance with God.' In his last hours he often used the expression, in Latin, which Wesley used on his death-bed, 'God is with us;' and finally departed in great peace."

Rowlands was buried at Llangeitho, at the east end of the church. His enemies could shut him out of the pulpit, but not out of the churchyard. An old inhabitant of the parish, now eighty-five, says: "I well remember his tomb, and many times have I read the inscription, his name, and age, with that of his wife's, Eleanor, who died a year and two months after her husband. The stone was laid on a three feet wall, but it is now worn out by the hand of time."

Rowlands was once married. It is believed that his wife was the daughter of Mr. Davies of Glynwchaf, near Llangeitho. He had seven children who survived him, and two who died in infancy. What became of all his family, and whether there are any lineal descendants of his, I have been unable to ascertain.

The engraving of him which faces the title-page of the lives drawn up by Morgan and Owen, gives one the idea of Rowlands being a grave and solemn-looking man. It is probably taken from the picture of him which Lady Huntingdon sent an artist to take at the very end of his life. The worthy old saint did not at all like being taken. "Why do you object, sir?" said the artist at last. "Why?" replied the old man, with great emphasis; "I am only a bit of clay like thyself."

And then he exclaimed, "Alas! alas! alas! taking the picture of a poor old sinner! alas! alas!" "His countenance," says Morgan, "altered and fell at once, and this is the reason why the picture appears so heavy and cast down."

I have other things yet to tell about Rowlands. His preaching and the many characteristic anecdotes about him deserve special notice. But I must reserve these points for another paper.

"THY LOVE IS BETTER THAN WINE."

A MEDITATION ON THE OPENING WORDS OF THE SONG OF SOLOMON.



THE first verse seems to be no part of the song itself, but to be a brief descriptive title prefixed to it. And how suitable it is. Here we have what is truly "the song of songs;" that is, the most excellent of songs. For this mode of expression is a common Hebrew form of the superlative. Thus we have "a slave of slaves," in Gen. ix. 25, to express the most abject of slavery. "Ornament of ornaments," in Ezek. xvi. 7, means most excellent ornaments. Similarly, "heaven of heavens," "God of gods," "Lord of lords," "King of kings."

And is not this, indeed, "the song of songs" to every heart that has been attuned to its seraphic music? None but such can truly sing it, or ever catch its sublime but hidden harmonies (Rev. xiv. 3). Other songs are said to be sweet (Ezek. xxxiii. 32), but this is the sweetest of them all, yea, even of those that God himself has sung in the ear of man. A song is spoken of as an expression of joy (Ps. cxxxvii. 3), and is an inciter to further joy; but what theme can be so inspiring to a believing heart as the love and the loveliness of Jesus? A song is also a vehicle of praise, and the world's heroes have ever coveted to have their names enshrined in song; but who so worthy of a song as is the Lamb, and who has ever been so loved and sung as Jesus is, too feebly indeed by the church on earth, but, oh, how rapturously by the church in glory? "Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth, and with my song will I praise him" (Ps. xxviii. 7).

O that the church were more frequently and more rapturously engaged in the praises of her Lord; and though multitudes might mock, as on the day of Pentecost, yet assuredly many who are weary of the world's vanities, and half heart-broken with the world's disappointments, would be provoked to ask the reasons for a joy so unusual, and perhaps might be induced to join the song. So then,—

"Sing as ye pass along,
With joy and wonder sing;
Till sinners learn the song,
And own your Lord their King;
Till converts join you as ye go,
And make a growing heaven below."

And this song is said to be Solomon's, or rather of Solomon, meaning by this, that it is of, or about Solomon, that is, the true and heavenly Solomon, the Prince of Peace. True indeed, King Solomon, the son of David,

was the inspired author of it; but we prefer to regard these words as setting before us the great burden of the church's song. And of whom else shall the Bride make songs, but of the Bridegroom; who else is worthy save only the Lamb that has been slain?

The song really begins with verse second—"Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth." And what an amazing prayer is this! A kiss is the most tender expression of the most tender love. Fervent affection, in its melting moments, cannot more tenderly express itself. So fell the aged father of the prodigal on the neck of his beloved son, and, with bowels yearning over the recovered one, he tenderly kissed him. Of all the signs of joy and welcome in that house that day, not one of them spoke more eloquently of the old man's love, than did that tender kiss. And so, too, with the kiss of betrothal. Yet it is nothing less than this that will satisfy the love-longings of the church, and of the individual believer. Not only Christ's love she longs for, but his most tender love; not only his most tender love, but also its most tender manifestations. For love were no true love, if it could be contented with the coldness of the beloved object; nay, the more tenderly it loves, the more it sighs for a return. And let us put three thoughts together, that we may better understand the magnitude of his grace, who not only permits, but inspires the wondrous cry. Let us remember who it is that asks this, "behold I am vile." Let us remember who it is of whom this boon is asked—it is of him who is "the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person." Let us along with these consider the greatness of the blessing asked; and we shall not fail to be filled with adoring wonder at the greatness of his grace, who not only loves to love us, but loves to be beloved by us. For after all, it is his love and not our own that we must ever think of. Our love at best is but the faintest, feeblest echo of his love. And if we feel within us the stirrings of a strong desire for the nearest, closest fellowship with him, this is only because he has stirred up these longings in our hearts. And he has stirred them up, because he delights to gratify them. Wherever, by his Spirit, he has prompted the wish, as by his word he has suggested the prayer, it is that he may have the joy of answering it; and we the joy of having it answered. Therefore, O sorely longing soul,

who hungerest and thirstest after fellowship with thy Lord, but darest scarcely hope that such a blessing can be open to a soul so utterly unworthy as thyself, take the very ardour of thy longings as a proof that thou wrongest the grace of his most gracious heart; and raise thy believing cry that he kiss thee with the kisses of his mouth, assured of this, that in granting thee thy desire, his joy will be greater far than thine.

And it is kisses that are asked, not kiss. For the sweetness of Divine communion never satiates. The more we have of God's presence, the more we desire it; and one manifestation of the Saviour's love only makes us the more vehemently long for more.

What knowest thou, O my soul, of these love-kisses of thy blessed Lord? Covet earnestly beyond all gifts, this best of all his gifts. One hour with Jesus will make thee grow more in the true knowledge of him, than a long lifetime's study in books, and will fill thee with a joy that is utterly unspeakable. Only the happy soul that is kissed by Jesus can know the rapture, but he cannot explain the joy to others. Such a precious season did Jonathan Edwards enjoy when riding alone through the woods and musing on the glories of his Saviour. At length so affected did he become, that unable to set in the saddle, he had to dismount and recline for a while on a grassy bank, weeping for joy, and swallowed up with the holy ineffable rapture, for he was "kissed with the kisses of his mouth." So, too, was John Flavel kissed, when, as is recorded by him, he was rapt away amid his meditations, till he lost the consciousness of outward objects, and on recovering it, found himself lying dabbled with his own blood. And many, many believing souls since Paul, have, like him, been caught up into the third heaven, whether in body, or whether out of it, they could scarcely tell, being overcome by "the kisses of his mouth." And just as really, though in gentler methods, have most of the Lord's little ones been kissed; sometimes in the closet, sometimes in the sanctuary, sometimes on the bed of sickness. And oh, what strength, what joy it gives a soul! My soul, be this thy constant cry, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth."

"So glows thy love within this frame,
That, touched with keenest fire;
My whole soul kindles in the flame
Of one intense desire,
To be in thee, and thou in me
Still pressing closer nigher."

And she gives a reason for her ardent prayer, "*thy love is better than wine.*" Who that has ever known it would compare it with aught beside? "THY love," she says. She had just said "let HIM kiss me," as if speaking of one who was at a distance; but now she says "THY love," as if speaking to one beside her. And it is ever so with a lively saint. The Lord may not be realized as near when his exercise begins, but the slightest exercise of soul suffices to recover the joy of his presence. And it is "THY LOVE" that she boast of. Oh, these little words are easily pronounced, and represent but little to

the careless utterer of them; but to the thoughtful worshipper, enjoying in some measure what he speaks of, they express realities greater than heaven and earth, endless as eternity, and precious above the power of angels or of men to estimate. What a blessed portion for a soul to rest in as its own for ever! True heart-love is the greatest gift that one being can bestow upon another; but what shall we say of the love of him who himself is Love incarnate. What can he withhold from those from whom he has not withheld his heart? And yet, unworthy as thou art, if thou acceptest it, as he offers it, great though it be, the whole shall be thine for ever. Yes, all that lies between the highest height and the lowest depth of the uncomprehended and incomprehensible love of Jesus shall rest upon thee. For his is no partial love. It is the love of *his whole heart and his whole soul* (Jer. xxxii. 41). It is a love like that of God the Father for the Son (John xv. 9). No wonder, then, that saints on earth aspire to join their feeble whispers to the thundering chorus of the saints in glory, "Unto him that loved us. . . . be glory and dominion for ever and ever" (Rev. i. 5, 6).

Oh, then, my soul, if thou art "beloved of God" (Rom. i. 7), "set apart for himself" (Ps. iv. 3), what hast thou to do among the husks that befit the swine? Why turnest thou in restlessness from one creature to another, seeking from them what no creature has to give thee? Thou art not for creatures, but for Jesus; let his love satisfy thee, yea "satisfy thee with fatness." Bid the creature farewell for ever; for he, who for thy sake denied an interfering mother and officious brothers (Matt. xii. 46-50), wishes thee also to forget, for his sake, even "thine own people and thy father's house" (Ps. xlv. 10). And if, in thy service to him, it be needful for thee to take the world's things into thy hands, watch and pray—pray and watch lest they steal into thy heart, for that must be kept for Jesus only.

"*Thy love is better than wine.*"—Wine is one of the great temporal gifts of God; but what are all earthly luxuries, even to the soul that finds its solace in them, compared with the love of Jesus to a heart that knows it! "I have had more pleasure this morning," said Brainerd on his death-bed, "than all the drunkards in the world enjoy, if it were all extracted." Wine cheers the heart (Judges ix. 13), even to the pitch of exuberant mirth (Eccl. x. 19); but what wine ever cheered a downcast soul like this wine of the kingdom? Wherefore "give this drink unto him that is ready to perish, and this wine unto those that be of heavy hearts: let him drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more" (Prov. xxxi. 6, 7). Art thou weak and languid, and is duty a burden? This is the wine which God hath sent thee, that such as be faint in the wilderness may drink (2 Sam. xvi. 2). Nay, my brother, make conscience of using it, for there is no room for languid loiterers in God's busy harvest-field; and it is thy sin if thou art weak and sorrowful, seeing that God

hath provided this wine for thy refreshment. Be sure then to take conscience to task, whether or not you have been using the Physician's prescribed medicine.

But while it is the believer's privilege and duty to drink of the wine of his Saviour's love, that thereby his heart may be cheered, his affections stimulated, and his strength braced for his service of labour or of suffering, let us never forget to note, that the very word that thus comforts, contains within itself a powerful guard against the abuse of it. And our deceitful hearts need this guard; for so treacherous are they, that they can turn the very truth of God's grace and Christ's love into a license for fleshly liberty. To help us over this abuse, let us keep before our minds the fact, that love, tender love, is always jealous; not, indeed, in the bad sense of being unreasonably suspicious, but in the good sense of being intolerant of a rival. True love cannot endure to share with others. It gives an undivided heart, but it looks for, it demands, an undivided heart in return. It will not submit to have only a corner in a heart which reserves its other corners for its other lovers. No; it must have the whole—or none. The devil, the world, and the flesh, like the harlot at the judgment-seat of Solomon, may be content to take a part, but God, like the true mother of the child, must have the whole or none. His love is jealous love, because it is true and pure. His very name is "Jealous." He is the "Jealous God" (Exod. xxxiv. 14). In the preceding context where he thus speaks of himself, he had revealed his character as "the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious" (verses 5, 6, 7); and thus, so far from his jealousy being an abatement of his love, it is the perfect proof of it. Even as "our God," he "is a consuming fire" (Heb. xii. 29). And we shall see that this expression refers to his jealousy, if we turn to the words in Deut. iv. 24, from which the quotation is made, "the Lord thy God is a consuming fire, even a jealous God." He cannot take pleasure in a heart that does not choose to be wholly his, but loathes the lukewarm love, and is ready to spue the half-hearted lover out of his mouth (Rev. iii. 16). We read of Israel of old, that "they provoked him to anger with their high places, and moved him to jealousy with their graven images; so that God was wroth, and greatly abhorred Israel" (Ps. lxxviii. 58, 59). And we see from 2 Tim. iii. 1-5 that there is as much danger as ever of the same awful sin; for while there may be the form of godliness, there may be also the love of self, the love of money, the love of pleasure, above the love of God. O my soul, be jealous over thyself with a godly jealousy, for thou hast to do with one whose holy love makes him a jealous God!

"*Thy love is better than wine.*"—Who is it that says so? Who but only a renewed soul? Christ's gifts may be prized by others, but Christ's love will be valued only by those who have been born again. If it be so, then these words on the lips of all who *truly use them* are not only a fervent commendation of Christ's love, but also a confession of the speaker's own. For where we

do not cherish love ourselves, we care but little for their love in return. Wilt thou, then, O downcast disciple! who mournest thy little love for thy Saviour, and who sometimes darest scarcely think that thou lovest him at all, wilt thou steadily look at this fact, and perhaps it may comfort thee a little. Think not, for the present, on how much or how little thou feelest the stirrings of love in thy heart towards the Lord Jesus; but say rather what value thou settest on his whole-hearted love for thee. We are not speaking of his gifts, of his heaven, of his glory; but what is thy true estimate of the love of his heart? How fervently dost thou desire its fullest enjoyment; and if thou canst say but little of the blessedness of that, how much canst thou say about the sorrow of wanting it. Ah! be sure of this, that thy genuine estimate of the preciousness of the love of Jesus is indirectly a measure of thy true heart-love to him. For Christ's love is to his people—*ALL*; but, to all besides, the love itself, apart from its gifts, is—*NOTHING*.

But while we desire to rejoice in the free, full, holy love of Christ, let us seek also to feel its sweet constraints. Let "the love of Christ constrain us." Let its enjoyment bind us to his service with its strongest cords. True faith will always have this issue. A selfish, earthly heart may, in its own coarse fleshly way, abuse its notions of the love of Christ; but the true enjoyment of the love of Christ, of the kisses of his mouth, no selfish heart ever abused, for it never enjoyed them. A loving, gracious, regenerated heart is needed to understand, to believe, to enjoy Christ's love. As it is only the truly holy who can have a relish for God's holiness, so it is only the truly loving who can appreciate the holy love of Jesus. And the same regeneration, which quickens a soul to understand, to believe, and to enjoy it, also binds it to his Person and his service for ever, with its ear nailed to his door-post.

And no experience humbles a soul in a right condition like this amazing love of Jesus. While only the heart-broken can enjoy it, it breaks the broken heart still farther, thereby preparing it for farther joy. "Me-thinks," says Payson, "I could bear his anger, but his love cuts me to the heart." To feel that one deserves wrath, only wrath, wrath to the uttermost, while one is receiving love, only love, love to the uttermost—oh, this breaks down the penitent as nothing else can! Let us set our hearts steadfastly to seek more of this true penitence, and of the penitent's true comfort, that we may be emptied completely of all confidence in the flesh, that we may glory only in the Lord, and that we may henceforth find all our happiness in the kisses of his mouth, and in the lowly service which these strengthen us to yield.

The more I love thee, I the more reprove
A heart so lifeless and so slow to love;
Till, on a deluge of thy mercy tossed,
I plunge into that sea—and there—am lost."

December 1866.

J. D.

HOURS IN EASTERN HOSPITALS.—No. 1.

BY AN INDIAN MISSIONARY.



W e greatly respect man simply as man. True, he has lapsed from his pristine state of innocence and of dignity. The crown has fallen from his head; but, withal, that head still looks like one fitted to wear a crown. With all thy faults, O man, there are certain circumstances at least in which "thou bear'st thee like a king." In walking along the street, a proud person is elated by the consciousness of his own superiority to the ordinary passers-by. He fancies that they are in all respects his inferiors; but individuals, with more of that modesty which is never wanting in the truly thoughtful, know reasons why they cannot dispose of the matter thus summarily. Despite the fallen condition of our race, there are latent in every one the germs of qualities which, with proper training, may command the respect of the community. An idler in the street, an outcast from home, possibly enslaved by degrading vices, in an unguarded moment enlists into the army, where efforts are made to repress what is evil within him, and develop what is good. Drilled at length and disciplined, he is capable of becoming one of the immortal band of heroes who went without shrinking through the fiery trial of the charge at Balaclava, or one of that stern phalanx who, through so many hours of agony, defended the rugged crest of Inkerman. Proud people of the average type are not so obviously superior to those they despise as, with their natural prejudice in favour of themselves, they may at first sight suppose. It is the more thoughtful that are in the right on this question—those who deem it a kind of sacrilege to express unmitigated contempt for any man.

Training has done its utmost when it has prepared one for the battle-field; more is requisite to enable him to achieve the higher triumph of facing death in apparently less trying circumstances. In the former case, excitement in large measure takes away the power of thinking; and the enthusiasm of countless numbers lends support to individual courage; and in many cases it is less perilous to go forward than back: in the latter all artificial aids are absent. And it is no impeachment of the courage of the bravest man to say that, while he would at the call of duty face death in any form on the battle-field, he feels it a solemn thing to waste away with mortal disease in the solitude of an hospital, watching through weary days and nights the steady, resistless approach of the last foe. In these sad circumstances he feels natural courage but a feeble prop; and, unless he be of reckless character, sends, just as persons in civil life would do, for the Christian minister to tell him anew of the plan of salvation—how the blood of sprinkling may be procured for the sin-stained con-

science—how the inevitable resurrection may be made to life and glory, and not to shame and woe.

It was one of the many stations throughout the world garrisoned by the forces of the British empire—that empire on which the sun never sets, but which has established a chain of posts, partly military but chiefly commercial, engirdling the earth around. The skies were brighter than here; the vegetation was of a tropical character; the natives dark in hue; and (an unpleasant feature) small vultures sailed noiselessly over the military hospitals, pausing as they passed, and slowly wheeling round, and lingering in the vicinity, as if they were prescient of the approach of death within, and, in their animal ignorance, knew so little of man's respect for his lost ones, as to indulge the hope that possibly he might in charity fling them out a corpse for their repast. Inside the hospitals everything was clean and comfortable; the beds of the soldiers who, though sick, were not in immediate danger being ranged in two rows along the opposite sides of a rectangular building, well-ventilated; while, so far as was possible, a patient dangerously ill was accommodated with a room of his own. But wherever he might lie, all that skill and kindness could suggest was done for his restoration to health; or, if hope of recovery was over, to alleviate his bodily pangs, as well as soothe and support his spirit in the final struggle.

It was a very pleasing circumstance that in many hospitals the medical gentlemen attendant on the sick were Christians, who gave the best advices to dying soldiers in regard to the duty of preparing for the eternal world; nay, more, who used their best endeavours to direct them to Him whose blood is so infinitely effective to take all sin away. It did not, however, depend upon the character of the medical man whether or not sick soldiers received counsel and instruction; the military chaplain, always a clergyman of the Church of England, was required at intervals to hold divine service with the patients; while missionaries of other denominations could speak on religious subjects to those who sought spiritual assistance at their hands.

One Saturday morning, a doctor of eminent piety sat down in the hospital of which he had medical charge, and penned a letter to a missionary residing at some distance, of which the following are the leading paragraphs: "I have a patient at present, I am afraid, dying of fever, who, when well, used to attend the Roman Catholic chapel, though originally, I understand, a Protestant. He would not, though repeatedly asked, see the Roman Catholic priest; but when you were mentioned, agreed to see you. I am much afraid that the

poor fellow, who is all but delirious, may not be able to understand you when he sees you; but still I have thought it right to let you know, as you may be inclined to hurry your coming on Monday on his account. His name is —, a native of Scotland, and much valuable time has been lost by the supposition entertained of his being a Roman Catholic."

According to the regulations in force, no doubt ought to have existed as to whether the man was a Protestant or a Romanist; for each soldier, on entering the army, was interrogated regarding his religious belief, and a record kept of the answer he returned. The reason, then, why he had all along been deemed a Romanist was, that he had distinctly stated this to be his religious profession when he entered the army, and had never, at any subsequent period, publicly or even privately intimated any change in his religious views. The Romish priest had therefore been sent for in due course, when the unhappy soldier seemed approaching his end, and every one was taken by surprise when his good offices, though repeatedly offered, were refused in the most unhesitating way.

The missionary did not wait for the Monday, but feeling the case an urgent one, lost no time in setting off for the hospital, and was rewarded by finding the poor patient thoroughly in possession of his reason, and aware of the solemn position he occupied, labouring as he was under a disease almost sure to prove fatal, and as yet with little preparation made for that eternal world which was soon to dawn upon his view. He was able to give some particulars regarding his history. He had been brought up in Scotland as a Presbyterian, but had joined the Church of Rome about six years before. Readers will naturally inquire what arguments overthrew his faith in Protestantism, what strong reasons compelled his assent to the dogmas of the antagonistic religion. Strange as it may appear, argument had nothing to do with it. Was it, then, such a case as we once met with, in which a pervert to Popery said that the first Christian minister who ever entered his house was a Popish priest, and revealed enough to make it clear that the neglect shown him by one or two Protestant chaplains, and the attention he had received from the Romish missionary, had been the real moving power in effecting his perversion? No; neither was this the explanation. What, then, was it? He had openly abandoned Presbyterianism without ceasing to believe in it; and embraced Popery, while under no delusion in regard to its nature. But year after year he had attended Romish worship, and looked at it with a cold clear eye, as one would contemplate a spectacle presented to him; but had never, at any time, felt respect for its doctrines or its ceremonies; never, for even the briefest period, been under its spell. The impression left, by what he hinted of his motive, was, that he had thought by calling himself a Romanist he would be more his own master on Sabbath mornings, and even at other times, than if he went to the same

church with the officers of the regiment. Then once having taken this false step, he had found it difficult to retrieve his error. But now he was dying, and felt himself uneasy till he had abandoned his hypocrisy, and therefore he had refused the services of the priest, and asked those of a Presbyterian missionary. Such was the purport of the statement that he made, and having relieved the spirit of the load that pressed it down, he became more cheerful, and listened and spoke with feeling in regard to the way of a sinner's acceptance with God. An hour soon slipped by—an hour, let us trust, in which, through the divine Spirit's working, confession of sin was followed by successful application for mercy through the Saviour's blood. Then the interview sadly terminated. The lucid interval that had been so graciously sent, and which had afforded opportunity for conversation on matters of highest moment and for prayer, had come to a close, and the intellect, shortly before clear and collected, again fell under the influence of delirium.

In tropical lands, and especially during those weeks when, the rainy season approaching its close, decaying vegetation poisons the atmosphere with exhalations, fevers everywhere abound. The most common, and happily the least formidable—though even it is a dangerous foe—is that termed *intermittent*. The meaning is, that when the person affected has passed through the three successive stages—that in which cold, that in which heat, and that in which perspiration predominate—the disease then intermits, or for a time seems to have departed, the perspiration, the absence of which had so much to do with bringing on the attack, seeming to remove all morbid symptoms, and restore the patient temporarily to a certain measure of health. The same stages have, however, to run their course the next day, and the next, and the next, till the malady is cured, or till the unhappy sufferer wastes finally away. In the case of *remittent* fever, again, the constitution is far more seriously affected. In place of *intermitting*, or for a time appearing wholly to depart, it never does more than remit, that is, become temporarily less. The attacks of the former remind one of those attacks on cities in which the bombardment stops every evening, and there is thus opportunity afforded once in twenty-four hours to repair the damage done, and make all ready for the struggle of the morrow: that of the latter, on the contrary, suggests those more relentless operations in which day and night the fiery storm is made to fall on the unhappy besieged, so that no mortal strength can hold out against it, but the battered city is compelled to yield to its fate. It was remittent fever the unhappy soldier had; and never once had it quitted its hold of him from its first appearance till now. Things had consequently gone so far with him that effusion had taken place upon his brain, and all efforts to remove it having failed, there was nothing left but that he should die. "If," said his attendant, "mercury, which has been given to him, could be got to

affect his lips, there might be a shadow of hope, but look, no one would know that such a thing had been given."

It was four o'clock when the first interview terminated; a second was held in the evening, but ended somewhat as the first had done. All that could subsequently be effected, as he lay in a state of coma, from which there was likely to be no permanent awaking in this world, was, to pay an occasional visit to his bedside, which seemed to please him. It was sadly noticeable that, when he lay perfectly insensible, any sudden motion, such as the doctor or the missionary entering the door or moving a hand, would recall him for a few moments to consciousness. Instantly he would begin to speak about the state of his soul, which he now wished to confide to the mercy of God in Christ. The first sentence was quite sensible. So was the second. But uniformly the third ended, if, indeed, it could be said to end at all, in a multitude of words without meaning. And thus it was till he passed away.

Reader, religious profession is a matter of the utmost solemnity. Though man may record it, it is not to him,

it is to God that it is really made. In all cases let it be sincere.

If one have, from any motive, avowed himself a believer in what, were his real sentiments known, he would seem not really to repose faith, let him not delay retrieving that error till he finds himself within a few days' journey of the eternal world. Times without number has it been shown, the incalculable danger of a man's postponing the most important work of his whole life till his powers are fading, and heavy oppression rests upon his brain, which will deepen and deepen till it terminate in death.

Yet how full of consolation is the thought that the mercy of God in Christ is infinite. Where there is breath there is hope. And though one's whole life—or, at least, long years of it—may have been nothing more than an actual untruth, yet may God, at the last hour of full mental responsibility, give confession of sin, and earnest longings for salvation, and prompt a prayer which is instantly answered in the cleansing of the stained conscience, and the flinging open of heaven's portals to the now ransomed soul.

The Treasury Pulpit.*

"Therefore every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old."—*Matt. xiii. 52.*

BY THE REV. ALEX. YUILL, CARGILL.

THE disciples had been listening to Jesus as he expounded the parable of the tares, and added these others which follow. He then said, "Have ye understood all these things?" And they said, "Yea, Lord." As children hearing some skilled teacher describe the wonders of nature or art will exclaim, "We see it all;" as newly-converted souls, when the brightness of the truth as it is in Jesus first breaks upon them, will say, "We see it all;" so, in their simplicity, the disciples say, "Yea, Lord," though there were mysteries in these things pertaining to the kingdom not yet even thought of by them. And the Lord does not correct them, for he was no pedant. He treats them gently, as learners who were really learning; he recognizes the fact that they were coming to correct perceptions of the truth; and he connects therewith this statement in the text—"Therefore"—that is, seeing you do know and are making progress in the understanding of these things—continue to do so, and thus be instructed and trained for your great work. "Every scribe" must thus be "instructed unto," or towards, "the kingdom;" and so be "like a householder, who out of his treasure brings forth things new and old."

The word is general—"every scribe"—and therefore will apply to ourselves, especially to us who are minis-

ters. It has become, unfortunately, too much of a catch-word, written on too many pages, and bandied about by all parties, so that anything new or old is asserted to be the new and old of which the Lord speaks. Still, the consideration of this text may be profitable to us in our present circumstances; and may the Lord send forth his light and truth by means of it. Let me ask you to notice—

I. *The work of the instructed scribe.* He labours towards the kingdom; like a householder, storing, and then bringing forth provisions for his household.

II. *The place of both new and old in this ministry.* Both are valuable, and indeed necessary, towards the establishment of the kingdom—for the good of the household.

I. First, then, the work of the true scribe is to be instructed towards the kingdom, and then out of the treasures of truth to teach others. "The scribe" is the student and teacher of "*Scripture*"—the listener to Christ—who, being taught himself, goes forth to teach others. The designation, "scribe," did not of old denote a special ministry; and therefore, in its New Testament application, it is not to be confined to the ministry of apostles, evangelists, or early disciples. "Every scribe" is every Christian teacher, any true minister in any age, till the kingdom come and the teaching cease. "The instructed scribe" is one taught and trained for his work—taught by Christ, taught by

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the Spirit, taught in the word, taught by experience; and it is this instructed scribe that is like the provident householder, who, having a family and household depending upon him, first lays up for them in his store-house, and then brings out as occasion requires.

1. Mark, first, that it is *unto or towards the kingdom* that all this training or teaching is to be. It is for the household—for its provision, prosperity, and establishment—that the storing and the forth-bringing are to be. In other words, it is towards the winning of souls, the edifying and comforting of the saints, the defence and maintenance of Christ's cause, that every minister is to labour. Not for selfish or worldly ends, not for party or political ends, not even for social or benevolent ends specially; but for the kingdom, for the house of God.

2. Observe, secondly, that it is *from the treasure of truth* first laid up and possessed that provision for the house is to come. The provision is "*the truth*"—the truth which Christ communicated to his disciples, the truth which the Spirit has communicated to us in the word. That truth each teacher must for himself first learn, and, having learned it, he is to teach it. To "preach the word," to "hold forth the word of life," and "not to be ashamed of the testimony of our Lord Jesus Christ," are emphatically our instructions.

It was for a critical time that this counsel was first given by the Lord to his disciples—just before they went forth to lay the foundations of the great New Testament Church; and it will suffice as a word of instruction now—for *our* critical time, when these foundations are in so many ways assailed, when men's minds are agitated with doubts and misgivings, and when much the larger portion of our hearers have, like the inebriate, a far greater craving for stimulants than a relish for substantial nourishment. The Master's counsel is, "Know, believe, lay up the truth, and then out of that treasure bring forth new and old." Thus, and only thus, shall we serve God and our generation.

(1.) *Mere exhortation will not suffice.*

Having a certain knowledge of common truths, we may be tempted to neglect study or treasuring up, and we may think to supply the place of it by earnestness of feeling and appeal, by wisdom as to other things, by kindness of manner, eloquence, or something else; but it is not thus that the kingdom will be established, souls saved or the children fed, the weak defended or the adversaries put to flight. Let us observe well the method of Christ—indeed the method of all Scripture—as to this matter. It is, *teach first*, instruct first, and then exhort. Many of our Lord's discourses close without a single word of appeal, except that solemn and oft-repeated one—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Appeal has a place; earnestness or even eloquence is very valuable; but instruction or teaching holds the first place in every true ministry towards the kingdom.

(2.) Nor, further, will *speculation*—mere argumentation, philosophic or other—suffice in place of the exposition of the word.

The different parts of gospel truth, and the system as a whole, may and do have intimate relations with speculative and scientific investigations. In so far, therefore, especially for purposes of defence or illustration, it may be right to resort to these fields of thought and research. Our system by itself is like our country—an island in the midst of an ocean—and we must "rule the waves" if we are to be great;—we must be able to launch out on the tide of tranquil or troubled thought, and hold our own there if we would efficiently defend ourselves. But yet our wealth and power, our strength and resources, are gathered, not from the waste of the salt sea, but from our fields and mines, by the toil and labour of head and hand. And so, with regard to the kingdom and household of God, we should greatly mistake if all our power and force, or even most of it, were devoted to speculation of any sort, or spent in mere defence. We must go to the Word as the field, to the Word as the mine, from which the kingdom is to be nourished; and here, too, must be found our strength and energy even for purposes of defence. We must ever remember that we are ministers of the Word, not philosophers—not lecturers on science, or *litterateurs*.

(3.) Once more: the *denunciation of the errors*, or the *exposure of the inconsistencies*, of the enemies and assailants of the truth, will not suffice for the support and maintenance of the cause and kingdom of Christ.

So far this may be needed and lawful. Possibly it is needed now, and lawful now. No doubt some of the recent defections from evangelical doctrine and practice, whether in the direction of negation or in the direction of ritualism, have come of pure affectation—from a silly desire to be like the nations. They fall into error as Israel fell into idolatry, from the idea that it is fashionable; or from a desire for notoriety—for the cheapest, though the meanest road to fame is to attack the cherished convictions of the pious, who really care for their creed and live by their faith. Some of those concerned in these movements do also exhibit great inconsistency, and something very like public immorality and insincerity. But we should certainly err if we supposed that nothing but vanity and affectation have to do with these manifestations of un-evangelical opinion. And, in any case, denunciations or exclamations of indignation will do little good. Some of these persons are no doubt of opinion that they are following truth in their wanderings. And as to the rest, so long as they can point to the inconsistencies of others, especially to the inconsistencies of all parties, "high church," "broad church," or "evangelical," in England, they will say, "We are no worse than they." So long as they can enjoy the favour of the great, or sun themselves in the flatteries of the infidel portion of the press; so long as they are filled with the idea that they are mighty and will prevail, certainly no words of warning or indignation from us will either cause them shame or bring them to repentance, or at all prevent the unscrupulous and the heedless from approving their ways.

• In present circumstances, therefore, merely to denounce flagrant departures from orthodoxy is not enough; and if so, then, much more, to fasten on each slight departure from what may be our way of viewing the truth, and to characterise it as the opening of the floodgates of error, or the inserting of the thin end of the wedge which, when driven home, will carry all horrors with it, is still less wise, less charitable, and less useful. Earnest men and brave men, even if they are earnest in error and brave for falsehood, will not care for such things. They will say, Any wedge to split up the mass of dead and unseemly formalism, any flood to sweep over the desert of common-place. For them and for others our outcry would be very resultless; and altogether merely to cry, Woe! is to very little purpose indeed.

What the crisis to which we have come demands, is the bringing out more than ever of the treasure of God's truth—truth as to man's case—truth as to sin and sinners—truth as to Christ and salvation—truth as it is in the Word—as against error indeed, as against all meanness, and double dealing, and dishonesty, as against all world-worship, and fashion-following, and in relation to all duty human or Christian. This and nothing else is our charge. This and nothing else will stem the tide of error. This blessed by the Spirit can do it; even when calmly urged, and without the help of any indignation, it will do it.

There is a region beyond the region of worldly argument and speculation, beyond that domain of words and intellect, in which, alas, too often our controversies are carried on. It is the region of the Spirit, the region of conscience, the region of heaven, we may say. In it Christians pray, when they pray with power. In it they praise God, when they praise him aright. In it—in these heavenly places they sit even now, when they are in fullest fellowship with God. Here Mary of Bethany was, when she sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word. Here the disciples had been, when this word in the text was first spoken to them. Lydia was here, when the Lord opened her heart to understand the things spoken by Paul. John was here on that Lord's day when the vision of the glorified Saviour was given him in Patmos. All who are to be truly taught must often be here; and it is out of this region of the Spirit that every minister and messenger of God should go forth to his testimony, carrying with him the word, and breathing the very air of paradise. Then will God's servants have power. The Spirit will take his own sword and wield it; it will flash with the fire of heaven; it will pierce to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; it will discern the thoughts and intents of the heart. This is that which Scripture calls "demonstration of the Spirit and power," this is that which when any man feels he cannot be ashamed of the gospel of Christ. If thus prepared we speak to men, they will through us hear the voice of God, and they will not be able to choose but hear. When God is calling they will not dare to sleep. They will know that God's voice is mightier

than public opinion. Tell the child that what he hears in the shell is the roar of the ocean, and he may believe it before he actually come to hear the breaking of the angry billows, but after that, no more. And so, notwithstanding all the blasphemies about the *vox populi* being *vox Dei*, and all the strivings of our time to subordinate God's truth to public opinion, yet when God does speak with power, men's hearts do and must hear. They know and feel that it is the thunder-voice of God. Always, therefore, to establish the kingdom we are charged to use the truth; out of that treasury to bring the things new and old.

II. This leads us now, secondly, to notice the place of both new and old in this ministry. The instructed scribe, like the wise householder, must bring out both.

At the time when the Lord Jesus spoke these words to his disciples, he was himself bringing forth truth both new and old. He was revealing new truth and introducing the new dispensation, but he was also discovering and exhibiting old truth from the treasures of the Old Testament. His life was a fulfilling of the former Scriptures, as well as a subject for more scripture. His teaching was *throughout*, what more especially it was for a short time to the two disciples going to Emmaus, an "expounding unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself." Part of the old was indeed vanishing away; yet only as the life of the seed vanishes, and the mere husk dies, when that life emerges into the growing plant; only as boyhood vanishes as to its special characteristics when it passes into manhood. New truth was being revealed, and given by God to men through Christ and his apostles, yet the new was but what had been in figure and shadow possessed before. It was but the fruit developed and ripened which had been on the plant long ago, partly hid and partly revealed behind the flower of symbol. It was old and yet new. Christ and his apostles, therefore, are examples to which every scribe may still look, though we live not now in the days of new revelations, seeing these latest revelations were to so large an extent but authoritative expositions of truth possessed before.

New and old are relative terms. What was new in the days of Christ may be counted old now; what is new to one man may be old to another; what is new in one place may be old in another place.

When a man is converted, old things pass away and all things become new. Still the truths received into the soul are commonly truths previously known. His apprehension of them is new; their power over him is new; but in most cases the truths themselves are old and well-known previous to this change of conversion. Yet every decidedly converted man will testify that all things did at his enlightenment become new. Thus it is always, when the Spirit teaches any man the truth he finds both new and old in it.

1. *Any apprehension of truth unto salvation, there-*

fore, is a receiving of new and old ; and the bringing forth of the simplest truths to even one soul may be really called a bringing out new and old. Yea, as all cases of conversion differ somewhat, it is the old truth in ever varying and continually new application. We may rightly call the shadow cast by the great rock a new shadow each day that the sun shines, though the rock be the rock of ages. Every coming morning, too, is a new morning, though it come with the old light, revealing the old heaven and the old earth ; and each spring is a new spring, though flowers and fields and streams and trees be old. Nature in her daily and yearly circuits brings forth new and old, furnishing and inspiring new thoughts and new suggestions to some ; reviving and recalling thoughts of the past and memories of long ago to others. We do not err, therefore, or speak inaccurately, when we say that all preaching powerful through the Spirit unto salvation is really a bringing forth new and old, though there be not much in it beyond the simplest and best known truths. Even old and experienced Christians can sometimes bear witness to this when, as with the breath of the Spirit breathing on them from the heavenly places, the old familiar truths are spoken with power and heard with faith.

2. But, further, all Christians, and every Christian church or community, should grow in grace and advance in experience. And in order to this there must be a *continued and progressive discovery of God's truth—a constant reception, therefore, of things new*. They may not be new absolutely, for there are few spots in the wide field of Scripture or experience where there are no foot-prints of former pilgrims and seekers after good ; but to growing Christians individually these things are new—new, as the experiences of manhood are to the boy ; new, as the constellation of the cross is to the traveller first passing the line. A ministry, therefore, to edify growing Christians must continually furnish these new things. Each scribe must be finding out, either directly from the Word, or indirectly from other sources—from his own experience or that of others, *this new*—the strong meat for them that are of full age, or the word in season for the weary, and bringing it forth with freshness and power.

And if this is done, then, at the same time, there will be a *fresh apprehension and exhibition of even the oldest and best known truth*. The new attained will cast its light on the old ; not only supplementing it, but defining it, and discovering it in all its aspects and relations more and more correctly. The dim light of morning shows rightly enough, and very clearly too, the outline and the mass of the mountain, and partially, at the same time, the valleys and plains below. But the full light of day coming on the landscape shows far more. It discloses intervening ranges, the rolling uplands, valley and plain, field and woodland, exactly as they are. All is then seen somewhat differently from before ; more accurately, if perhaps less strikingly. Now, such should be the knowledge of divine things in

the mature Christian life. Towards such knowledge, at least, we should be wearing, discovering things new, and seeing the old more clearly and in new light. A ministry to promote such knowledge is that of which the text speaks ; the true scribe must ever strive to advance and to be in advance ; and if so, he will continually be bringing forth both new and old.

3. But surely, in addition to this, it is not unscriptural to expect *absolute as well as relative progress*. Surely it is not too much to think that each age, yea, perhaps, each instructed scribe should discover something really and absolutely new. Certainly each age brings new wants : may we not expect new discoveries of truth to meet these wants ? Though we may have no expectation of a new revelation, yet we may, without presumption, expect to find new truth in the old. We are, as time wears on, ever entering into the labours of older students, and it is not unreasonable to expect that we should go beyond the point which they have reached. The course and current of history and Christian experience, embodying without doubt the partial fulfilment of prophecy, and affording abundant illustrations of the Word of God, should help to make things clear which were once dark, and give to each age, and even to each day, something new to add to the old store of the true. There are things in nature to be found out yet ; and thousands of explorers are every day busily searching after them, observing and experimenting to woo or compel to light secrets still dwelling in darkness. And there are things in God's Word of truth to be found out yet ; and we are bound to search the Scriptures, to look earnestly and eagerly for them. Perhaps it is but slowly now that we can expect these things to come to light ; it is only after severe sifting and trial that we should hope or desire to see the Church receive them. The labour of seeking for them may appear to some to be long and dreary ; like the tunnelling of an Alp, labour in the dark, and for years resultless ; but if we emerge to real light, to the sunshine and beauty of a new world at length, the labour will not be lost. So far it is well that our progress should be slow. Rapid changes and swift revolutions are to be dreaded : they are symptomatic of death and corruption. Decay comes rapidly on the dead body. Healthful growth is commonly a much slower process. But, no question, we ought to expect progress ; we ought to seek to bring out new as well as old from the treasure—new interpretations—new ideas—truth in new relations and applications, not to the destruction of the old, but to its development.

To go, therefore, to Scripture merely to defend old theses is a mistake ; to go merely to find arguments for the old creed of the Church is well, but not enough. And yet to go, as some in our day seem to go, merely to play fantastic tricks with familiar texts—to twist and torture them into new senses which are not natural, or, at most, but minor and subordinate, and all to discredit old and cherished beliefs, or to produce startling effects—

is very wrong, very foolish, even sacrilegious. It is not playing with words, but with the life of human souls. It is like jesting with Scripture; casting firebrands, arrows, and death; calling them the scintillations of genius; and proclaiming this deadly doing to be sport. We are bound humbly and seriously to go to Scripture to find *both* the new and the old. Till all men are converted, till all are perfect, till the mystery of God be finished, there will be need and room for both. Heaven itself will bring forth from God's treasure both new and old. Its song will be new, and yet the old song of Moses and of the Lamb. Its city will be new—New Jerusalem; and yet old—Jerusalem. The new heavens and the new earth will be paradise restored—the long lost regained.

And now, for a moment in closing, let us think of *the value and importance of both new and old in relation to the present interests of the kingdom.*

There is to all human minds a charm in what is new, and also a charm in what is old. Some feel the attraction of novelty most, and some the attraction of antiquity. Hence we find error in its various forms appealing to both principles of our nature. When the nations endeavoured to seduce Israel into idolatry, it is evident that they might do so on both pretexts—because it was ancient and because it was new. They might say, "Your fathers served such gods on the other side of the flood, and in Egypt;" or they might urge, "These images and this variety of worship will be new, and a welcome relief from that monotonous Mosaic system." At the present time, in this country, the claims of ritualism are urged to the subversion of the gospel on precisely these pleas; on the score of novelty and on the score of antiquity also. But the truth as it is in Jesus can make the same double appeal, and at whatever periods it has made progress there has such a double appeal been made. At the Reformation, for example, the great doctrine of justification by faith came out as old, as Pauline and Apostolic, and yet as the new Lutheran reformed doctrine. In the evangelical revival of the last century the truth of the Spirit's witness was old, well known not only to the early Christians but also to the Reformers, but it had been sadly left in the background, and when the Methodist revival brought it to light, it was new to the age. For the present time both new and old are needed; both new and old will have power.

There are many *careless*—multitudes with and without a profession of Christianity—wearing through their day of grace unblest. The new is needed, if by any means they might be awakened and startled, if doubt might be stirred or thought provoked. And yet the old is needed; for the old disease holds them, and the old gospel of grace alone can heal them.

But, specially, we live amid *change and inquiry*. There is a search after truth and a cry for rest. Our circumstances are troubled, and worse may any day come. Some good men are clinging to old truth fearfully, and trembling for the ark of God, as they hear the

shouting and the boasting of the enemy. They cleave to truth, but only as one clings to a dying friend, with the agony of love, but with no hope. Oh, what a relief it would be to such if the old or the new were commended to their conscience with fresh demonstration of the Spirit and power. It would be as when one wakes from a dreadful dream to peaceful realities. It would be as when nature confronts the man who has speculated away his faith in her existence, compelling his homage. They would believe afresh and rejoice anew.

Some, again, are filled with wild hope. They sail forth as into an enchanted land, "heirs of all the ages," as they say. "in the foremost files of time." Now, merely to denounce or ridicule their errors and their hopes, merely to say that these delusions are old, is not the way to benefit them or even to reach them. But they can be reached by God's new and old truth. Even they would feel its strong and yet loving grasp if kindly and wisely, but powerfully, and with the Spirit's testimony, it were made to come near their consciences.

And there are others, many others, weary, worn with thought, worn out with thought, seeking rest and finding none. Like Noah's dove they will come in, if the ark-window is opened to them. The poor lost child that has wandered through the streets of the great city all the cold winter day, will lay it down at night on the stone step outside the bolted prison-door, and be glad of refuge in a cell. Such refuge in a prison-cell some weary souls like John Newman have found in Popery. But we have a better shelter than that to tell the weary of. It is the old, old shelter of our Father's house. There is a glory round the old home to the eye of the prodigal when he sees it after his wandering. Many a one who in youth sets out flushed with high hope to push his way in the great city of the world, becoming weary, longs to get back to the quiet God-made country when age and toil have passed over him. And so, the old, old truth as it is in Jesus, the simplest and quietest statement of it, is the very thing that thousands of the world-weary need. Let us strive to furnish this. Whatever we want or bring, never, never let us forget this. There is room and need for all that we can provide, room and need for the new, room and need for the old.

The great lesson which the subject is fitted to teach is, *neither to fear the new nor forsake the old.*

New things, true and genuine, may present themselves to us; let us receive them, and, entertaining the stranger truths, we may entertain angels unawares.

New developments of error may surround us, but God reigneth, and we need not fear. If the Lord used Babylon and Egypt, Greece and Rome, with all their power and wisdom, with all their idolatries and immoralities, in subserviency to the interests of his kingdom, surely he can use the unbelief and superstition of our time, and make them but add to the glory of the reign of righteousness which is to be.

And let us not be ashamed of the old truth—the

ancient cause of God—the everlasting gospel of the everlasting kingdom. The crowd calls it antiquated, the world pronounces it behind the age. They might as well call the sun in heaven antiquated, or say that the everlasting hills are behind the age. Even if we see difficulties, confusions, and apparent contradictions facing us, let us “hold fast that we have.”

“God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.”

It is very useless to spend time in vain regrets that we have fallen on an evil age, or to say, “Oh that the quiet times of unquestioning belief were back again! Oh that men were more child-like! Oh that the old days were back!” So to feel is natural; but it is just as when the man in the midst of his cares wishes himself a child again. It is very vain. We must

stand in our own lot and face what God is pleased to send. Let us do it. Let us testify and speak out as God gives us opportunity. The time may soon arrive when men will not endure sound doctrine, when the storm of opposition and hate will burst so fiercely round us, that, like the desert traveller overtaken by the simoom, we shall be able only to hide our face in our mantle, and lie down till it pass, enter into God's chamber, perhaps into the grave, and rest till the storms of night have blown, till the day dawn and the shadows flee away. But that has not yet come; and, therefore, now let us be diligent, bringing forth the new and old, fulfilling our testimony in our day. Let us work for Christ's sake, for conscience' sake, for our friends' and brethren's sake, for the kingdom's sake, and when it comes we shall find that our labour has not been in vain the Lord.

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA:

A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration.

A SEQUEL TO “THE DRAYTONS AND THE DAVENANTS.”

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE “CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-GOTTA FAMILY.”

I.

OLIVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

SINCE England was, such an event was never witnessed within sound of her seas, as that which darkened London on the fatal 30th of January 1649.

In the recollection of such moments it is difficult to disentangle feeling from fact, what we saw with our eyes and heard with our ears from what others told us, from what we saw with the imagination and heard with the heart.

In my memory that day lies shrouded and silent, as if all that happened in it had been done in a city spell-bound into silence in a hushed, sunless, colourless world, where all intermediate tints were gathered into funereal black and white, the black of the heavily-draped scaffold and the whiteness of the frosty ground from which it rose into the still and icy air; whilst behind the palace slept, frost-bound, the mute and motionless river, imprisoning with icy bars the motionless ships.

From early in the day the thoroughfares and squares and open gathering-places of the city were filled with the Commonwealth soldiers. I remember no call of trumpet or beat of drum; only a slow pacing of horsemen, and marching of footmen, silently to their assigned positions, the tramp of men and the clatter of the horse-hoofs ringing from the hard and frosty ground, and echoing from the closed and silent houses on the line of march.

It was no day of triumph to any. To the army, and those who felt with them, it was a day of solemn justice, not of triumphant vengeance. To the Royalists it was a day of passionate hushed sorrow and bitter inward vows of retribution; to the people generally a day of perplexity and woe.

Old Mr. Prynne, who owed the king nothing, as he said, but the loss of his ears, the pillory, imprisonment, and fines, had pleaded for him generously in the House, before the House had been finally “purged.”

And the most part of the men, and well-nigh

all the women, I think, would have said "Amen" to Mr. Prynne. If the king's captivity and trial and condemnation had been a solemn drama enacted to win the hearts of the people back to him, it could not have been more effectual. Political and civil rights, rights of taxation and rights of remonstrance, seemed to the hearts of most people to become mere technical legal terms in the presence of Royalty and Death. Pillories and prisons were dwarfed into mere private grievances beside the scaffold on which the king, son of so many kings, kings of so many submissive generations, the source of power, the only possible object of the dreadful crime called treason, was to die the death of a traitor.

The trial brought out all that was most pathetic in royalty and most noble in the king. The haughty glance which had been resented on the throne, was simply majestic when it encountered unflinchingly the illegal bench of judges on whom his life depended.

The Parliament, mutilated to a remnant of fifty; the High Court of Justice, who could not agree among themselves, whose assumption of legal forms sounded (to many) like mockery, whose trappings of authority sat on them (many thought) like masquerade-ropes, were a poor show to confront with that lonely majestic figure defying their sentence and their authority, a captive in the ancient Hall of Justice from which, throughout the centuries, not a sentence had issued save by the sanction of his forefathers.

The royal banners, which drooped from the roof above him, taken from his Cavaliers at Edgehill, Marston Moor, and Naseby, seemed to float there rather in his honour than in that of his judges. Many felt that adversity had restored to him his true royalty, and that he sat far more a king now, arraigned at the bar, than when, eight years before, at the last trial those walls had witnessed, he sat as a helpless spectator of the proceedings which brought Strafford, his greatest minister, to the scaffold.

It was well for his adversaries that those days of the king's humiliation were not prolonged. Irrepressible veneration and pity began to stir among the crowds who beheld him, and the cries of "Justice! justice!" were changed more than once into murmurs of "God save the king."

But the pity was a slowly-rising tide of waves now advancing and now recoiling. The determination for "justice on the chief delinquent" was a strong and steady, though narrow current; and it swept the nation on irresistibly to its end.

The soldiers, foot and horse, had taken up their position. My brother Roger and Job Forster were posted opposite Whitehall. Roger waved his hand as he passed our windows. His face, as was his wont in times of strong emotion, was fixed and stern. He was riding in a funeral procession, which for him led to more graves than one.

At ten o'clock His Majesty walked through St. James's Park to Whitehall, passing rapidly through the bitter cold, under the bare branches of the silent trees, through a crowd in appearance as cold as silent. His face, men said, was calm and majestic as ever, although worn; his beard had become gray, and his form had a slight stoop, but his step was firm. He disappeared through the Palace gates, from which he was never to step forth again. Then followed six hours of suspense and terrible expectation, the crowds surging uneasily to and fro, unable to rest, repelled and yet attracted by the terrible fascination of the empty, expectant scaffold, whose heavy funereal draperies fell from the windows of the Banqueting Hall on the frosty ground beneath. There were whispers that the ambassador of the United Provinces was pleading not hopelessly with Lord Fairfax; that the Prince of Wales had sent a blank letter signed by himself, to be filled with any conditions the Commons chose to demand; but that the king had burned this letter, and refused the ministrations of any but the clergy of the Episcopal Church of the realm;—so that if he was indeed to die, it would be as a martyr to the rights of the Crown and the Church.

And through these soberer reports ever and anon rose wild rumours of approaching deliverance, of risings in the Royalist counties, of avenging fleets approaching the Thames, of judgment direct from heaven on the sacrilegious heads of the regicides.

But to us who knew of the purpose which had been gathering force in the army since that prayer-meeting at Windsor six months before, those mid-day hours were hours not of doubt or suspense, but of awful certainty, as minute by

minute the hour approached when that scaffold was to be empty no more.

We knew that within the still and deserted halls of that palace, the king was preparing to meet his doom; and (all political questions and personal wrongs for the time forgotten) from a thousand roofs in the city went up prayers that he might be sustained in dying, and might exchange the earthly crown which had sat on his brow so uneasily, for the crown of life which burdens not, nor fades away.

At length three o'clock, the moment of doom, came. "It was the ninth hour," as the Royalists fondly noted. Save the guard around the scaffold, and those who attended his dying moments on it, none were near enough to hear what passed there. It was all mute; but the spectacle spoke. In most royal pageants, the thing seen is but a sign of the thing not seen. In this the thing to be seen was no mere sign, but a dread reality, a tremendous event. The black scaffold, the wintry silence, the vast awe-stricken crowd gazing mute and motionless on the inevitable tragedy; a few plainly dressed men at last appearing on the scaffold around the well-known stately figure of the king, richly arrayed "as for his second bridal;" "the comely head" laid down without a struggle on the block "as on a bed;" the momentary flash of the axe; the severed head raised an instant on high as "the head of a traitor;" a shrouded form prostrate on the scaffold;—and then, as good Mr. Philip Henry, who was present, said, "at the instant when the blow was given, a *dismal universal groan* among the thousands of people who were within sight of it, as if with one consent, such as he had never heard before, and desired he might never hear the like again, or see such a cause for it."

The multitude were not left long to bewail their king. One troop of Parliament horse rode instantly, by previous order, from Charing Cross towards King Street, and another from King Street towards Charing Cross; and so the crowd were scattered right and left, to lament as they might each man under his own roof, and to read in secret the "Eikon Basilike," which it is said the king composed, copies of which were distributed under his scaffold, and will, doubtless, be reverently trea-

sured in every Royalist household; not in the library, but in the oratory, beside the Bible and the Prayer-book, enkindling loyalty from a conviction into a passion, deepening it from a passion to a religion, while they compare the king's trial to that before the unjust judge of old, his walk to the scaffold to that along the Dolorous Way, his sayings to those last words on which dying men and women have hung ever since.

Every one knows the heaviness with which even a day of festivity closes, when the event of the day is over. The weight with which that fatal day closed it is hard for any who did not feel it to imagine.

Scripture words repeated with ominous warning by ministers, Presbyterian and Episcopal, echoed like curses through countless hearts: "I gave them a king in my anger and took him away in my wrath." "Who am I that I should lay hands on the Lord's anointed?"

Death gave to the king's memory an immutateness very different from the technical, "the king can do no wrong of the ancient constitution."

And even with those whose resolution remained unwavering to the last, this was not the time for speech. The extremity of justice had been done; there was nothing more to be said. It would have been an ungenerous revenge far from the thoughts of such regicides as Colonel Hutchinson and General Cromwell to follow it with insulting words, and their own self-defence they were content to leave to events. Mr. Milton's majestic Defences of the English People came later.

Ours was a silent fireside that winter night, as Roger, weary and numb, came at last to warm himself beside us.

As he entered, I was saying to my husband, "The terrible thing is, that he who lived tramping on the constitution and the rights of conscience, seems to have died a martyr to the constitution and conscience, doomed by a few desperate men."

"We must concern ourselves as little as possible, sister," Roger said very quietly, "with what seems."

"I fear this day will turn the tide against all for which you have fought throughout the war."

"The tide will turn back," he said.

"But what if not in our time?" I said.

"Then in God's time, Olive," he said; "which is the best."

But he looked very worn and sad. I repented of having said these discouraging words, and weakly strove to undo them as he asked me to unlace the helmet which his benumbed hands could not unloose.

"I would rather a thousand times," I said, "have you with Colonel Hutchinson, and General Cromwell, and those who dared to do what they thought right in the face of the world, than with those who thought it right yet dared not do it. The nation will recognize their deliverer in General Cromwell yet."

"I do not know that, Olive," he said; "but it will be enough if General Cromwell delivers the nation."

"At least the generations to come will do you all justice," I said.

"I am not sure of that," he said. "It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What it is we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below."

Yet he could not touch the food we set before him; and as he sat gazing into the fire, I knew there was one adverse verdict which he knew too well, and which moved his heart all the more that it had not been able to move a hair's breadth his conscience or his purpose.

Many sorrows met in Roger's heart, I knew, that night; the pain of pity repressed driven back on the heart by a stern sense of justice; the pain of being misjudged by some whom we honour; the pain of the resignation of the tenderest love and hope; the pain of giving bitter pain to the heart dearest to him in the world. But one pain, perhaps the worst of all, he and men who, like Cromwell and Colonel Hutchinson, had carried out that day's doom fearlessly before the world because in unshaken conviction of its justice before God, were spared—the enervating anguish of perplexity and doubt. And this, perhaps, is the sorest pain of all.

II.

LETTICE'S DIARY.

"'The space between is the way thither,' Mr. Drayton said. It may be; it ought to be. But is it? That seems to me precisely the one terrible question which, when we can get cleared, all life becomes clear in the light of the answer, but which it is so exceedingly hard to have cleared."

"The days, as they pass, whether clothed in light and joy, as the old time at home was when I had a home, and a mother, and so many hopes—or in darkness that may be felt, as so many of these later days have been to me, are indeed surely leading us on to old age, to death, to the unseen world, and the judgment. But are they indeed leading us on to new youth, to changeless life, to heaven, and the King's 'Well done?'"

"If I were as sure of the last as of the first, for me and mine, I think (at least there are moments when I think) I would scarcely care whether the days were dark or bright. For life is to be a warfare. All kinds of Christian people agree in that. And having learned what war means, I do not expect it to be easy or pleasant."

"But I am *not* sure. For myself or for any one."

"Roger thinks the execution of the king was a terrible duty. I think it was almost an inexpiable crime."

"Olive, I know, thinks I am breaking plighted faith, and betraying the most faithful affection in the world in parting from Roger. Mistress Dorothy thinks I am fulfilling a sacred duty, doing what was meant when we were commanded to pluck out the right eye. As to the pain, I am sure she is right. If I could only be as sure as to the duty! For if it is right, it must be good, really, in the end for him as well as for me. How, I cannot imagine. For it seems bad as well as bitter for me. And Olive says it will be bad and embittering for him."

"Happy, happy people, who lived in the old days of dreams, and visions, and heavenly voices, saying, 'This is the way; walk in it;' when God's will became manifest in pillars of fire and cloud, in discriminating dews and fires of sacrifice, and such simple outward signs as poor perplexed hearts like mine can understand."

"Holy people say these days of ours are in

advance of those, that the light has increased since then. I suppose it has, for holy people, who have grown up to it, and have eyes to see those inward leadings, and ears to hear those inward voices, which to me are so dim. But I feel as if I were still a child, and would fain have lived in that simple childhood of the world, when God spoke to men in plain ways as to children.

"Since I came here, I saw at the door of one of the churches a very awful piece of sculpture of the souls in purgatory, all aglow with the fires in which they were burning, stretching out piteous hands through iron bars for help and prayers from those still living on the earth.

"Mistress Dorothy was with me, and she clasped her hands over her eyes in horror, as she turned away.

"But to me it did not seem so horrible. At least not for the souls in purgatory. If there were a purgatory. Because the thought of its being purgatory, must take away all that is unendurable out of the anguish of the flames. There are hearts on earth tormented in fires as real. But the sting of their anguish is, they cannot be sure they are purgatorial fires. The anguish is clear enough. If we could only be as sure as to the purification. That the pain is from the remedy, not from the disease; that the flames are on the way to heaven, not mercifully confronting us on the other way to turn us back.

"It always seemed as if, by Roger's side, I should have grown good like him. How am I to grow good without him, severing myself from him? Oh, mother, mother! why must you leave me just now, when no one else in the world could have told me what to do. Because, while loving me more than yourself, you loved God's will far more than my pleasure.

"But Mistress Dorothy says, when I am tempted with 'vain reasonings' and 'debatings of the flesh,' I must go back to the first sacred impulse, when, by my mother's death-bed, I felt the death of the king for whom she would have died must place an impassable barrier between me and those who slew him, or consented to his death.

"First thoughts, says she, are often from above; second thoughts from within or from below. And if we endure to the end, third

thoughts will come crowning the divine impulse of the first with a calm divine assurance.

"I will try to endure to the end. At least I will wait.

"To strengthen my resolve, let me go back to that sacred impulse, and through all it led to, up to this day.

"It was during those terrible days of early January, when hope and fear had passed, with uncertainty; and I sat by my mother's bedside, all my heart and soul absorbed in watching her depart, and in relieving any suffering or supplying any want for her so fast passing away from all suffering and from all our service.

"The east winds were careering across the Fens, and broke fiercely against the old house, and one night there was a crash of the great scarred elm-tree falling close outside the windows. But she heeded it not; and I remember feeling a strange kind of despairing triumph over all the violence of the elements. They might rage as at the Deluge; but they could neither hinder nor hasten the slow, silent progress of the awful power which was silently removing her from us.

"Before, in days of doubt and hope, I had been wont to watch the winds with a kind of superstitious solicitude, as if there were some mysterious sympathy between nature and men, and the ravings and wailings of her storms had been ominous of evil to us. But now that spell seemed broken. The sympathy between us and nature ceased with death. To her it was natural, a link in her endless chain of ever-recurring changes. To her, life and death were but as day and night, bright or dark phases of her ceaseless revolutions. She could see her children die as calmly as her suns set. To us death was unnatural, a convulsion, a horror, a curse. The terrible thing which seemed to assimilate us to her, in reality, rent us from her sphere altogether. A week before, when we began to fear there was danger, I trembled at the wind wailing in the dead branches of the elms, or at a bird beating its wings against the window. Now that she was dying, I could have smiled at an earthquake or a tornado.

"All the outward and visible world, the terrors of its stormy nights as well as the sweet

familiar delights of its dawns and days, seemed to lie outside me like a world of shadows, as for the first time I learned in my inmost heart that we are but strangers, not belonging to it, but passing swiftly through. As I gazed into the eyes which so soon were to cease to be the portal where my soul could meet hers, my own body seemed to become a mere phantasm, the innermost shell of this world of phantasms, where we stay a little while, to read its lessons and experience its changes, and then vanish, we from it and it from us. It was not so with the conflict then going on about the king. There, consciences were concerned, and right and wrong. And by her dying bed, right and wrong seemed the only realities left. I dared not break on the calm of her spirit with one word that might recall the conflicts of parties. Thus Love itself severed her spirit from me before death had sealed her eyes. And this was terrible beyond all. For as I sat there, the conviction became clearer and clearer that to put the king to death was crime, a crime she would have abhorred, a crime which, if he persisted in the doing it, must sever me from Roger.

"But alas, when Death came, this was all terribly reversed.

"When the feeble voice which had called on the Heavenly King, and the eyes whose tender smiles for me had changed at the last into the awed yet joyful intensity of the gaze with which her spirit seemed to welcome heaven and enter it, the whole unseen world seemed to vanish from my heart with her, and nothing was left but the eyes which could never look at me, and the lips which could never speak to me more.

"For this horror I was wholly unprepared. I thought, when she went, she would have left me standing, if but for one never-to-be-forgotten moment, on the threshold of an opened Paradise! She left me shivering on the brink of an impenetrable darkness. I could not feel even on the brink of an abyss. To have believed in an abyss even would have been an infinite relief. The horror was whether the darkness hid *anything*, whether there was a beyond at all.

"Could it be, indeed, that all, absolutely all, any one saw of death was just the heaving breast, the labouring breath, the few, faint, intermittent

sighs; all which, in all animated creatures, marks the dissolution of natural life, and nothing to mark the distinctive, continuing, spiritual life of man?

"Was faith, then, to step so absolutely alone, unlighted by the least glimmer of the old familiar light, into the unknown?

"No one else around me seemed to experience this terrible darkness.

"They recalled the last words she spoke; they spoke of the pure raiment, clean and white, in which her spirit was clothed, of the golden streets she was treading, of the 'harps of God' to which she was listening. But the words fell altogether outside me, like some sweet, pathetic story of faëry or romance, such as she used to tell me.

"I, too, from my childhood had delighted in those fair pictures of a Paradise beyond the grave, of the city with gates of moon-like pearl, and walls of radiant gems; of trees whose leaves were healing and whose fruit was life; of waters clear as crystal, able to satisfy immortal thirst. I had delighted in those pictures, my fancy floating on them as on the glowing clouds of twilight, caring not to discriminate what was cloud, what were the bright glorified heights of earth, and what were heavenly, enduring stars; caring not to separate symbol from fact.

"But now all this was changed. What were fair pictures to me, brought face to face with this visible, terrible fact, that the spirit which had been my guide before I could remember, that *my mother herself* had gone where no cry of passionate entreaty, no tender ministry of love could reach, no agony of prayer avail to win the faintest sign that she heard, or cared, or existed?

"A few hours since she had said, 'Throw my warm old mantle round thee, Lettice, the nights are chill.' She had taken food from my hands, and murmured, smiling, 'Once I gave it thee.' And now the farthest star that sent the faintest ray from the utmost verge of the world, was near, compared with the impassable gulf of distance between her and me. What were fair visions of angels to me? What had they been to the Magdalene of old? If she lived, she was the same loving, tender saintly mother still, unlike any one else in the universe; not a white-robed angel lost in an overwhelming multitude of other white-robed angels, singing.

"My heart ached, and cried to heaven for one word, one syllable, one touch, to show that she was there. Would God give me instead, only fair pictures of an innumerable multitude far off, serenely singing as if they had not left any on earth bitterly weeping ?

"I scarcely dared to think those thoughts, much less to utter them, until one day, the dreadful day when we left the house with the precious burden through which she had been all she was to me, and returned with nothing, the passion of my grief overcame me.

"Olive and Dr. Antony had left. Mistress Dorothy was standing on one side of the fire, in the wainscotted parlour which they had reserved for me.

"It was not her wont to dwell much on symbols and pictures, whether painted with words or colours. And seeing me sitting with clasped hands in a kind of stupor, for I could not weep, she said, not in a tone of consolation so much as of rebuke,—

"'Child, sorrow not as those without hope. It is a sin. Thy mother is with God.'

"There was something in her words which went more to my heart than all the tenderest consolations had done. They did not seem said so much to comfort me, as simply because they were true.

"'If I could hope, I would not sorrow,' I murmured.

"'There is much reason to hope,' said she. 'Papists even have been saved, I doubt not, at least before the Reformation. And Lady Lucy was not a Papist. I doubt not that the Spirit of God dwelt in her as his temple. The Lord, indeed, of old suffered neither idol nor trafficker in his temple. But, mayhap, the traffickers are worse than dumb idola. And, indeed, dear heart,' she concluded, 'I do think sometimes we Protestants are like the later Jews, if the Papists and the Papistically inclined are like the earlier. We have cleared out the idols; but we keep the tables of the money-changers, mayhap the basest idolatry of all.'

"She had entirely misunderstood my perplexity. That she should imagine my mother's title to blessedness required defence to me, would have stung me to an indignant reply

at other moments; but I was too cast down to be angry, and I only said,—

"'It is not of my mother I doubt, but of heaven; of everything. It seems as if all my old faith had vanished like a dream.'

"I scarcely thought of the weight of my words, until their own echo startled me; and I trembled at what effect they might have on Mistress Dorothy.

"But, to my surprise, her first words, spoken as if to herself, were,—

"'Thank God; the good work has begun.' Then laying her hand with unwonted tenderness on mine, she said, 'The tempter is cruel, dear heart; he is cruel indeed. But fear not, poor, torn, forsaken lamb. The eye of the Shepherd is on thee, and none shall pluck thee out of His hand. The tempter is cruel, not because he is strong, but because he is weak; he rages, not because he is victorious, but because he is vanquished; vanquished on behalf of all the flock, vanquished for thee, since the Lord is leading thee. His first lesson is ever to show the emptiness and the darkness; and He has shown thee this. Do not strive to hasten His handiwork by blending it with thine. Give thyself up to Him to be poor and blind, to walk in darkness, to have no light, as long as He wills. He will lay His hands on thee when the hour is come. He has begun, and He will finish. But thou must tread this part of the way alone. Take heed how, by conferring with flesh and blood, thou break the silence He is making in thy heart. Hitherto thou hast been dreaming. We are near waking when we dream that we dream.'*

"And she left me alone. But although she did not say so, I knew she would go and wrestle for me alone till I had won the victory.

"There was help in the thought.

"Yet I could not think she was altogether right. I could not think all my former life a dream; that all the prayers which, childish and weak as they might have been, had helped me to bear painful things and to do difficult things, were delusions; or that the thoughts I had had about God's loving-kindness, and the joy in His works, were unreal fancies, that came not from Him. I

* These words are in "Novella"—Editor.

could not give the lie to all that had been heavenly and holy in my efforts and aspirations. I could not draw a sharp border-line between one part of my life and the other, and say, Beyond that all is heathendom, where no God is; and here God begins. It seemed to me either He had been always with me and was near me now, or all was delusion, and I could never reach Him. Besides, it was of my mother my heart was full, not of myself. And the words of Mistress Dorothy which remained with me were,—

“Thy mother is with God.”

“They turned the current of my thoughts from the future state to the Living Presence. Fancy, being of the brain, lay dumb and motionless, her fairy wings folded, as I think they ever must be, at the touch of real sorrow. Imagination, being of the heart, after vainly striving to penetrate to the heart of things, sank, dazzled by the impenetrable darkness, blinded by the ineffectual effort to gaze into the blank out of which she could avail to shape nothing but emptiness and darkness, no form and no light,—the bare negation of all she knew.

“Then Faith, turning away from the sepulchre with its impenetrable darkness, looked up into heaven, and listening, heard the living words,—

“Thy mother is with God.

“Dust to dust; spirit to Spirit; love to Love; weakness with Power; the mortal with the Eternal. The thought did not bring a softening gush of tenderness, but a solemn repose of awe; a silence, a hush, a subjection, in which my poor, weary, tossed heart seemed to gather strength.

“The words were the last with me at night; they made a calm in my heart, and I slept. They were the first with me in the morning; and through the days they rose from my heart like a prayer.

“Strong in that calm, on the Sunday after her chamber had been made empty, I ventured into it alone, to read the service for the day once more where I had read it so often to her. I came to the Apostles’ Creed. The snow lay on the ground, hushing the earth with a death-like hush. All the world, seen and unseen, earth and heaven, seemed to me full of silence. I could only think of heaven itself as a vast snow-white mountain of God, silent and sp. tless, where the white-robed

angels silently came and went on ministries of mercy, and the white-robed human creatures neither came nor went, but rested and adored, absorbed in the unutterable light around them.

“Silence in her death-chamber; silence on the cold snowy earth; silence in the pure light of heaven; silence in my heart.

“But as I sat there, a little robin came and perched on the snowy window-sill, turning his quick eyes from side to side, as if looking for the crumbs my mother never let me forget to scatter for him. Then he hopped off to a neighbouring spray, and poured out a brief happy carol there, leaving the print of his pretty crimson feet on the snow.

“The silence of the earth was broken by his song.

“There was still a Master’s table from which the crumbs fell for him.

“The silence in my heart was broken by the rush of tearful recollection his little song had brought, and I wept and sobbed as if my heart were breaking. Yet through all I felt it was not breaking, but being healed, as never before.

“For a word came to me which seemed to change the silence in heaven and earth into music.

“‘I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord.’

“The Father and the Son.

“This is the fountain-truth of Christianity. This is God. No mere solitary immutable Unity, but the living, eternal communion of Eternal Love. Not merely immutable, incomprehensible Being; but ever-creating, all-comprehending Life.

“This is Eternal Life; the fruitful source of all life. This is Eternal Love, not an attribute without object, but the Father and the Son eternally loving—the loving rejoicing fountain of all love sending forth the Spirit of power and love.

“This is heaven. Where the Father and the Son abide, and the holy angels and the redeemed: not absorbed in the contemplation of far-off separate light, but folded into the communion of eternal present love. *‘That the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them and I in them.’*

“God is called the Father, not in condescension to our understandings, because a human father’s

love is the best image human creatures can have of Him, but because He is the eternal Father, and the love of the Father and the Son is the root and bond of all creation.

"Heaven is called the Father's house, not because a human home is the purest picture our poor dim hearts can form of heaven, but because it is the Father's house—the parent-home and sacred hearth of the universe.

"And therefore the immortality of pure human love, of all that is truly human (not a perversion of original humanity) is ensured not by an Almighty Fiat, not even fundamentally by the incarnation of the Son in whom God is manifest to us, but by the very nature of God.

"It was to this love my mother had been taken up, and into the unutterable fulness of this joy—'My joy'—the joy of the Son. What images could be glowing enough to picture it?

"If the heavenly visions of the Apocalypse had been blotted out to-day, it seemed to me as if they must have sprung up spontaneously around the Apostles' Creed to-morrow.

"Living fountains of water, trees of life and leaves of healing, gates of pearl and walls of precious stones, raiment white as the light, rivers bright as crystal, harpers with the harps of God, songs like the sound of many waters; the very pavement where the feet of the 'many sons' were to tread, the sea by which they stood, radiant with combinations of glory impossible on earth, water mingled with fire, pure gold like transparent glass,—what are these but faint pictures in such colours as earth and earth's skies can furnish of the unutterable joy enshrined in the words, '*I in them, and thou in Me;*' '*Thou hast loved them as thou hast loved Me?*'

"I began to understand how my mother could be still *herself*, no tender touch of the old familiar affection lost, yet full of a joy which must overflow in the new song.

"For as I listened my heart recognized a distinction in the music.

"Not like an angel's her heart; not like an angel's was her song.

"The pathetic human tone should never vanish from the songs of the redeemed. The agony of redemption, the rapture of reconciliation, should never be forgotten there.

"To all He is the Father of Spirits. To each of the lost sons He is the Father who saw him while a great way off and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him, and said, Rejoice with me, for this my son was lost and is found.

"To all He is the Eternal Son. To us He is the Son who became the Lamb, who bore our sins and carried our sorrows, and redeemed us to God by His blood.

"I suppose my face shone with something of the joy in my heart, for Mistress Dorothy said solemnly to me that evening, as she bade me Good-night in my room, 'Has the tempter departed, and have the angels come and ministered to thee?'

"Then I told her something of the new light in which the old truths had come to me in my mother's chamber. She seemed to take hope concerning me, but not without fear, and questioned me as to whether I had experienced this and that, and through what instruments this deliverance had come.

"I could only say, 'I think it was thou, Mistress Dorothy, and the Apostles' Creed, and the robin redbreast.' She looked doubtful.

"I never heard of any being led in such a way as that,' said she, 'and I cannot quite make it out. Doubtless, however, the Word of God is still His Word if it be written on the Pope's mitre, much more in the Apostles' Creed. Only be sure it is a Word from Him thou art resting on. Nothing else will stand when the heavens and the earth are shaken. And as to the robin,' she added, 'no doubt the Almighty once used ravens, and He might use robins. I have hope of thee, dear heart, but I would fain be more assured. I never heard of any soul being brought into the fold by such a way before.'

"But do any two wandering souls come back by the same way?

"It seems as if the ways back were countless as the wanderings: the Door is one, being the One who stands there to let us in.

"Nor am I sure that that was my first coming to the fold.

"It seems to me as life were in some sense one long course of conversion, one series of translations from darkness to light. Is not the sun always converting the sun-flowers by shining on them?

"Once and for ever in one sense ; day by day in another.

"It seems to me as if every fresh sorrow or joy opens new depths in our hearts, which must be filled with fresh springs of the living water or else become empty and waste ; as if every new revelation of life needs to be met by a new and deeper revelation of God.

"That Sunday, so full of peace to me, was the 28th of January.

"On the 30th the fatal scaffold stood outside the Banqueting Hall, and the king was led forth to die the death of a malefactor, in the presence of his people and of all the nations.

"On the evening of the next day the news reached Netherby.

"Mistress Dorothy entered my room after I had laid down to rest.

"*'It is done !'* she murmured under her breath. *'They have laid their hands on the Lord's anointed. The irremediable crime is committed.'* And then, as usual with the Puritans in moments of strong emotion, falling into Bible language as into a mother-tongue, *'The crown is fallen from our heads,'* she said ; *'Woe unto us that we have sinned !'*

"I could not speak.

"*'Before the windows of his palace !'* she continued, *'at mid-day, in face of heaven and of all the people.'*

"*'And not a voice to plead for him,'* I said ; *'not one arm lifted to rescue !'*

"*'Of what avail ? the Ironsides were there,'* she replied bitterly. *'They girded the scaffold like a wall of brass. They would not suffer the poor people to come near enough to listen to a word from the dying lips of their king.'*

"My eyes met hers.

"*'The Ironsides were there !'* it was all I could say or think. For before me rose the figure of Roger Drayton on horseback amongst his men, stern and motionless, his soul masked in iron more rigid than his armour, not suffering the grief and pity at his heart to relax one muscle of the rigid resolution of his face.

"And between him and me for ever that scaffold and the shrouded corpse of the martyred king !

"I had, as it were, been living in heaven with her who was at rest there ; and now the words came to me with a terrible desolation, *'I am no more in the world, but these are in the world.'* Around her, rest, and peace, and songs of joy. Around me crime and separation, and the terrible necessity to resolve.

"Mistress Dorothy spoke again, and her voice trembled,—

"*'This is no longer a home for thee or for me, dear heart. I feared that thy joy had been sent thee to arm thee for some uncommon woe !'*

"*'No more a home for me, indeed,'* I said ; *'but how no longer for thee ?'*

"*'I told my brother long since that if ever this crime was consummated, and neither he nor Roger lifted up their voices against it, I could not sleep another night under his roof, lest I should seem to embrue my hands in sacred blood. It is not for us to be like Pilate, languidly washing our hands of the crime we or ours might have averted.'*

"*'But whither will you flee ?'* I said.

"*'I have a small tenement at Kidderminster, where godly Mr. Baxter dwelleth, a man who is as true to his king as to his God. There, if thou wilt, shall be a shelter for thee and me. It will be no palace, but the best I have shall be thine ; and with Mr. Baxter's ministry that may suffice us both.'*

"The generous offer touched me ; but I felt that my father's home was the only one for me, now that Roger's way and mine must part for ever.

"She shook her head when I said so.

"*'Thy father is among papists and idolaters,'* she replied. *'It is written, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me."'*

"*'If my father is in a place of peril,'* I said, *'all the more my place is by his side.'*

"She was silent some minutes ; her eyes cast down, her lips set, and her hands grasping each other.

"Then she looked up, and said,—

"*'Child, thou art right. The heart is deceitful above all things. I thought I was pleading for God, and I was pleading for myself. I will take thee to thy refuge in France, and then I will go*

to my house alone. Canst thou be ready by to-morrow? I have vowed never to sleep nor to break bread under this roof again.'

"The sooner the better,' I said; for I felt as if nothing but the overhanging shadow of that dreadful scaffold could strengthen me for the sacrifice. I dreaded lest time might make the treason against the king sink in my eyes into a mere political error, and my own departure seem more and more like a treason against those to whom I owed so much, and whom I loved so well.

"I spent the night, under Mistress Dorothy's direction, in packing the few things I might carry with me.

"In the morning, when Mr. Drayton's step was first heard on the stairs, Mistress Dorothy went out and followed him into his room below. For a few moments they were alone; then I heard her step re-ascending the stairs. It was not brisk, as was her wont, but slow, like the tread of an aged person. She re-entered the chamber, looking very white.

"It is settled, child,' she said. 'My brother will not hinder us.'

"She would not be present at the family-prayer that morning, nor at breakfast, true to her vow.

"Immediately afterwards, Mr. Drayton requested an interview with me in his room.

"My child,' he said, laying his hand on my shoulder, 'conscience is sacred. Are you sure that in this deed you are obeying, not my sister's conscience, nor even your mother's, but your own?'

"The question opened a labyrinth I could not disentangle.

"It is so difficult to tell what is our own and what we inherit,' I said. 'My mother *was* my conscience, and I believe I am doing what she would have desired. Politics she said women must leave to men. But loyalty was like religion or affection. To the king every subject is personally related as to a parent or to God. That is what she believed and I believe. I dare not debate with myself. I dare not reason about what I feel to be a crime, or remain with those who sanction it. I dare not, Mr. Drayton, trust myself any longer to all that tempts me to stay.'

"He walked up and down the room once or twice with hasty steps.

"Then, my child,' he said at length, 'neither dare I debate with thee nor hinder thee. I have loved thee as I love Olive, and hoped to have a right to call by a name as dear. But if thou wilt go, God forbid I should make my house a prison. By noon, an escort shall be ready to convey thee and my sister to the coast.'

"He was as good as his word. By noon we had left the old house. By the morrow we were on the sea on our way to France.

"In the dusk, before we sailed, a boat came to the ship's side, and a tall, muffled figure sprang on board. Of what happened, from the time the vessel began to toas on the short waves, I knew not much, buried in cushions among the luggage. But when the French coast was within reach, and we were waiting for the tide to enter the harbour of Calais, there was some little stir about a boat putting off from the ship; and as I lay gazing towards the harbour, I saw this boat struggle through the breakers to a point of rock, where one of the crew sprang on shore.

"The next morning we landed. We were met by the keeper of a hostelry, who courteously told us that our apartments were ready. And on the morrow, as I was sitting alone after breakfast, whilst Mistress Dorothy had gone to make preparation for our journey, there was a clatter of a horse's feet in the court-yard, and in a few minutes my father strode into the room and bade me welcome.

"But by what miracle, father, couldst thou know we were here,' I said; as soon as I could speak for his kisses and my tears.

"Didst thou not know? No miracle; only Roger Drayton riding through the night to tell me.'

"It was Roger, then, who had crept on board in the dusk, whose boat I had watched struggling through the breakers to the coast. And I dared not trust myself to ask where he was or when he would depart!

"A brave and gallant gentleman he is,' said my father; 'a thousand pities such should lend their swords to traitors.'

"Then I began to tell him of all Mr. Drayton's goodness, and how Mistress Dorothy had undertaken the voyage in her motherly care of me.

"At that moment she re-appeared, and my father poured out his thanks.

"But she was very reserved and grave.

"*'Sir Walter,'* she said, at last. *'Little thanks I deserve for bringing this innocent lamb hither. I have seen awful things to-day. At the door of a church I saw a number of frightful images in a cage, standing in painted flames, and stretching out their hands through the bars, begging for money to buy them out of torment. And while I was looking on this, a procession of boys and men, in white clothes, passed me, bearing aloft something under a canopy, and wherever it came the people fell on their knees and worshipped. I asked a sober-looking woman what it was, and as far as I could understand she said it was "our Lord." They thought they were carrying God. I had heard much of Papistry, but I had not thought to come to places like Gaza and Ashdod almost within sight of England.'*

"*'It was the Host, good Mistress Dorothy,'* replied my father, explanatorily; *'the Holy Sacrament. Doubtless there is superstition in their reverence. But I must not forget my message from your nephew. Roger Drayton desires to know whether you will be ready to sail under his care to-night.'*

"*Mistress Dorothy gave a questioning glance at me, and hesitated.*

"*'Let us persuade you,'* my father said, *'to tarry awhile with us.'*

"*'God forbid, Sir Walter,'* she replied, *'that I should tarry a night longer than I need, among these Philistines. And God forgive me,'* she added solemnly, *'for bringing this lamb of the flock among them.'*

"*'Must I then tell Mr. Drayton you will accompany him?'*

"*Mistress Dorothy hesitated again.*

"*'It is a sore perplexity,'* she said, at last, *'to have to choose between this land of idolaters and the company of those who, kith and kin of mine though they be, have embued their hands in sacred, though I may not say innocent blood.'*

"*'Had Roger Drayton ought to do with that monstrous iniquity?'* my father exclaimed fiercely.

"*'Alas, was he not one of General Cromwell's Ironsides?'* replied Mistress Dorothy. *'The heart of youth is too easily misguided.'*

"*'Ay,'* said my father, with a strong Cavalier oath, *'and woe to those who misguided them—*

the quiet and sober Presbyterians and Parliamentarians, who made a breach in the dykes, and now wonder to see the country flooded by the ocean.'

"Again Mistress Dorothy had to lift up her voice in testimony; and in the midst of it Roger Drayton entered. The three chief elements of the civil war were comprised in the little English company gathered in the chamber of that Calais hostelry.

"My father, sorely irritated by what he considered Mistress Dorothy's Puritanical cant, lost all control of his temper. There were high and fierce words; and bitter epithets were freely exchanged. I only remember that in the end Mistress Dorothy, after embracing me with many a warning word, decided to depart with Roger, and that throughout it all Roger said not one intemperate or uncourteous word, bitterly as my father assailed him and those whose honour was dear to him as his own.

"When Mistress Dorothy and Roger had left, my father, after some rapid pacings of the room, and some severe soliloquising on the state of England, gradually became cooler, and then his courtesy returning, he said,—

"*'Ungracious return I have made for their generous kindness to you, Lettice; stay, and make ready for the journey, while I go and see if I can do anything for that fiery old lady. It would disgrace us if she were not well-sped on her homeward way. And I know the outlandish ways of this place better than they do.'*

"I went to the window, saw him join them, watched them cross the court, and then sank down in a chair and hid my face in my hands, and was weeping vain and hopeless tears when the door of the room opened gently, with the quiet words, in Roger's voice,—

"*'My aunt left her mantle.'*

"I rose, and he came to my side.

"*'I had not meant this, Lettice,'* he said, *'yet you need not have fled without one farewell. Your convictions are as sacred to me as yourself.'*

"*'I knew it,'* I said, scarcely knowing what I said. *'I was not afraid of you, but of myself.'*

"*'Lettice,'* he said, *'it cannot be always so. It is impossible that such a difference can separate us for ever. I must hope. If, as I trust, General Cromwell saves our England and makes*

her noble and great as never she was before, say I may hope.'

"'What can I hope?' I said. 'Can I believe a thing a crime, and look forward to not always so believing it? Right and wrong are right and wrong for ever.'

"I think I never saw on his face such a look as then. Reverence, and honour, and love, and grief. I shall never see such a look on any face again. But he only said, very softly,—

"'And love is love for ever.'

"There was a faltering in his tone which made it like an appeal, and I answered,—

"'For ever!'

"He wrung my hand once and was gone.

"I scarcely know if after all I should not have

called him back, but for the memory of that look.

"Better to be separated from him all my life than to be dethroned from his heart by one wavering or unworthy thought or word. Yet even that dread scaffold seems sometimes a shadowy ghost to part love like ours. I would (at times) it were some plain, homely woman's duty that separated us instead. Then there might be heart-breaking, but scarcely this heavy mist of perplexity and doubt.

"I have to say to myself again and again, as if the words were a spell,—

"'It is not politics that part us, but right and wrong; what my mother would surely have deemed a monstrous crime. And dare I deem it less!'"

THE MEMORY OF THE LOST.

BY THE REV. D. B. COE, OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

"Son, remember."—LUKE XVI. 26.

MANY who fully believe the doctrine of future retributions, appear to lose sight of the *continuity* of our existence. They look upon death as a sort of chemistry which destroys our personal identity, and transforms us into beings essentially different from what we are in the present life. Thus the intimate connection between probation and retribution is practically dissolved. The doctrine of future rewards and punishments loses its power, unless we keep in mind that we are to carry into the eternal world the same souls, with all their faculties, which we possess here. This truth is taught with terrible distinctness and power in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. These two individuals are followed—the one from his poverty and sufferings to his rest in Abraham's bosom; the other from his lordly palace and sumptuous fare to his place of torment. The latter, though occupied with his present agonies, still remembers the past, summoning before him the scenes of his earthly career; and Abraham says to him, "Son, remember that thou in thy life-time receivest thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented."

We have here presented for our consideration the *office of memory in the retributions of the future world*. Let us inquire—

I. Whether there is satisfactory evidence that the memory of earthly scenes will be retained in eternity. The text, it may be acknowledged, is a parable, and does not necessarily refer to a specific case. But though our Saviour might not have had reference to a particular

individual, yet the facts themselves must be real, otherwise the parable teaches a falsehood. To represent a lost soul as recurring to the events of its earthly existence, when lost souls have no such power, would be a flagrant misrepresentation, such as we cannot charge upon our Saviour. We grant that this is not a historical narrative of a *particular individual* who remembered, but an imaginary case, to illustrate the general truth, that the soul in a future world does remember.

Indeed, this is implied in the very nature of retribution. The soul is to be punished for the deeds done in the body; and unless it remember those deeds, how can it know for what it is punished? How can conscience, whose stings constitute an important element in this punishment, inflict remorse for sins which are not remembered? How can God be vindicated for the infliction of the curse of his law? How can every mouth be stopped, and the whole world become guilty before God, as the result of unremembered transgressions? The nature of the retribution, and the end of God's government in it, require that the soul should remember.

Moreover, the *philosophy of the mind* itself teaches the same thing. There is no proof that any part of the mind's knowledge is ever lost. We forget; that is, ideas pass from our thoughts, and are lost for the time; but reflection, and association, and various other causes, can bring back these lost possessions, and make present to our thoughts the events of years gone by. Go to the place of your birth, and look at the objects that were familiar to you in early days, and the scenes and events

of childhood, which have been gone from you for years, will come thronging up from the store-house of memory, and you will almost think yourself a child again. The past is not for ever gone, and at the appropriate signal it can all be summoned before us.

And is there any evidence that death will break this chain of memory? The ancients were accustomed to write upon parchments; and when they had no further use for what was written, it was erased, and the same surface was covered again. Such a parchment was called a *palimpsest*. A modern process has been discovered, by which the first impressions on the palimpsest may be rendered visible, and thus records that were lost for ages have been found. The human mind is a "palimpsest." On its tablets many successive impressions have been written. The early ones have been erased and forgotten, and others imprinted in their place; but the spiritual chemistry of the future world will bring to light those hidden characters, and the long lost records of our past lives will be recovered and remembered.

Many facts, however, might be adduced, bearing upon this position. We know that, in some cases, as the clay tabernacle tumbles down, the *memory* seems to be quickened with a new life. Persons on the very brink of the grave have been known to relate, with wonderful minuteness, circumstances which occurred many years before, and had been long forgotten. Sometimes they have even used a *language* which they had learned in childhood, but in which they had not been able to converse in years. A Lutheran clergyman in Philadelphia asserts, that he has often heard aged Germans, on their death-beds, pray in the German language, which they had not spoken for sixty years. It is also related by persons rescued from drowning, after consciousness had ceased, that during the few moments of their consciousness while in the water, their whole lives seemed to rush in a torrent of recollection through their minds. These, and many other facts of a similar character, show that the powers of mind do not partake of the body's decay, and they distinctly foreshadow its increased activity in its disembodied state. And what is there in death, either to impair the powers of the mind or break the chain of its exercises? Why should the soul be more affected in its qualities by the dissolution of the whole body, than by the amputation of a limb? It escapes from its prison, and changes its residence, but does not lose its identity, nor surrender its powers. It will anticipate the future; it will be conscious of the present; it *will remember the past*.

II. Not only will the memory exist in the future world, but it will probably possess far greater activity and energy than in the present life, and thus be enabled to recall the past with a distinctness and vividness which are now wholly unknown.

I admit that we are now going beyond the domain of certain knowledge, but we may make inferences with

considerable certainty from facts which are well known. It is rational to suppose that the mind will acquire new activity by its emancipation from the body; that when it throws off this mortal coil, it will start up into a new and more vigorous life; and why should not memory receive a new impulse as well as the other powers? That our *knowing* faculty will be vastly increased, is expressly asserted in the Word of God. Why not, then, the *remembering* faculty, which is so intimately associated with it?

But there will be circumstances connected with the lost which must greatly facilitate the remembering of earthly scenes. There will be nothing to divert the mind from the view and study of the gloomy past. The lost soul will be excluded from all society except the society of those as solitary and wretched as itself, and shut up to its own melancholy reflections. The saved, we have reason to believe, will be actually engaged in ministries of good, and in this will consist no small part of their happiness. But the lost will have nothing to do but to "remember." They are spoken of in the Scriptures as shut up in prison, as bound in chains. They will be constrained to reflect—they will find no other employment. There will be nothing to turn off the mind from its dismal work of remembering. There will be no bargains to be made—no schemes of ambition to be formed—no schemes of gaiety and mirth to drown his thoughts and keep them from straying back over the past. There will be nothing to do but to remember, and the memory will act with terrible energy and effect.

You know what reflection does for a guilty soul even in this world. Peter was very comfortable for a while, after denying his Master; but "*when he thought thereon he wept.*" Judas, as soon as he came to *reflect*, saw, as he had not seen it before, the enormity of his sin in betraying his Master; and in bitter anguish of soul cast down the price of the Saviour's blood, and rushed out and hanged himself. Herod was so troubled by the remembrance that he had murdered John the Baptist, that he could not think Christ was any one else than his murdered victim raised from the grave. This, said he, is John the Baptist: he is risen from the dead. How often have criminals shown no uneasiness in consequence of their crimes, till they come to reflect in the solitude of a dungeon. Then they *remembered*; and every thought of the past rolled, as in billows of fire, through their souls. Why is it that solitary confinement, without labour, is regarded as the severest form of imprisonment? It is because the lonely victim can find nothing to do but to remember. And this incessant remembering has often proved more than the mind could bear, and reason has been driven from her throne. Philanthropists have protested against the cruelty of thus compelling the criminal continually to remember.

In the old State prison in Connecticut this form of punishment was employed as the extreme of severity.

There was an apartment of the prison called the "sound-ing-room," which was round—a cavity dug from the solid rock. In this spherical cell the refractory convict was chained to the floor, and left to his solitary reflections. This treatment was always successful. The stoutest heart could not endure it long. "Give me something to do," he would say; "or, at least, something to look at; or, if that cannot be, give me a cell that is not round—one that has some inequality, or corner, or crevice—*something* on which I can fix my aching eye—something to occupy my aching thought." Yet this was but a few days, and much of this time was spent in sleep. And if memory can do such a work for a guilty soul during a few short hours of reflection in an *earthly* prison, oh, what an array of bitter, appalling thoughts will it summon before the soul during its endless reflections in the prison of despair! There will be time enough there to spend an *age* upon each particular act of life. There will be no variety, no objects of curiosity or interest to divert the mind. There will be no respite, no sleep, no rest—nothing but *incessant, intense, remembering*.

But, it may be urged, the condition of the lost soul is not represented as a *solitary* one. Will not the society which the sinner will meet in the eternal abode shield him, in some measure, from the power of the remembered past? No! On the other hand, it will constantly remind him, with new distinctness, of the scenes of his probation. He will meet in the world of torment those whom he knew on earth, and whom he encouraged and helped on in the road to death.

When the exile, who has been driven into banishment for crimes committed in his native land, meets an old accomplice in crime whose ruin he has himself assisted to procure, how vividly does the meeting call to mind the scenes of their guilty career, mantling the cheek with a deeper hue of shame, and piercing the soul with sharper stings of remorse! Will it be otherwise, when the exile from God and heaven encounters the companions of his godless days—perhaps the victims of his own sinful conduct or example? Must not the meeting awaken a thousand bitter memories of this wasted probation, and open new vials of woe upon the conscience-stricken soul! All the associations of the world of the lost will be the agents which conscience shall employ to carry the mind back to earth, and to echo the terrible words of Abraham to the rich man—*Remember! remember!*

The agency of the devil, by whom they were deceived and allured to ruin, will greatly quicken the memory of the lost, and supply abundant materials to exercise it. Now he would have men forget their sins; wipe out the faintest remembrance of them, lest they should be so distressed by them as to cry to God for mercy and for deliverance from them. But in the world to come we know not that he could do this if he would, and evidently he would not do it if he could. For he is supremely malignant, and is bent on making his victims

as utterly miserable as he can. When once he has made sure of them beyond the possibility of escape, he will throw off the mask of innocence and kindness which he now wears, and make it his chief delight to torment them. To this dreadful end will he apply all the art and power of his infernal agency. He will see that they escape no bitter reflection or agonizing thought; no ingredient in their cup of woe will be wanting; and he will constrain them to drink that cup to its lowest dregs. With bitter taunts for their folly, and fiendish delight in their woes, he will point them to the wasted and perverted past—a Saviour refused—a probation lost—a heaven despised—repeating, though with a far different motive, the words of Abraham to the rich man—*Remember! remember!*

The process of judgment, moreover, will greatly quicken memory and furnish the mind with exhaustless topics of reflection. "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." By some means, we know not what, we shall be enabled to recall all the scenes and acts and even the thoughts of our whole lives; and the terrible array will be as distinct before our eyes as the sun in heaven. And as God himself summons them before us, as they are the basis of judgment, and the grounds of the final sentence, and as conscience will stand ready to burn them into the soul unless they are washed out by Jesus' blood, they will remain for ever in distinct remembrance. But it is proper to inquire,—

III. *What subjects will probably be most prominent in the reflections of the lost soul?*

"Remember," said Abraham to the rich man, "that thou in thy lifetime *receivedst thy good things*." Here, then, is one thing which the lost will certainly remember. They will remember the gifts of Providence, for which they requited their Maker with ingratitude and rebellion.

My hearer, God has opened his hand, and strewed your path in life with blessings. The wholesome atmosphere that heaves your breast, the healthful pulsations of your heart, the supply of your unnumbered daily wants, the shield that protects your slumbers at midnight, the friends that share with you the trials and joys of life, the innumerable blessings with which your life is filled, are the free bounty of your forgotten Father in heaven; they are so many cords thrown around your soul to draw you to himself: and if you break away from them all, and press on in impenitence down to death and to hell, you will remember these ten thousand kindnesses of the Lord. The remembrance of the amazing ingratitude of your conduct in resisting all these mercies, and hardening your neck in rebellion against the generous Giver, will follow you to eternity, and harrow up your feelings to their intensest pitch. You will remember distinctly each of the countless blessings with which God crowned your lives, and gladdened your hearts in this world of grace, but which were forgotten in unthankfulness. You will remember

how he fed, and clothed, and protected you, though you were so unthankful and disobedient; how he held back the bolt of his anger from your head, and permitted you to prosper while you were "despising the riches of his goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering, not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance." All this, and the ingratitude it involves, and which you would give worlds to forget, you will be compelled to remember, and remember for ever.

2. Again, you will doubtless remember the *spiritual privileges* which you failed to improve. Whatever may be your present estimate of these privileges, you will fully appreciate them when they are for ever gone. If you shall live and die as you are, impenitent, you will begin to consider then what you have lost. You will recount the days now passing over you, bright with the promises of mercy. A Saviour "wounded for your transgressions, bruised for your iniquities," will stand before you, and you will remember how you pierced him by your sins. You will remember all the means of grace which you resisted—the gracious Spirit who strove with you till you grieved him finally away—the ministry of the word, proclaiming the offers of life in your ear, which earnest entreaties to repent you disregarded. These Sabbaths will return to you—not as available realities to be again enjoyed, but the ghosts of their murdered hours will throng up the avenues of memory to lay their accusations at your feet. You will remember this house of prayer, where you so often turned your back upon your Maker, and the memorials of your Saviour's love. You will remember this blessed Bible, given to make men wise unto salvation, the dust of whose unopened lids will testify against you. You will remember its holy truths, once your rule of action and your guide, but now the matter of your accusation and the sentence of eternal condemnation. You will remember how those influences followed you up, step after step, from Sabbath to Sabbath, year after year—from the earliest dawn of reason to the close of life—and how you steadily, perseveringly, and stubbornly resisted them all—fighting your way through a thick array of warnings, entreaties, prayers, tears, nay, through the blood of atonement, and the strivings of the Spirit, down to eternal death.

3. There is another class of means by which God is striving to win sinners to his service and love: I mean his *Paternal chastisements*. Many are subdued and saved by the hand of affliction upon whom all other means have been tried in vain.

My hearers, why is it that God has so often stepped between you and the object of your earthly desire? Why has he so often disappointed your plans, and blasted your hopes, and stripped you of worldly good? Why has he constrained you so often to see and to feel the utter emptiness and vanity of all things earthly, and to sigh in your soul over the blight and misery of this sinful state of being? It is that he might withdraw your affections from earth and centre them on heaven

—reclaim you from the ways of sin, and establish you in obedience. This is the design and the natural tendency of all God's chastisements; and this would be their invariable effect, through the blessing of his grace, if they were not resisted and perverted. You may not see this now; sin may shut this truth out of sight; but the day will come when the darkness will vanish, and you will remember all the scenes of your earthly suffering and disappointment with a perfect recollection. Memory, from the remotest future, will wander back to this probationary world, and recount not only every mercy of God, but every dealing of his paternal faithfulness with his wayward child, and your insensibility and incorrigibility under the discipline.

Call up to-day some of the reminiscences of the past. Let recollection bring back the time when, arrested by the hand of God, you found yourself prostrate and helpless on a bed of sickness. Then an opening grave, a proffered heaven, a threatened hell, a despised yet infinitely-needed Saviour, seized upon your thoughts and constrained reflection and prayer, and you resolved, under the pressure of these then felt truths, to devote your remaining days to the service of God, should he in mercy spare and raise you up. But you forgot it all—your sickness and your vows—as soon as you recovered; but those broken vows, made to God in that solemn hour, though hidden, are not effaced from the tablets of your soul. Like characters written with invisible ink, and which are brought out by exposure to heat, so will they be revealed by the fires of the final day; and they will be remembered while eternity endures.

Think again. God has taken from you cherished friends, from whose dying lips, from whose opening graves, you have heard the warning, "Prepare to meet thy God!" For a time the impression of that solemn death-scene lingered in your mind and restrained your conduct, but at length you effaced it all, and now think, perhaps, that the unpleasant reflections which it once suggested will never more revisit your heart. But be not deceived. That scene, with its attendant circumstances, is engraved on your spiritual being in characters of immortality; and memory will one day revive it, and confront you with the unwelcome record, and no hand will ever be able to efface it, no voice command it away. Transfixed in mute astonishment and despair, the soul will look upon, and read and ponder the pages of a past and almost forgotten experience, as memory reproduces them, one after another, and holds them up before the mind.

Sinners will remember in eternity *the evil influence* which they exerted while on earth, and all the fatal consequences of it. The wretched man alluded to in the text, when he found there was no relief to be had for himself, entreated that his "five brethren," whom he had left behind, might be warned, lest they also should come to the same place of torment. Was this request the dictate of benevolence towards his brethren? Not at all; there is no benevolence in hell. There can

be no natural affection. Every being is perfectly selfish and perfectly hateful. There is no pity felt there for sinners on earth; no desires cherished in the bosom of the lost for their salvation and happiness. The devil would make every creature as wicked and as miserable as himself; and this doubtless is the spirit of that entire world of total and unrestrained depravity. But there is *remorse* in hell, and this will account for this seemingly strange request. This despairing and tormented man remembered the influence he had exerted over those five brethren; his conscience already accused him in their name. He dreaded the thought of being confronted with them face to face in that world of torment. He knew well that their presence would torture him eternally with the reflection that he had been an accomplice in their guilt and ruin, perhaps their corrupter and destroyer; and, if possible, he would escape this additional pang; he could not endure their bitter reproaches. And no doubt the remembrance of the ruin which they have brought upon others, causes the keenest and most excruciating pang felt in the world of torment. Few go there alone. Few can look around them there and not see some doomed spirit reproaching them with its ruin.

My unconverted hearer, have not some of your companions gone before you into eternity, and gone unprepared? They doubtless remember their ungodly example in this life, and their evil influence over you, and, if they could, would prevent your following them to their dismal abode. Perhaps they are even now begging that some messenger may be sent to warn you of your approaching doom, and to entreat you not to come to that place of torment. But soon, if you repent not, you will be with them, and like them; and, like the rich man, you will remember what you have done for the ruin of others—that you lent your example and influence to the enemy of your souls.

Are you a parent? God has committed to your care the souls of those whom you love as your own life, and bidden you to train them to virtue, to piety, and heaven. But by your example, the most powerful of all influences upon their minds, you are training them up for sin, and impenitence, and perdition. And if they shall follow you in your footsteps down to death, as they are likely to do, you will remember your agency in their ruin. You will remember that, had you taught them and lived before them as you ought, they might have been with you, adoring spirits before the throne, instead of hopeless outcasts and exiles. Oh, what a fact for a parent to remember through eternity! What remorse and anguish will it for ever awaken!

But you sustain other relations in which you are exerting the same kind of influence over other minds. This influence, unseen, it may be, now, will be revealed in the light of eternity, and as its fruit, many of those whom you loved in life may be sharers of your eternal prison. A husband or wife, a brother or sister, a friend or associate, may there reproach you as the instrument

of their eternal undoing, pointing you to the very temptation by which you ensnared them, to the laugh or sneer by which you banished their serious thoughts, and led them to grieve the Spirit of God, to the whole life of sin and impenitence which you lived before them. Ah, you will remember it all; and bitter indeed will be the reflection—bitter enough, with no other agents of misery, to overwhelm the soul with remorse and anguish. What, then, with all its other bitter ingredients, must be the sinner's cup of final woe!

But we will pursue these thoughts no further. I have endeavoured, in what I have said, not to rely upon conjecture, but to keep within the range of Scripture teaching, and legitimate inference from it. These views, we know, are not pleasing and grateful to un-renewed hearts; but if they are in accordance with the *facts* of the case, they are of immense importance; and every unconverted soul should strive to realize *now*, what, unless he speedily repent, he must realize when it is too late to find relief.

Imagine, then, the change *already past*, which may pass upon you at any hour; imagine yourself engaged in the reflections I have been describing. The affairs of earth are all over, and you are reviewing them from your abode in eternity. A voice from the bright world above, which you can see, but cannot enter, says to you, "Son, remember;" and all the scenes of probation start up before you, as witnesses to the justice of your doom, and in the words of inspiration, thou mourn at last, when thy flesh and thy body are consumed, and say, "How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof!" There are the golden opportunities I wasted; and the countless gifts of my Father's goodness which I abused. There is the long, dark, terrible catalogue of my sins, which must witness against me for ever. There is the heaven I might have gained. There is the glorious Saviour, in whose presence I might have spent my eternity. There is the vacant seat I might have occupied, the untuned harp I might have strung. But here I am in hell! the place of which I so often heard, but to which I never for a moment meant to come. Yet here I am at last, a hopeless, accursed, despairing exile from all good—the enemy of my God, the victim of my own impenitence, the murderer of my own soul—lost! for ever lost! Oh, that the humblest saint in heaven might bring me but one drop of water, to cool my burning tongue.

My unconverted hearer, are these pictures real or not? They are as certainly real and true as that the Word of God is real and true; and being so, your soul is in jeopardy every hour. Nothing but the slender thread of life holds you one moment from the world of torment. Let that thread be cut, and all this will become a terrible reality to you in a single hour.

I forewarn you of it *now*, while you can escape; and I implore you to heed the warning, and take refuge in Christ. Go to him in penitence and contrition—go as a perishing sinner—go at once, and you are safe.

AN ANGLICAN ON UNION.

IF, as we must believe, the Tractarian movement in the Church of England has exercised and is exercising a most deleterious influence upon that Church, it would be nothing less than a playing fast and loose with the truth to speak of the life of Dr. Pusey as an essentially beneficent one. There are few men who, with such good intentions, have in their day done so much real evil. At the same time, we do not think it possible for any one of ordinary candour to read his "Eirenicon" without feeling drawn to him personally as an honest, humble-minded, and devout man. How different, for example, is this language from that which too many others have allowed themselves to use when speaking of the same class: "Ever since I knew them, I have loved those who are called 'Evangelicals.' I loved them because they loved our Lord. I loved them for their zeal for souls. I often thought them narrow, yet I was often drawn to individuals among them more than to others who held truths in common with myself." And although, as it appears to us, his views of the possibility of a corporate union with the Church of Rome are not only Utopian in themselves, but indicative also of a state of mind which is deeply to be lamented, there is in the very longing to which he gives expression for the healing of the breaches of God's house the unmistakable manifestation of the self-same spirit which seems now to be taking possession of earnest minds all over Christendom—the spirit of love and unity—the desire to see the Saviour's Prayer for his Church speedily answered. "Is there to be no issue to the present division of Christendom?" he asks. "Is disunion to be the normal state of the Church, for which we all pray that God would give her unity, peace, and concord? God forbid! I have never expected to see that external unity by intercommunion restored in my own day, but I have felt it to be an end to be wished for and prayed for. . . . And now God seems again to be awakening the yearning to be visibly one; and he, who alone—the Author of Peace and the Lover of Concord—must have put it into men's minds to pray for the unity of Christendom, will, in his time, we trust, fulfil the prayer which he himself has taught."

The main object of Dr. Pusey's book, as is well known, is to show the possibility of those Churches which are under the government of a regular Episcopate coming to terms among themselves, and combining to form one great Catholic community. He quotes with high satisfaction the opinion of Count de Maistre, that the Church of England occupies a central position between the Latin Church on the one side, and the Greek Church on the other, and resembles one of those mediatory chemicals which are capable of uniting together elements which

are in their own nature "inassociable;" and pursuing this idea, he, as a member of that Church, enters into an elaborate system of "explanations," by way of showing that the three Creeds are by no means irreconcilable. Much learning is expended in this endeavour, and much interesting information is incidentally furnished on a variety of matters; but in the course of his argument, the true character of the Church of Rome is exhibited in a way which not only makes the idea of reunion with it, on the part of any Protestant community, seem in the last degree preposterous, but renders this very volume the vehicle of the most damaging attack on modern Popery which has appeared in recent times. Dr. Pusey may think and call his work an "Eirenicon," but few Papists, we should imagine, will be forward to welcome it as such.

Most people are now familiar with the distinction which Romanists themselves are accustomed to draw, when it suits them, between the written Creed of Rome and its practical system—between what has been formally declared to be *de fide*, and what exists in a fluid state as a part only of the popular belief. This distinction has often been turned to excellent account by controversialists. In point of fact, that which tells most powerfully upon the minds of the worshippers, and which is universally countenanced and used by the priests on that account, is Popery, whether there is express written authority for it or no; but nothing is commoner than for the Papist, in defending his system, to shift his ground, and, abandoning what he calls popular abuses to their fate, to fall back upon those inner entrenchments which have been more carefully raised, and which are better fitted to bear the light, if not of Scripture, yet of reason and common sense. It is on this double aspect of Popery, that the argument of Dr. Pusey turns. He goes back to the decrees of the Council of Trent, and to the catechism of that council, and, shutting his eyes for the moment to all the more modern developments of the system, he endeavours to show that the differences existing between the articles of the Church of England, and the authoritative dogmas of the Church of Rome, are more verbal than vital. And it is wonderful how much of apparent accord his ingenuity succeeds in establishing. Thus, in reference to the Sacraments, he holds that although Baptism and the Eucharist have a *special* dignity, and are justly called "*the Sacraments*," yet the English Church has not excluded other appointments of God from being *in some way* sacraments or "visible signs of an invisible grace;" and hence he does not despair of the two Churches coming to some agreement in regard to the *number* of these sacred services. And as to their significance, he is satisfied that the opposition which now

exists is the result of a misapprehension. "My own conviction," says he, "is, that our articles deny Transubstantiation in one sense, and that the Roman Church, according to the explanation of the catechism of the Council of Trent, affirms it in another." Then, in regard to the Infallibility of the Church, he pleads that the sound men in his communion hold substantially the same opinions as the sound men under the Papacy. He does not believe in the infallibility of the Pope, nor does he hesitate to affirm that even general councils may err, but "the Church of England, equally with Bossuet, maintains that which has been received by the whole Church to be certainly true;" and meeting on this common ground, he believes it to be not impossible to arrange on this point also terms of agreement.

Such is a sample of his method, and since it is well known that ingenious Papists, in their conversations with silly Protestants, can always so explain their principles as to make them look innocent if not positively commendable, his proposal to negotiate with a view to union would not perhaps appear so very absurd if he and the controversialists were alone left to settle upon the conditions. In fact, he shows that at one time—in the beginning of last century—informal negotiations did proceed so far as to put the possibility of a friendly alliance beyond all reasonable doubt. A strong desire for union with the Church of England sprang up among several doctors of the Sorbonne, and this desire being communicated to Archbishop Wake, an interesting correspondence began, of which Dr. Pusey gives a full account. From the letters written at that time by Du Pin, who conducted the negotiations on the Popish side, we learn that the liberal members of the Gallican Church did not find any insurmountable obstacle to union even in the Thirty-Nine Articles. He (Du Pin) was convinced that the two Churches were not so far apart as to preclude re-union—that there were many articles upon which they were agreed—that others related to discipline only, and in regard to them there could be no dispute on either side—and that with respect to the other articles, few in number, "upon mutual explanation the two parties might agree." As to the explanations suggested, a specimen or two will sufficiently indicate their nature: "On the XIV. Article, Du Pin explained away the offensive sense of the term 'works of supererogation,' was willing to drop the term, and only wished the distinction to be maintained between 'works of strict precept' and those which were of 'counsel' only." "On the XXVIII. Article, Du Pin was willing to omit the word 'transubstantiation' and to substitute 'changed.'" "On Article XXXII., he himself advocated the Celibacy of the Clergy, but allowed of their marriage *when not prohibited by the laws of the Church.*" "On XXXVI., since he allows that, in the case of an union, the English clergy might remain in their benefices 'either of right or of the indulgence of the Church,' he must have acknowledged the validity of our ordinations, since, of course, no indulgence of the

Church could make that valid which is *invalid.*" And once more, in reference to the Pope, the Protestant Archbishop wrote to his Romish correspondent in these remarkable terms: "The honour which you give to the Roman Pontiff differs so little, I deem, from that which our sounder theologians readily grant him, that, on this point, I think it will not be difficult, on either side, either to agree altogether in the same opinion, or mutually to bear with a dissent of no moment."

"Du Pin's decease," says Dr. Pusey, "the change of political relations, the ascendancy of the Jesuits, quenched the hope of the restoration of union. But Du Pin's work of charity was like bread cast upon the waters, to be found after many days." And he is full of hope that now the happy consummation which was then vainly aimed at is rapidly approaching.

Now, if Dr. Pusey had confined himself to this line of argument, and if, in his anxiety to show what Popery *might be*, he had resolutely shut his eyes to all the evidence which presses itself on our attention, declaring what Popery *is*, he would probably have written a book that was fitted to exercise a most unwholesome influence on many of his own weaker-minded followers. But the work carries with it its own antidote. Nowhere else has the charge of idolatry, which has been so often brought against the Church of Rome, been so terribly and conclusively substantiated.

If the following had been written by some controversialist, whose information about Romish teaching had been gotten second-hand, and whose hatred to Popery was inspired in a great degree by political partizanship, we might have received it with some hesitation as probably exaggerated. But the writer is Dr. Pusey, whose life-long admiration of the Church of Rome has been notorious, and who would undoubtedly far rather cast a veil over her faults and failings than magnify or unduly expose them; and such being the character of the witness, we must accept the description as a strictly correct and faithful account of the state of things within that communion, on which the Tractarians are now casting wistful eyes. "It is taught in *authorised books*," says he, "that 'it is morally impossible for those to be saved who neglect the devotion to the Blessed Virgin;' that 'it is the will of God that all graces should pass through her hands;' that 'no creature obtained any grace from God save according to the dispensation of his Holy Mother;' that Jesus has, in fact, said, 'no one shall be partaker of my blood, unless through the intercession of my mother;' that 'we can only hope to obtain perseverance through her;' that 'God granted all the pardons in the Old Testament absolutely for the reverence and love of this Blessed Virgin;' that 'our salvation is in her hand;' that 'it is impossible for any to be saved who turns away from her, or is disregarded by her—or to be lost, who turns to her, or is regarded by her;' that 'when the justice of God saves not, the *infinite* mercy of Mary saves by her intercession;' that God is 'subject to the command of Mary;'

that 'God has resigned into her hands (if one might say so) his omnipotence in the sphere of grace;' that 'it is safer to seek salvation through her than directly from Jesus.'" From the plain sense of these blasphemous statements there is no escaping. Mary is virtually exalted to a place in the Godhead, and the salvation of sinners is made to depend far more directly upon her than upon Jesus Christ. Nor can it be pled that this Mariolatry is only a part of the practical system of the Church of Rome. Dr. Pusey shows in the most convincing manner that, since the formal adoption of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception as a portion of the faith, the worship of the Virgin has become an essential element in the Romish organization.

Indeed, no one who reads "Eirenicon" can fail to be struck with the extraordinary light thrown by Dr. Pusey on the history of the proclamation of that new Papal dogma. It would appear that its exaltation to its present place in the Creed was not agreed upon without much deliberation. The Pope did not act at once on his own responsibility, but sent first to collect the opinions of his bishops throughout the world. These opinions have been published. As might have been expected, the great majority of them are favourable, for it was quite well understood on which side a judgment was wanted—though even, in spite of the notorious bias, a few distinguished men, and among the rest the Archbishop of Paris, expressed themselves in a manner decidedly hostile to the proposal. But to us the notable thing in connection with these returns is this, that many gave an ardent support to the motion in favour of the immaculate conception, in the belief that the fresh homage thus offered to Mary would avail for the more effectual suppression of heresy! This view was adopted, in particular, by the Irish bishops, who, in sending in their cordial and unanimous assent, said: "The Mother of Mercy will arise, when she shall understand that her glory is at our hearts, and stretching forth the right hand of her might, amid the most dire storms and tempests wherewith we are tossed, she will lead us to the port of safety; she will arise and utterly destroy all heresies, which, to the detriment of our faith, carry their inroads boldly and with impunity." It would thus seem, then, that the proposal to adopt a new article of faith was prompted so far by a feeling of alarm. The Church of Rome beheld the spread on every hand of heresies which she felt herself powerless to overcome, and she became alive to the necessity of resorting to extraordinary measures to meet the emergency. She might have looked to God, to the intercession of Christ, to the influences of the Spirit, and, in dependence on divine aid, might have betaken herself to prayer. But to none of the Three Persons in the Trinity did she turn. She looked to Mary, and, placing all hope of deliverance in her, she sought to propitiate her, to begin with, by declaring her to have been born without sin! It is not, then, the doctrine considered

by itself alone which is significant as to the spiritual state of the Church of Rome; it is the spirit in which the doctrine was lately declared to be "of the faith." The hopes cherished in connection with that act proclaimed to all the world that Mariolatry was never before so rampant in the system; that here was a nominally Christian communion which had made up its mind to cast off its trust in God, and to look for triumph to the assistance of a creature. We cannot guess what effect his own revelations on this head have had on the mind of Dr. Pusey; but we are sure there are few of his Protestant readers who will be able to rise from the perusal of his book without carrying away with them the conviction, that if his representations be really correct, the Romish Church has not only become greatly worse than it was, but has grown positively *fatuous*. "Whom the gods mean to destroy they first dement," is an old heathen maxim. But there is some Christian truth in it; and if we were asked to point to one thing which might be regarded as a sign that Popery had got its death-blow, we would at once single out this besotted idolatry of a woman.

And yet Dr. Pusey, who can state so cuttingly the nature and extent of the evil, can talk hopefully in the face of it of the possibility of an incorporating union. He is profoundly convinced of this, that "*Nothing which seems to interfere with exclusive trust and reliance on Jesus will, without some great revolution, gain hold of the hearts of the English people*;" and he tells his Roman Catholic friends that, to satisfy the English Church, they must give up the worship of Mary. But can he detect the faintest indication of any willingness on their part even to entertain, in the most distant way, such a proposal? None, we are sure. The current is all running the opposite way. They are literally "*mad upon their idol*;" and it seems to us the sheerest fatuity in any man to talk about what the Church of Rome once was, or even about what it is when divested of its so-called excrescences, when its actual character is written in letters of fire upon its face.

We say the current is wholly running in a direction opposite to that which should give any hope to Dr. Pusey of the two Churches coming nearer to one another, and Dr. Pusey himself is thoroughly aware of the fact. More than once he refers to the extraordinary statement made by a former follower of his own—F. Faber—to the effect that there was coming a great age of the Church, which was to be the AGE OF MARY! and he expresses his conviction that Faber is perfectly right in thinking that "the *cultus* of the Blessed Virgin is about to receive 'an immense increase.'" Surely, then, nothing less than a Quixotic faith could have inspired him when he undertook to prepare this *Eirenicon*; for looking on the worship of Mary as he does, he must see in her recent apotheosis, and in the convictions expressed by leading Roman Catholics, that "God is pressing for a greater, a wider, a stronger, quite

another devotion to his Blessed Mother," overwhelming evidence of the fact, that Popery, as a religious system, is becoming ever more heathenish and corrupt.

But, apart from that, one wonders how a man like Dr. Pusey, who, whatever may be his errors otherwise, holds loyally to the one mediatorship of Jesus Christ, can allow himself to think of the actual Church of Rome as one with which the Church of England might dare to have communion. According to his own showing, it dishonours God; it practically expels Christ from his office of Redeemer; it grossly insults the Holy Ghost; it offers idolatrous worship to a creature; and can he suppose, after that, that the Lord, whom he professes to serve, will excuse him if he refuses to denounce it in the terms which its unfaithfulness and apostasy so justly merit? Instead of dreaming of "union," it would be far more rational if he would lift up his voice like a trumpet, and show to this so-called Christian Church that it is going back in the dial of history, and, in its worship of the Queen of Heaven, is relapsing into the paganism from which, eighteen centuries ago, it was delivered.

We all know very well, however, what it is which renders it almost impossible for Dr. Pusey to imagine such a thing as the Church of Rome becoming a synagogue of Satan. It is because it has, as he thinks, enjoyed the ministrations of a line of bishops succeeding each other in regular order from the time of the apostles. This is with him the *articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesie*. With a set of ministers whose orders are "valid," no religious communion can cease to be a true Church of Christ. It may be guilty of gross idolatry, it may proclaim another gospel than that which Christ required to be published, it may exhibit an infatuation in error which in others would be regarded as a symptom of madness; but all, nevertheless, is radically right if its bishops can prove their genealogies, and its subordinate priests have been episcopally ordained. It makes one despair of Christian men being brought to see eye to eye, when a principle like this is made to override every other consideration—a principle for which not the slightest countenance can be found in Scripture, and which is directly opposed to the dictates of common sense, and the light supplied by all experience.

It surely ought to make our Anglo-Catholics reflect when they observe how easily two or more can play at the same game. Dr. Pusey looks down compassionately on "Presbyterian and Wesleyan ministers" as being simply laymen; but Dr. Manning, the Popish Archbishop of Westminster, does exactly the same by himself. Nay, so little is that high authority disposed to allow that any particular advantage belongs to the Church which he has abandoned, that he thinks there is more faith, hope, and charity even among the Dissenters, whose piety, he says, "is more like the personal service of disciples to a personal Master, than the Anglican piety, which has always been more dim and distant from this central light of souls." Of course, all this from

such a quarter is felt to be peculiarly galling by Dr. Pusey, who would "willingly die" (to use his own words) in order to establish intercommunion between the Church of England and the Church of Rome; and he devotes a good deal of his space to showing that his own orders are valid notwithstanding all that may be said against them; but while not disposed for ourselves, in the least degree, to question the regularity of Dr. Pusey's ordination, we must say that the arguments which he employs to establish the fact of that regularity are singularly illogical. He says he has satisfied himself as to his genealogy, and we shall not meddle with that matter, but apart from the evidence supposed to be furnished by an unbroken line of succession, he employs arguments to prove that he is a true priest, which, if they were used in other connections, might be made available for the establishment of a great many other things besides that.

He holds, for example, that without Orders received from a bishop who can trace his descent without a break from the apostles, no man can dispense the Sacrament in such a way as to communicate to the receivers the *grace* of it. But he pleads that those who partake of the Eucharist in the Church of England *do* receive the grace of it; and hence it clearly follows—according to him—that the Orders of the Church of England are valid! This sounds very much like reasoning in a circle. But letting that pass, one is inclined to ask, as a question of logic simply, What evidence have we that the grace of which he speaks is received? To this he answers in the following remarkable way: "We have the witness that we have really the true body and blood of Christ, and the grace of the Sacrament—1. From the knowledge of those who receive it. God would not allow his own to be deluded in such a matter as this. 2. In the supernatural lives of grace led by persons, the life of whose souls is Christ in the Holy Eucharist. I do not mean any disparagement to any pious Presbyterians, but believing the Holy Eucharist to be what we, in common with the whole ancient Church, know it to be, we cannot but know that they who receive it worthily have a much greater closeness of union with our Lord than they who do not. Presbyterians have what they believe; we, what we believe. But they who have observed pious Presbyterians and pious English Catholics have discerned among our people a spiritual life, of a kind which was not among theirs; in a word, a sacramental life!"

Now we do not know about the extraordinary statement which he makes toward the close of this extract. That there is a difference between the piety of the Papists and their imitators, and that of the Evangelicals, is indeed certain—and, perhaps, Dr. Pusey is right when he indicates that the life of the latter is peculiarly spiritual, and the life of the former peculiarly sacramental. But we do not think it would be difficult to find, even among Presbyterian saints, men who have lived as near to Christ as the holiest devotees of Rome, and if we can point to any of them as testifying that *they*

received the grace of the Sacrament when they communicated, we turn the argument of Dr. Pusey at once into a support of the validity of Presbyterian Orders. In point of fact, then, the argument, though carrying conviction home to the heart of Dr. Pusey, is absolutely or logically worth nothing. There are true Christians, as he himself admits, in many other communions besides his own, and we are certain they all can speak experimentally of the grace of the Sacrament. And if it is true that "in such a matter God will not allow his own to be deluded," Dr. Pusey's argument, if it is worth anything at all, goes to prove this, that the Orders of some of these communions are invalid.

Of precisely the same value and character is his argument from the vigorous life which is in these days displayed by the Church of England. We rejoice to believe that a great deal of what he says in this connection is true. But, besides that he unwittingly states what is calculated to convey a false impression of other Churches, and displays also a singular amount of ignorance as to the religious condition of the world outside the pale of his own communion, it must be affirmed here again that he draws conclusions which have no necessary connection at all with the premises which he lays down; and that, putting the "genealogies" out of account, Dr. Manning must be admitted to have still the best of it. What a fallacious way of putting the case as between, for example, the Church of England and the Church of Scotland, is this: "Lutherans have tended to Rationalism; Calvinists have become Socinians;—but what has it become?" "It" is the Church of England—but is that a fair comparison? The natural question to have asked, after affirming the notorious fact that Calvinists have become Socinians, was this: "What have Episcopalians become?" We need not pretend that heresy has not been quite as rife among them. But that was not the thought in Dr. Pusey's mind. He was thinking of Churches, and we must say it is not like his characteristic honesty to juggle with his words in the manner above indicated. In order to make his argument worth anything, he required to prove not merely that individual Calvinists have become Socinians, but

that all the Churches which were Calvinistic have become Socinian too. This, of course, he cannot do; and the preservation of orthodoxy within the English Church is therefore no certain evidence in itself that the Papists are wrong in denying the validity of its orders.

And no more is the extension of the Church of England at home and abroad. It is a great fact which he affirms, and in so far as the influence exerted is evangelical, the whole country will rejoice in it. But it is a curious circumstance that Dr. Pusey seems quite unaware of this, that other Churches—Baptist, Wesleyan, Congregational, and Presbyterian—have grown as well. In the United States of America, for example, to which he himself alludes, the Presbyterian communion is not only far larger than the Episcopal, but it is immensely more extensive than even the mother Church at home. To say, therefore, that the growth of the English Church is conclusive to prove that she alone can communicate, by reason of the validity of her Orders, the grace of the Sacrament, is simple nonsense. And (putting always the genealogy out of account), if Dr. Pusey can establish his claim to valid ordination only by such arguments as we have now described, we must say that we think the Archbishop of Westminster is quite right, on his principles, in refusing to recognize him.

Seriously, however, there is something at once childish and awful in this dispute between a clergyman of a Protestant Church and a Popish priest—not about the question of whether the latter is an authorized minister of God (*that* is assumed as certain by both), but about whether the former is so! The priest, according to the express testimony of his opponent, is an idolater and a setter aside at once of the sole mediatorship of Christ and the supreme authority of Holy Scripture, but he was "validly" ordained; and this covers all other sins. The clergyman, on the other hand, maintains incorrupt his allegiance to the one living God, and will at all hazards uphold the honour of the Saviour, but he is miserable because the priest will not recognize his Orders, or move a step forward towards admitting him to his communion!

ORDINATION CHARGE.

BY THE REV. A. L. R. FOOTE, BRECHIN.

(The following charge was addressed to the Rev. Andrew Cameron on the occasion of his ordination as minister of the Free Church congregation at Maryton—September 20th, 1866. Excellent and impressive as the charge is, we should not (for obvious reasons) have thought of giving it a place here. In doing so, we simply yield to the representations of valued friends, that its insertion is sure to be welcomed by the readers of the *Family Treasury*.)



YOU have always looked forward to this object (the holy ministry), as the object of your highest efforts and aspirations. You have been longer in reaching it than many; but the time has not been lost, either to the Church or to yourself. It

has not been lost to the Church, for you have long presided with great wisdom and success over one of the departments of the periodical press, and have been instrumental in providing for the increased appetite for reading, food at once evangelical, intellectual, and refined. You have sown

much precious seed, and the extent of the harvest to be reaped in time and eternity is beyond our calculation. It has not been lost to yourself; for your own heart has been improved, your mind enriched, your sympathies widened, your experience enlarged, by familiarity with the writings, and intercourse with the society, of the great and good, past and present. This was a most valuable preparation for the work of the ministry to which you will now chiefly devote yourself among this flock. You have not tried other occupations for support, and betaken yourself to this as a *dernier resort*, all others having failed. You are one who in the wise providence of God was shut up for a time to a particular discipline and training in order to fit you for a still higher position in the Church, and for still greater usefulness. You are only now taking a step in advance, but it is to you a perfectly easy and natural one—no sudden, wide transition introducing you into a mere *terra incognita*, or a wholly untried field of labour. . . .

You are at length introduced into the vineyard, and into that particular part of the vineyard which seems particularly suited for you. For not to speak of the harmony and unanimity of your call, the want of which would have chilled and crushed a man of your sensibility, and the existence of which will cheer and encourage you in your work—not to speak of this, nor of the welcome you receive from the brethren, nor the satisfaction your settlement here gives to the members of our Free Church in this neighbourhood—do you not feel that the charge of a flock not too large in numbers, simple in their tastes, attached to their church and its doctrines, intelligent in their views, retaining still many of the best features of our rural parishes, and situated, I may add, in the midst of quietness, retirement, fertility, and beauty,—that such a charge is the very *ideal* you sometimes dared to form in your mind, in your heart—I will say—for the heart's promptings are ever the deepest and the truest—if so it is realized at last.

Here there is *work*—work enough to rouse your energies, quicken your interest, call forth your affections, and keep both mind and body in healthful play without overwhelming either. Here there is *repose*—repose enough to afford

time for study, time for thought, time for invention, time for communion with the world of mind without as well as with the soul within, and with God above. Here you have advantages you could not have everywhere, and while the Church will expect you to be a conscientious, active, and faithful minister, watching for souls, instructing the ignorant, training the young, and overlooking none of the duties—some pleasant, some not—which your vows have brought you under,—while the Church expects this, she will not regret to hear that you are following out that course of extensive reading in religious literature you have long pursued, and that you still find time to engage in work which has been so highly blessed of God, and which to you, from long practice, must ever be a labour of love, demanding no more of your time and energy than can be well afforded; bracing your own mind, and keeping you abreast of the religious thought of the age,—and this is what all of us should aim at. Most sincerely, therefore, do I congratulate—a poor common-place word, but it is the usual one—on your becoming minister of the Free Church of Maryton.

It is with pleasure I accept of the duty enjoined on me by the Presbytery to address you on this occasion. I have been asked to do so, I presume, “being such an one as—” I will not venture to quote the rest. Upwards of thirty years in the ministry should give a man some experience and some title to speak with authority, yet I feel as if I could have spoken more freely thirty years ago than now. Young men are fond of laying down law, saying this should be done, and that should not be done, but older men shrink from this. Age sobers us. We find the work of the ministry as we find other things—not quite as we expected it to be. We thought we could and would do great things; but we look back with regret and shame and humiliation, and are afraid to trust ourselves to speak on the subject. And after all, where is the good of it? “Do this—don’t do that;” isn’t there a good deal of legalism in that? Make sermons, visit the sick, teach Sabbath schools. All very good, and very useful directions; but the love of Christ in the heart is worth it all. “The love of Christ constraineth us.” There is a world of meaning

in that word "constraineth us"—prompts us, quickens us, upholds us. The love of Christ—love for those souls for whom he died—won't that make a man preach—won't that make a man visit, teach, rule, do everything our Church requires of him; and do it well, do it earnestly; do it faithfully, throwing his whole soul into it. . . . If that won't do it, nothing will. That is the way I feel in this matter. I would give you the benefit of my experience. It is all I feel I have to give, but it is good to be honest. Why is the work of the ministry so much a burden to us? It should not be so. It should be the pleasantest work upon earth. We serve a good Master—the best of masters; yet we work in chains, most of us. We do but little, and that little with a grudge. There must be something wrong here, and I want to get at the root of the evil. Nor is it difficult; and having got at the evil, that will suggest the cure—the love of Jesus. This is the test our Lord himself has provided, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me; feed my sheep, feed my lambs." I say not a word against rules; but suffer me to say to you on this entrance on your ministry what lies nearest my heart:—

1. *Seek for a fresh sense of acceptance.* Don't enter on your work with any doubt or dimness on that point. I believe you have assurance; but seek to have it deepened, strengthened, cleared up, if haply any uncertainty may rest on it, which is oftentimes the case, even with the best. Seek to have it cleared up in the way of taking a firmer hold of Christ, and in the way of a deeper exercise of mind in regard to sin. This will give you fresh strength for your work, for "the joy of the Lord is your strength."

2. *Seek for a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost.* We need frequent baptisms; and especially should we feel our need of them, and ask them when we are entering on any new scene of duty or trial. "I shall be anointed with fresh oil."

3. *Seek for a fresh consecration of yourself to God* in the way of a more entire renunciation of the world, and of a more thorough, hearty surrender of your soul and all its powers and affections to the Redeemer.

4. *Seek finally for a fresh testimony of your call to the ministry,* in the way of a fresh applica-

tion of the blood and Spirit of Christ, imparting forgiveness, and, with that, strength. This will remove all fear from your mind on entering on your work, and will enable you to say with Isaiah, "Here am I, send me." I am here reminded of a passage in the life of a very remarkable man, the late Robertson of Brighton. He was visiting Malan of Geneva, and the conversation turned, as might very well be anticipated, on the subject of assurance. So far as the theory of assurance is concerned, I must say I think Robertson had the better of him, for the Genevan pastor said unguarded things about it. But, practically and experimentally, he had the better of the English clergyman, and he concluded with these remarkable words, "Without this assurance you will have a sad life and a sad ministry." How predictive were these words of poor Robertson's future life! So was it with him; so will it be with all of us who lack assurance of our forgiveness, and of our call to serve the Lord. Thus assured afresh of your interest in Christ; baptized afresh by the Holy Ghost; consecrated afresh to the service of the Redeemer; and called afresh by the inward call of the Spirit, as well as by the outward call of the Church, you will enter on your ministry full of hope, full of strength, full of joy; and, unlike the gifted but unfortunate man to whom I have referred, you will have a happy life and a happy ministry.

ADDRESS TO THE CONGREGATION.

The relation formed this day between you and him who has been ordained "by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery," is a very solemn one. I do not know that any relation on earth is more solemn than the pastoral relation—more solemn in itself and in its consequences. It involves very many important duties on both sides; and it is interesting and instructive to notice how closely these duties are related to one another—each being an exact counterpart of each. Hear what Scripture says: "Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy and not with grief: for that is unprofitable for you." "We beseech you, brethren, to know them which labour

among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you, and to esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake." "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?"

What strikes one most, I think, in taking a general view of these passages regarding this relation, is, that it is *one of deep mutual interest and affection*. Look at both sides of the picture. On the one hand, there is watching for souls, guiding, ruling, labouring. On the other hand, there is esteem, love, obedience, support. The two are beautifully correlated. *First, there is watching for souls*. This I put first among the pastoral duties. It is the one grand idea of the Christian ministry; its one grand end and object. *Watching for souls!* Remarkable expression! pregnant with meaning; suggesting to the mind all that is implied in the great, primary, fundamental work of *conversion*, and in the continued, progressive, difficult, and varied work of *edification*, of "building up believers in holiness and comfort, through faith, unto salvation." This, then, is the root-idea—watching for souls; and out of it spring necessarily the other ideas of ruling, admonishing, labouring. For I cannot watch for souls, as one who must give account, if I am not invested with some measure of authority in doctrine, discipline, and government. Thus are the pastoral duties connected *among themselves*, as constituting one harmonious whole, one entire system. And now, *secondly*, what is there to meet all this? There is "esteeming and loving very highly for their works' sake." This I put first on this side of the question. It is the root-idea; for out of it will spring naturally, yet necessarily, all the other duties; for this love and esteem will beget submission, respect, maintenance, on the part of the flock—and nothing else will. Here is the secret, if we ministers but knew it, of our being honoured, obeyed, supported—namely, our being loved and esteemed for *our works' sake*. And what is that? It is *to watch for souls*. Let us "watch for souls;" let us watch for them prayerfully, faithfully, tenderly; let us labour to bring souls to Christ and peace now, and to glory hereafter, not seeking our own honour, or ease, or wealth. Let us thus watch for your souls, and what will follow? Coldness on your part; opposition, neglect, con-

tempt? No, brethren, I will never believe that. What will follow—must follow? Your esteem; your love; your support; your encouragement; your prayers. On such a ministry—a loving, earnest, soul-seeking, soul-converting, soul-feeding ministry—you will wait regularly, earnestly, prayerfully. You will love the *man* because he loves you, and seeks your highest good and that of your children. You will esteem him as an angel of God, an ambassador for the King of kings. You will pray for him, sympathize with him, welcome him to your homes and hearts. And you will love his *ministry* because it is the truth he preaches, and Christ he sets forth, and souls he seeks to benefit. A dead ministry you cannot esteem, or love, or support; but a living ministry you can, and you will. A living ministry will make a living people, a praying people, a holy people, and a liberal-hearted people; for the divine blessing will surely rest on it.

Is not then the pastoral relation, as constituted by the great Head of the Church, a very beautiful one, and fitted to answer the highest ends? Why are the comfort and success of this relation so often marred; why in so few cases, perhaps in none, is the grand idea realized? Why, but because we enter not fully into the spirit of it. There are faults on both sides. This is not a time for mutual recrimination; it does not do much good at any time. Let us all—pastors and people—humble ourselves before God, and pray that we may be drawn closer to each other, by our being drawn closer to Christ.

The Christian ministry is of divine appointment. It were well if this truth was more fully realized. This is *our* warrant for entering on it. This is *your* warrant for expecting good from it. It is no human device which may be superseded or modified as having become unsuited to the age. It is the chief agency—not to undervalue or discard other agencies—for calling in God's elect, and preparing them for glory. We should have great faith in it; we should have large expectations from it. "I magnify mine office." It is the purchase of Christ's blood. It is next after the gift of the Holy Spirit, Christ's best gift to his Church. I believe our views of the holy ministry are too low. It is for want of adequate views of its dignity that *we* do not rise to the

lby elevation of its aims and duties; and that you do not reap the full benefit of it. We lack faith—faith in God's ordinance and Christ's institution; and what is this but want of faith in Christ himself? "We are ambassadors for Christ." Do we believe this? Do you believe it?

Is, then, the ministry a divine institution? wait on it in faith and prayer. Is it divine? honour it. Is it divine? uphold it. Is it divine? expect much from it. Is it divine? rejoice in it as an unspeakable blessing to you and yours. I repeat, "I magnify mine office." I am not

arguing for any superstitious reverence for ministers. For who even were Paul and Apollos but instruments in God's hands. But I am arguing for the established order of Christ's Church, which never can be violated without disastrous consequences. And independent even of the authority of Scripture in favour of the sacred ministry as a distinct and special institution, am I not justified in saying, that precisely in proportion as one feels the power of religion in his soul, the ministry rises in his estimation as the grand means of his spiritual nourishment. Therefore, brethren, *have faith in Christ's own institute.*

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO-MORROW?*

IN the crowded streets of our great metropolis, as I was threading my way homeward one Saturday afternoon, looking forward with a lightened mind to the coming day of sacred rest, my attention was attracted by hearing the above question asked; and, looking round to satisfy my curiosity as to the inquirer, I saw that it proceeded from the lips of a fine, dashing young man, who spoke to a familiar acquaintance. I caught the answer: "I don't know; but I shall have a lark somewhere."

I turned and said quietly: "My friends, excuse a stranger for reminding you that you both have a particular engagement to-morrow." They stared with a look of wonderment and inquiry, upon which I added: "You have forgotten that you are both invited and expected to be present in the courts of the Lord's house. Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day."

As I turned to go on my way, I saw a sort of half-saddened expression on the face of one, and I heard a forced laugh uttered by his companion. I was soon in the omnibus that was to carry me home, into which came two shabbily-stylish girls, neither of them looking strong, and one evidently much out of health. Again I heard the question asked: "What are you going to do with yourself to-morrow, Nelly?" and heard the melancholy answer given: "Going to do to-morrow? Oh, I am so tired, I shall rest the greater part of the day, if not all of it. I shan't get my work done before twelve o'clock to-night, and perhaps not then; and I am sure, when once I get into bed, I shall be in no hurry to get out of it again."

As she was sitting next to me, I ventured to say: "You look indeed as if you needed rest. What a

blessing it is that God has given us a weekly Sabbath, on which we may get rest both for body and soul in his house of prayer!"

She answered: "I am never able to go there. I work so hard all the week, and have so few hours' rest, that I am glad to take what I can on Sunday; besides, I have such a pain in my side, and feel so poorly altogether, that I think I cannot be doing wrong in nursing myself the only day I can."

"My dear young friend," I replied, "you can never do wrong in taking all proper care of the life God has so graciously given you; but why do you choose his day for nursing yourself instead of taking a portion of your own time daily, so that you may be ready, in body and mind, to serve him on his holy Sabbath?"

Poor girl! her history was soon told. She had left her native village to make her way in the world, and had taken a position where not only her bodily strength was being sacrificed in order to procure a bare subsistence, but where opportunity was wanting for attending to the concerns of her never-dying soul. I said a few kind words to both these young people, and gave them a tract, and, offering the invalid my address, told her if she should become worse to come or send to me. We parted, and having about half a mile to walk from where I had been set down, I joined a neat respectable couple in humble life, carrying sundry parcels, which evidently told that they had been marketing. It was a bright clear afternoon, and contentment seemed written on their faces. I remarked on the weather, and the man replied:

"Yes, sir; I hope it will be as fine to-morrow, for we are going to take a bit of a holiday. A neighbour has lent us his horse and cart, and so we've been getting nice and forward, that we may start early in the morning. Our young ones have been reckoning on it for this many a day, and I shall be very sorry if they are disappointed."

* From a Tract just published by the Religious Tract Society, and inserted here by permission of the Committee.

"My friend," I said, "I think you made that arrangement without due consideration. Do you not know that to-morrow is the Lord's day, and that he tells us in his Word not only that we are to remember and keep it holy, but also that we are not to speak our own words, nor think our own thoughts? How then about taking possession of the whole day for pleasing?"

"Well, you see, sir, I have never been brought up like that. I have always done my duty by everybody, and so has my wife there; and a better manager there can't be. We pay our way, and spare a trifle for our children's schooling, keep them as neat as most people, and work hard to do it. So I think it's a hard case if we can't have the treat of a little country air, in a quiet way, to ourselves, once now and then on a Sunday; for as to getting it in the week, we should have to wait a long while before we got it."

"Well, my good man, what you say has a good deal of truth in it, and, if we were sure that we need never look beyond this world, it might be a sensible view to take of things; but you know, if we believe that there is a God, and that the Bible is his word, we are only acting like fools not to follow what it says. Now I read there that we must seek 'first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness' (Matt. vi. 33). And another text says, 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' (Mark viii. 36.) And again, 'Whoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap' (Gal. vi. 7).

"I daresay it's all true enough, but we are no scholars, and God won't require as much of us as he will of you gentlefolks, who have more time and more learning."

"God requires from every man according to the talents committed to his care. Now, you doubtless have a Bible, and can read it; therefore by that Bible you will be judged. Take a word of warning in time. Bring your children up to fear the Lord, and set them an example by honouring his holy day and his word yourself, and, depend upon it, you will be a happier man than ever you have been in seeking your own pleasure on his Sabbath."

Here we parted; and as I passed a neat little cottage close to my own grounds I saw Jane Smith busy putting the last stroke of whiteness to her beautifully clean door-steps, her face looking as bright as her polished windows, and her children with their rosy cheeks taking care not to get in mother's way, but waiting rather impatiently for father's return from work, which was always an hour or two earlier on Saturdays. As I passed, I could not help asking once more the question—"And what are you going to do to-morrow, Jane?"

Jane looked rather surprised at the inquiry; but before she could answer it, the children all shouted, "Why, to-morrow is Sunday, and we shall have our clean Sunday frocks on, and be off to the Sunday school as soon as we have had our breakfasts."

"Thank God, my dear children, that he has given you parents whose desire is to bring you up in this way."

"Indeed, sir," said Jane, "I do thank God that he has taught my husband and me that this world is at best but a passing scene, and that nothing but the love of Jesus can sweeten all the sorrow and help us to bear all the crosses that must come to us sooner or later. But it is a blessed thing to feel that we are serving a Master who has done such great things for us. Surely nothing is too much to do to show our thankfulness to him."

The following autumn I was sitting reading, when a card was brought into me with a name which I did not remember having seen before. I desired the gentleman to be shown in, and a fashionably dressed young man advanced, looking quite an invalid, but with an intelligent and interesting countenance. I begged him to take a seat, when he at once began by saying, "You do not remember me; but I have never forgotten you, and could not rest till I had found you out to tell you how your words have haunted me. I never spent a more wretched Sunday than I did the day after you met us. My thoughtless companion did his utmost to make me forget what had happened, but the word 'Remember' would come into my mind. I made many resolutions during the week that I would go to church on Sunday; but my companions contrived to hinder me. I was miserable; I looked everywhere, hoping to see you again, but all in vain. About three months ago I got wet through late at night and took cold, from which I have never recovered; and I am now going home, as the doctor says I must have change of air. I doubt very much if I shall ever come back; but I have a good mother, who will affectionately follow up your conversation, and I am sure she will ever feel most grateful to you for your words of warning. I shall go happily, now that I have seen you to thank you myself, and to beg you to say a word to others whenever you have the opportunity; for hardly any one takes the trouble to do so, and, bad as we may seem, many of us have hearts that can feel."

I remembered the young man and the conversation, and was deeply affected by the result. I shook him heartily by the hand, and after a few words of prayer and thanksgiving, we parted, never to meet again in this world; for he died rejoicing in the finished work of Christ the following spring.

In regard to Nelly, whom I met in the omnibus, she did not forget to call upon me according to my invitation. Her pilgrimage was not a long one. I had several satisfactory and interesting visits from her, and was made the happy instrument of pointing her to that Saviour whose precious blood alone can cleanse from all sin. The work of the Holy Spirit went on very quietly but decidedly in her heart. She saw, when she began to read God's Word, what a great sinner she had been; and when once she could realize the love of Christ in dying for poor sinners as love to her own soul, she might truly be said to grow in grace by the power of the Holy Spirit. I was summoned to her dying bed, about nine

months after my first interview with her, by her companion, who had remained kind and faithful to her.

Nelly's mother had been sent for, and was most grateful for my visit. It was a sad scene in regard to this world—a wretchedly poor apartment, and very bare of comforts; but the mother's heart was there, full of love and tender sorrow. Why had she not told her before that she was ill? "Why not have come home to be nursed in time, my poor darling child?" But Nelly's gentle reply was: "It is all for the best, dear mother. I should only have been a trouble to you. I was a giddy, thoughtless girl at home, and God brought me to London to learn how wicked I was, and how much I needed a Saviour; and now I am so happy; and shall have no more hard work and care and sorrow in that bright world. Dear, kind sir, how I bless God for having sent you into the omnibus that Saturday. How sad it is to dishonour God's Sabbath! I believe the first step in my going wrong was thinking it was no harm to play and trifle on God's holy day. Oh, tell everybody you see how very wicked it is to make light

of God's commands." I read and prayed with the poor dying girl, giving thanks to God for his great mercy to her; and, secretly resting on her heavenly Father's love and the full and free atonement of her precious Saviour, her happy spirit winged its way into the haven of rest.

Reader, let us suppose that to-morrow is God's Sabbath. "What are you going to do to-morrow?" How will you spend God's day when it comes? Oh, be not absent from God's house! Be one of the happy company of whom it is said:—

"Oh, happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear:
Oh, happy men that pay
Their constant service there!"

Go yourself, and strive to lead others to the house of God. Endeavour earnestly to win sinners to Christ, whose precious blood—through faith in its power—can cleanse them from all unrighteousness, and whose Spirit can regenerate and sanctify their hearts, and make them meet for his heavenly kingdom.

CHRISTIANITY AND NATURAL SCIENCE.*



HE freedom which characterizes the Natural Science of the present day, we confess to desire rather than the contrary. As an independent research—as the study of God's works in their immensity—which we acknowledge to be given for man's inquiry, and not revealed to him, there ought to be the fullest latitude. All science, of course, and all scientific men, should pursue their investigations—and such investigations especially—with humility, we will not say reverence; but most certainly they cannot pursue them—it is not desirable they should—with the spectre of orthodoxy constantly before their eyes! But if Natural Science is to be accepted and followed out rather as an assailant of Christianity than an exponent of God's works—too characteristic of it in some quarters in our day—in this view of it, would we desire even more the fullest freedom of speech. We do not like the masked batteries of cunning and deceitful men. In such a conflict, one likes to see some distant battery harmlessly expending itself in furious cannonading, far from the enemies they think they are mowing down, and only disturbing and confounding their own ranks!

Such we hold to be the Theory of Development, so prominently contended for, and accepted almost as the gospel of the more advanced rationalists. It does seem strange—unphilosophical surely and most immature, to have it so violently and persistently pressed down the throat of science, usually supposed to be a rather narrow

aperture! But even more unphilosophical and absurd is the argument by which it has been recently supported, specially by Mr. Grove, President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, a man of distinguished attainments, but evidently intoxicated with the idealisms of his favourite pursuits. Unless we accept development, it seems there must be some mystery in nature. Mr. Grove cannot suppose an act of creation; it is *above*, dare we say, even his comprehension; he cannot understand where it could have possibly come in; he has examined all the links and crevices of nature, and has come to the conclusion that it would be a very wonderful thing—a miracle—quite above his conception of order! Mr. Grove cannot understand creation; and, therefore, there is no creation, no direct exercise of creative power, because we cannot understand it! I do not know, but I cannot conceive that any but the Creator himself can comprehend the act of creation. To have it, and to understand it, we believe to be correlates. But because, in our weakness, we take slow and measured steps, and cannot even suppose progress possible otherwise, there is to be no Divine progress beyond and above this—beyond our limited apprehension; and this is philosophy, and the whole mysteries of nature are, therefore, to be in development which we can understand, and *not* in creation, which we cannot understand! Of course, we do not say that this mystery of creation exists, though the existence of the monad, even on the Development theory, should settle this point; nor do we argue that, because there is mystery, there may be any mystery, or specially this form of mystery. But to have the mysteries of nature directly

* From a thoughtful and interesting lecture to a Young Men's Association by Mr. David Guthrie, Editor of the "Daily Review" (Edinburgh: John MacLaren).

limited by our comprehension, to have the theory of development accepted because it leaves no more mystery in nature, needing only minor lights to apply it aright, is curiously absurd, on the part of a philosopher most unphilosophical, and, may we add, on the part of Mr. Grove, rather pretentious. One would think it more philosophical—as the most distinguished of the expounders of Natural Science seem disposed to do—to accept development as explaining much, as disclosing many of nature's advances; but believing that there may be even higher laws, and, if mysterious, more glorious movements in the universe of God. Ah! that almost infinite world which Galileo opened up to the philosopher as well as to the Christian; for rebuke as well as for instruction, should make even Mr. Grove pause ere he divests it of mystery, and presents it to us in his little laboratory in the very process of formation from first to last! Having got this explanation for what it is worth, science would play with it for a while; but, child as she still is, she would grow weary of it, and cry for mystery again. We have no fear of development filling the philosophic mind.

But if, even on its own field, this theory—except within limits which, while science cannot define in our day, or perhaps in any time, she ought to recognize—falls far short of fulfilling what its advocates dream of, it goes too far into other fields where material matters should be allowed no entrance. We refer to the great truths of what is usually called Natural Religion. And Development, even on Darwin's views, accepts—that is to say, will not formally exclude—the Being of God, and, we presume, also the immortality of man. On the theory, it seems God is as necessary at the first in the creating of that original germ—the monad—as under any theory of creation; nay, his perfection is more gloriously displayed in that one solitary but eternal act, which gives Nature universal life, and discloses results which are not to have, and cannot have, a limit—an eternal process of generation from it. And Natural Religion is to rest on this—not as a name, we presume, but as a reality—a practical and glorious and ennobling development, shall we say, of man's nature—worship remaining in the grand conception of seeing Him who is invisible! But the God has disappeared; and why? Another appearance is unnecessary, and therefore—for logical formula in the hands of such philosophers applies to the movements of the God they worship—impossible. His law—his one universal and omnipotent servant is there—Development—fulfilling his high functions—most truly His vicegerent and with powers unknown to any other vicegerent; for he is above recall, above interference, above any form of possible change. Worship God—this God, if ye can, ye idolaters of Law!

But this theory is equally fatal to the other great truth of Natural Religion—we mean the immortality of the soul. We do not say, though we have some doubts whether we might not say this, that on the Development theory there is an absolutely and formally conclusive

argument against this doctrine, so vital to all religious and even moral life. Certain of the arguments usually urged in favour of immortality are, indeed, independent of all theory, and may be said to have, therefore, an equally valid place under this theory. This may be urged, and, within limits, we might think it unnecessary to dispute it; but, as a practical principle, the power of it would have wholly disappeared, just as that of the being and perfections of God to which we have before referred. For the theory gives another immortality to the human race, and an immortality almost—we might say altogether—subversive of it. Not, perhaps, strictly speaking, to the human race, but to the chain of sentient being now at the point of *human* development, but, of course, awaiting higher progress. The only unchangeable law which the theory recognizes is progress—development; and a pause, and such a pause as is involved in the immortality of the souls of men, would almost be fatal to it; or, at least, a truth scarcely probable under that theory. It would involve a disparagement of the law as well as an unwarranted assumption, there being an absolute ignorance on our part of the possibilities of the future. The theory acknowledges—let us admit the truth in this form of statement—one Cause, perfect, all-wise, and all-powerful; everything else is in progress—whether in an infinite series, leaving that point still and for ever beyond, or to meet and give us—what it means we know not—a pantheistic elysium, it is not essential to our argument to consider. As a theory, the immortality of Development is immortal progress—the individual, or, at least, the species—the race, to appear again, indeed, but always improved—leaving itself, and ever stretching towards the infinite, or, at least, the immeasurably distant. We admit that on this theory it is possible to conceive of the immortality of the souls of the present race of sentient beings. It is possible to conceive that, in the process of development and from the established evidence which is now supplied, we had reached a point where the immortality of the species and of the individuals may be directly contended for; that, so perfect is the existing state, and so admissible of proof is the claim for indestructible being, that the law of development, moving on in other directions, leaves man as the earliest part of its completed system, the first contribution towards the pantheistic whole. It is possible to suppose this, though one cannot consider it other than a wretched caricature! When such a remote—we may say an intangible—basis is presented as this, on which we are to accept a truth so big with issues, and intended to be the very spring of our moral nature, it seems to us something like reason ministering, in the terrible judgment of God, to folly instead of wisdom—“professing themselves wise, they became fools.” Just as the Creator of the original germ, appearing once, and disappearing of necessity and for ever, not needed in the eternal evolutions of his own divine product, can be supposed—but only by men who have never seriously known, or perhaps considered

what it is to worship God—can be supposed to be the God of rational, earnest, practical, and ever-during worship, with no relation to the system except that of originating at once the first and ultimate action, and with no possible relation in the future—for the creation is so perfect as to meet all possible issues, or, at least, to develop its own results; so can man be supposed to be the first check to the process of Development, the first perfect, and, therefore, eternal form in the kingdom not to the Lawgiver, but of Law. But is it so? Is there in man, as he now exists, and on the principle of Development, anything to support such a view? Would not reason be compelled, with nothing but the facts of the world as they present themselves to us, to reject the hypothesis, and to demand that the great law should still further develop itself, and open up a more glorious result? The Anthropological Society, and more than the Anthropological Society, would answer the question in the affirmative. The testimony of God protects the grand truth of man's immortality on this its weakest side, and, by giving us the high origin of man with his sad fall, restores alike immortality and the reasonableness of it to man; but Development does the very reverse, and to have the same strength of argument which revealed truth gives—with perhaps a deeper shade of mystery, but at the same time with the distant streaks of a full revelation when that which is in part shall be done away—there must be something of the perfection of humanity established in the history of the race, though even then it would be difficult to see why a perfect man should be immortal any more than a perfect monkey, as Development can give us something better than either! At the very least, however, there must be something of the perfection of humanity ere man can, on any possible application of the Development theory, be believed to be immortal as a species and an individual—the first exception to the eternal, hitherto assumed immutable law; unless our opponents prefer another explanation, that Development itself has grown old, and under its growing infirmities has accepted a compromise, and made us immortal! The doctrine of the immortality of the soul is not the easy and conclusive one which men sometimes dream of, on the principles of natural religion. Life and immortality, we believe, have been alone brought clearly to light by the gospel; and were that gospel disappearing from the world as the testimony of God, the grand and inspiring truth of man's immortality would sink again into the shades of twilight, or even of night; and, with the Development theory superadded, into the blackness of darkness for ever!

We have given this prominence to the Development theory, not that it is a fair representation of the position, or perhaps even the tendencies of the Natural Science of our day, but that it not only presents an unmistakable antagonism to revealed truth on the part of certain prominent expounders of that science, but illustrates, in the form and in the spirit of it, that which

all students of God's Word and works ought ever to be on their guard against, and perhaps specially the students of Natural Science. It is law, and nothing but law, the personal, present God—*BEFORE US*, as the Sinaitic revelation describes it—being put aside. The supremacy of law, in the true sense of the words, is not indeed inconsistent with the recognition, and the most reverential recognition, of the Lawgiver. There is a mystery—not at first thought only, but even after a lifetime of humble earnest inquiry—about law in its universal, unchanging operation, and its iron grasp! To see it, as it were, taking no notice of virtue, or even of humanity—anticipating goodness, and almost depriving it of its reward; unsympathetic, undistinguishing, inexorable—one recognizes the mystery, and bows reverently before it. We feel that, if we are to behold the sight, we must contemplate issues on a grand scale, and with the cycle reaching beyond our feeble range; and that in the mean time, as subjects of law, we must humbly study and apply those laws which will not meet us half-way, or with any relaxation of their natural results. But is this the form of man's relation to the Unseen, which is so fascinating to a creature, that he can throw himself with confidence and sympathy into it, and into it alone, with no room for repentance, with no recognition of what seem the very conditions of his being? Not in this spirit, I hope, is your study of whatever department of science may engage your attention, carried out. Let us study Nature and Nature's laws as we can; the revelation is a glorious one. "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all that have pleasure therein." Who that has read the glorious Book of Psalms, but has felt the harmony of the study of nature with the devotion of the spiritual worshipper? Who that has attempted even to measure in their grandeur the sublime sayings of the prophets, but has felt law and grace, there, at least, to be one even in the contemplation of the God of Nature. "The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet. The Lord is good, and a strong hold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in Him." Our object, therefore, is not to say a single word against the fullest and freest inquiry into Nature—her laws, and her mysteries. It would require, indeed, an extreme of folly and ingratitude in our day to attempt to undervalue Natural Science in its sublime teachings, and in its perhaps more sublime issues. The grandest of these issues, that almost instantaneous communication of thought from man to man, separated by distances however great, "taking the wings of the morning, and dwelling in the uttermost parts of the sea"—all but a touch of divinity itself! That latest result, joining almost the thoughts of the two great nations of the East and the West, the children of the one family—whom may God in his mercy long preserve in happy concord—that marvellous link now embedded in the depths of ocean—a scarce feeble illustration of the transcendently more glorious link which

binds the family in earth and in heaven—one in Christ Jesus! With such results through Natural Science, and with results in prospect which cannot, perhaps, be so novel and thrilling but may be equally practical and important, we repeat that we do not wish to say a single word in disparagement of Natural Science. But it is not strange, it might have been expected, that under such conditions Natural Science should take for a time at least an unduly exalted place. The earth thus bringing its tribute to man, and with almost willing subjection acknowledging his lordship, it might have seemed as if the glory of the race and the triumphs of the spiritual were thus to be realized, and not through Him in whom, himself crowned with glory and honour, we see not yet all things put under him! But it is not in natural researches, however interesting, nor in issues which con-

tribute so greatly to the conditions of physical happiness, that the aspirations of humanity can ever anticipate their fulfilment. In the results of commercial progress, and the almost divine operation of free trade—a principle of heaven brought down to earth—we recognize the action of utilitarian causes, in theory prolific like the dew of the morning, but often in fruit like the seven thin ears blasted with the east wind. History repeats itself to the instruction of the infidel equally with that of the believer, and we anticipate no reign of peace or consecration of humanity through any process to which Natural Science alone can minister. In the dignity of her pursuits, how far short she comes of the science which teaches man what he is in his higher nature, and traces those processes of thought and consciousness and purity which ally him to Divinity itself.

THE OLD NURSE.

(TRANSLATION FROM THE RHEINLAND SAUNTAGS BLATT.)

"She hath done what she could."

IN the house of the merchant Braunthal, of H—, a large company were assembled, in honour of the owner's return home after long absence. The more than ordinary joy and congratulations of all present, clearly proved that their welcome was something more than what is given to a friend returning from a mere pleasure tour. And such was truly the case. The return of Braunthal to his fatherland was that of one who had been expected to return no more.

He was the son of a rich and honoured merchant, and by the death of his father came early into the possession of great wealth. He was prudent and intelligent, and carried on business in a sensible and careful manner. Yet, by degrees, the plans of his father—who had been content to aim at secure rather than large profits, and had always gone forward in a regular way—began to appear in the son's eyes a little too cautious and old fashioned. Almost imperceptibly, he found himself "going ahead;" and was led into speculations whose very dangers and uncertainties had for him an excitement and a charm.

In the height of his prosperity he married a maiden whom he had loved from his early years. "Emilia" was a distant cousin, and they had been brought up much together. The young couple were happy; and in their own happiness not forgetful of the sorrows and misfortunes of others. Braunthal gave liberal alms on all sides, founded schools, assisted all benevolent societies; and his name was as well known and honoured in the hovels of the poor, as in the halls of the rich around him.

But adversity, which he strove to ward off from others, was now rapidly overtaking himself. He did all that

earnestness, industry, and acuteness could do, to avert the coming calamities, but all was in vain. No one, not even his wife, suspected the possibility of a catastrophe, which in his own heart he felt to be an inevitable reality. Only the old book-keeper of the old firm began to guess the truth, but when he made the first approach to the subject with his master, he found that Braunthal had already perceived the whole, and had attempted and risked every remedy which to his honourable mind seemed allowable. It is true that he, like others, might have risked much *more*, for his credit as yet was hardly shaken; but he shuddered at the very idea of deceit, and after a night of sleepless distress, he went to his wife, and explained to her his hopeless involvements, and his resolution to give up business while he could meet every claim, and, with the little that would remain, go to America, where some considerable but uncertain debts were still due to his father.

Emilia trembled as she listened, but the only complaint which escaped her lips was that he should so long have concealed from her his anxieties and trials. She approved his determination, and strengthened and comforted him by her expressions of pious hope and trust in the gracious providence of God. Braunthal went with a lightened heart to follow out the course which conscience and honour set before him. Great was the astonishment of his friends at his unexpected conduct, but this was soon changed into universal sympathy, when the whole circumstances were understood.

The state of Braunthal's affairs proved even worse than the public believed, or his own fears had anticipated. When all claims were paid, *nothing* seemed left. He found that even the voyage to America, necessary to begin a new business, could not be accom-

plished without asking help from friends, and that he could not bring himself to think of doing.

On the morning of his final reckoning, after dismissing his servants, he sat silent and solitary, his face hid in his hands, in the empty apartment which he could no longer call his own.

Just then his wife entered, and kneeling before him, gently drew his hand from his eyes. He saw that she was smiling through tears, and silently embracing her, he sobbed aloud. "Karl," she whispered, "see, we are not so poor as you think!" and she laid a tolerably heavy purse on the table. Braunthal gazed at her in astonishment and distress. "Emilia," he asked, turning away his face, "where did this gold come from?" "Oh," she exclaimed, "only look at me, only look at the money, it is all yours and mine! What use had I now for ornaments—for all the costly rings and jewels, and pretty useless things, which in our new life I shall never miss? See, Karl, they have brought almost 1000 dollars, and that will be enough for us."

At this moment there was a knock at the room door, and the old nurse came in. "I wish to say farewell to my young master," said the old woman, taking Karl's hand and kissing it. "God will be with you, Karl; you were always a good child. Only think, it was fifty years yesterday since I entered your father's service. I expected to have died in the house, but the will of God be done, Karl! When better days come to you again, you will remember old Katharina."

In truth, nothing made Karl feel his misfortunes so deeply as parting from this old faithful woman, who had served his father and the family for half a century; who had been to himself in the place of a mother, and yet who now in her old age must seek a new home. "Katharina," he said, grasping her withered hand, "where will you go?" He touched mechanically the purse of money. "Oh, wherever I choose," said Katharina hurriedly; "that is of no importance; so aged a woman will easily find a corner to die in, and I thank you, Herr Karl, for my wages, which I received from the cashier last evening." Braunthal coloured as he drew back his hand from the purse, and said smiling, "Ah, you always liked your own way, and you are richer now than myself. You must have a good sum in the Savings' Bank." "Yes, yes," she replied, "I am well provided for. And for you also, my good children, the Lord will provide. May he bless you, and be with you in all your ways!"

Scarcely had the old nurse left the room, when the letter-carrier brought a small packet, addressed to Braunthal, carefully sealed up, and marked to contain 2000 dollars. Karl broke the seal in surprise;

the money lay within, and a paper with these few words:—

"A grateful heart sends this, with many blessings, to its benefactor."

Karl and Emilia looked at each other in silent astonishment. "Emilia," he said at last, laying the money beside her purse, "I should have an ungrateful heart did I not thankfully accept this money and yours: what is given with so many blessings must bring a blessing with it."

A day or two afterwards they departed. No one accompanied them, no friendly hands waved farewells; only one pair of dim eyes gazed after the boat which bore them out to their vessel—old Katharina, absorbed in silent prayer, stood on the shore till the ship had vanished from her sight.

Seven years later, Braunthal returned with Emilia to his native city, and the fête of which we have spoken was in honour of his unexpected return. True friends surrounded him in his newly regained home, and he frankly answered their questions as to the dealings of Providence with himself. His tale was a simple one. He had recovered most of his father's debts, and with these and 2000 dollars had commenced a business in New Orleans, which soon made him again a wealthy man. While he was relating particulars, Emilia, who had been called away, returned to the company. "Where have you been?" said Braunthal, interrupting his story. "I have been," she said, "by a dying bed, in the hospital, the death-bed of Katharina!"

"Poor Katharina!" exclaimed Karl.

"Oh, we know who she was!" said several voices; "the ugly old tyrant of your father's household."

"Hush, do not give me pain," said Karl. "I thought the old woman had been well provided for in her latter days. I know she had laid up a good sum in the Savings' Bank, and yet I found her dying in the hospital, and the manager told me she had come in the day of our departure, with nothing but her Bible in her hand. She must, he remarked to me, have lost her money in the lottery."

"Katharina's last words were blessings for you, Karl," said Emilia; "and her last request that you would see her honourably buried. Here is her Bible, I brought it away with me."

Karl took the old sacred volume and opened it. There was writing on the first blank page,—hardly had he glanced over it, when he became pale and sank back in his chair. But quickly recovering, he exclaimed with a loud though faltering voice,—

"Hear, my friends! hear, Emilia! it was old Katharina who sent to me the 2000 dollars, her whole savings, and then for our sakes died as a beggar in the hospital!"

H. L. L.



LESSONS AND PICTURES, ESPECIALLY FOR YOUNG MEN, FROM THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

BY THE REV. ANDREW THOMSON, D.D., EDINBURGH.

IT may be difficult to give an absolutely perfect definition of a proverb; but it will generally be acknowledged that a saying or composition, in order to be entitled to this name, must possess the qualities of shortness, solidity, and pungency. It must be *short*, so as to admit of being easily called up by the memory, and, in general, of being uttered in a breath. It must be *solid*, coming home to men's business and bosoms, containing some important maxim that shall entitle it to universal currency 'and to frequent repetition. And it must be *pointed and pungent*, expressed in such happily chosen words as to attract the attention, to lay hold of the memory as by hooks or bars, and to fasten itself there, and when it once finds a place in the mind, scarcely to admit of its being dislodged from it again. Solomon appears to have recognized more than one of these qualities as essential to a good proverb, when, referring at once to their material value, and to the felicity and elegance in which they ought to be clothed, he describes them as "apples of gold in baskets or network of silver;" and when alluding to their compacted form and point and pungency as fitting them the better for being driven home to the heart and conscience, and fixed in the memory, he speaks of them as "goads and nails fastened by the Master of Assemblies."

It would not be easy to name a country that has risen many steps above barbarism, in which proverbs are not in extensive use; but those of China, Arabia, Persia, and Spain, are especially rich in the abundance and variety of these sententious maxims. The instances are even not few in which the same proverb is to be found in many different languages, like some winged seed that has been formed to sow itself in every land; especially when it is clothed in some remarkably attractive and striking imagery, or when it gives utterance to some deep thought or feeling of universal humanity.

It is easy to see how important a place the proverb must have occupied in countries without a literature, forming, as it must have done in such circumstances, a sort of common stock of wisdom and instruction from which all might draw; but, in truth, it is impossible for us to imagine a state of human society in which the mission of the proverb is past. For, when we consider how often men are placed in circumstances in which they are called to act rather than to deliberate, and in which even a slight delay would be fatal to well-timed action, it would be difficult to over-estimate the advantage of having the mind richly stored with weighty maxims that can be brought to meet the passing exigency. It is but few of our race comparatively that have either time or mental taste and capacity for abstract specula-

tions; the atmosphere is too rare and too cold for most minds; and without unduly depreciating the pursuits of the metaphysician, we are safe in saying that their practical results in past times have borne small proportion to the mental effort or the promise, and that they may be left alone by the multitude with little loss. But every man, in every day of his existence, finds himself in the midst of circumstances in which he needs the guiding-lights of other men's reflective wisdom and experience, and in which some well-remembered proverb wherein that wisdom and experience have been happily reflected and concentrated, would stand him in good stead, disentangling his feet, making his way plain, or saving him from rash words and acts which, if once spoken or committed, would have given occasion to a long life-time of unavailing self-condemnation and regret.

"Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle; but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom. What is more is fume,
Emptiness, or fond impertinence:
And renders us, in things that most concern,
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek."

We might safely take this universal prevalence of proverbial sayings as itself affording conclusive evidence of their utility and adaptation to human life. Undoubtedly, however, the grand testimony to the usefulness of the proverb is to be found in the circumstance that it has been so extensively adopted as the fit vehicle of divine instruction in the Book of God itself; lessons thrown into this form being scattered over almost every part of the field of Scripture, a whole book of the Old Testament, commonly styled "the Book of Proverbs," or "the Proverbs of Solomon," consisting mainly of such choice sayings of compacted wisdom; and a greater far than Solomon, the Son of God, taking up some of the current proverbs of his own time and stamping them with the royal seal of his approval, elevating and transfiguring others by breathing into them nobler and diviner meanings, while he permanently incorporated them with his own lessons, and bringing others fresh from the stores of eternal wisdom,—proverbs which, like the cut and polished diamond, are found to sparkle and shed their lustre in many directions, and which for eighteen centuries have been current on the lips of men, myriads of whom have little guessed by what blessed lips they were first spoken; or which, like some nourishing and quickening soil, have been ploughed down and intermingled with the common thought of universal humanity.

Confining our attention now more particularly to the *Book of Proverbs*, I proceed to specify various excellencies which place them immeasurably pre-eminent

above all the other collections of proverbial sayings in the world. This might, indeed, be safely concluded beforehand from the simple fact of their inspiration; but it will be well that we specify these qualities of superiority a little more in detail. One of these is their unexceptionable *purity*. There are no sayings in this magnificent series which express low cunning under the name of prudence, or excuse deception by an assumed necessity, as is the case with so many of the proverbs of Italy; no proverbs which make the individual man his own selfish centre, as is the case with some few of our own country; none which reflect our common depravity rather than the universal conscience; no base-born proverbs which have evidently come from the mint of hell, and bear upon them "the image and superscription" of the prince of darkness. Like the stars in our firmament, some shining apart, and some grouped in constellations, they all shed some of heaven's true light, even though they "differ from one another in glory."

Another excellence of this inspired collection of proverbs is their *universality of application*. They are not merely adapted to one condition of society, or to some particular stage of civilization. They abound in broad views and in those "touches of nature which make the whole world kin." Spoken nearly three thousand years ago, and in the sunny East, they hold up a mirror to all ages and to the heart of all humanity. So that, as has been truly and happily said, "they may be studied with fully as much benefit and interest by men who are here in the nineteenth century in populous cities pent, amid the whirl of chariots, the clang of machinery, and the hiss of steam, as by the plain men who thirty centuries ago rode quietly about on asses, and sat in peace under their vines and fig-trees."

A third characteristic excellence of this collection of inspired proverbs consists in their astonishing *variety and minuteness*. They penetrate with their useful and homely light everywhere. From the keeping of the heart to our very looks and gestures, they glance upon us with their sage counsels and shrewd suggestions. They abound not only in solemn and earnest advices on good morals, but in judicious and delicate hints on good breeding, aiming to add the seemly to the solid in character, the "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report to the whatsoever things are grave and pure." The temper and the tongue are sought to be regulated by many a wholesome rule. The rich are warned amid the temptations of their abundance, the poor comforted amid the trials of their penury. There are innumerable wise saws for the young, while the crown of glory is held up before the hoary head. There are counsels for the married and for the unmarried, for the maiden at her toilet, for the judge upon his tribunal, for the king upon his throne, for the mother in the training of her children, for the children in their reverence for parents, for friendship and love, and even for the "stranger that may dwell at times within our

gates." The husbandman is admonished against procrastination, the labouring man is cheered in his toils, the merchant is warned against false depreciation of his neighbour's goods or undue valuation of his own, and the tradesman against "the false balance, which is an abomination to the Lord." So that it would be very difficult to conceive of a combination of circumstances so peculiar that this wonderful book would not present some hint or timely direction for our guidance, and from its faithful and genial page light would not arise in the midst of darkness.

And all this is sought to be accomplished by the most skilful variety in the outward shape and drapery of the parable; now by compacted and pointed statement, now by homely allusion, now by felicitous and elegant language, now by dazzling imagery, now by partial obscurity and enigma arousing curiosity, now by the musical cadence of the sentence, now by the play of some fine antithesis, and yet again by the sparkle of a kind of sacred wit; the whole justifying the remark that, "as there is no tragedy like Job, no pastoral like Ruth, no lyric melodies like the Psalms, so there are no proverbs like those of Solomon; all the forms of human composition finding their archetypes and their highest realization in Scripture," and giving sober truthfulness to the assertion, that "were the world in general only governed by this book, it would be a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the whole of the Book consists of a series of proverbs according to the rigid and technical sense in which we have hitherto used that expression. Indeed, the first nine chapters of the book can scarcely be said to come under this description at all; but they are not the less valuable or deserving to be searched and pondered on this account. For they consist of a succession of appeals to young men, in which, by every form of eloquence, vivid description, tender allusion, resistless argument, and earnest expostulation, the writer seeks to delineate before them the deformities and the horrors of vice, its seductive wiles and its terrible retributions, and to win them and fix them in the pleasant paths of piety and virtue. It is, in fact, a sublime poem on the pleasures of a pure and holy life. Religion, under the name of wisdom, is allegorically represented as a tree of life, yielding delicious shade and wholesome and mellow fruit to those who seek rest and shelter under her branches, throwing a covering of honour around their shoulders, and decorating their heads with a graceful chaplet more precious than rubies. And how does it indicate the importance attached by divine wisdom to the season of youth, and the value with which it regards young men, that nine chapters of an inspired book should thus be specially devoted to their warning and instruction! Young men, study those nine chapters, pray over them, turn them into a mirror by which you may examine your souls, into a lamp by which you may regulate your steps; let them become inwrought with all your moral

thoughts and habitudes, "bind them about your necks, and write them on the tablet of your hearts for ever."

The second part of the book begins with the tenth chapter and extends to the close of the twenty-fourth, and introduces us to the strictly proverbial portion of the composition. It is composed almost entirely of a series of short sententious moral maxims, such as we have already characterized, reminding one in their precious matter and elegant dress of language—of polished jewels in a chaste setting of gold. These proverbs were selected and arranged by Solomon himself during his life-time.

Of the remaining seven chapters of the book, five were written by Solomon, and appear to have been edited some centuries afterwards by the royal scribes in the reign of Hezekiah. The thirtieth is occupied with Agur's prayer, and with prudent admonitions delivered by him to his pupils Ithiel and Ucal. The thirty-first, or closing chapter, contains the counsels addressed by the mother of Lemuel, or Solomon, to her son, and is mainly occupied with the description of a virtuous woman and a prudent wife, and for keen discrimination of character, completeness of detail, sagacity of suggestion, and beauty and geniality of colouring, stands unapproached in all literature. One deep and indelible stain rests on the character of this mother of Solomon; but if critics are right in ascribing this last chapter to her, it is impossible to avoid the conviction that, with the one dark exception, her life was high-toned and virtuous, and in that unrivalled picture, in which there is in all likelihood much unconscious self-portraiture, she proved herself to be the fit mother of the wisest of men.

It is natural that, after this general view of the character and contents of the book of Proverbs, we should now proceed to turn your thoughts for a little to some individual portions of it which we conceive it peculiarly suitable to bring under the notice of young men. Before doing this, however, and indeed as preparatory to our doing it, we would advert to one partial mistake which we are anxious to remove. It has been very common to speak of these proverbs as if they were entirely detached sentences, unconnected except by the outward tie that binds them—"orient pearls at random strung." Now, this statement is not correct to the extent in which it is usually stated. For with an external form of distinctness appropriate to the character of such compositions, it will be found on closer examination that there are, in truth, certain great general principles that underlie and, as it were, mould and animate them all, and amid seeming distinctness and separation, give to the whole a real and hidden unity.

Thus one of the principles that may be said to be inwrought with the whole of this series of inspired proverbs, is the identity of religion with true wisdom, and of irreligion and vice with folly. This principle is, as it were, the very life's-blood of the whole book. The man who lives in ungodliness and immorality sacrifices all eternity for the gratifications of a moment, and is chargeable with the tremendous madness of making the

omnipotent God his adversary. The good man is wise for both worlds.—In like manner, the supreme importance of motive as giving character to conduct, and hence the paramount duty and high wisdom of "keeping the heart with all diligence"—the danger of a slight divergence from the line of duty as likely to lead to the grossest crimes and to the most shameful falls—the dependence of happiness upon disposition rather than upon possession, upon the state of the inward life far more than upon external abundance—the difficulty and the dignity of individual self-government, exceeding in importance all mere material conquests and crowns—the intention that religion should preside over us in the most common actions of our daily life as well as in the direct exercises of worship, giving law to the merchant at his desk as well as to the minister in his closet, regulating social intercourse as well as animating prayer—the overruling agency of a providence controlling the devices of the most far-seeing prudence and of the most profound policy, or as the sentiment has been expressed by Shakespeare transfusing into his words the thought of Solomon,—

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will;"—

these principles form, as it were, the undertone of the entire book of Proverbs; and just as the stars, though seemingly detached and even confused, yet in truth obey a common law and move in mystic harmony, so do these principles bind these beautiful moral lights in the bonds of a close though secret unity.

1. Keeping these statements in mind, it will be well that we proceed to bring before your attention some selected passages and chosen maxims of peculiar value and appropriateness. In some portions of the book, as we have already remarked, the end of the inspired writer is sought to be gained by vivid and eloquent description rather than by compacted proverbial statement; and there is no instance in which this is accomplished with so much elaboration and expansion, as when young men are cautioned *against a licentious life and the deceitful wiles of "the strange woman."* We can only glance at the terribly truthful picture as it stands before us, as if with the colouring of yesterday, in the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters, traced and painted with a master's hand. The brazen countenance and the flatteries of the tempter,—the efforts to prevent thought by occupying attention, lest one moment left for conscience to speak might break the fatal spell and set the victim free,—the poor simple one yielding to the smooth falsehoods, and going straightway "as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a bird hasteth to the snare and knoweth not that it is for his life." And then the begun retribution following so speedily in this life upon the footsteps of the sin: the young man's substance wasted; his revealed shame; his servitude in circumstances in which, had he kept in the paths of innocence, he might have been a master; his dishonour, as he begins to be shunned

by former virtuous companions, and skulks along in the shadow of the streets a living wreck; his flesh and his body consumed; his bitter self-reproach without earnest reformation; his early death-bed ere he has lived out half his days; his mourning at the last, "How have I hated instruction and despised reproof;" his dark and cheerless passage to the judgment-seat;—all these features are accumulated around each other with the most truthful and tragic picturing, and the whole description is wound up with the warning against the wiles of vicious seduction—"Let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths: for she hath cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chamber of death."

2. And the instructions of Solomon on this matter do not terminate with mere description, impressive though it be in its appalling contrasts between the promise of sin and its deadly fruits—"for her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword." He states certain important rules according to which temptation, and especially the particular forms of temptation to which we are now referring, are to be met and resisted. One of these is that *the temptation is to be avoided rather than braved*. We are never voluntarily to place ourselves in the path of a temptation, any more than we should do in the course of an inundation, or in the trail of a serpent. He who parleys with seductive circumstances, and tries experiments how far he can go and not fall, is attempting the most presumptuous and hazardous of all ordeals, and is sinning in his heart already. Keep far distant even from the border-land of sin, and from the haunts of the tempter. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away. For they sleep not except they have done mischief, and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall. For they eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence."—And the other powerful antidote against temptation, by which its spell is broken and the avenues of its entrance into the soul closed, consists in having the thoughts occupied and the affections engrossed by holy themes. The unclean spirits returned to the empty house after it had been swept and garnished; but they could not find access to the heart that was filled with God. "Thy word," says the Psalmist, "have I hid in my heart that I do not sin against thee." "My son," says Solomon, "attend to my words, incline thine ear unto my sayings: let them not depart from thine eyes; keep them in the midst of thine heart. For they are life unto those that find them, and health to all their flesh."

3. Another of the wise man's moral pictures is employed by him to warn the young against sloth and self-indulgence; and just as a greater than Solomon sends us to the birds of the air and the flowers of the field for lessons of contentment and trust in Providence, so Solomon sends us to the insect for lessons of a well-

timed and well-applied industry. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." The industry, the plan, the foresight, the seizing of favourable opportunities on the part of the little insects, and the provident arrangement, are thus depicted by a few rapid strokes. And then, in contrast with this, the self-indulgent sluggard, taking not only the measure of rest which is required by health, but that which is craved by appetite; waiting for windfalls and lucky chances, when proper energy would have gained for him the advantage and the position which every day's delay is placing further beyond his reach; and ever drawing upon a fair and flattering to-morrow, to make amends for the procrastination and the lassitude of to-day. "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." And then as the consequence of all this languid half-life and despised opportunity, poverty is described as coming nearer and nearer to the sluggard, with slow and steady pace, to seize him with irresistible violence in its cold embrace—"So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man."

Though the portrait of the indolent man is not repeated by Solomon, yet warnings against habits of indolence and delayed responsibilities abound in his proverbs, associated with their many fatal consequences. Nor when we consider how common is this tendency, and how palpably ruinous in its operations, need we wonder that in the proverbs of uninspired men the evil is sometimes very forcibly and quaintly declared, as in that very striking proverb, "The street of By-and-by leads to the house of Never." What a history of half-finished plans and abortive efforts have been the lives of thousands who have come under the spell of this languid and delusive procrastination! What a mocking and miserable disproportion between the promise of some and their performance! Take even a colossal intellect like that of Coleridge, and one of such rich stores as that of Sir James Macintosh, and has not the procrastination of both robbed the world of much that such men owed it. And then who can describe in language of too great severity the fret and hurry which are so surely born of delay—nothing done well because nothing done in its time—and the entire life a stranger to mental tranquillity, and passing constantly into one or other of the extremes of mental fever or mental collapse. Yet all other procrastination is but a shadow to that which delays the care of the soul. If the one be folly, surely this is madness. The interests of the immortal spirit made to stand aside till every passing trifle is cared for; though even the most momentous worldly interest should scarcely possess in our estimate even the dimensions of a trifle, while this is unheeded.

4. We cannot refrain from bringing to your recollection another of those masterly word-portraits of the wise

man, in the description which he has given of the *drunkard, and his drunkenness*. It helps to confirm the resolutions of the virtuous when they are called to contemplate at times not only the wickedness, but the grossness and the loathsomeness of vice. Such, we think, must be the effect of Solomon's description, which has been somewhat happily characterized as "the drunkard's mirror"—"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

No lecture on temperance ever equalled in completeness or conciseness this of Solomon. It might have been written for our own age and country, and not one word have needed either to be omitted or added. Mark with what vivid truth he describes the gloomy and spectral procession of curses that follow fast and sure in the footsteps of intemperance: the mad quarrelling about trifles; the wounds and bruises gotten in the drunken brawls; the foolish babblings, and perverse utterances, and injurious self-betraysals, in which the besotted man lays open his most hidden family secrets, and reveals all that is in his heart; the exaggeration of all the weak points and foibles in his character, until he becomes ridiculous as well as base; the awakening in his bosom of the foul demon of sensuality; the bloated visage and inflamed eyes telling of the deep and repeated midnight potations; his giddiness of brain, as if he were laid sea-sick in the midst of a ship, or lay upon the top of a tottering mast; his insensibility at last to injury and insult, so that even when he is stricken he is scarcely conscious of the offence; his clouded brain, and deadened conscience, and extinguished self-respect preventing all penitent resolution, and leading him back again to his wallowing in the mire;—oh, it is such a picture as makes us feel that drunkenness is not merely a sin against God, but an insult to human nature, and as if we saw in the intoxicating cup which the youth holds up joyfully to his lips, poison, and madness, and death. For "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Would that this picture of Solomon's were hung up in every cottage and ale-house in the land!

5. But, passing onwards from these pictures, it will be well that I now present you with a few inspired proverbs having especial reference to the duties and dangers of young men. Where the duty is of prime importance, or the danger imminent, we find it reverted

to more than once by the inspired writer; so that the different sententious sayings, when brought together, form a cluster or constellation of passages. This is true in regard to *filial piety, or reverence to parents*, as a few citations may show. "A wise son maketh a glad father: but a foolish man despiseth his mother." "He that wasteth his father and chaseth away his mother, is a son that causeth shame, and bringeth reproach." "Hearken unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old." "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." It will not be expected that on citing these passages I should proceed to dilate on the duty of honouring our parents, or on the singular baseness and unnaturalness of neglecting them, or treating them unkindly—a crime which is marked in Scripture, when it has become in any measure common, as the sign of "perilous times," of divine judgment, and which sinks the wretch who is guilty of it not only below the level of Christianity, but of human nature. Perhaps no tears more bitter have ever been shed on earth than those which have fallen from the eyes of parents called to mourn over undutiful children; all the brightest dreams and hope of a life-time blighted, and the very honey of existence converted into wormwood and gall. What a return for years of care and effort, and for the tender love of that mother's heart, which is spoken of in Scripture as a faint image of the heart of God!

But what I am more particularly anxious to notice in present circumstances, is the duty of our continuing to pay respect and deference to our parents even after we have passed away from the parental roof, and have ceased, in whole or in part, to be dependent on their support. I speak to many who are in this very position, and I believe the wise man speaks to them, when he warns them, in one of the proverbial sayings that we have quoted, against "*despising a mother when she is old*." When, in the natural order of things, the bonds of parental authority are loosening, the finer bonds of filial love should be strengthening. We should cherish their old age, and, while we are in abundance, scorn to see them straitened, or dependent on the bounty of others. If, in some instances, there are children whose parents bring them anything but honour, it is not theirs to lay bare their moral nakedness. I know of few nobler passages in modern biography than that in which John Kitto remonstrates—with all a Christian man's fidelity, yet with all a son's respect—with a drunken father. The rule of our conduct should be uniformly to treat our parents in such a manner as we shall wish to have done when we come at last to lay their hoary heads in the grave. Even the Chinese proverb declares, "*All the virtues are in peril when filial piety gives way*." For it is the root on which reverence to all other legitimate authority grows, and by which it is nourished; while it is even the type and shadow of piety to the unseen Father. On the other hand, irreverence and

disobedience draw down the speedy and often visible curse of heaven; the messengers of divine justice, in the case of such sin, quickening their indignant pace, and refusing to wait the retributions of a future world.

6. Another subject on which the exhortations of the proverbs are peculiarly deep-toned and solemn, is *companionships*. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Our strong tendency to take the moral shape and fashion of the society with which we mingle, is here most emphatically declared. So much is this the case, that if you will take a youth of promising character and even hopeful Christian leanings, and make him the companion of fools, it will not be long ere you begin to mark his downward course. Even although at the first there be no violent outbreak of immorality, you will be surprised to find how soon the horror of sin and the sensitive recoil from it abates, and attempts are made to justify the half-conscious moral transition by an appeal to questionable principles. The young man is already on the inclined plane, at the bottom of which are shame, and ruin, and despair; for "the companion of fools shall be destroyed."

Dr. Arnold used often to mention it as the fruit of his experience at Rugby, that nothing so infallibly told him the changes for good or evil in a boy's character as the company he kept. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that a maxim so confirmed by universal experience should have found varied shape and expression even in uninspired proverbs. The following occurs, for example, among the Arabic proverbs: "Live with him who prays, and thou prayest; live with the singer, and thou singest." This comes from the mere distant East, and is plainly intended to show whither bad companionships will lead: "He that takes the raven for a guide, shall light upon carrion." While in the apologue of the Persian moralist, Sædi, the case is thus beautifully put: "A friend of mine put into my hands a piece of scented clay. I took it, and said to it, 'Art thou musk or ambergris, for I am charmed with thy perfume?' It answered, 'I was a despicable piece of clay, but I was sometime in the company of the rose: the sweet quality of my companion was communicated to me; otherwise I should only be a bit of clay, as I appear to be.'" Thus, in the light of the wisdom of all nations, as well as of inspired truth, would we counsel young men to choose their associates wisely. The intercourse of business may throw you at times into the society of godless and unprincipled men, but let the pure, the truthful, the intelligent, the Christian man who is not ashamed to own that he fears God, be your selected associate. Say to all who would lure you aside from the plain path of duty, "Depart from me ye evil-doers, for I will keep the commandments of my God." Say to the wise and pure companion, "As the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth, I will not leave thee."

7. And if Solomon expressed himself thus strongly on

the subject of companions, would he not have expressed himself with at least equal earnestness and force, had he lived in our times, *on the subject of books*? For what are our books but just our associates; the thoughts and feelings and passions of fellow-men coming to our minds through the medium of the eye rather than of the ear, and often commended to us by an amount of genius and power which is not commonly to be expected in our living companions? And surely we ought to apply the same principles substantially to bad books as to bad men.

There is a sort of intellectual libertinism that claims right to meddle with all knowledge. But surely the widest range of legitimate liberty can never warrant a man in reading books whose obvious tendency is to corrupt the imagination, to inflame the passions, to clothe vice in seductive drapery, or to become its apologist by a sort of devil's sophistry, and to inoculate the soul as with a sort of moral plague. Books of this description ought neither to be touched, tasted, nor handled; and the bad logic that would defend such a practice would be equally successful in pleading for the innocence of a loose and vicious companionship. There is deep meaning in the fact which, like so many other things mentioned in the Old Testament, we are apt to overlook without thought, that the children of Israel were forbidden so much as to inquire how the nations which were before them in Canaan had served their gods, with what cruelties and abominable impurities; lest the mere description should pollute their imaginations, and the very familiarity with such forms of wickedness should diminish their horror of them, and act upon their minds with the power of a temptation. We must not allow any amount of genius in an author to blind us to the wickedness of his principles or to the turpitude of his aims. There are writers who, because of the injury they have done by their cold sneers withering young virtue, by their demon-sophistry deadening conscience, or by their ribald jests surrounding the heart and destroying it as with a robe of poison, have deserved the execration of a world. It has been "the conjecture of a grand and stern thinker, that a departed spirit may retain a living sympathy with the evil fame and influence of its earthly career, and receive startling intimations of the corrupting and enduring might of genius, in a succession of direful shocks,—every quickening of the pulse and clouding of the faith by a voluptuous or sceptical book darting a pang of intolerable agony into the author's heart. Under this affecting view of the accountableness of literature, we may look upon each betrayal to vice and unbelief as a dismal episode of spiritual torment; upon each death-bed of crime first taught and cherished by the ministry of the pen as a sharper sting given to the worm; and upon fathers' and mothers' sighs over lost children as so many gusts to freshen the flame and the anguish of the middle state."

8. I can now do little more than touch on some remaining subjects on which, had not our rapidly

lessening space forbidden us, it would have been profitable to dilate. I should have liked, for example, to commend to you that *love of truth* of which Solomon speaks so frequently and so earnestly. As in those sentences: "Lying lips are abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight." "The lip of truth shall be established for ever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment." It seems declared by these proverbs that, in all circumstances, lying is miserable policy, and that that man consults his true honour, advantage, and comfort, as well as his peace of conscience and his happiness in the eternal world, who, in all circumstances and at all hazards adheres scrupulously and sternly to the truth of things.

"Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby."

What a base, miserable being is a liar! what anxieties and subterfuges to escape detection! what new lies to buttress and cover the first falsehood! And then what merited distrust and shame after detection, with Satan's broad arrow-mark upon him, in his own lies and dissimulations, telling that he belongs to "the father of lies." "It will be acknowledged," says one who greatly admired and deeply pondered the Proverbs of Solomon—Lord Bacon—"It will be acknowledged, even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it; for these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious; and therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge, 'If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men; for a liar faces God, and shrinks from men.'"

And the words have a wider meaning and reference than to the mere transactions of civil business and to the intercourse of social life. They appear as if spoken to encourage our confidence in the ultimate and glorious triumph of truth—of God's own truth in the world. He will take care of it—it is an emanation from himself; for, as the Spanish proverb has nobly expressed it, "TRUTH IS THE DAUGHTER OF GOD." It alone hath immortality. It may be mocked at for a time, and despised like the God of truth when he walked the earth; it may even seem to be crucified and buried; but, as has been justly and beautifully said, like him too, it will not remain in the grave or be holden by the bands of death; but, in spite of the seal, and great stone, and the Roman guard, will spring forth a conqueror, and ascend to a glorious and heavenly throne. It was such a noble confidence in the might and the immortality of truth as this that drew forth from Latimer at the stake that sublime encouragement to his fellow-martyr, in which there is something of prophetic vein, "Be of good

cheer, Master Ridley, for we shall this day light such a candle in England as, by God's help, shall never go out." "The lip of truth shall be established for ever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment."

9. I might, in like manner, have dilated on the many commendations scattered throughout the Proverbs, of the excellence of a forgiving spirit, anticipating our Lord's instructions in his sermon on the mount, and giving glimpses of the ethical glory of the fully developed evangelical economy, as in that fine proverb, "*It is the glory of a man to pass by a transgression.*" I might have noticed the numerous testimonies to the excellence and dignity of self-government, of the power of meekness—"A soft answer turneth away wrath;" "A soft tongue breaketh the bone,"—to the riches of a contented spirit, and to the importance of a good name, remarking that it is best gained and kept by deserving it, and that a fair reputation usually follows a good character as the shadow follows the substance. I might even have noticed those warnings against the disturbers of domestic happiness and good neighbourhood, the gossip and the tale-bearer,—"*The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds;*" "*Where no wood is, the fire goeth out.*"

10. But I shall fitly close this series of lessons, by seeking to impress upon all who read them the peculiar importance that is attached throughout this inspired book to THE EARLY DEDICATION OF OUR LIVES TO GOD. This sentence forms, in fact, the key-note of many chapters: "*I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.*" There is a sense in which these words are true of every individual day; for in the earliest part of the day our minds are most free and most fit for devotion, and, like the youthful Samuel, God visits us early in the morning. But their chief reference is to the great life-day of our whole earthly existence; and the assurance is that those who seek God early in this great life-day, shall be the most blessed and the most welcome. God loves the kindness of youth, and the warm glow of early devotedness. The sentiment has been strangely and memorably given in an Italian proverb: "When you grind your corn, give not the flour to the devil, and the bran to God." Do not set apart the strength of your existence and the vigour of your manhood to Satan and the world, reserving only the dregs for Him who has a right to all. Every day that you keep back from God you lose a world of happiness, you bind a chain of sin, you take another step to hell, you render your ever coming more difficult and more unlikely. Oh, you never live truly until you begin to live for God. Then existence is devoted to its proper ends, and living becomes a continual progress to heaven. "Now therefore hearken unto me, O ye children: for blessed are they that keep my ways. Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors. For whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord. But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul: *all they that hate me love death.*"

THE CHILD WHOSE NAME IS THE MIGHTY GOD.

"Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, . . . and his name shall be called. . . the Mighty God."—Isa. ix. 6.

* Whenever thou art occupied in the matter of thy salvation, setting aside all curious speculations of God's unsearchable majesty. . . run straight to the manger, and embrace this infant, and the virgin's little babe in thine arms, and behold him as he was born, sucking, growing up, conversant among men, teaching, dying, rising again, ascending up above all the heavens, and having power over all things."—LUTHER, on *Galatians*.



THOU sin-distracted soul !
Bowed with guilty terrors down ;
Fain to hide, though 'twere in hell,
From thy Maker's dreaded frown ;
For thou tremblest at his ire,
Who is a consuming fire.

Since thou dar'st not meet thy God,
Canst thou meet this little child ?
No destroying lightnings flash,
Out of eyes so soft and mild :
Here there's nought to wake alarm,
Hands like these wont work thee harm.

Yet this infant is thy God,
Come in weeping pity down ;
Hiding his stupendous might
'Neath the feeblest form that's known ;
Laying all his terrors by,
Seeking thus to bring thee nigh.

Yes ; to us this child is born,
Unto us this son is given,
And his name's "The mighty God,"
"Son of Man," yet "Lord from heaven."

He to reach us stoops thus low,
Since to him we could not go.

And far lower still he stoops,
In his ardent zeal to save ;
Dying on a felon's cross,
Lying in the wicked's grave :
That the dead in sins might live,
He, the God-Man, life doth give.

"Sinner, look on God and die,"
Pealed the threat from Sinai's brow ;
"Sinner, look to me and live,"
Sweetly whispers Calvary now :
Yes, thou lost one, look and live,
Take what Jesus comes to give.

Take it now, and freely take,
Freely as 'tis freely given ;
With the one Name on thy lips,
Press thou forward into heaven :
Now there's entry through the blood
Of the Man whose name is God.

J. D.

SHY CHRISTIANS.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.



It "takes all sorts of people to make a world," so all sorts of Christians are found in the church. Some Christians have the gift of tongues. They are fluent in prayer, fluent in exhortation, fluent in conversation. Occasionally, this gift is possessed in a troublesome degree ; and prayer-meetings suffer sorely from the stereotype exhorters who deluge the audience with their "weak, washy, everlasting flood" of talk. There must have been some such people among the apostle James's acquaintances, to whom he addresses the quiet caution, "Be swift to hear and slow to speak." For the man who says a great deal ought to have a great deal in him to say.

When a Christ-loving soul is so brimming full that the "abundance of the heart" overflows through the lips, then let it flow. Such speaking

irrigates a meeting, like a warm May shower. If a man comes to the family-gathering of his church with a rich experience, or a burning, kindling thought, or a stirring incident, and sits silent while others are hungering for something good, he robs both them and himself. He has a right to be heard ; and no right to withhold his contribution. Old Dr. Emmons's rule of good rhetoric is the right rule for a social meeting : "Have something to say, and then say it." To speak at the right time, and in the right way, and to know when to stop, is a happy gift. Men who can speak with point and pray with power are the joy of a social meeting. Blessed is the church that "hath its quiver full of them."

Can every true Christian serve his Master effectively with the tongue ? Perhaps not. There are deep-hearted, devout people of God who have

no gifts of speech. They are shy, and slow-tongued—unable to coin the gold of their inward experience into current words. They cannot talk like Apollos; but they can work like Dorcas, or give like Gaius, or do neighbourly deeds like Onesiphorus. Their lives are eloquent. Their actions speak louder than words.

That is a touching story which Dr. Chalmers told of the humble woman who sought admission to the church. At her examination before the church-session she utterly broke down. She either sat dumb, or else gave confused answers, that made her seem stupid or ignorant. The pastor did not feel that she ought to be admitted to the church, and frankly told her so. She rose in great grief. She went to the door, and, just as she was opening it, she said, with tears in her eyes and a trembling voice, "Sir, though I cannot speak for my Master, *I could die for him.*" Blessed confession! The pastor required no better passport to the table of his Lord and hers. The "secret of the Lord" was within her if she could not utter it.

We have a warm side for these shy, silent Christians. Among them are some of the best people that we know. They love the place of prayer, even if no one hears them there but God. If they do not say all the good things they know, they try to *do* them; and they never fall into

the sin of vain babbling and "talking nonsense in the name of the Lord." Certainly, Bunyan's *Mr. Fearing*, who was so shy that he did not dare to speak to the porter of the wicket-gate, was worth a thousand of *Mr. Talkative*, who had a "hundred scriptures" at the end of his rattling tongue. Some close-mouthed Christians in our acquaintance exert a prodigious power by their staunch, godly example. No scoffer can gainsay the unanswerable logic of their lives.

Let those who are so invincibly timid that they cannot serve Christ with their tongues, be satisfied to serve him in other ways. They can pray in secret. They can give of their substance. They can do good, even if so modest, that they "do it by stealth." They can live beautiful lives, and let the light of their piety shine before others. Roger Sherman left no speeches behind him; but Jefferson, when he wished to know the right side of a question, used to ask, "How did Roger Sherman *vote*?" Andrew was a very quiet disciple; but he brought his celebrated brother, Simon Peter, to his Lord and Master. Shy, timid Mary crept up modestly behind her Saviour, and broke upon his feet the costly box of perfume. She earned the plaudit, "She hath done what she could." My silent friend, if you cannot speak for your Master before others, you can live for him, and be ready to die for him.

VIA DOLOROSA.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)



THE upper part of the long street descending from the Latin Convent to St. Stephen's Gate is called the Street of the Holy Sepulchre, the lower, the "Via Dolorosa," or "Dolorous Way," from the tradition that Jesus, after being condemned by Pilate (probably at the Fort Antonia, or Governor's Palace), was forced to toil up its steep acclivity, laden with his cross, to the place of crucifixion on Calvary. Although, supposing the modern streets to occupy the line of the ancient ones, there is sufficient verisimilitude about this tradition to render it, at least, striking to the imagination of the pilgrim, yet there is little doubt that the tradition, and the poetical name of the street, originated in the monkish ages, in connection with the Church of the Sepulchre, and its supposititious rock of Calvary. However this may be, this street is the most gloomily impressive of any within the precincts of this melancholy city.

In the shade of the archways the passenger stumbles over heaps of stones and rubbish, or is half-blinded with clouds of dust. We have endeavoured to convey the character of this singularly gloomy street scenery in a study taken on the spot, in which the effect of light and shade is closely copied from nature. As may be supposed, at twilight these archways are involved in utter darkness; and, unless provided with a lantern, it is difficult to grope one's way without treading upon a sleeping dog, or coming into violent collision with some invisible passenger.

After descending and crossing the street of the valley which intersects the city from the Damascus Gate, the Via Dolorosa ascends slightly as far as the Governor's house, passing under a round arch of Roman fragments, bearing the traditional name of the "Ecce Homo" arch, from the evidently baseless tradition that Pilate from thence displayed Jesus to the populace.—*Bartlett.*



V A DOLOROSA

The Children's Treasury.

WINTER EMBLEMS.

A MOTHER and her children (a girl of twelve and a boy about fourteen years old) were seated together in a comfortable parlour, in the quiet of a winter Sabbath evening. The special exercises of the holy day were over, it was an hour usually given to serious converse, such as there is seldom much leisure to be found for in the intercourse of week-day life.

"Winter, winter in earnest now!" said Lucy Martyn, as she drew a low chair to her mother's side near the fire. "But how beautiful everything has looked to-day. I had really forgotten that the beauties of winter could be so great. We were quite sorry, mamma, that your cold kept you from enjoying the walk to church. The road seemed strewn with diamonds, where the sun glanced on the hard snow particles, and the trees were all as if they had got new foliage of crystal or frosted silver."

"I have no doubt I should have enjoyed the walk very much. But I admired the view from my window, and especially the sky."

"Yes," said John, "the sunset was very fine as we came home. There was quite a blush of colour for a few minutes over the white hills, like what travellers speak of seeing on the Alps."

"Every season has its own beauties, and we may secure much pleasure by accustoming ourselves to notice them. What a wonderful arrangement of Providence is this regular succession of seasons, and how much of the wisdom and power of our God we may see in each as it comes! There has often seemed to myself a peculiar display of the Creator's power in the winter scene. What a complete change has come over all nature within the last three days!"

"Yes, indeed; even last week the air was so mild; and you remember what a wonderful bouquet we managed to find in the garden."

"But now, how sudden and complete the transition, all nature wrapped in snow and sealed up in frost. I suppose even the waterfall is silent to-day."

"Quite silent; but such lovely pillars of crystal from the banks and the rocks!"

"Beautiful to look at for the present, but if this

state of things were to last long, if a Polar winter were suddenly to come on our country, how great the distress would soon be, for men and animals! 'Who can stand before His cold?' And yet what but the will and power of God prevents it! What could the whole resources of science and mechanics in the British kingdom avail to-morrow, towards clearing the ice and snow from even the small portion of country which we see from our window?"

"Very little, I fancy," said John; "and one night of hard frost would undo all their work again."

"And yet what man is powerless to effect, the Creator does so easily, when it pleases Him. No violent, alarming means, no terrible convulsions of nature are necessary, only a rise of some degrees in the temperature of the currents of air passing over us. 'He maketh his wind to blow' (from a warm direction), 'and the waters flow.' So it was in the days of Job and David, as it is in our own."

"There is not much in the Bible about winter," said Lucy.

"Not very much, for you know the writers of Scripture lived in a different climate from ours. Still in the Book which is intended for 'all kindreds and nations,' we shall find allusions and illustrations for all to understand. You may take for your next Bible exercise to find out all the references to snow, frost, and cold, and they will be more than you expect. There is, first, that grand old promise given after the Deluge; read it, Lucy, in Gen. viii. 22."

"'While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.'"

"There are verses about cold and snow in the book of Job," said John, "and in the Psalms, I know."

"Yes; and the exquisite purity of fresh snow is made use of in Scripture for two remarkable illustrations. Shall I tell you what they are? the glorified Saviour, and the pardoned sinner."

"Oh," said Lucy, "you mean when Jesus was transfigured on the Mount, when it is said that 'His raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white them.' I was thinking of

that verse to-day on our walk. But I did not think of another about the sinner. Is it the verse in Isaiah—'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow?'"

"That is one, and David uses a yet stronger expression in Ps. li., 'Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be *whiter than snow*.' Is it not remarkable, that the same comparison should be used in regard to the Saviour and the sinners He came to save? How awfully presumptuous would it be for man to apply it thus, had not the Holy Spirit done so! But now, we may take the comfort given, and rejoice in the illustration of how truly His righteousness is made ours, if we are indeed believing and trusting in Him alone for salvation."

"Is not old age often compared to winter," asked John, "as youth is to spring? I do not mean in the Bible, but in books and speeches."

"Yes; gray hairs are often called 'the snows of age,' and so on. The comparison is natural, and just in many respects."

"Winter is the end of life; after youth and manhood, like spring and summer, are past?"

"Yes; and a wise, pious man, whom God spares to old age, will have many precious stores of wisdom and experience laid up from the past, like the fruits of summer and autumn which we are now enjoying."

"Still I do not like the comparison much," said Lucy. "It seems a cold, cheerless thing, to speak of the *winter* of old age. And then, mamma, there will be no *spring* after it!"

"Not in this world, my dear, but has not the aged Christian a far brighter prospect before him? Is not he soon to enter the better land,—

'Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers?'

He would not wish it otherwise, he would shrink from the idea of 'renewing his youth' in this world of sin and sorrow again. John Foster has a striking passage in one of his sermons on this subject. Here is the book at hand, I shall read it to you;—

"The old age of the wise and good resembles the winter in one of its most favourable circumstances, that the former seasons improved have laid in a valuable store; and they have to bless God that disposed and enabled them to do so. But the most striking point in the comparison after all, is one of *unlikeness*. Their winter has no spring to follow it—in this world. It is to close, not by an insensible progression into another season, but by a termination, absolute, abrupt, and final; a consideration which should shake and rouse the most inveterate insensibility of thoughtless old age. But the servants of God will say 'That is well!' They

would not make a gradation into a spring of mortal existence, if it could be put in their choice. Their winter, they say, is quite the right time for a great transition. It was in nature's winter (or towards that season) that their Lord came to the earth; it was in the winter that He died for their redemption; and the winter of their life is the right time for them to die, that the redemption may be finished. And there is eternal spring before them! What will *they* not be contemplating of beauty and glory, while those who have yet many days on earth are seeing returning springs and summers?"

"You often read Foster, mamma; why are you so fond of his writings?"

"I find in them so much of what is often wanting in many modern authors, real, original ideas and trains of thought, beautifully expressed. I may not always agree in his views, for he was of a peculiar and rather sad turn of mind, still it does me good, and strengthens my mind, to be made to *think* as I read. But Foster is not a writer whom I can expect you to appreciate or enjoy till some years after this."

"Then the winter of life may be a happy season for a Christian?"

"More happy, I think, in some respects, than its spring. For a worldly man, who has no sure hope beyond, old age must be dreary indeed; but if 'an old disciple' is spared, by the goodness of God, any great infirmities of body or mind, he may surely enjoy a 'quietness and confidence,' a blessed rest of heart and soul, in the latter stages of his pilgrimage, such as he never fully knew before. Many of the restless, agitating feelings of youth, and anxious cares of manhood, will have passed away, and been succeeded by quiet rest and hope.

'Earthly joys no more attracting,
Half the Christian's conflicts cease,
Earthly lights no more distracting,
He can trim his lamp in peace.'

It is delightful to look at a young ardent believer setting out in the service of the Lord; but still more beautiful, I think, to look at one of His aged servants waiting calmly for the call to 'depart in peace.' He can bear a testimony for his Saviour, and invite others to Him in a way that the young convert cannot do. The one can only say, We believe that our Lord will fulfil all his promises; but the other can testify, 'Not one good thing has failed of all that the Lord our God hath spoken, all are come to pass.' Yes; the hoary head is a crown of glory, when it is found in the way of righteousness. May such be our experience, my children, if we are appointed to 'length of days' on earth."

H. L. L.



THE RIVER DIVIDED.*

BY A. L. O. E.

IT was a splendid day in autumn. The warm rays of the sun fell on fields of waving gold, where the reaper was plying his sickle. Nature seemed to bask in the glorious beams; and never had wooded slopes, or verdant meadows, or hedges gay with the wild-rose and honey-suckle, looked fairer to Londoners' glare-wearied eyes, than they did to those of Mary Oldham and Elsie Dale, as, borne along in a train, they left the great city behind, speeding on their way to Southgate, a village not far from London.

And yet a shade of sadness rested upon both the travellers. With the elder one, Mary Oldham, it was a quiet, pensive sadness, like that which we feel when sitting amongst moss-grown tombs. She was going to bid farewell to a dying friend, but one quitting earth in such peace and hope that the sharp edge was taken away from the sorrow of parting. Mary had come from a happy home, a home where love and content now dwelt, and she would not have exchanged her lot with that of any woman upon earth; but she knew that something far better was provided for the dying Anna Brett, and that the Home to which she was speeding was brighter than any to be found in this changing world.

"I can't think how you bear it so quietly!" exclaimed the younger woman, Elsie Dale, who bore a young babe in her arms; "I have so long been looking forward with such pleasure to showing my little darling to my aunt, and now to take him only to receive her dying blessing, it is so sad—so dreadful!" and the young mother bent over her baby, and her tears fell on its soft ruddy face. "But perhaps, after all," she added, "my dear Aunt Anna may recover; we may be spared the grief of losing her, we may find her better to-day."

Mary sighed as she shook her head: "Mr. Gray in his letter could give us no hopes," she replied.

"Is it not dreadful?" exclaimed Mrs. Dale, to whom death appeared a most terrible evil. "To think of her being cut off in the prime of her days—she is not yet forty—struck down in the midst of her usefulness, torn away from all that she loves!"

Mary did not answer at once: she was turning over in her mind the words used by her companion, and asking herself whether "cut off," "struck down," "torn away," were expressions which could justly describe the death of a Christian, however sudden or however painful it might be. She did not speak till Elsie added, almost with bitterness in her tone, "Such an untimely end is not the reward which might have been expected for such a life as my aunt has led."

"Oh, Mrs. Dale," cried Mary, "how can we call any death *untimely*, since the God of Love appoints the way, the manner, and the hour? If life be measured by the good done in it," she continued, in a voice that trembled with feeling, "dear Anna has lived long indeed. I do not believe that she has passed one day since her childhood in which she has not done something for God, something to bless those around her. All her years have been seed-time for heaven, and now the full harvest will be reaped."

"Yes," said Elsie with a plaintive sigh; "she is at least sure of a heavenly reward."

"Anna would shrink from that word 'reward,'" observed Mary, who had been much better instructed in religious truth than her companion; "Anna knows well that she can *merit* nothing from God, and all her life-long service of love has been but a grateful acknowledgment of the *free gift* of salvation and heaven, which no human work could purchase. Anna is not saved because she has served; but she serves because Christ has loved and saved her! On His merits, and not on her own, our dear friend rests her hopes of salvation."

"Oh, yes," said the gentle Elsie; "my very earliest recollection of my aunt is of her showing me, when I was a child, a picture of the brazen serpent in the desert, and trying to explain to me by it the only way by which any human being can be saved. 'We are all like the Israelites in the desert,' she said, 'there is not one of us that has not been bitten by the deadly serpent of sin, and not one who could live for heaven, had not the Lord God Himself found a cure for His people.' She took me on her knee, and taught me that verse which I never hear without thinking of her: *As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*"

"That journey of the Israelites through the wilderness was, I know, a favourite subject with dear Anna," said Mary Oldham. "She often described it to her master's children, and said that the wonders which God worked for his people in the desert reminded her of what His goodness now does for us in our long journey through life. You know, of course, that Anna and I served in the same family together, where a friendship began which will last till death; and *after death*, I doubt not," added Mary, brushing away the tears which would gush from her eyes. "I was young when I went to Mr. Gray's; I had lately lost my dear mother, my heart was aching with sorrow, and I felt frightened and bewildered in the great house, where all was so new and so strange. I sat by the fire on the first evening after my arrival, running the flounces of a ball-dress for the

* From a charming series of Tracts, entitled "Miracles of Heavenly Love," recently issued by our Publishers.

eldest young lady: the weather was wintry, and it seemed to me then as if all the world was so cold and dreary, and the pink silk which I was sewing lay on my black dress, as if to contrast the gay lot of others with the lonely misery of mine! I sighed—such a bitter sigh, and then I felt the gentle touch of a soft hand laid on my shoulder, and I looked up into a face so mild, so kind, it was to me as the face of an angel.”

“No one could look on my aunt without loving her,” said Elsie.

“‘You are in sorrow,’ she said to me softly; ‘you are treading the wilderness way; you have come like the Israelites to Marah, to the bitter waters of sorrow; have you yet received the precious gift which can make even those waters sweet?’ I did not know what Anna meant,” continued Mary, “but I felt that she pitied and cared for me, and in my dreary loneliness the voice of kindness was soothing. Anna sat down beside me, and took my hand, just as if I had been her sister, and told me of One in heaven who has compassion for all our afflictions,—the Friend of the friendless, the Father of the orphan, the Guardian of the desolate and poor. Anna told me how the cross of the Saviour can bless the saddest lot, even as the wood dropped into the well of Marah made its bitter waters sweet.

“I can just fancy that I hear her,” cried Elsie.

“I often thought,” continued Mary, “that Anna might soon be called to be an angel in heaven, she did so delight in doing angel’s work below. More than any other woman whom I ever have known, she possessed the charity described by St. Paul, which *suffereth long and is kind, which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things*. The faith which dwelt in her heart was shown by her lips, and proved in her life.”

The shrill whistle of the railway now announced that the train was approaching a station. The noise startled Elsie’s baby from sleep, and she was engaged for some minutes in hushing the wail of the frightened child, whose cries were not silenced even after the train had stopped, and the travellers had left the carriage.

“Poor little darling,” said Elsie, fondling the infant, drawing him closer to her breast, and pressing his face to her own. “He’s but a young traveller yet; he’ll soon learn not to be frightened at the sound that tells him that his journey has come to an end.”

Mary, as she walked beside the young mother along the green country lane, silently drew in her mind a comparison between the causeless terror of the babe, and that which even some earnest Christians feel as they draw near the hour of death. The warning that tells us that life’s journey is almost over is a startling sound to many. But the Good Shepherd will bear the feeble lambs in his bosom, and hush the terrors of those who cling the more closely to him because of the fears which they feel.

The house which Mr. Gray, the master of Anna Brett, had taken near Southgate, was a large and plea-

sant mansion, surrounded by beautiful grounds. As Mary and her companion, after passing the large iron gate and the lodge, walked up the broad avenue shaded by trees, they both of them thought that they never before had seen so delightful a place. Accustomed as they were to dull, dark, narrow streets in London, with their crowds, their noise, their thick close air, every breeze here seemed laden with perfume, and every object bright with beauty. It was a rare pleasure even to tread on the soft elastic turf; and when the women came in sight of the flower-garden, with its beds of fuchsia, heliotrope, and scarlet geranium, they uttered exclamations of wonder and admiration. Yet the fair scene brought different thoughts to the mind of Elsie and Mary. “How sad it must be to my poor aunt,” reflected one, “to leave this beautiful earth.” The other gazed on the verdant trees, the emerald turf, the garden gay with a thousand flowers, and gently murmured to herself,—

“If a fallen world thus fair we see,
What, oh, what must heaven be!”

Mary and Elsie were met at the door by the youngest daughter of Mr. Gray; her eyes were red with weeping. “Oh, you’ve come—I’m so glad that you’ve come, I so feared that you would be too late!” and in sorrow, as if losing a valued friend, for such indeed had her nurse been to her, the young lady led the way to the quiet chamber where, stretched on the bed from which she was never to rise, lay the wasted form of Anna. Even the baby in Elsie’s arms seemed to feel the noiseless hush of that room, where the light came in softened through the drawn curtains, where no one spoke but with bated breath, and not the sound of a footfall, or rustle of a dress, was suffered to break the solemn stillness. Mary walked silently up to the bed; Elsie, still with her child in her arms, knelt down beside it, and sobbed.

Anna was for a few minutes unable to speak, and could only feebly return the fervent grasp of her friend; then she seemed to recover her power of speech, asked to see the infant, kissed him, and gave him her blessing. “God be with the dear babe,” she murmured “and lead him from grace to glory.” Mary, who had taken the child from Mrs. Dale, gave him back to his weeping mother.

“Shed no tears for me, dear Elsie,” said Anna, feebly raising herself on her pillow, and gazing with a calm look of peace and love on the sorrowing ones around her. “Death has no terrors for me; I know in whom I have trusted.” She seemed to gather strength from the thought, and the accents from these ghastly white lips grew more clear and distinct. “When the Israelites, the people of God, had almost reached the Promised Land, and the stream—the swift dark stream flowed before them—” Anna gasped for breath, and turned her eyes on Mary, as though to ask her to finish her sentence.

“Yes; the Jordan flowed before them,” said Mary Oldham in tremulous tones, “as if to divide them from

their long wished-for home: but the priests who bore the Ark of God went down first into the river, and as soon as the soles of their feet were dipped in the brim of Jordan, the water was stayed from flowing, and all the tens of thousands of Israel passed over on dry ground."

"That is it—that is it—that is what I would say," whispered the dying woman; "our great High-priest, our Saviour, has gone down into the river of death before us, and now—now—there is nothing for his redeemed people to fear. The waters cannot overflow—cannot reach them; no, even the babes pass over untouched, the feeblest can go dry-shod! I am crossing now—I shall soon be over, and beyond is the home that I long for, and him whom, not having seen, I love!"

"Oh," exclaimed Elsie through her tears, "can this indeed be death!"

A slight convulsion passed over the frame of the expiring woman; Mary and her companions looked on in breathless awe. Anna's eyes were closed for a little space, then she opened them with a faint smile. Her lips moved again, but those who bent forward to listen could scarcely catch the faint accents: "*Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord; living or dying, therefore, we are the Lord's:*" and with these words on her lips, quietly and peacefully the Christian yielded up her soul to her God. Scarcely was the moment known when the gentle spirit departed; none moved or spoke in the chamber, only the soft south breeze lightly rustled in the curtains, and outside the window a thrush warbled forth his song of joy.

The glorious sun was setting, cradled in clouds of crimson and gold, when, with weeping eyes and sorrowing hearts, Mary and Elsie left the mansion which had been visited by death, to return to their home in London. Floods of red light poured between the trunks of the trees, and gilded their leafy boughs; and when the women had passed the lodge, and turned into the lane, they saw before them a wide harvest-field, dotted over with sheaves. How beautiful it lay in the sunshine; how soothing to the mourners were the thoughts suggested by that wide field of corn and that radiant sunset! The sheaves ready for the garner, the splendid orb calmly setting to rise in glory again! Mary raised her eyes from the bright earth to the brighter heaven, and whispered, "*May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his.*"

"No longer, then, let mourners weep,
Or call departed Christians dead,
For death is hallowed into sleep,
And every grave becomes a bed.

"It is not exile—peace on high;
It is not sorrow—rest from strife:
To 'fall asleep' is not to die—
To be with Christ is better life."

Oh, dear reader, are you yet a stranger to the power of that blessed religion which alone can make life happy, and render death a gain? Would that I could so plead with you now as to persuade you to taste and see that

the Lord is gracious, and that blessed is the man that trusteth in him. It is not only in the Bible, the Word of Truth, that we see wondrous proofs of the power and the goodness of God. Behold his workings in Providence; trace his mercy in the daily events of common life! To the troubled heart, as once to the troubled waters, the Lord says, *Peace, be still*. The fierce power of fiery passion, raging like a demon within, beneath the influence of the Spirit of God is conquered, subdued, and destroyed. The reformed drunkard sits at the feet of the Saviour, *clothed and in his right mind*. The poor heart-broken sinner, bowed down under a sense of his guilt, finds that mercy has opened for him in Christ a fountain of healing, where he may wash and be clean.

Nor does divine love care for the wants of the soul alone. Which of the poor amongst us cannot tell of many an instance when, by means unexpected, by ways unknown, the Lord, who has heard the cry of the needy, has supplied his people with bread? Man has been liberal, woman has been kind, but the power to give, and the will to give, have equally come from God. Through whatever earthly channel it might flow, the stream of relief first distilled in drops from heaven.

And has the Lord's goodness been less displayed, when proud, self-righteous hearts have been brought to the knowledge of sin; when eyes that folly had blinded have been opened to see their danger? And when the dull and lifeless spirit has been stirred up to active exertion, when the weak have received new strength, shall not glory be given to God?

Oh, let us praise him with thankful hearts when raised from a bed of sickness, when our health and vigour return, and we go back, as if with new life, to the labours appointed us here. Let us praise him for every opportunity, granted to us in love, of speaking of his truth to others, of leading sinners to him. And if he bless our feeble words, if he grant our efforts success, let us with joy and thanksgiving own that the work is His, and not ours—it is God that giveth the increase.

In the comforts of our dear homes, in the holy love that binds parents and children, husbands and wives together, let us again see precious gifts of the wondrous love of God. It is the Spirit of Life that alone opens our dark minds to the knowledge of truth; the feeble understanding grasps mysteries beyond the reach of human intellect, *babes in Christ become wise unto salvation when they are taught of God.*

Such blessings as these are like the daily sunshine, the nightly dew, so freely bestowed, so largely given, that we oft forget to mark in them proofs of a love divine. But even the thoughtless pause, with wonder and with awe, over the lesson taught by the death-bed of a saint. When the spirit about to enter alone into the immediate presence of God can say, *I will fear no evil*—when the dark river of death is made a pathway of peace—then, indeed, is the Christian seen to be more than conqueror through Christ, and even the sceptic recognizes a crowning miracle of Heavenly Love!

NOT FORSAKEN.



HOMELY Dutch interior, such as we see in old, smoke-coloured pictures in art-galleries, beams of dull ochre, rough projections, a wide fire-place with a settle in it—such was the one habitable room which served old Aunt Becky for a home.

Aunt Becky herself might have sat for one of Shakespeare's witches, so ebon-like and fixed in wrinkles, so bent, shrivelled, and attenuated.

Nevertheless Aunt Becky was a wonderful specimen of activity for her age, which must have been near on to a hundred. She supported herself by cutting and sewing woollen strips for carpets, and in one little closet dozens of gay coloured balls laid waiting the manipulation of her skilful old fingers.

Nobody seemed to think of Aunt Becky's age, her step was so brisk, and her independence so notable. She swept her old cracked wooden floor every morning, made her own fire, in the act of which she used a pair of old-fashioned, wheezing bellows, and in her isolation from the common world was so content that she seldom had visitors.

"I's alone wid de Lord," was her favourite answer, whenever an attempt at condolence was made; and the smile that followed, proved also that she was very happy with the Lord.

One morning old Becky awoke with the sun, as usual, but in attempting to rise found that she was utterly helpless. Paralysis had attacked her poor withered limbs, and there was a doleful prospect before her, for nobody's work was due, and consequently she could not expect callers. The poor old creature's mind was as active as ever, while she laid there with the certainty of looking death in the face alone, unaided—hours, possibly days, of suffering from hunger and thirst before her. The daylight came faster and whiter; fortunately, the blinds near her bed were closed, and the aged face was not exposed to the rays of the sun. No voice to break that awful silence, no hand to perform offices of kindness; no power to bring water to the parched lips; no step to assure her that she was in the midst of human beings who cared for the humblest of Christ's children.

How she pictured the homes about her—the children laughing and eating, the women gathering the remains of the meal and throwing them with lavish hand to the

dog, or the house-cat, and she so hungry! What beautiful visions of water she saw—sparkling rivers in the country where, years before, she had worked as a slave—crystal fountains with maidens gathered around, holding pitchers beneath the sparkling drops. Wells, like that from which Rebecca drew, shone with a solemn kind of splendour in their deep depths, and by her side she seemed to see—how often!—the brown little gourd from which she had loved to drink when a little child.

Slowly the hours dragged on. There was no light when the day was done. The glittering eyes that looked helplessly up told their story of longing and suffering only to their Maker. The shadows crept over her as if to cover her, lovingly, and the Spirit of God came to that lonely room and comforted the trembling soul.

The third day had come and passed. Her minister, on his round of fortnightly visits, rapped at her door. There was no sound within; an air of neglect pervaded the premises where all was wont to be so thrifty. The good man felt troubled, and went some ways to talk with the neighbours about it. Suddenly they remembered that old Becky had not been seen for a few days. A forcible entrance was made, and the sad truth revealed.

Wonderful to relate, the poor old woman was still alive. Her eyes shone with an unnatural lustre. She knew her pastor.

Starved! the pinched gray face told all the story. She could take nothing now, and they watched sadly by her bedside.

Suddenly life re-animated the crumpled face, the lips parted, a wonderful beauty played over the shrunken features, and in a voice of very music, she cried out:—

"It's been a feast all the time. The table was here, and Christ was here, and de walls dey shone like gold, and de glory of de Lord was in de midst. An' dar raiment was white as silver; dar own blessed hands give me bread; de ole room was full of glory. Blessed Jesus! I's hungry no more; He give me wine to drink—take away all de sufferin', bless de Lord! hallelujah! It's been a feast all de time."

And with the smile of heaven shining on her face, she fell back. Happy dead! Her Lord had not forsaken her. The brightness of her countenance told that it was no hallucination. She had gone to Jesus.





ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA:

A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration.

A SEQUEL TO "THE DRAYTONS AND THE DAVENANTS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-GOTTA FAMILY."

III.

OLIVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

THE next morning, the 31st January, the nation awoke a Republic. The king had died "a traitor" (they said) "to the nation;" and in the space before his scaffold it had been proclaimed, that whoever presumed to call his son, Charles Stuart, king, was a traitor to the Commonwealth. It was a strange, dreary dawning. As I opened my casement and looked across the black frozen river to London Bridge, with its "Traitor's Gate" and the towers of Southwark rising above from the marshy flats beyond, to the one long cold bar of brazen light which parted the dark clouds on the horizon from the heavy vault of snow-clouds above, everything seemed hard and metallic—the heavens "iron and brass," the waters steel, the earth and her living creatures motionless, rigid, as if turned to stone.

What kind of a day was this to be? The king was dead; though the remains of the Westminster Assembly, and many of the Independent ministers, and well-nigh all the Parliament had protested against his execution, and well-nigh all the nation bewailed him. The king was dead. What authority had sentenced him? and what power was to rule in his place? Half, at least, of the nation looked on his death as a murder—but there was to be no mourning; the rest, as the terrible but victorious close of a terrible conflict—but there was to be no triumph.

No funeral pomp was to darken the streets that

day, as for a king slain. No triumphal procession was to make them festive, as for an enemy vanquished. It was to be a day without mark or sign; and yet since England was first one nation surely such a day had never dawned on her. "The first day of freedom, by God's blessing restored," said the Commonwealth coins; the first day of England's widowhood, said the Royalists, widowed and orphaned at one blow.

Yet there was no disorder, no interruption of employment. The sounds of day began to awake in the busy city, the cries of countrymen bringing their vegetables from the fields, the ringing of the hammer on a forge near our house, the calls of the bargemen and boatmen locked in by the ice; and then, as the day went on, all distinction of sound lost in the general hum, like the sound of many waters, which marks that a great city is awake and at work.

Looking westward, I could see the gardener sweeping the snow from the walks in the gardens behind Whitehall, as if no terrible black scaffold had that day to be taken down in front.

Yet, I suppose, in well-nigh every heart, man or woman's, in London that morning, the first conscious thought was, "the king is dead;" all the more because there were few lips that would have uttered the words.

"What are we to do to-day, Leonard?" I said, when we had breakfasted.

"Do! dear heart," quoth he; "it is not thy wont to need thy day's tasks set thee by any."

"Nay; but to-day seems like a work-day without work, and a Sabbath without services," I said.

"There will be a service," he replied. "The great Dr. Owen is to preach before the Parliament in St. Margaret's Church."

"The Parliament!" I said; thinking pitifully of the fifty members who still bore the name.

"You scarcely recognize the Rump as the Parliament," he said, answering my tone rather than my words.

"I scarce know what to recognize or reverence," I said. "I was wont in the old days at Netherby to think I had politics of my own, and would have belonged to the country-party by free choice, if all around me had deserted it. But since our own people have split and divided into so many sections, I begin to fear, after all, it was nought but a young maid's conceit in me to think I had any convictions of my own. Aunt Dorothy and the Presbyterians think the killing of the king a great crime; my father and the old Parliamentarians think the forcible purging of the Parliament a manifest tyranny; Roger and the army think these things but the necessary violence to introduce the new reign of justice and freedom. But I know not what to believe, or whom to follow. What is to come next? Who are to rule us? We must have some to honour and obey; if not the king, and if not the Parliament, then whom?"

"Sweet heart," said he, "if the government of the three kingdoms has been resting on thy shoulders, no wonder thou art cast down and weary. But thou and I are among the multitude who are to be governed, not among the few who govern. Let us be thankful, as good Mr. Baxter saith, for any government which suffers people to be as good as they are willing to be. And let us be willing to be as good as we can. That will give us enough to do."

"But," I said, "all these years we have been learning that the country is as a great mother who demands fidelity from her most insignificant child; that Liberty is no mere empty name for schoolboys to make orations about, and Law no mere confused heap of technicalities for lawyers to disentangle, but simple sacred realities mothers are to teach their children to reverence; that the glory and safety of a nation depends on their political rights being sacred household words. We have been taught to look to Jewish and Roman matrons as our examples. Are we to

unlearn all this now, and go back to the old saws we have been taught to think selfish and base; that politics are to be left to rulers, and laws to lawyers, and our liberties and rights to whoever will defend or trample on them?"

"Not go back, I think," he said gently, looking a little surprised at my vehemence; "only go deeper. Some precious rights, I believe, have been won. Let us use them. That is the best way to secure them. We are free to do what good we can, to unloose what burdens, and to hear and speak what good words we will. Let us use our freedom. No one can say how long it may last. This morning I must go to visit Newgate, and other gaols, in which there has been much sickness. For although the prisons are no longer filled by the Star Chamber, or the High Commission, they are unhappily still kept too well supplied by a tyrant more ancient and more universal than these. Moreover, Olive," he added, "there is still one sect not tolerated. The number of the imprisoned Quakers is increasing; and in Newgate there is one poor Quaker maiden whom I think thou mightest succour. A few days since thou wert desiring a maiden to wait on the babe. This Quaker maiden is a composed and gentle creature, and with kind treatment, such as she would have from thee, might, I think, be led into ways which seem to us more sober and rational."

My husband's words opened a prospect of abundant work before me. Already we had four washing-women of four different unpopular persuasions. And I would have preferred choosing a nurse for the babe, on account of her qualities as a serving-wench, rather than as a Confessor. Moreover, what he intended to be re-assuring in his description, alarmed me rather the more. For of all fanatics, I have found gentle fanatics the most incorrigible; and of all wilful persons, those who never "discompose" themselves, or put themselves wrong by losing their tempers, are certainly the most immovable. However, I repressed such selfish fears as quite unworthy of Leonard Antony's wife. And, accordingly, when he returned from the gaol, I was quite prepared to welcome the Quaker. And so I told him as we joined the sober throng who were going to hear Dr. Owen preach at "Margaret's" before the Parliament.

A scanty Parliament indeed! No Lords, and about fifty Commons; and among them scarce one of those whose words and deeds had made its early years so strong and glorious.

Hampden lay among his forefathers in the church of Great Hampden; Pym among the kings in Westminster Abbey. Denzil Hollis and Haselrigge had been expelled from it; old Mr. Pryane, who had been liberated by its first act, had vehemently denounced its last; even the young Sir Harry Vane had for the time deserted its austere counsels.

Nevertheless the congregation was great and grave. And when Dr. Owen spoke, he led our thoughts at once to spheres compared with whose sublime chronology the length of the longest Parliament is indeed but as a moment. He came of an ancient Welsh ancestry; his bearing had a courtly grace; his tall and stately figure had the ease and vigour of one used to manly exercises; his voice was well-tuned, as the tones of one who loved music as he did should be; his eyes were dark and keen.

To the death of the king on that dreadful yesterday he barely alluded. There was neither regret nor triumph in his discourse. His exhortations were addressed not to the vanquished, but to the victorious party. If he alluded at all to the oppressions and vices of the late government, it was in order to conjure those now in power not to tread in their steps. His text was: "Let them return unto thee; but return not thou unto them. And I will make thee unto this people a fenced brazen wall: and they shall fight against thee, but they shall not prevail against thee: for I am with thee to save thee and to deliver thee, saith the Lord."

God's judgments, he said, are a flaming sword turning every way. Not in one of these ways, but in all, He resists those who resist them. "How do we spend our thoughts to extricate ourselves from our present pressures! If this hedge, this pit were passed, we should have smooth ground to walk on; not considering that God can fill our safest paths with snares and serpents. Give us peace; give us wealth; give us to be as we were, with our own, in quietness. Poor creatures! suppose all these designs were in sincerity; yet if peace were, and wealth were,

and God were not, what would it avail you? In vain do you seek to stop the streams while the fountains are open; turn yourselves whither you will, bring yourselves into what condition you can, nothing but peace and reconciliation with the God of all these judgments can give you rest in the day of visitation. You see what variety of plagues are in His hand. Changing of condition will do no more to the avoiding of them, than a sick man turning himself from one side of the bed to another; during his turning he forgets his pain by striving to move; being laid down again he finds his condition the same as before.

"It was nothing new," he said, "for the instruments of God's greatest works to be the deepest objects of a professing people's cursings and revilings. *Men that under God deliver a kingdom may have the kingdom's curses for their pains.*

"Moses was rewarded for the deliverance of Israel from Korah by being told 'ye have killed the Lord's people.' Man's condemnation and God's absolution do not seldom meet on the same person for the same things. '*Bonus vir Caius Sejanus, sed malus quia Christianus.*' What precious men should many be, would they let go the work of God in their generation!

"Yet be tender towards fainters in difficult seasons. God's righteousness, His kindness, is like a great mountain easy to be seen. His judgments are like a great deep. Who can look into the bottom of the sea, or know what is done in the depths thereof? When first the confederacy was entered into by the Protestant princes against Charles V., Luther himself was bewildered.

"It is by a small handful, a few single persons—a Moses, a Samuel, two witnesses—He oft-times opposes the rage of a hardened multitude. His judgments oft-times are the giving up of a sinful people to a fruitless contending with their own deliverers, if ever they be delivered. God, indeed, cannot be the author of sin, for He can be the author of nothing but what hath being in itself (for He works as the fountain of beings). This sin hath not. It is an aberration. Man writes fair letters upon a wet paper, and they run all into one blot; not the skill of the scribe, but the defect in the paper, is the cause of the deformity. The first cause is the proper cause of a thing's being; but the second of its being

evil." Not, I understood him to mean, that sin is natural, but that the faculties of nature are perverted.

Then he fervently warned against fear of man, covetousness, ambition; against turning to "such ways as God hath blasted before our eyes, oppression, self-seeking, persecution."

And at the close he said, "All you that are the Lord's workmen, be always prepared for a storm. Be prepared. The wind blows; a storm may come."

Opinions about the sermon were various. On the whole I think it was hardly popular. Some said it was pitiless, that the harshest of his enemies would not have grudged one generous word for the fallen king. Others deemed it half-hearted, and declared that if John Knox, or one of the mighty men of old, had been in the pulpit, they would have made all true hearts thrill, and all false hearts tremble at the sentence of terrible justice just executed.

"What was thy mind about it, Olive?" my husband asked, when he, and Roger, and I had returned to the quiet of our little garden-parlour.

"I thought Dr. Owen very wise," I said, "in that he directed his discourse to those who were there to hear. I never could see the profit of denunciations of Popery addressed to those who hate it enough already; or of arguments addressed to Arminians who are not present to be crushed; or of railing at people who will not come to church, for the edification of those who do. It set me questioning myself whether God is indeed at work among us, and praying that if He is, none of us may mistake His hand."

"May it but have set every heart on the same questioning!" said Roger. "How can any call those words of Dr. Owen's an uncertain sound?" he added. "To me every tone was as clear as the trumpet-signals before a battle. God has sent you deliverance, has sent you a deliverer, he seemed to me to say, as Moses to Israel in bondage, as Luther to the Church in bondage. All depends on whether we acknowledge him—not, indeed, as to the Promised Land being reached at last, but everything as to when it is reached, everything as to our reaching it at all. Events seem to me constantly saying to us, '*If ye will receive it, this is Elias which was for to come.*'"

The revenges of the Commonwealth were few. Three Royalist noblemen beheaded without torture or insult in Palace Yard. As far as Oliver Cromwell's rule extended there was not one barbarous execution. Baiting was not a sport he encouraged, whether of bulls and bears or of men.

During the ten years of the Commonwealth, the pillory, the whipping-post, the torture-chamber, were scarcely once used, and not one Englishman suffered the savage punishment awarded to traitors.

It was difficult to see what most men had to complain of. Good men of every party but one, the Royalist Episcopal, were encouraged.

Nevertheless, from every party rose murmurs of discontent. Before the king had been executed four months, General Cromwell had to subdue opposition in the Parliament, the city, among the peasantry, in the army itself.

Roger grieved sorely at what he deemed the blindness of the people.

Mr. Baxter preached and wrote against General Cromwell and his measures, at Kidderminster, to Aunt Dorothy's heart's content, propounding twenty unanswerable queries to show why none should take the "Engagement to the Commonwealth now established without King or Lords," and having in reserve twenty other queries equally unanswerable.

Colonel Hutchinson, the Republican, forbore not to exhort and rebuke him, seeing, as Mistress Lucy, his stately wife, said, how "ambition had ulcerated his heart."

Colonel Rich, Commissary Staines, and Watson, made a design on his life. The Council would have punished, but the General pardoned them. Men in general were indeed moved by such generosity. But it could not "blind" the penetrating eyes of Mistress Lucy Hutchinson, or of Mr. Baxter. If Oliver did magnanimous deeds in public, it was "to court popularity;" if little kindly acts in private, it was "to cajole weak members." If his plans succeeded, it was a "favour of fortune." If his enemies were vanquished, it was because they were "slaves or puppets," whom he, with marvellous prescience, had "tempted to oppose him for the easy glory of knocking them down." If he pleaded with

almost a tearful tenderness against the coldness of old friends, it was "dissimulation;" if he sought to approve himself to good men, it was "because his own conscience was uneasy." If he disregarded their opinions, it was because he was "inflated with pride, or hardened to destruction."

Yet Roger thought much of this misapprehension would pass away. It was, he hoped, but the dimness natural to the twilight of this new dawn.

The greatest dangers to the new liberty, he thought, were from the hopes which it had created.

The first time this danger opened on me was from a conversation between Job Forster and Annis Nye.

The gentle Quaker maiden had been installed for some weeks as the nurse of baby Magdalene, who seemed to find a soothing spell in her still serene face, and quiet even voice.

As yet, no unusual or alarming symptoms had appeared in Annis, nothing to indicate her being capable of the offence for which it was said she had been cast into prison, which was that, one Sunday, she had confronted a well-known Presbyterian minister in his pulpit, at the conclusion of a sermon against "the Papal and Prelatical Antichrist," and in a calm and deliberate voice had denounced him in face of the indignant congregation as himself a "false priest," "hireling shepherd," and "minister of Antichrist."

Yet there was something in her different from any one I had yet seen. You could by no means be always sure of her responding to converse on good things; but when she did, it was like some one listening to a far-off heavenly voice and echoing it, and very beautiful often were the things she said.

Her neglect of ordinary gestures and titles of respect seemed in no way disrespectful in her. "Olive Antony" and "Leonard Antony" from her soft voice had more honour in them than titles at every breath from ordinary people, and when she called us "thou" and "thee," even the bad grammar which accompanied the custom had a kind of quaint grace from her lips. If asked her reasons for these customs she gave them. These customs were false, she said; a hollow compliance with the hollow world. The honour was rendered

universally, and therefore insincerely; and to call a single person "you" was an untruth which had "led to great depravation of manners." Having given these reasons, she never debated the point further; they satisfied her; if they did not satisfy you, she could not help it.

Occasionally there was inconvenience arising from the difficulty of knowing when any command might cross the non-observances she held sacred. Nevertheless, her presence had a kind of hallowing calm in it which compensated for much.

My husband had sympathy with her sect on account of their large thoughts of the love of God to mankind. And he said we ought to wait to see what portion of divine truth or church history it had been given to the Quakers to unfold, he sharing Mr. Milton's belief, that truth is found on earth but in fragments either in the world or the church. So, for the sake of my husband, and the free development of church history, and a growing love to the maid, I continued to accept from Annis such services as her conscience permitted, and to make up the deficiencies myself.

Job Forster, who, for Rachel's sake, had much reverence for feminine judgment, had frequent converse with Annis when he came to solace himself with our little Magdalene. For between him and the babe there was the fullest confidence and love, the little one never seeming more at home than in his brawny arms.

Job thought Annis "a woman of an understanding heart," and had hopes of reclaiming her from the error of her way. He did not for a long time discover that Annis was the most patient of listeners to his arguments simply as the Cornish cliffs are patient with the beat of the waves; and that when she "dealt softly" with him, it was not because she was convinced by his reasoning, but because she compassionated his blindness.

It was, therefore, with some surprise that I found him one April evening in 1649 listening with indignant gesticulations to Annis, as she stood, with clasped hands and eyes looking dreamily forward, repeating in a low monotonous voice, like a chant, the words,—

"Woe unto those that build with untempered mortar! Woe unto those that would build the temple of the Lord with the dust of the battle-

field! Woe to those who run to and fro and cry, Lo here! and Lo there! The kingdom of God cometh not with observation, not with observation. The kingdom of God is within you, within you, within!"

Her voice died away into a sigh, and I confess it moved me not a little.

But Job, on whom the words came in the heat of debate, was by no means calmed thereby.

"It is no fair fight, Mistress Olive," he said, appealing to me; "she does not know when she is beaten. Only yesterday, she quite gave in, and had never a word to say, and to-day it's all to be begun over again. It's them poor honest fellows down in Surrey she means, and it's a sin to cast up all those Bible texts at them as if they were blinded persecutors, instead of poor true men striving to hasten the coming of the Kingdom. Mistress Annis," he concluded, for there was something in her which compelled from others the titles she refused to any, "did I not give you chapter and verse until you had never a word to gainsay? Is it not written so plain, that he who runs may read, that the Jews are to go in and possess the land, and did I not show thee that the Saxons are the lost tribes, the descendants of the Jews?"

But Annis had meekly resumed her knitting, and simply said,—

"A concern was upon my spirit regarding thee. I have spoken; the rest belongs not to me. There is the Power and the Anointing. But these are not with me." And she relapsed into silence.

"That is her way, Mistress Olive," exclaimed Job, much ruffled. "You shall be judge if any rational discourse can proceed on such principles. You bring forth Scripture enough to silence a council of rabbis—to say nothing of reasons. She listens as patient as a lamb, has not a word to answer—and this is the end."

Annis made no defence, she only said,—

"I had hopes, Job Forster, thee had been reached. But it seemeth otherwise."

For if Annis heeded not the arguments of others, neither did she rely on her own. Her confidence was not on the power of her words, but on the Power in and with them. But this Job did not perceive.

"Reached!" he exclaimed, looking hopelessly

at me. "She speaks of me as if I were a babe in swaddling-clothes; and I old enough to be her grandfather."

"What was the matter in debate?" I asked.

"There was no debate!" said Job, still agitated. "Debates are only possible with people who are amenable to Scripture and reason. I was but speaking of the peasants at St. Margaret's Hill in Surrey, and the great work they are beginning there."

"What great work? Is there some great preacher risen among them?" I asked, thinking he meant some great work of conversion.

"There is a prophet among them, mistress," said Job solemnly, "by name Everard, once in the army. The work may seem small to the eye of flesh. As yet they are but thirty. But the Apostles were but twelve. And soon they may be thousands."

"But what is the work?" I said.

"Simple work enough," he replied mysteriously. "They began with digging the ground, and sowing beans therein."

"Surely none will gainsay them," I said, "if it is their own ground they are digging. But what is to come of beans except the bean-stalks?"

"It is not exactly their own ground," Job replied; "it is common-ground. And they invite all men to come and help them to make the barren land fruitful, and to restore the ancient community of the fruits of the earth, to distribute to the poor and needy, and to clothe the naked. Gospel words, Mistress Olive, and gospel deeds, let the Justices say what they may."

"The Justices interfered, then?" I said.

"Doubtless," he replied. "Justices do, in all the books of the martyrs I ever read. Justices are a stiff-necked race."

"And so it ended?" I said.

"So it began, Mistress Olive," Job replied mysteriously. "The country-people also were blinded, and two troops of horse were sent against them. They were brought before General Fairfax. Master Everard spoke up to him like a lion, and told him how the Saxon people were of the race of the Jews, how all the liberties of the people were lost by the coming of William the Conqueror, and how, ever since, the people of God had lived under tyranny worse than their forefathers in

Egypt. But that now the time of deliverance was come, and there had appeared to him a vision, saying, Arise, dig and plough the earth, and receive the fruits thereof, and restore the creation to its state before the curse."

"What does General Cromwell say?" I asked.

"He has not yet got the light," replied Job. "But his eyes will be opened, for he is of them that sigh and cry for the iniquities of the land. The light must be flashed a little stronger in his face, and he will see."

"But the General is taking away oppression; he has destroyed slavery," I said. "And there are so many curses, Job, besides the thistles and thorns. Yet even our Lord took them not away. How can these thirty countrymen hope to do it by sowing beans in the Surrey commons? Our Lord did not take hard things away. He changed them into blessings. The sweat of the brow, the thistles and all; even death."

"That is what I was trying to explain to Mistress Annis," replied Job. "There are the Two Kingdoms. One cometh not with observation; the other cometh like the lightning which lighteneth from one end of heaven to the other."

"But I do not see how digging up the Surrey sand-hills is like either," I said.

"No," said Job, shaking his head pitifully; "I daresay not, Mistress Olive. Others must do their part of the work first. There are the 'men as trees walking' and there is the 'shining more and more.' But I did think Mistress Annis would have had understanding. For these country folk were like to those she calls Friends. They would not take arms to defend themselves against the powers that be, but would wait and submit. And when asked why they did not take off their hats to General Fairfax, they said, Because he was their fellow-creature."

. But not even this orthodoxy as to hat-honour moved Annis.

"Not with observation," she said; "not in bean-fields, nor battle-fields, nor in king's palaces. Within you—within!"

Job rose, and gently laying little Magdalene in my arms, took his hat, and went away without further farewell.

"She will not see the Two Kingdoms," he murmured. "This generation will have to be roused

by louder voices. The foxes must be hunted with beagles of other make. Those who will not wake at the lark's singing will be startled when the trumpet peals. Five Monarchies," he added, turning to us from the threshold; "Two Kingdoms and Five Monarchies. Four have been, and are not. One is yet to come; cut out of the mountain without hands—to crush the remnants of the four and fill the world. Take heed that ye fail not of the signs of its coming."

Job's words made me uneasy. They seemed to betray a subterranean fire of wild hopes, and wild distrusts, and tumultuous purposes, which might burst up beneath our feet any day anywhere in a volcano of wilder deeds.

"What does Job mean," I said to my husband afterwards, "by his Fifth Monarchy and his Kingdom coming like the lightning, and his 'beagles to hunt foxes'?"

"He means precisely what is endangering the Commonwealth most of all at this moment," my husband said. "So many evils have been removed, that sanguine men think it is nothing but faint-heartedness in the leaders which suffers any to remain. Now that the Star Chamber and the persecutions are suppressed, they seem to think it is only Cromwell's half-heartedness that prevents the devil being suppressed also, instantly, with all his works. Now that fines and persecutions are swept away, and the laws which sanctioned them, and the men who made the laws, what, they think, is to hinder poverty being swept away, and unaccountable inequalities of station, and avarice, and luxury, and waste, and want, and all the old tangle of too much toil for some and too much idleness for others? But we must see after this. There are mischief-makers abroad. 'Free-born John Lilburn' is scattering fire-brands from his prison in the Tower, about England's 'new chains;' and we must not suffer Job Forster to be among his victims. To-morrow we will tell Roger of the danger, that he may counsel Job."

But on the morrow it was too late. In the night (the 26th of April) there was much stir in the city; sudden sharp alarms of trumpet and drum, and galloping to and fro of horsemen, not on parade.

A troop of Whalley's regiment, quartered at the

Bull Inn, Bishopsgate, mutinied; why, it was not clear, but with some vague intention of bringing in swiftly the thousand years of liberty and universal happiness.

General Cromwell and Lord Fairfax extinguished the fire for the time. Five ringleaders were seized and condemned, and out of them one, Sergeant Lockyer, was shot the next day in St. Paul's Churchyard.

They were practical times. It mattered very much what people's opinions were about prophecy, when they expressed them by insurrections and mutinies.

But, naturally, executions did not alter the convictions of the people who believed the propheta.

Of all the assemblies the old church and the houses round the churchyard had witnessed, I think there had scarce been a sadder than when young Trooper Lockyer was led out there to die. No crime was laid to his charge, but this unpardonable military crime of mutiny. He was but twenty-three. At sixteen he had joined the army of freedom, and had fought bravely in it seven years. Blameless and brave, all the fervour of his early manhood had burnt pure in aspirations for a Kingdom of God on earth, a free and holy nation, where the poor and needy should be judged and saved, and deceit and violence should cease, and the oppressor should be broken in pieces. And thousands with him had prayed for it by the camp-fires at night, and had fought for it on many battle-fields by day for seven years. And the poor and needy had been saved, and deceit and violence avenged, and many oppressors broken in pieces. The Bible had promised it, and with prayers and strong right arms they, the army of freedom, had done it. But the Bible promised more. One set of workers after another had been set aside, they thought, "as doing the work of the Lord deceitfully." *They* were prepared to do it thoroughly—to pray and fight on till every wrong in England was redressed, and every chain, new and old, was broken, till every valley should be exalted, and every mountain and hill should be laid low, when avarice and base hoards of gold, and ambition with its lordly palaces, should vanish, and every home in England should be a home of plenty and of well-rewarded toil; the praises of God going up from every holy city and happy

hill-side through the land, till the whole earth stopped to listen, and the thousand years of the better Eden began.

And for hopes such as these young Trooper Lockyer was led out to die; for carrying out a little too swiftly what all Christian men hoped to see; for "doing the Lord's work," "not deceitfully," but too hastily, at the wrong time, and not altogether in the right way.

There was nothing new to him in facing death. He stood to receive the fatal volley; and when he fell, the great crowd of men and women broke into bitter weeping and bewailed him.

That Saturday and Sunday were sad days in the city. There was a sense of hushed murmurs and tears all around us among the people. We knew the corpse was being solemnly watched night and day with prayers and weeping in the city. The death of the king, alone and gray-haired, had smitten the people with awe; the execution of this brave young soldier touched them with a passionate reverence and pity.

Nothing was to be seen of Job during those days. Roger had seen him once; but he looked gloomy, and would be drawn into no discourse. He was among the watchers over the dead, nursing wild hopes of the Fifth Kingdom, and bitter distrusts of those who hindered its coming.

On Monday the feeling of the people manifested itself in a solemn procession passing through the city to Westminster.

Ceremonial, funereal or festive, was so foreign to our Puritan people, that the few occasions on which the irrepressible feeling burst forth into such manifestation had a terrible reality.

A soldier's funeral is heart-stirring enough at any time; but to me, scarce any procession, before or since, seemed so moving as this which bore Trooper Lockyer to his grave in Westminster Churchyard.

There were none of the rich or great among them. First, a hundred men, five or six in file. Then the corpse of the poor brave youth, with the sword he had long used so well, stained now with blood, and beside it bundles of rosemary, also dipped in blood. Then the horse he had ridden to many battle-fields, moving uneasily under his heavy mourning draperies, and beside it six men pealing on six trumpets the soldier's knell. Be-

hind, thousands of men, marching slow and silent in order like soldiers. And after all a crowd of mourning women; all, men and women, with bunches of black or sea-green ribbon on their hats and breasts.

At Westminster they were met by thousands more, "of the better sort," it was said. And so the young man died, for trying to fulfil men's best hopes at a wrong time and in an impracticable way, and was buried, not without honour.

The crime was not one which moved men to vengeance. The doom was one which moved men much to pity.

So the fire went on spreading in the army. On May the 9th, the mutinous sea-green ribbons appeared among the soldiers at a review in Hyde Park.

General Cromwell with one of those speeches of his which critical gentlemen pronounced so confused, but which those to whom they were addressed found so plain, made the men in general understand that to be a soldier meant to obey commands. If they declined to obey, they should receive arrears of pay and be dismissed. If they decided still to be soldiers, they must obey, or suffer the penalties of martial law, under which they had put themselves.

I suppose his words told, as usual, for the sea-green ribbons disappeared, and no further mutiny followed in London.

Meantime Mr. John Lilburn, for whom General Cromwell had once pleaded with so vehement a passion when he was Mr. Prynne's servant in danger of the pillory and the whipping-posts, continued to disperse his incendiary pamphlets from the cell to which he had been committed in the Tower. And at length the news came that the conflagration had burst out in the army in three places at once, two hundred mutineers at Banbury, at Salisbury a thousand, in Gloucestershire more.

Job Forster had gone westward within those weeks with scarce a word of farewell to any. With a grave and glooming countenance, and avoiding all discourse. We feared sorely to hear that he was among the mutineers.

On Sunday May the 14th, Roger called to bid us farewell, ready booted and spurred to ride off with Fairfax and Cromwell and their troops for Salisbury, to quell the mutiny there.

It was an uneasy Sabbath for us who were left behind. John Lilburn was in the Tower, and somewhere around the Tower were dwelling the thousands of grave and determined men who had borne Trooper Lockyer to his grave scarce a fortnight before. And the only voice which seemed able to command the stormy waves was out of hearing, heartening his men on their rapid march through Hampshire towards Buckinghamshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire; as they tracked the mutineers northward till they came on them at midnight taking uneasy rest at Burford.

But London remained quiet, to all outward seeming. Whatever vows were being made in homes where the "Eikon Basilike" was being read secretly, with a passionate devotion, together with the proscribed liturgy, the hopes cherished were of a "blessed restoration" and "vengeance on bloody usurpers;" or, on the other hand, in homes where Trooper Lockyer was the martyr, and the hopes were of a speedy millennium with vengeance on all who hindered it,—they did not disturb the quiet of that Sabbath. Leonard and I went to the morning exercise in "Margaret's," and the preaching in the abbey, and Annis to her obscure meeting of Friends. And little Magdalene welcomed us back with crowings "significant" (we thought, as my Diary records), "of a remarkable vivacity of intelligence." And as in the evening we looked on the Lent-lilies and primroses Aunt Gretel had sent from Netherby, making the little garden behind the house faintly represent the woods and fields, it seemed to us that the city had even more than its usual Sabbath stillness, while we listened to the evening family psalm rising from the open lattices of many houses around us.

Yet all through that Sabbath-day those who were keeping the peace with their good swords for us, were chasing the mutineers from county to county and from town to town, making meanwhile such Sabbath melodies in their hearts as best they might.

The story of the pursuit I heard afterwards from Job. All through the Monday the chase went on.

"We thought to cross into Oxfordshire at Newbridge, and join our fellows at Banbury," said Job. "But they had been before us; the bridge

was guarded. We had to double and swim the river. By this time it grew dusk, and when we reached the little town of Burford on Monday evening it grew dark. At the entrance of the street we made a halt. Little welcome had we found at town or village. The name of him who was chasing us had been our shield and boast too long not to weigh against us now.

"For the first time these two days since first they came nigh us, we missed the tramp of the horse in pursuit. Some of us hoped they were off the scent. Others knew better than to think the General was to be baffled so. We knew his ways too well. But be that as it might we were fain to stay. The horses stumbled and would not be spurred further. We had crossed fifty miles of country that day, to say nothing of doublings. We turned the poor brutes out to grass in the meadows by the river, and, wet and weary as we were, turned in to get such sleep as we might.

"Running away is work that breaks the heart of man and beast, and Oliver had not used us to it.

"But as midnight boomed out from the tall old steeple, we found what the silence of the pursuers had meant.

"They had been lying quiet in ambush outside the town. On they came, clattering into the narrow streets, with the old cries we had joined in with them so long. It was enough to make any man's heart fail to have to go against the old watchwords, to which we had charged and rallied scores of times together. But worse than all was Oliver's voice. Few of us could stand that. It had been more than a thousand trumpets to us for years. A few desperate shots were fired, and all was over. We were caught and clapped up together to await the sentence. We went to sleep thinking we might yet be the Lord's handful to bring in the Millennium. We woke up and found we were nothing better than a lot of traitorous mutineers.

"Two days of waiting followed, and they finished the work for most of us. Some still braved it out, and talked of martyrdom, and of paving the way to the Kingdom with our corpses. But the greater part were downcast and heart-stricken, and in sore bewilderment of soul. We minded

Oliver's prayers before so many battles, and the cheer of his voice in the fight, and his thanksgivings afterwards; and how he had praised the Lord and praised us, and made as though he owed all to us, while we felt we owed all under God to him. We minded how he had never thought it beneath him to write up to Parliament to claim reward for any faithful service of any among us, and had never claimed honour or reward for himself. More than one among us minded how a glance from his eye singled us out, and had made our hearts swell like a public triumph, though not a soul saw it besides; how it had been enough reward for any toil to know that the General knew we had done our best. All of us had heard his cheery voice joining in joke and laugh, and more than one had heard it in low tones beside the dying, breathing words which could make a man brave to face the last enemy of all.

"And now his eyes had rested on us in grave displeasure, and grieved disappointment. He had thought we knew him, his sorrowful eyes had said; he had thought we could have trusted him to do the good work, and would have helped him in it.

"The Royalists hated him, good Mr. Baxter and the Presbyterians distrusted him, but he had thought we knew him!

"And so we did! And before those two days were over, there were many among us who have asked no better from him or from Heaven than that we might have one chance of following him to the field, and showing how faithful we could be to him again.

"So we came to the Thursday. The court-martial sat and gave sentence. Ten out of every hundred of us were doomed to die. We were taken up to a flat place on the roof of the old church to see our comrades shot in the churchyard and to abide our turn. Cornet Thompson came; he and his brother had been at the bottom of it, and he had no hope of pardon. But he spoke out bravely, and said that what befell him was just; God did not own the ways he went; he had offended the General; he asked the people to pray for him; he told the men who stood ready with loaded guns, when he should hold out his hands to do their duty. I suppose he gave the sign. I was too sick at heart to look. But the

valley came and he fell. Next came two corporals—made no sign of fear, said no word of repentance, looked the men in the face till they gave fire, and fell. Then came Cornet Dean—confessed he had done wrong, after a short pause received pardon from the generals. And so we, standing sentenced on the roof of the old church, waited what would befall us next.

"The shooting was over. Oliver had us called into the church. There he preached us a sermon none of us are like to forget. Not long, nor under many heads, but home to every heart. Some say the General is blundering in speech, and no man knows what he would say. *We* always knew. And all I know of the sermon that day, is that, blundering or not, he made us all feel we had blundered sorely as to the Almighty's purposes—blundered as to him. There was silence enough in the old church that day, but for the weeping. The sobs of men like some of ours are catching to listen to; Oliver's Ironsides are not too easily moved. But that day I believe we all wept together like children. We had lost our lives and we had them given back to us; we had lost our way in the wilderness and we had found it again. We had lost our leader and we had found him, and it will be hard if any noisy talker, free-born John Lilburn or other, tempt us to leave his lead again. We Ironsides are not going to use our Captain as the children of Israel used their Moses. Thank God, we have another chance given us, and we are ready to follow him to Ireland, or to the world's end.

"The General is breaking the chains fast enough, and opening the prisons, and breaking in pieces the oppressors. And God forbid we should hinder him again. And as to the millennium, the Lord must bring it about in His own way, and in His own time. I for one will never try to hurry the Almighty again, nor the General."

The Surrey labourers went home to sow beans in their master's fields. The army Levellers, after being sent for awhile to the Devizes, were restored to their own regiments, and were eager to prove their fidelity to General Cromwell by following him to the new campaign in Ireland.

It rejoiced me to hear that Dr. John Owen was going to Ireland as General Cromwell's chaplain. His strong calm words were such as were able to

move and to quiet men like the Ironsides, who were not to be stirred with zephyrs, or quieted with sweet murmurs as of a lady's lute;—words plain and strong as their own armour. The sound of a trumpet was in them, Job said, and the voice of words.

Often and often his words echoed back to me as we heard them before the Parliament in St. Margaret's, on the day of humiliation, the 28th of February.

"How is it that Jesus is in Ireland only as a lion staining all His garments with the blood of His enemies, and none to hold Him out as a lamb sprinkled with His own blood to His friends? Is it the sovereignty and interest of England that is alone to be there transacted? For my part, I see no further into the mystery of these things, but that I could heartily rejoice that, innocent blood being expiated, the Irish might enjoy Ireland so long as the moon endureth, so that Jesus Christ might possess the Irish. Is this to deal faithfully with the Lord Jesus—call Him out to the battle, and then keep away His crown? God hath been faithful in doing great things for you; be faithful in this one, do your utmost for the preaching of the gospel in Ireland." *

And again in the great sermon on the shaking of heaven and earth, on the 19th of April.

"The Lord requireth that in the great things He hath to accomplish in this generation all His should close with Him; that we be not sinfully bewildered in our own cares, fears, and follies, but that we may follow hard after God, and be upright in our generation.

"God does not care to set His people to work in the dark. They are the children of light, and they are no deeds of darkness which they have to do. He suits their light to their labour. The light of every age is the forerunner of the work of every age.

"Every age hath its peculiar work, hath its peculiar light. The peculiar light of this generation is the discovery which the Lord hath made to His people of the mystery of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny.

"The works of God are vocal-speaking works. They may be heard, and read, and understood.

* "On the Sinfulness of Staggering at the Promises."

Now what, I pray, are the works He is bringing forth upon the earth? What is He doing in our own and the neighbouring nations? Show me the potentate on earth that hath a peaceable molehill to build a habitation upon. Are not all the controversies, or most of them, that are now disputed in letters of blood among the nations somewhat of a distinct constitution from those formerly under debate? *those* tending thereof to the power and splendour of single persons, and *these* to the interest of the many. Is not the hand of the Lord in all this? Is not the voice of Christ in the midst of all this tumult? What speedy issue all this will be driven to, I know not: so much is to be done as requires a long space. Though a tower may be pulled down faster than it was set up, yet that which hath been building a thousand years is not like to go down in a thousand days.

"Let the professing people that are among us look well to themselves. 'The day is coming that will burn like an oven.' Dross will not stand this day. We have many a hypocrite yet to be uncased. Try and search your hearts; force not the Lord to lay you open to all.

"Be loose from all shaken things. You see the clouds return after the rain; one storm on the neck of another. 'Seeing that all these things must be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation?' Let your eyes be upwards, and your hearts be upwards, and your hands be upwards, that you be not moved at the passing away of shaken things. I could encourage you by the glorious issue of all these shakings, whose foretaste might be as marrow to your bones, though they should be appointed to consumption before the accomplishment of it.

"See the vanity and folly of such as labour to oppose the bringing of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus! Canst thou hinder the rain from falling? Canst thou stop the sun from rising? Surely with far more ease mayest thou stop the current and course of nature than the bringing in of the kingdom of Christ in righteousness and peace. Some are angry, some are troubled, some are in the dark, some full of revenge; but the truth is, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, Babylon shall fall, and all the glory of

the earth be stained, and the kingdoms become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ." *

On the 7th of June, Dr. Owen preached again at "Margaret's" before the Parliament, on the great thanksgiving day, when the city feasted the Parliament, and distributed £400 to feast the poor.

Aunt Gretel and my father, who had come up from Netherby, heard him, with us. About the same time, Annis Nye returned from one of the two "threshing-floors,"† where the "Friends" had been suffered publicly, by "searching words," to sift the chaff from the wheat; and a "prelatical" friend of ours came in to tell us of his having joined in the ancient Common Prayer at St. Peter's Church on Paul's wharf, and heard good Archbishop Ussher preach.

Whereon Aunt Gretel, who (believing far more in the power of light than in that of darkness) was ever wont to be seeing the clouds breaking, before others could, remarked to me,—

"Surely, sweet heart, the years of peace are already in sight. Quakers, Prelatists, and Puritans free to do what good they can in their different ways, what is that but the lion lying down with the lamb?"

"Ah, sister Gretel," said my father, "lions and lambs have lain down together in cages, with the keeper's eye on them, many a time before now, when they were well fed, and could not help it. It remains to be seen what they will do when the keeper's eye is removed. General Cromwell saith all sects cry for liberty when they are oppressed, but he never yet met with any that would allow it to any one else when they were in power."

And as we passed the kitchen door on our way upstairs, we heard sounds of scarcely millennial debate.

I am afraid Annis Nye had been taking a feminine advantage of the failure of her antagonist's cause to remind him how she had forewarned him. For Job was saying,—

"Convinced we are not to look for the Fifth Monarchy because we poor soldiers blundered about the ways and the times! As little as a man would be convinced the sun was never to rise

* "On the Shaking of Heaven and Earth."

† These two threshing-floors are first spoken of a few years later, in 1655.

because some idle watch-dog waked him up too soon by baying at the moon. Moved from the error of my ways ! Moved at farthest from the First of Thessalonians to the Second. Not a whit farther. But that folks should call themselves Friends of Truth, who are not to be brought round by chapter and verse, is a marvel. General Cromwell knows what he is about in letting such have their 'threshing-floors.' There are those that think another sort of threshing-floor might be best to sift such chaff away. Eden is before us, Mistress Annis ; before as well as behind. And the best Paradise is to come."

"The lion and the lamb are scarcely at peace yet, sister Gretel !" said my father.

But when we were all seated together in the parlour that evening, my father said,—

"How many hearts, like Job Forster's, have believed they saw the breaking of the dawn, which

was to usher in the golden age, when it was only the breaking forth of the moon from the clouds, or perhaps only the deepening of the darkness, which they thought must be the darkest hour preceding the dawn. The Thessalonians of old ; the early Church in her persecutions ; Gregory the Great at the breaking up of the Empire ; the Middle Ages in the year One Thousand, with a trembling expectation which led men, not indeed to sow beans on commons to make the whole earth fruitful, but to sow nothing, believing that earth's last harvest was at hand."

"Yet were they far wrong ?" said my husband. "The moonlight and the morning both draw their light from the sun. The dawn shows that he is coming, but all light worth the name testifies that he is. In the moon, which dimly lights our night, it is already day. So that the moonlight, in truth, is as sure a promise of the day as the dawn."

SIR S. BAKER ON THE NILE TRIBES.

THE mystery which hung so long over "the River of Egypt" has at last been completely dispelled. First, at the close of last century, Bruce discovered the source of the Blue Nile ; next, a few years ago, the fountain-head of one of the branches of the White Nile was reached by Captains Speke and Grant ; and now Sir Samuel Baker has finished the work, by tracing the other branch up to its spring in the great reservoir of the Albert N'yanza. What rendered the labour of exploration so great, and postponed the unveiling of the Nile sources to such a late period of the world's history, seems to have been not so much the distances which required to be travelled, nor yet the physical difficulties which had to be overcome, as the singularly impracticable character of the native tribes which occupied the country on the route. This idea is impressed upon us with very peculiar emphasis in the work of the traveller whom we have named last. If Sir Samuel Baker had not been gifted with extraordinary energy and perseverance, he would certainly have abandoned his purpose after a very short experience of journeying in the interior of Africa. His best laid plans fell to pieces ; his band of attendants melted away through cowardice and treachery ; and if he did not again and again pay the penalty of his rashness with his life, his safety was secured only by his own fearless bravery, and the unsleeping vigilance with which he watched for the faintest premonition of danger. Experiences like these were not likely, of course, to give a traveller a very kindly feeling toward the races which lay in his way ; and a generous estimate

of their character was perhaps hardly to have been expected under the circumstances. But Sir Samuel might at least have been just ; and it is questionable whether he has really been so. In any case, it is rather a painful fact that, in the last great African explorer we have one whose voice is given in favour of the modern anthropologists ; who regards the black race as a "variety" in the human family, as distinct from the white as the horse is from the ass ; and who looks on missionary efforts among the peoples who inhabit the banks of the White Nile as simply preposterous. It would be quite out of place here to follow the traveller through all his difficulties, or to describe the country which he, in the end, so successfully traversed. But it is quite in our way to take notice of his observations when his path crosses the course which we believe Christianity to be pursuing towards the subjugation of the whole world ; and we propose to glance through his volumes with the view of showing what is the real value of this new testimony on the side of scepticism, and in opposition to the spirit and teaching of evangelical religion.

And, first of all, there is no questioning the fact, that Baker was not, by any means, a perfectly candid witness to begin with. He very early shows such an animus against "Exeter Hall"—which is his symbol for that fanatical school of Christians which sympathizes with black people, and dreams of converting them—that we have no difficulty in making up our minds as to the position which he himself occupies, and the colour, so to speak, of the spectacles through which he is accustomed to look. If he had had any real faith in the

regenerating power of Christianity, and had been disposed to allow that those who sought to propagate it in savage countries might at least be animated by generous impulses, he would have spoken kindly of the missionary efforts which have been made, and sadly of the failure which, he says, has uniformly attended them. But he makes no attempt to disguise his contempt for the silly people who have tried to spread the religion of Jesus Christ over the region of the White Nile; and he uses a tone of scarcely concealed exultation when he has occasion, or takes occasion, to speak of the fruits which have followed from their labours. For instance, here is an extract from his very first chapter: "My black fellow Richarn, whom I had appointed corporal, will soon be reduced to the ranks; the animal is spoiled by sheer drink. Having been drunk every day in Khartoum, and now, being separated from his liquor, he is plunged into a black melancholy. . . . *This man is an illustration of missionary success.* He was brought up from boyhood at the Austrian Mission, and he is a genuine specimen of the average results. He told me a few days ago that he is no longer a Christian." Now, what shows unmistakably the animus here is this: *first*, that this sweeping judgment was pronounced at the very outset of his journey, and before he could have known very much at first-hand about the effects of missionary work in that region at all; and, *second*, that his summary condemnation of this poor "black fellow" was premature, and, as it turned out in the end, most unjust and mistaken. We do not know how Sir Samuel accounts for the apparent inconsistency; but it does seem to us a curious circumstance that, while his followers in general conducted themselves in a base, insubordinate, and treacherous manner, there were two who were striking exceptions to the rest; and these two were this very Richarn and a boy named Saat, who, like him, had been for some time under the influence of the missionaries. It may have been that these two faithful among the faithless had just better natural dispositions than the others; but, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, it is open to us to say, that the Christian teaching they had received had something to do with it; and, at any rate, in presenting Richarn as "an average specimen of missionary results," it would have been only fair to have spoken of him in that connection when he was loyally standing by his master, as well as when he was experiencing some of the horrors of the drunkard.

But perhaps Sir Samuel would object to the conclusion which his readers can scarcely help drawing—that he is unfriendly to missions in general. He will say that he approves of them when undertaken under hopeful conditions. And if the whole tendency of his book is to discourage the Christian Church from making any effort for the conversion of the Negro, he would have us seek the explanation of this, not in his own want of faith or interest in the gospel, but in the absolute incapacity of the black people to receive it.

The picture he draws of the native races is indeed

deplorable. "The people of the Kytch tribe," says he, for instance, "are mere apes, trusting entirely to the productions of nature for their subsistence. They will spend hours in digging out field-mice from their burrows, as we should for rabbits. They are the most pitiable set of savages that can be imagined. . . . So miserable are they that they devour both skins and bones of all dead animals. . . . I never pitied poor creatures more than these utterly destitute savages." Again: "I took the chief of Nuhr's portrait, as he sat in my cabin on the divan; of course he was delighted. He exhibited his wife's arms and back covered with jagged scars, in reply to my question as to the use of the spiked iron bracelet. Charming people are these poor blacks! as they are termed by English sympathisers; he was quite proud of having clawed his wife like a wild beast. In sober earnest, my monkey Wallady looks like a civilized being compared to these Nuhr savages." As this monkey figures frequently in the *Travels*, he receives the compliment of particular description, and, among other things, this is said about him: "He frequently took rough liberties with the blacks, for whom he had so great an aversion and contempt, that he would have got into sad trouble at Exeter Hall. Wallady had no idea of a naked savage being a man and a brother." And Wallady's master had a good deal of sympathy with him in that respect, as appears from the following memorandum in his Journal, of date April 10, 1863: "I wish the black sympathisers in England could see Africa's inmost heart as I do; much of their sympathy would subside. Human nature, viewed in its crude state as pictured among African savages, is quite on a level with that of the brute, and not to be compared with the noble character of the dog. There is neither gratitude, pity, love, nor self-denial; no idea of duty; no religion; but covetousness, ingratitude, selfishness, and cruelty. All are thieves, idle, envious, and ready to plunder and enslave their weaker neighbours." In short, the natives with whom he came into close contact were in such a state of degradation as, in his opinion, to be beyond the reach of any evangelistic enterprise; and he was confirmed in this conclusion by being himself a witness of the abandonment of a mission which had actually been tried. Herr Morlang, the head of the Austrian mission-station of St. Croix, "acknowledged with great feeling that the mission was absolutely useless among such savages; that he had worked with much zeal for many years, but that the natives were utterly impracticable. They were far below the brutes, as the latter show signs of affection to those who are kind to them; while the natives, on the contrary, are utterly obtuse to all feelings of gratitude. He described the people as lying and deceitful in a superlative degree."

Now this account is certainly an extremely disheartening one. While it shows most affectingly how much these lost races need the gospel—need it to make them better, wiser, and less miserable—it shows also how very serious

are the difficulties which lie in the way of their evangelization; and any church undertaking a mission in their country would, of course, proceed in its work with a due regard to these difficulties; as, for instance, it might think that its first business was to seek the abolition of the slave trade, or it might refuse to break ground until it had found agents who could not merely preach and teach, but who could introduce among the starving barbarians such of the arts as might sensibly improve their physical and social condition. But Sir Samuel Baker goes much further than this. He is not content with saying that the work is so unhopeful that we must think well before we enter on it, he affirms, in so many words, that it is so hopeless, that it is madness to think of entering on it at all.

And the real reason of his despair comes out afterwards very clearly. He is of opinion that the Negro has not merely sunk deeper in the pit of social degradation than the worst of the white races, but that he is a "variety" of the human family, of so low an order, that his elevation to our level is not to be expected or thought of. "So great a difference of opinion has ever existed upon the intrinsic value of the Negro," says he, "that the very perplexity of the question is a proof that he is altogether a distinct variety. So long as it is generally considered that the Negro and the white man are to be governed by the same laws and guided by the same management, so long will the former remain a thorn in the side of every community to which he may unhappily belong. When the horse and the ass shall be found to match in double harness, the white man and the African black will pull together under the same regime. It is the grand error of equalizing that which is unequal, that has lowered the Negro character, and made the black man a reproach." There is no misunderstanding the drift of this complaint. Let us not expect anything that is unreasonable from these poor savages. Something is capable of being made of them: but the tiger cannot be made to eat straw like the ox, the lion cannot be turned into the lamb, and no more can the Negro race be forced to transcend their natures and become Christians—or brethren in Christ—like us the good people of England! The blacks probably inhabited the interior of Africa long before the garden of Eden was planted, or Asiatic Adam became the progenitor of a new and lighter variety of the genus *Homo*; or, if their origin is less ancient, they are unquestionably of an independent race, which is not Adamic! And such being the case, the good news which the Bible tells can have no interest for them, and a Christian missionary could benefit them only incidentally. It is really on this ground, and not on the ground that the natives whom he met were morally beyond the reach of Christianity, that Baker scents at the idea of attempting their evangelization.

Now this is not the place to discuss the question of the unity of the human race, but by way of showing that the evidence relating to that question collected by Sir

Samuel himself scarcely bears out his own theory, we shall refer to one or two of the admissions which he makes in his book in regard to the Negro character. In the first place there no doubt lies a good deal under this naïve entry in his journal: "I cannot help thinking that the conduct of the natives depends much upon that of the traveller." Again he says: "In his savage home what is the African? certainly bad; but not so bad as white men would, I believe, be under similar circumstances. He is acted upon by the bad passions inherent in human nature, but there is no exaggerated vice such as is found in civilized countries." In a succeeding paragraph he qualifies these admissions by speaking depreciatingly of the Negro intellect: "In childhood I believe the Negro to be in advance, in intellectual quickness, of the white child of a similar age, but the mind does not expand: it promises fruit, but does not ripen; and the Negro man has grown in body, but has not advanced in intellect." The puppy of three months old is superior in intellect to a child of the same age, but the mind of the child expands, while that of the dog has arrived at its limit." Sir Samuel, however, is not always careful about being consistent with himself, and the report which he gives of a conversation which he had on one occasion with a native chief slightly militates against the perfect appositeness of the happy illustration which he uses. The chief did not believe in the resurrection of the body nor even in the immortality of the soul; but considering that Greek philosophers had in their day doubts about both, it is not very surprising that a recent traveller found a savage warrior as far back on the banks of the White Nile; and apart from that, one cannot help feeling that the African controversialist showed quite as much ability in the conduct of the argument as his Caucasian interlocutor. That man, for example, had a tolerably acute intellect who, in reply to the argument for a resurrection from the death of the corn-seed and the after-growth of the stalk, reasoned in this way: "Exactly so; that I understand. But the original grain does *not* rise again: it rots like the dead man and is ended, the fruit produced is not the same grain that we buried, but the production of that grain; so it is with man—I die, and decay, and am ended, but my children grow up, like the fruit of the grain. Some men have no children, and some grains perish without fruit; then all are ended."

Baker says, that after this he was obliged to change the subject of conversation—the reply convincing him that "in this wild naked savage there was not even a superstition upon which to found a religious feeling." But everybody will not agree with him that he had any just ground for coming to such a conclusion from the premises. Perhaps it would be hard to hint that he felt he had the worst of the argument, but, in any case, the answer can in our judgment be held to prove nothing except that the intellect of the black man was, in its own place, quite as keen as that of the white. As, then, we are entitled to assume that what one man of the race actually was,

others must be capable of becoming, it seems to us that Sir Samuel does much in his narrative of this conversation to undermine the theory of the essential inferiority of the Negro race, which he is elsewhere at such pains to establish.

We cannot help thinking, too, that he has no sufficient ground for asserting that the native tribes in interior Africa have no religion. His acquaintance with them was, after all, not very intimate, and there may be superstitions among them of whose existence he was not in circumstances to become aware. That they have some idea of the supernatural seems certain from the fact that they place faith in sorcery, and imagine that there are men on whom the power has somehow been bestowed of making rain or withholding it. This of itself shows that their views are not so grossly and exclusively material as Sir Samuel would have us believe; and there are other reasons which might well make us pause before accepting his sweeping descriptions of their utter god-

lessness. At the same time, even although we were to admit the very worst of Baker's pictures, there would be no necessity for adopting his conclusions. Seeing how soon the *true* idea of God dies out of men's minds when they depart from him, there is no difficulty in understanding how in the course of time the idea of God should wear away from men's minds in certain circumstances altogether. But that the black man as well as the white can be recovered—that he can be recreated in the image of God—has been proved beyond all possibility of dispute, and we have little doubt that although among those ethnologists who are already convinced that Adam was not the progenitor of the whole human family this new witness has been welcomed as giving an air of certainty to their previous convictions, his narrative, among the friends of evangelical religion, will only lead to the awakening of a compassionate interest in the natives of the Nile region, and perhaps ultimately in the organization of a wise scheme for their conversion.

N. L. W.

Sketches of Church History.

THE LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

"The glorious company of the apostles, praise Thee."



Closing the Acts of the Apostles, the student of Church history feels like one who suddenly passes from a brilliantly lighted room into a dark corridor. At first scarcely any object is discernible, and it is difficult even to discover in what direction his path should lead. But soon his eyes become accustomed to the darkness, which proves eventually by no means so utter as it appeared. Here and there some form or fact becomes visible, rewarding his anxious scrutiny. And though the forms may look dim and shadowy, and a degree of uncertainty which no research can dispel may hang over the facts, yet there remains enough of what is interesting and tolerably authentic to repay the pains of persevering investigation.

It is natural that we should feel a deep interest in following the history of those privileged men who, "from the beginning, were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word." A peculiar glory surrounds those venerable names, familiar to our ears from childhood, and associated with our earliest lessons of the story of Him on whom our hopes are resting. To "the twelve," our Lord himself specially entrusted the planting of his

Church; and by tracing as far as we may their missionary course, we shall best form some conception of how the "grain of mustard-seed" germinated and expanded, taking root downwards and sending forth its tender shoots above the soil. For the beginnings of life are usually veiled in mystery; and only here and there, and often very partially, are we permitted to glance within the veil.

For many reasons, the Church of Jerusalem claims our consideration in the first place. The chief object of the inspired historian being to chronicle the labours and sufferings of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, in the Acts of the Apostles the mother-church is, after the early chapters, only incidentally mentioned. In the twelfth chapter we read of a persecution which arose there about A.D. 44, and one brief verse records the fate of the first of the apostles who won the martyr's crown. Herod "killed James the brother of John with the sword;" by this act of cruelty hastening to the far higher enjoyment of being with Him where he is, one who during the days of our Lord's humanity had enjoyed much of his familiar and affectionate intercourse. Eusebius narrates, after Clement, an anecdote of this apostle, which may

possibly be true or founded upon fact. He says that the man who led him to the judgment-seat, and accused him as a follower of Christ, was so moved by his testimony to the faith that he also confessed himself a Christian. "Both, therefore, were led away to die. On their way, he entreated James to be forgiven of him, and James, considering a little, replied, 'Peace be to thee,' and kissed him; and then both were beheaded at the same time." In this story the repentance of the accuser, and the forgiveness of the apostle, are simple and not improbable circumstances; but the conversion and martyrdom of the man appear so sudden as to lend an air of fable to the whole. Whether this, however, be true or not, it is remarkable that of the two sons of Zebedee, to whom our Lord said, "Ye shall indeed drink of my cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with," one was called thus early to pass into his presence through the gate of martyrdom, the other left upon earth—the last of all the apostles—to glorify him through a long life of labour and suffering, closed by a natural death in extreme old age. The lesson is surely a comforting one for those appointed to tread the paths of ordinary Christian life. Christ's "cup" and Christ's "baptism" are not the exclusive privilege of any class in his Church, however deeply tried or highly honoured; and there are crowns of victory laid up for others beside the noble army of martyrs.

Shortly after this period, or, as some say, before it, the local superintendence of the Church of Jerusalem seems to have devolved upon the other James, who is styled in Scripture "the brother of the Lord." The Jews, however, were in the habit of calling near relatives "brethren," and in this instance it is probable that James and his brothers—"Simon, and Joseas, and Juda"—were our Lord's cousins, children of his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleopas. It is not certain whether this James was the same person as the apostle called James, the son of Alphaeus,* or James the Less, but it seems on the whole the most probable opinion. At all events we can scarcely be wrong in styling him an apostle whom St. Paul dignifies with that name. (See Galatians i. 19.)

While, therefore, the other apostles undertook missionary journeys into distant countries, James remained stationary at Jerusalem, watching over the concerns of the Church in that city and its neighbourhood. It is recorded that he won the respect, not of the Christians only, but also of the unbelieving Jews, by the singular holiness of his character. On this account, his countrymen universally called him James the Just, or Justus. He is said not only to have continued the ceremonial observances of the law of Moses (as indeed was the practice of nearly all the Jewish Christians), but to have been a strict Nazarite. He led a life of great austerity and self-denial, and was much in prayer, often resorting alone to the temple to implore the divine forgiveness for the sins of his people. Next after loyalty to his Master, a sincere and ardent patriotism was the ruling principle of his soul; and we doubt not that the sin of his countrymen in the continued rejection of the Messiah, with the anticipation of the awful judgments impending over them, imparted that gloom and sombreness to his character which showed itself even in his dress and demeanour. His brief epistle "to the twelve tribes scattered abroad" (which is undoubtedly to be regarded as genuine and inspired), is full of sharp rebukes and emphatic warnings, breathed doubtless as the Spirit gave him utterance, but probably also in entire accordance with the prevailing tone of his own mind. The same may be said of the plain practical lessons, and the direct appeals to the conscience of the sinner, with which the epistle abounds.

But James the Just did not live to see the evil day that was about to come upon his unhappy nation. Like others of the apostles, he was privileged to lay down his life in the service of his Master. His success in persuading many of the Jews to receive Jesus as their Messiah exasperated against him the Pharisees, and the High-priest Ananias more especially; but the general veneration in which his character was held, made them desire by any means to gain him over to their side, rather than to destroy him. Having apprehended him, therefore, during the feast of the Passover (A.D. 62), it is said that they brought him to the top of one of the wings of the temple, and commanded him to harangue

* Alphaeus and Cleopas were, very probably, different names for the same person.

the people from thence, and to dissuade them from believing in Christ. As might have been expected, he seized the opportunity to bear a public testimony to his Lord. "Why do you ask me respecting Jesus, the Son of man?" he cried with a loud voice. "He is now sitting in the heavens, on the right hand of great power, and is about to come in the clouds of heaven."

A portion of the crowd, who were well affected to the faith, responded with the shout, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" But the Pharisees, in the rage of their disappointment, commanded that James should be thrown from the wing of the temple, and stoned.

He survived the fall, and raising himself to his knees, began to pray, "I entreat thee, O Lord God and Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Those around were about to stone him, when a priest, one of the ancient family of the Rechabites, interposed: "Cease," he cried; "what are you doing! The just man is praying for you." But immediately afterwards a fuller, who was present, struck the apostle with his club, and slew him.

Josephus, the Jewish historian, narrates that the High-priest Ananias, at whose instigation this cruelty was committed, was deposed from his office on that account by King Agrippa; and in another passage he bears a remarkable testimony to the character of the apostle, saying that the miseries attendant upon the siege of Jerusalem "happened to the Jews to avenge James the Just, the brother of him that is called Christ, whom the Jews had slain, notwithstanding his pre-eminent justice."

Of several among the other apostles little is known to us. According to tradition, Thomas preached the gospel in Parthia and India: the Persian church claimed him for its founder, as did also the native church at Malabar. The name of this apostle is likewise connected with the strange story of the introduction of Christianity into the city and state of Edessa, situated on the eastern bank of the Euphrates. Agbar, king of Edessa, is said to have heard of the Saviour's wonderful works, and to have had sufficient faith in his divine mission to invite him to his court,

desiring his interposition for the cure of a disease from which he had suffered a long time. Eusebius gives at length a letter said to have been written by him to Christ, as also the supposed reply of our Saviour, wherein he promises to send one of his disciples to heal and to instruct him. There is not now any doubt among those capable of judging, that both letters are forgeries. That ascribed to the Saviour is "utterly unworthy of him." Brief as it is (containing in fact only five sentences, and these borrowed in part from the Gospels), it is easily discernible that the words are not the words of Him who spake as never man spake; neither are they such as in all ages have penetrated to the hearts of the faithful. Every effort to ascribe to the Saviour words other than those spoken by him has signally failed. The words of Christ witness to his divinity, even as his works—they are simple that a child may understand, yet inexhaustible in depth. Such have not been invented, and may not be imitated; and the Church has generally been true to her instincts in treating all attempts at imitation under the impress of his name with the contempt they deserve.

The story, however, as told, says that the apostle Thomas, after our Lord's ascension, sent Thaddeus, one of the seventy, to Edessa, to heal the sick and to preach the gospel. His mission was successful; the king and others were cured of their diseases, and gladly embraced the faith of Christ. A church was founded; and it is said that the apostle Thomas afterwards supplemented the work of Thaddeus by his personal labours. This may be the only true part of the story; for the church of Edessa, at a comparatively early date certainly a large and flourishing one, claimed him as its founder, and his tomb was shown in the city as early as the fourth century.

Bartholomew is said to have preached in India and Arabia, Andrew in Scythia, Matthew in Ethiopia. The flourishing church of Alexandria, claimed as her founder Mark the Evangelist, the companion and interpreter of Peter; and that of Milan, Barnabas. No authentic history relates the martyrdom of any of these, though there are an abundance of legends to that effect, more or less absurd and incredible. Of Matthias and Simon Zelotes nothing is known.

Judas, the brother, or rather cousin of our Lord, is said to have laboured diligently as an evangelist, but it is not known to what countries he travelled. Paul probably alludes to him when he asks, "Have we not power to lead about a sister, a wife—as the brethren of the Lord?" He was certainly married and left descendants; and it is generally believed that he wrote the epistle which bears his name, and that he survived all the other apostles except John. Of Philip little is known, except that he also lived to an advanced age, and that he died at Hierapolis in Phrygia, leaving a family of daughters. But it is difficult to distinguish between the apostle and the deacon of the same name.

There still remain to be noticed three illustrious names, the most distinguished of all the apostles, and the types of marked varieties, both of natural and Christian character—the ardent Peter, the gifted and energetic Paul, and John the beloved, and therefore pre-eminently the loving disciple.

Tradition asserts that Peter presided for seven years over the important church of Antioch; and that after that period, leaving a person named Eudias as his substitute in Antioch, he undertook a missionary journey into Parthia and other countries of the East. It is certain he was never bishop of Rome; but we need not hesitate to admit that he visited that city, and co-operated with Paul in regulating the affairs of the infant Roman church. He is said to have returned thither again after an absence of some years, and during this last visit to have a second time confronted and exposed the celebrated heretic Simon Magus, the father of the Gnostics. This was about the year 64 A.D., when the cruel tyrant Nero had just begun to persecute the Christians. And now the venerable apostle fulfilled the prediction of his Lord, that he who had three times denied him should yet confess him fearlessly before men, and glorify his name by a death like his own. There is no reason to doubt the truth of the well-known tradition, that Peter was condemned to be crucified, and at his own request suffered with his head downwards, not deeming himself worthy of a nearer approach to the manner of his Lord's death. It is added that he saw his wife led out before him to martyrdom, and that he testified great joy at her steadfastness, and encouraged her

to persevere, calling her by her name, and bidding her "Remember the Lord."

About the same time—some say the same day—he who styles himself the least, but whom the general voice of the Christian Church would probably style the greatest, of all the apostles, ended his long labours in his Master's service, and went to receive the "crown of righteousness" he so joyfully anticipated. After the imprisonment of two years recorded in the last chapter of the Acts, St. Paul appears to have been set at liberty, and to have continued his missionary labours with the same indefatigable zeal as before. It is said that he visited "the extremities of the West," an expression probably denoting Spain, but interpreted by some to mean Gaul, or even Britain. It is right, however, to add that there is no historical evidence of the truth of the legend which claims him as the founder of the Church in our island. He certainly returned to Rome during the period of Nero's persecution, and was soon apprehended and thrown into prison. He was permitted, it is said, to make a public defence, but Nero was little likely to be impressed, either by the eloquence of the apostle or by the solemnity of the truths he announced. He was condemned to die; and, as a Roman citizen, he was beheaded, not crucified or burned. As early as the third century his grave was shown on the road leading to Ostia, while Peter is said to have been buried on the hill of the Vatican.

We know very little either of the personal history of John, or of his missionary labours, until the later years of his life, when he settled in Ephesus. He seems to have presided not only over the churches in that city and its neighbourhood, but over those of Asia Minor generally; and to have been very active and vigilant in guarding the purity of the faith and opposing the errors of the Gnostics. He was a sufferer in the general persecution of the Christians under Domitian. It was said, as early as the second century, that he was sent to Rome, and there plunged into a vessel of boiling oil, but that by a miracle he escaped unhurt. This story is now generally disbelieved; yet the alleged miraculous interposition is surely not enough in itself to throw discredit upon it, as we have no reason to suppose that miracles had ceased in the Church at this period.

It would seem, indeed, that the extraordinary powers bestowed by our Saviour upon his followers were withdrawn very gradually, in proportion as their purpose was accomplished and they became unnecessary; and we have ample evidence that this withdrawal was not complete until an era considerably later than that of which we are speaking. However this may be, it is the generally received opinion that in this persecution the apostle was banished to the desolate island of Patmos, where the sublime vision that completes the canon of Scripture was vouchsafed to him.

On the death of Domitian he was permitted to return to Ephesus, where he spent the remaining years of his life. It was probably at this period that he wrote his gospel and the three epistles that bear his name. The other three gospels had been in circulation for years before, and that of John was evidently intended to supplement them, and also to bear testimony against the Gnostic heresies, which were very widely diffused throughout the eastern countries. Two or three interesting anecdotes of the apostle have come down to us. It is said that in one of his visits to the neighbouring churches, whither he was wont to travel that he might ordain elders, edify the faithful, and set all things in order, he was singularly attracted by a fine youth present in the congregation, whose open and beautiful countenance seemed the index of an ardent and ingenuous mind. After his other work was done, he addressed the ruling presbyter, or bishop, and solemnly commended the youth to his care in the name of the Church and of Christ. The presbyter accepted the charge, and John returned home. Some years elapsed before he revisited the place. When he did so, after arranging the matters that specially called for his interference, he said to the presbyter, "I pray thee, return the deposit I and Christ committed to thee in presence of the Church."

The presbyter at first did not understand him, but when the apostle added, "I demand from thee the soul of a brother, the young man whom I committed to thy care," he showed extreme distress, and at length answered him with tears, "He is dead."

"How, and in what manner?" asked the apostle.

"He is dead to God," exclaimed the weeping presbyter. He then related that, in fulfilment of his promise, he had taken the boy to his own home, carefully trained and educated him, and at length admitted him to Christian baptism. Conceiving that his character was now formed, and perhaps also (which may have been a premonitory symptom of the superstition of later ages) that his salvation was secured by the ordinance, he thought himself justified in leaving him to his own guidance from that time. Through this neglect the young man became entangled with evil companions, who not only induced him to forsake the Church, but led him step by step into every kind of dissipation and vice. The ardour of his nature made him foremost in wickedness, as he might have been eminent in virtue. At last he committed some crime against the laws of his country, and growing desperate under the impression that his character was gone for ever and his life in danger, he drew together a band of reckless youths, with whom he took refuge in the mountains, where he soon signalized himself as a robber chieftain by his deeds of blood and violence.

The apostle heard this story with signs of the liveliest sorrow. "I left a fine keeper of a brother's soul," he cried, rending his garments in true eastern style. But his emotion did not expend itself in idle lamentations; for he loved "not in word, but in deed and in truth." "Let a horse be got for me immediately, and a guide to the mountains," he said.

No persuasions could deter him from his purpose; he performed the hazardous and difficult journey, and as he expected and intended, was made prisoner by the robbers. He demanded to be led at once to their captain, who proved to be in very deed, the young man he had come to seek. But on recognizing the apostle, the robber, overcome with shame and remorse, turned to flee. The venerable apostle followed, and with loving words and gestures sought to persuade him that there was still forgiveness for him. And at last his love won the victory; the young robber threw himself into his arms, and with passionate tears and lamentations poured forth the history of his life, confessed his sins, and implored mercy. The apostle assured him that Christ would pardon

him. He then kneeled down and prayed for him, and, in token of full forgiveness, even kissed the right hand that had been stained with blood. Afterwards, he brought the young man home, and having satisfied himself of the genuine character of his repentance, and strengthened him in the faith by many prayers and admonitions, he finally restored him to the Church. There is little reason to doubt the substantial truth of this story, which forms such a beautiful commentary upon the apostle's own favourite lesson of love.

Another anecdote, told of him by Irenæus on the authority of Polycarp, his disciple, will not probably be so acceptable to the generality of readers. One of the false teachers he was obliged to oppose at Ephesus, a Jew named Cerinthus, taught a species of Gnosticism, having little in common with the principles of the Christian faith. He is also said to have been a man of grossly immoral life, though this has been disputed. There is, however, no doubt either of the tendency of his doctrines, or of the character of many of his followers. We are told that upon a day when the apostle entered one of the public baths of the city, being informed that Cerinthus was there, he hastily quitted the place, calling upon the friends who accompanied him to leave also, "lest," said he, "the bath should fall upon us while Cerinthus, the enemy of the truth, is within." We find nothing inconsistent with the character of the loving apostle in the horror, thus strongly expressed, of what he considered dishonouring to his Lord and Master. For there is a kind of indignation which is only love under another aspect. Love—or zeal, which is love in motion—like fire, can burn as well as warm and cheer, and like fire is terrible to whatever opposes itself to it. Well would it be if, in these days of indifference, we kept this more in mind. What between our boasted toleration and liberality, and our perhaps unavoidable familiarity with many different forms of thought and opinion, we are fast losing the power to condemn or abhor anything with the whole force of our souls, and both Christian character and manly virtue suffer from the loss. The admonition is much needed and often for-

gotten by us, "Oh, ye that love the Lord, *see that ye hate* the thing that is evil." Only, let us take care that our hatred of that which is evil, is in truth the love of that which is good reversed. It was the apostle who sought the lost sheep amongst the mountains at the peril of his life that fled in horror from the heretic. The two incidents stand side by side for our instruction. Let us learn the lesson they teach; taking however for our model, rather even than an inspired apostle, Him who rebuked the Pharisees in words of thunder, but prayed on the cross for his murderers.

The life of the apostle John was prolonged until within two years of the close of the first century of the Christian era. He witnessed two persecutions of the Church by the heathen, and died in the reign of Trajan, a little before the commencement of the third. It is recorded of him that towards the close of life, when unable through age and infirmity to walk to the assemblies of the Christians, he was wont to be carried thither by his disciples, and there, with feeble faltering voice, to repeat often the short and simple exhortation, "Little children, love one another." And when asked why he constantly said the same thing to them, he answered, "Because it is the Lord's commandment, and if this only be done it is sufficient."

Leaving this appropriate legacy to His Church, the disciple whom Jesus loved passed away from earth, the last of his apostles, and well nigh the last of all the generation that had seen the Lord's face in the flesh. Before the time of his departure, the Word of God was widely spread abroad. Through the agency of the apostles and others, the gospel had been preached in most of the countries of the "world," as it was then known—not only within the limits of the Roman Empire, but beyond it, amongst many of the nations called "barbarous." Multitudes, there is reason to think, believed and embraced the truth; but the faith of many was destined to be tried with fire, and "some of them of understanding" were to fall, "to try them, and to purge, and to make them white, even unto the time of the end."

D. A.



THE DECEIVABLENESS OF UNRIGHTEOUSNESS.



HAT is a very solemn truth about ourselves which God's word teaches us, that not only are our hearts by nature *deceitful* above all things, but *deceivable* above all things as well. "Deceiving and being deceived" is the characteristic of the evil heart as well as of evil men. This is the only key to what otherwise would be so perplexing, namely, the multitude of strange delusions to which even earnest and sincere minds are subject; the ready reception all manner of errors about divine things meets with in the world. We say, errors about divine things, for it is not with regard to natural but to spiritual truths, that fallen man's understanding has received so fatal a warp. The Bible alone lets us into the secret cause of this, showing us how a guilty conscience and perverted affections, alienating us from the God of truth, have blinded our minds and darkened our understandings, and made us such fools in spiritual things that we are ever ready to believe a lie. "A deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?"

How plainly did he who is the Truth set forth this when he dwelt among us: "Light hath come into the world, but men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." "Why do ye not understand my speech? even because ye cannot hear my word. Ye are of your father the devil; there is no truth in him; he is a liar and the father of it; and because I tell the truth, ye believe me not; the lusts of your father ye will do." "Ye seek to kill me, because my word hath no place in you. I speak that which I have seen with my Father: and ye do that which you have seen with your father. He that is of God heareth God's words: ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God."

The lusts of the flesh and of the mind—deceitful lusts as they are elsewhere called—turn men aside after folly. Because they have "pleasure in unrighteousness" is the real reason why men receive not "*the love of the truth*." That is a remarkable expression. It is not simply the truth, but the love of it, that they reject; and so we find that where men have not been able to shut out the truth from their minds (intellectually), but have held it in unrighteousness, either the conscience becomes hopelessly seared and corrupt, or they succeed in veiling and changing the truth into something more in accordance with their own desires. It is easy to believe what we wish to believe, and it is an awful proof of the power of sin's deceit, when truths disliked and resisted take in our minds the mould into which we wish them cast. Many a so-called sincere man is quite sincere in believing a lie, and deeply in earnest under its influence; but

all his earnestness and sincerity can make it nothing else than what it is—a lie, and therefore devilish. Of such Paul speaks when he says: "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after *their own lusts* shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables:" and because they prefer fables to the truth, "God shall send them strong delusion (literally, the effectual working of error), that they should believe a lie; that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

All acknowledge the blinding, deadening effects of gross sin on the mind and conscience, but many seem to forget that the "lusts of the mind," more subtle and refined though they be, are as corrupting and as darkening as "the lusts of the flesh."

Pride of heart—the devil's own sin—is the grand deceiver, the grand blinder of the eyes and darkener of the mind. How often is this set forth in such passages as: "The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee." "The wicked through the pride of his countenance will not seek after God." "Woe unto those who are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight." "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him."

What a sad spectacle it is to see an earnest man, by the force of his own unassisted reason, endeavouring to take the kingdom of heaven, as it were, by storm, and speculating and dogmatizing on subjects of which he knows really nothing spiritually, as a blind man might discourse on colours, or one whose ears have never been unstopped, on harmonious sounds. It can never be—"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

"The world by wisdom knew not God," and cannot so know him; all such efforts end only in baffling disappointment, and Pilate's question is put in vain by an unrenewed, deceived heart.

The law of the kingdom laid down by the King before an inquiring Nicodemus, remains unrepealed, and to it the haughtiest head must bow in subjection ere there can be any real spiritual apprehension of divine truth. "Except a man be born from above he cannot see the kingdom of God." A divine nature must be implanted before divine words can have any place in the heart. Nay, it is through the entrance of God's word into the heart, by the mighty working of God's Spirit, that the soul is born again and made partaker of that divine nature, and *then* as a new-born babe it desires the pure milk of the word, that it may grow thereby. "Born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by

the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you."

"I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." "Put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and holiness of truth" (margin).

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of God."

"Foolish, disobedient, deceived," is God's description of the unrenewed heart. "Thou knowest not that thou art poor, and blind; I counsel thee, to ask of me eye-salve that thou mayst see." How needful, therefore, that the very first step in the prodigal's return should be, "coming to himself"—to his right mind. To know that he is blind, and so to feel his need of having the darkened mind enlightened—the blinded eye opened, by the wisdom which cometh from above.

"Man's just a distracted fool!" was the reiterated exclamation of one who was brought on his death-bed to sit at the feet of Jesus, in his right mind. He became a fool that he might be wise, and learned his blindness in time to apply to him for eye-salve, who came into the world "that they which see not, might see, and they which say they see, might be made blind."

Far otherwise was it with one who but a few days since passed into a dark eternity. "He has not given me light. I cannot be to blame when he has not given me light," were almost the last words we heard him speak. But, alas! poor man, he had not sought God's light. He had all his life exalted the feeble spark of his natural reason above the shining lamp of God's revealed word, bringing inspired truth to the bar of his own carnal judgment, instead of judging all his thoughts by inspired truth, and in the greatness of this his folly he had gone far astray.

It was unspeakably mournful to see his feet stumbling on the dark mountains, as, after a long life-time of religious discussions, reasonings, and vain speculations, he began to draw near the dark bourne from whence no traveller returns. Moral and upright, earnest and sincere, he was satisfied with himself, and never having measured himself by the exceeding broad law, nor known the holy God but by the hearing of the ear, he acknowledged no need of the Saviour's atoning blood, and imputed righteousness, and renewing spirit. And yet he confessed that the death to which he lay so long

looking forward was to him "the King of terrors," and the unknown beyond "a dark secret."

"I have not got the victory," was his dying testimony to the support which mere rational religion gives man's soul in that dread hour. For the sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, and only in virtue of union to him who hath for ever put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, and fully satisfied the claims of that everlasting law of righteousness, can any dying sinner exclaim: "Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." How gladly would those who watched by his dying bed, earnestly hoping that at eventide there might yet be light, have hailed any confession of sinfulness, weakness, or ignorance; any sense of that deep and utter poverty which constrains the appeal to him who will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer! But the edge of the sword of the Spirit was blunted and turned aside by the sceptical doubts so long harboured by that deceived heart. He had rejected so much of the true and faithful word, that at last there seemed nothing left by which to lay hold of him. Like some crazed cast-away on a rock in mid-ocean, labouring to undermine and destroy what alone lifts him above the reach of the billows; so had he spent his days denying and casting aside, now this and now that portion of revealed truth which did not accord with his own inner light, and the few isolated fragments which at length he admitted to be inspired, afforded him but an uncertain foothold when the waves of death were compassing him about.

The great Deceiver has many wiles for ruining souls, but his great aim in them all is to blind the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ—who is the image of God—should shine into them. His wile, at present, seems to be to persuade men, Judas-like, to betray the Son of Man with a kiss, and to profess great love to his person and his words, whilst they are enemies to his cross, and rejectors of that law, and these Scriptures he came to fulfil.

Now, as in apostolic days, "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God. For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent. For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching (Christ crucified, ver. 23) to save them that believe" (1 Cor. i. 18, 19, 21).

A. B. C.



DANIEL ROWLANDS AND HIS TIMES;

OR, ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

(Continued.)

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE.

IN taking a general survey of the ministry of Daniel Rowlands of Llangetho, the principal thing that strikes one is the extraordinary power of his *preaching*. There was evidently something very uncommon about his sermons. On this point we have the clear and distinct testimony of a great cloud of witnesses. In a day when God raised up several preachers of very great power, Rowlands was considered by competent judges to be equalled by only one man, and to be excelled by none. Whitefield was thought to equal him; but even Whitefield was not thought to surpass him. This is undoubtedly high praise. Some account of the good man's sermons will probably prove interesting to most of my readers. What were their peculiar characteristics? What were they like?

I must begin by frankly confessing that the subject is surrounded by difficulties. The materials out of which we have to form our judgment are exceedingly small. Eight sermons, translated out of Welsh into English in the year 1774, are the only literary record which exists of the great Welsh apostle's fifty years' ministry. Beside these sermons, and a few fragments of occasional addresses, we have hardly any means of testing the singularly high estimate which his contemporaries formed of his preaching powers. When I add to this, that the eight sermons extant appear to be poorly translated, the reader will have some idea of the difficulties I have to contend with.

Let me remark, however, once for all, that when the generation which heard a great preacher has passed away, it is often hard to find out the secret of his popularity. No well-read person can be ignorant that Luther and Knox in the sixteenth century, Stephen Marshall in the Commonwealth times, and George Whitefield in the eighteenth century, were the most popular and

famous preachers of their respective eras. Yet no one, perhaps, can read their sermons, as we now possess them, without a secret feeling that they do not answer to their reputation. In short, it is useless to deny that there is some hidden secret about pulpit power which baffles all attempts at definition. The man who attempts to depreciate the preaching of Rowlands on the ground that the only remains of him now extant seem poor, will find that he occupies an untenable position. He might as well attempt to depreciate the great champions of the German and Scottish Reformations.

After all, we must remember that no man has a right to pass unfavourable criticisms on the remains of great popular preachers, unless he has first thoroughly considered what kind of thing a popular sermon must of necessity be. The vast majority of sermon-hearers do not want fine words, close reasoning, deep philosophy, metaphysical abstractions, nice distinctions, elaborate composition, profound learning. They delight in plain language, simple ideas, forcible illustrations, direct appeals to heart and conscience, short sentences, fervent, loving earnestness of manner. He who possesses such qualifications will seldom preach to empty benches. He who possesses them in a high degree will always be a popular preacher. Tried by this standard, the popularity of Luther and Knox is easily explained. Rowlands appears to have been a man of this stamp. An intelligent judge of popular preaching can hardly fail to see in his remains, through all the many disadvantages under which we read them, some of the secrets of his marvellous success.

Having cleared my way by these preliminary remarks, I will proceed at once to show my readers some of the leading characteristics of the great Welsh evangelist's preaching. I give them as the result of a close analysis of his literary remains. Weak and poor as they undoubtedly

look in the garb of a translation, I venture to think that the following points stand out clearly in Rowlands' sermons, and give us a tolerable idea of what his preaching generally was.

The first thing that I notice in the remains of Rowlands is the constant presence of Christ in all his addresses. That his doctrine was always eminently evangelical is a point on which I need not waste words. The men about whom I am writing this series of papers were all men of that stamp. But of all the spiritual champions of last century, none appear to me to have brought Christ forward more prominently than Rowlands. The blood, the sacrifice, the righteousness, the kindness, the patience, the saving grace, the example, the greatness of the Lord Jesus, are subjects which appear to run through every sermon, and to crop out at every turn. It seems as if the preacher could never say enough about his Master, and was never weary of commending him to his hearers. His divinity and his humanity, his office and his character, his death and his life, are pressed on our attention in every possible connection. Yet it all seems to come in naturally, and without effort, as if it were the regular outflowing of the preacher's mind, and the language of a heart speaking from its abundance. Here, I suspect, was precisely one of the great secrets of Rowlands' power. A ministry full of the Lord Jesus is exactly the sort of ministry that I should expect God to bless. Christ-honouring sermons are just the sermons that the Holy Spirit seals with success.

The second thing that I notice in the remains of Rowlands is a singular richness of thought and matter. Tradition records that he was a diligent student all his life, and spent a great deal of time in the preparation of his sermons. I can quite believe this. Even in the miserable relics which we possess, I fancy I detect strong internal evidence that he was deeply read in Puritan divinity. I suspect that he was very familiar with the writings of such men as Gurnall, Watson, Brooks, Clarkson, and their cotemporaries; and was constantly storing his mind with fresh thoughts from their pages. Those who imagine that the great Welsh preacher was nothing but an empty declaimer of trite commonplaces, bald platitudes, and hackneyed phrases, with a lively manner and

a loud voice, are utterly and entirely mistaken. They will find, even in the tattered rags of his translated sermons, abundant proof that Rowlands was a man who read much and thought much, and gave his hearers plenty to carry away. Even in the thin little volume of eight sermons which I have, I find frequent quotations from Chrysostom, Augustine, Ambrose, Bernard, and Theophylact. I find frequent reference to things recorded by Greek and Latin classical writers. I mark such names as Homer, Socrates, Plato, Æschines, Aristotle, Pythagoras, Carneades, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Nero, the Augean stable, Thersites, and Xantippe, make their appearance here and there. That Rowlands was indebted to his friends the Puritans for most of these materials, I make no question at all. But wherever he may have got his learning, there is no doubt that he possessed it, and knew how to make use of it in his sermons. In this respect I think he excelled all his cotemporaries. Not one of them shows so much reading in his sermons as the curate of Llangeitho. Here again, I venture to suggest, was one great secret of Rowlands' success. The man who takes much pains with his sermons, and never brings out what has "cost him nothing," is just the man I expect God will bless. We want well-beaten oil for the service of the sanctuary.

The third thing that I notice in the remains of Rowlands is the curious felicity of the language in which he expressed his ideas. Of course this is a point on which I must speak diffidently, knowing literally nothing of the Welsh tongue, and entirely dependent on translation. But it is impossible to mistake certain peculiarities in style which stand forth prominently in everything which comes from the great Welsh apostle's mind. He abounds in short, terse, pithy, epigrammatic, proverbial sentences, of that kind which arrests the attention and sticks in the memory of hearers. He has a singularly happy mode of quoting Scripture in confirming and enforcing the statements he makes. Above all, he is rich in images and illustrations, drawn from everything almost in the world, but always put in such a way that the simplest mind can understand them. Much of the peculiar interest of his preaching, I suspect, may be traced to this talent of putting things in the most vivid and pictorial way. He made his

hearers feel that they actually saw the things of which he was speaking. No intelligent reader of the Bible, I suppose, needs to be reminded that in all this Rowlands walked in the footsteps of his divine Master. The sermons of Him who "spake as never man spake," were not elaborate rhetorical arguments. Parables founded on subjects familiar to the humblest intellect, terse, broad, sententious statements, were the staple of our Lord Jesus Christ's preaching. Much of the marvellous success of Rowlands, perhaps, may be traced up to his wise imitation of the best of patterns, the great Head of the Church.

The fourth and last thing which I notice in the remains of Rowlands, is the large measure of practical and experimental teaching which enters into all his sermons. Anxious as he undoubtedly was to convert sinners and arouse the careless, he never seems to forget the importance of guiding the Church of God, and building up believers. Warnings, counsels, encouragements, consolations suited to professing Christians, are continually appearing in all his discourses. The peculiar character of his ministerial position may partly account for this. He was always preaching in the same place, and to many of the same hearers, on Sundays. He was not nearly so much an itinerant as many of his contemporaries. He could not, like Whitefield, and Wesley, and Berridge, preach the same sermon over and over again, and yet feel that probably none of his hearers had heard it before. Set for the defence of the gospel at Llangetho every Sunday, and seeing every week the same faces looking up to him, he probably found it absolutely necessary to "bring forth new things as well as old," and to be often exhorting many of his hearers not to stand still in first principles, but to "go on unto perfection." But be the cause what it may, there is abundant evidence in the sermons of Rowlands that he never forgot the believers among his people, and generally contrived to say a good many things for their special benefit. Here again, I venture to think, we have one more clue to his extraordinary usefulness. He "rightly divided the word of truth," and gave to every man his portion. Most preachers of the gospel, I suspect, fail greatly in this matter. They either neglect the unconverted or the true Chris-

tians in their congregations. They either spend their strength in perpetually teaching elementary truths, or else they dwell exclusively on the privileges and duties of God's children. From this one-sided style of preaching Rowlands seems to have been singularly free. Even in the midst of the plainest addresses to the ungodly, he never loses the opportunity of making a general appeal to the godly. In a word, his ministry of God's truth was thoroughly well-balanced and well-proportioned; and this is just the ministry which we may expect the Holy Ghost will bless.

The manner and delivery of this great man, when he was in the act of preaching, require some special notice. Every sensible Christian knows well that voice and delivery have a great deal to say to the effectiveness of a speaker, and above all of one who speaks in the pulpit. A sermon faultless both in doctrine and composition will often sound dull and tiresome, when tamely read by a clergyman with a heavy monotonous manner. A sermon of little intrinsic merit, and containing perhaps not half a dozen ideas, will often pass muster as brilliant and eloquent when delivered by a lively speaker with a good voice. For want of good delivery some men make gold look like copper, while others, by the sheer force of a good delivery, make a few halfpence pass for gold. Truths divine seem really "mended" by the tongue of some, while they are marred and damaged by others. There is deep wisdom and knowledge of human nature in the answer given by an ancient to one who asked what were the first qualifications of an orator: "The first qualification," he said, "is action; and the second is action; and the third is action." The meaning of course was, that it is almost impossible to overrate the importance of manner and delivery.

The voice of Rowlands, according to tradition, was remarkably powerful. We may easily believe this, when we recollect that he used frequently to preach to thousands in the open air, and to make himself heard by all without difficulty. But we must not suppose that power was the only attribute of his vocal organ, and that he was nothing better than one who screamed, shouted, and bawled louder than other ministers. There is universal testimony from all good judges

who heard him, that his voice was singularly moving, affecting, and tender, and possessed a strange power of drawing forth the sympathies of his hearers. In this respect he seems to have resembled *Barker* and *Whitefield*. Like *Whitefield*, too, his feelings never interfered with the exercise of his voice; and even when his affections moved him to tears in preaching, he was able to continue speaking with uninterrupted clearness. It is a striking feature of the moving character of his voice, that a remarkable revival began at *Llangeitho* while *Rowlands* was reading the *Litany* of the Church of England. The singularly touching and melting manner in which he repeated the words, "By thine agony and bloody sweat, good Lord, deliver us," so much affected the whole congregation, that almost all began to weep loudly, and an awakening of spiritual life commenced which extended throughout the neighbourhood.

Of the manner, demeanour, and action of *Rowlands* in the delivery of his sermons, mention is made by all who write of him. All describe them as being something so striking and remarkable, that no one could have an idea of them but an eye-witness. He seems to have combined in a most extraordinary degree solemnity and liveliness, dignity and familiarity, depth and fervour. His singular plainness and directness made even the poorest feel at home when he preached, and yet he never degenerated into levity or buffoonery. His images and similes brought things home to his hearers with such graphic power that they could not help sometimes smiling. But he never made his Master's business ridiculous by pulpit-joking. If he did say things that made people smile occasionally, he far more often said things that made them weep.

The following sketch by the famous Welsh preacher, *Christmas Evans*, will probably give as good an idea as we can now obtain of *Rowlands* in the pulpit. It deserves the more attention, because it is the sketch of a Welshman, an eye-witness, a keen observer, a genuine admirer of his hero, and one who was himself in after-days a very extraordinary man:—

"*Rowlands*' mode of preaching was peculiar to himself—inimitable. Methinks I see him now entering in his black gown through a little

door from the outside to the pulpit, and making his appearance suddenly before the immense congregation. His countenance was in every sense adorned with majesty, and it bespoke the man of strong sense, eloquence, and authority. His forehead was high and prominent; his eye was quick, sharp, and penetrating; he had an aquiline or Roman nose, proportionable comely lips, projecting chin, and a sonorous, commanding, and well-toned voice.

"When he made his appearance in the pulpit, he frequently gave out, with a clear and audible voice, *Psalm xxvii. 4* to be sung. Only one verse was sung before sermon, in those days notable for divine influences, but the whole congregation joined in singing it with great fervour. Then *Rowlands* would stand up, and read his text distinctly in the hearing of all. The whole congregation were all ears and most attentive, as if they were on the point of hearing some evangelic and heavenly oracle, and the eyes of all the people were at the same time most intensely fixed upon him. He had at the beginning of his discourse some stirring, striking idea, like a small box of ointment which he opened before the great one of his sermon, and it filled all the house with its heavenly perfume, as the odour of *Mary's alabaster box of ointment at Bethany*; and the congregation being delightfully enlivened with the sweet odour, were prepared to look for more of it from one box after the other throughout the sermon.

"I will borrow another similitude in order to give some idea of his most energetic eloquence. It shall be taken from the trade of a blacksmith. The smith first puts the iron into the fire, and then blows the bellows softly, making some inquiries respecting the work to be done, while his eye all the time is fixed steadily on the process of heating the iron in the fire. But as soon as he perceives it to be in a proper and pliable state, he carries it to the anvil, and brings the weighty hammer and sledge down on the metal, and in the midst of stunning noise and fiery sparks emitted from the glaring metal, he fashions and moulds it at his will.

"Thus *Rowlands*, having glanced at his notes as a matter of form, would go on with his discourse in a calm and deliberate manner, speaking

with a free and audible voice; but he would gradually become warmed with his subject, and at length his voice became so elevated and authoritative, that it resounded through the whole chapel. The effect on the people was wonderful; you could see nothing but smiles and tears running down the face of all. The first flame of heavenly devotion under the first division having subsided, he would again look on his scrap of notes, and begin the second time to melt and make the minds of the people supple, until he formed them again into the same heavenly temper. And thus he would do six or seven times in the same sermon.

"Rowlands' voice, countenance, and appearance used to change exceedingly in the pulpit, and he seemed to be greatly excited; but there was nothing low or disagreeable in him, all was becoming, dignified, and excellent. There was such a vehement, invincible flame in his ministry, as effectually drove away the careless, worldly, dead spirit; and the people so awakened drew nigh as it were to the bright cloud—to Christ, to Moses, and Elias—eternity and its amazing realities rushing into their minds.

"There was very little, if any, inference or application at the end of Rowlands' sermon, for he had been applying and enforcing the glorious truths of the gospel throughout the whole of his discourse. He would conclude with a very few striking and forcible remarks, which were most overwhelming and invincible; and then he would make a very sweet, short prayer, and utter the benediction. Then he would make haste out of the pulpit through the little door. His exit was as sudden as his entrance. Rowlands was a star of the greatest magnitude that appeared the last century in the Principality; and perhaps there has not been his like in Wales since the days of the apostles."

It seems almost needless to add other testimony to this graphic sketch, though it might easily be added. The late Mr. Jones of Creaton, who was no mean judge, and heard the greatest preachers in England and Wales, used to declare that "he never heard but one Rowlands." The very first time he heard him, he was so struck with his manner of delivery, as well as his sermon, that it led him to a serious train of thought,

which ultimately ended in his conversion.—Charles of Bala, himself a very eminent minister, said that there was a peculiar "dignity and grandeur" in Rowlands' ministry, "as well as profound thoughts, strength and melodiousness of voice, and clearness and animation in exhibiting the deep things of God."—A Birmingham minister, who came accidentally to a place in Wales where Rowlands was preaching to an immense congregation in the open air, says: "I never witnessed such a scene before. The striking appearance of the preacher, and his zeal, animation, and fervour were beyond description. Rowlands' countenance was most expressive; it glowed almost like an angel's."

After saying so much about the gifts and power of this great preacher, it is perhaps hardly fair to offer any specimens of his sermons. To say nothing of the fact that we only possess them in the form of translations, it must never be forgotten that true pulpit eloquence can rarely be expressed on paper. Wise men know well that sermons which are excellent to listen to are just the sermons which do not "read" well. However, as I have generally given my readers some illustrations of the style of my last century heroes, they will perhaps be disappointed if I do not give them a few passages from Rowlands'.

My first specimen shall be taken from his sermon on the words, "All things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. viii. 28).

"Observe what he says. Make thou no exception, when he makes none. *All*! remember he excepts nothing. Be thou confirmed in thy faith; give glory to God, and resolve, with Job, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' The Almighty may seem for a season to be your enemy, in order that he may become your eternal friend. Oh! believers, after all your tribulation and anguish, you must conclude with David, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes.' Under all your disquietudes you must exclaim, 'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out.' His glory is seen when he works by means; it is more seen when he works without means; it is seen, above all, when he works contrary to means. It was a great work to

open the eyes of the blind ; it was a greater still to do it by applying clay and spittle, things more likely, some think, to take away sight than to restore. He sent a horror of great darkness on Abraham, when he was preparing to give him the best light. He touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh, and lamed him, when he was going to bless him. He smote Paul with blindness, when he was intending to open the eyes of his mind. He refused the request of the woman of Canaan for a while, but afterwards she obtained her desire. See, therefore, that *all* the paths of the Lord are mercy, and that *all* things work together for good to them that love him.

"Even affliction is very useful and profitable to the godly. The prodigal son had no thought of returning to his father's house till he had been humbled by adversity. Hagar was haughty under Abraham's roof, and despised her mistress ; but in the wilderness she was meek and lowly. Jonah sleeps on board ship, but in the whale's belly he watches and prays. Manasseh lived as a libertine at Jerusalem, and committed the most enormous crimes ; but when he was bound in chains in the prison at Babylon, his heart was turned to seek the Lord his God. Bodily pain and disease have been instrumental in rousing many to seek Christ, when those who were in high health have given themselves no concern about him. The ground which is not rent and torn with the plough bears nothing but thistles and thorns. The vines will run wild, in process of time, if they be not pruned and trimmed. So would our wild hearts be overrun with filthy, poisonous weeds, if the true Vine-dresser did not often check their growth by crosses and sanctified troubles. 'It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.' Our Saviour says : 'Every branch that beareth fruit, my Father purgeth, that it may bring forth more fruit.' There can be no gold or silver finely wrought without being first purified with fire, and no elegant houses built with stones till the hammers have squared and smoothed them. So we can neither become vessels of honour in the house of our Father till we are melted in the furnace of affliction, nor lively stones in the walls of new Jerusalem till the hand of the Lord has beaten off our proud excrescences and tumours with his own hammers.

"He does not say that all things *will*, but *do*, work together for good. The work is on the wheel, and every movement of the wheel is for your benefit. Not only the angels who encamp around you, or the saints who continually pray for you, but even your enemies, the old dragon and his angels, are engaged in this matter. It is true, this is not their design. No ! They think they are carrying on their own work of destroying you, as it is said of the Assyrian whom the Lord sent to punish a hypocritical nation, 'howbeit he meaneth not so ;' yet it was God's work that he was carrying on, though he did not intend to do so. All the events that take place in the world carry on the same work, the glory of the Father and the salvation of his children. Every illness and infirmity that may seize you, every loss you may meet with, every reproach you may endure, every shame that may colour your faces, every sorrow in your hearts, every agony and pain in your flesh, every aching in your bones, are for your good. Every change in your condition, your fine weather and your rough weather, your sunny weather and your cloudy weather, your ebbing and your flowing, your liberty and your imprisonment, all turn out for good. Oh, Christians, see what a harvest of blessings ripens from this text ! The Lord is at work ; all creation is at work ; men and angels, friends and foes, all are busy, working together for good. Oh, dear Lord Jesus, what hast thou seen in us that thou shouldst order things so wondrously for us, and make *all things*—all things to work together for our good ?"

My second specimen shall be taken from his sermon on Rev. iii. 20 :—

"Oh, how barren and unfruitful is the soul of man, until the word descends like rain upon it, and it is watered with the dew of heaven ! But when a few drops have entered and made it supple, what a rich harvest of graces do they produce. Is the heart so full of malice that the most suppliant knee can expect no pardon ? Is it as hard to be pacified and calmed as the roaring sea when agitated by a furious tempest ? Is it a covetous heart, so covetous that no scene of distress can soften it into sympathy, and no object of wretchedness extort a penny from its gripe ? Is it a wanton and adulterous heart, which may as

soon be satisfied as the sea can be filled with gold? Be it so. But when the word shall 'drop on it as the rain and distil as the dew, behold, in an instant the flint is turned into flesh, the tumultuous sea is hushed into a calm, and the mountains of Gilboa are clothed with herbs and flowers, where before not a green blade was to be seen! See the mighty change! It converts Zacchæus, the hard-hearted publican and rapacious tax-gatherer, into a restorer of what he had unjustly gotten and a merciful reliever of the needy. It tames the furious persecuting Saul, and makes him gentle as a lamb. It clothes Ahab with sackcloth and ashes. It reduces Felix to such anguish of mind that he trembles like an aspen leaf. It disposes Peter to leave his nets, and makes him to catch thousands of souls at one draught in the net of the gospel. Behold, the world is converted to the faith, not by the magicians of Egypt, but by the outcasts of Judea!"

The last specimen that I will give is from his sermon on Heb. i. 9:—

"Christ took our nature upon him that he might sympathize with us. Almost every creature is tender toward its own kind, however ferocious to others. The bear will not be deprived of her whelps without resistance: she will tear the spoiler to pieces if she can. But how great must be the jealousy of the Lord Jesus for his people. He will not lose any of them. He has taken them as members of himself, and as such watches over them with fondest care. How much will a man do for one of his members before he suffers it to be cut off? Think not, O man, that thou wouldst do more for thy members than the Son of God. To think so would be blasphemy, for the pre-eminence in all things belongs to him. Yea, he is acquainted with all thy temptations, because he was in all things tempted as thou art. Art thou tempted to deny God? So was he. Art thou tempted to kill thyself? So was he. Art thou tempted by the vanities of the world? So was he. Art thou tempted to idolatry? So was he; yea, even to worship the devil. He was tempted from the manger to the cross. He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. The head in heaven is sympathizing with the feet that were pinched and pressed on earth, and says, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?'"

I should find no difficulty in adding to these extracts, if the limits of a paper in a periodical did not forbid me. Feeble and unsatisfactory, as they undoubtedly are, in the form of a translation, they will perhaps give my readers some idea of what Rowlands was in the pulpit, so far as concerns the working of his mind. Of his manner and delivery, of course, they cannot give the least idea. It would be easy to fill pages with short, epigrammatic, proverbial sayings culled from his sermons, of which there is a rich abundance in many passages. But enough, perhaps, has been brought forward to give a general impression of the preaching that did such wonders at Llangetho. Those who want to know more of it should try to get hold of the little volume of translated sermons from which my extracts have been made. Faintly and inadequately as it represents the great Welsh preacher, it is still a volume worth having, and one that ought to be better known than it is. Scores of books are reprinted in the present day which are not half so valuable as Rowlands' eight sermons.

The inner life and private character of the great Welsh preacher would form a deeply interesting subject, no doubt, if we knew more about them. But the utter absence of all materials except a few scattered anecdotes leaves us very much in the dark. Unless the memoirs of great men are written by relatives, neighbours, or contemporaries, it stands to reason that we hear little of anything but their public conduct and doings. This applies eminently to Daniel Rowlands. He had no Boswell near him to chronicle the details of his long and laborious life, and to present him to us as he appeared at home. The consequence is, that a vast quantity of interesting matter, which the Church of Christ would like to know, lies buried with him in his grave.

One thing, at any rate, is very certain. His private life was as holy, blameless, and consistent, as the life of a Christian can be. Some fifteen years ago, the *Quarterly Review* contained an article insinuating that he was addicted to drunkenness, which called forth an indignant and complete refutation from many competent witnesses in South Wales, and specially from the neighbourhood of Llangetho. That such charges should be made against good men need never surprise us. Slander

and lying are the devil's favourite weapons when he wants to injure the mightiest assailants of his kingdom. Bunyan, Whitefield, and Wesley had to drink of the same bitter cup as Rowlands. But that the charge against Rowlands was a mere groundless, malicious falsehood, was abundantly proved by Mr. Griffith, the vicar of Aberdare, in a reply to the article of the *Quarterly Review*, printed at Cardiff. We need not be reminded, if we read our Bibles, who it was of whom the wicked Jews said: "Behold a man gluttonous, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners" (Matt. xi. 19). If the children of this world cannot prevent the gospel being preached, they try to blacken the character of the preacher. What saith the Scripture? "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord. If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?" (Matt. x. 24, 25).

The only light that we can throw on the character and private habits of Rowlands is derived from the few anecdotes which still survive about him. I shall, therefore, conclude my account of him by presenting them to my readers without note or comment.

One leading feature in Rowland's character was his *humility*. Like every eminent servant of God, of whom much is known, he had a deep and abiding sense of his own sinfulness, weakness, and corruption, and his constant need of God's grace. On seeing a vast concourse of people coming to hear him, he would frequently exclaim: "O may the Lord have mercy on me, and help me, a poor worm, sinful dust and ashes!"—When a backslider was pointed out to him, who had once been one of his followers, he said: "It is to be feared indeed that he is one of *my* disciples; for had he been one of *my Lord's* disciples, he would not have been in such a state of sin and rebellion." He often used to say, during his latter days, that there were four lessons which he had laboured to learn throughout the whole course of his religious life, and yet that he was but a dull scholar even in his old age. These lessons were the following—(1.) To repent without despairing; (2.) To believe without being

presumptuous; (3.) To rejoice without falling into levity; (4.) To be angry without sinning. He used also often to say, that a self-righteous legal spirit in man was like his shirt, a garment which he puts on first, and puts off last.

A habit of *praying much* was another leading characteristic of Rowlands. It is said that he used often to go to the top of Aeron Hills, and there pour out his heart before God in the most tender and earnest manner for the salvation of the numerous inhabitants of the country which lay around him. "He lived," says Morgan, "in the spirit of prayer, and hence his extraordinary success. On one occasion having engaged to preach at a certain church which stood on an eminence, he had to cross a valley in sight of the people, who were waiting for him in the churchyard. They saw him descend into the bottom of the valley, but then lost sight of him for some time. At last, as he did not come up by the time they expected, and service-time had arrived, some of them went down the hill in search of him. They discovered him, at length, on his knees in a retired spot a little out of the road. He got up when he saw them, and went with them, expressing sorrow for the delay; but he added, 'I had a delightful opportunity below.' The sermon which followed was most extraordinary in power and effect."

Diligence was another distinguishing feature in the character of Rowlands. He was continually improving his mind by reading, meditation, and study. He used to be up and reading as early as four o'clock in the morning; and he took immense pains in the preparation of his sermons. Morgan says, "Every part of God's word, at length, became quite familiar to him. He could tell chapter and verse of any text or passage of Scripture that was mentioned to him. Indeed, the word of God dwelt richly in him. He had, moreover, a most retentive memory, and when preaching, could repeat the texts referred to, off-hand, most easily and appropriately."

Self-denial was another leading feature of Rowlands' character. He was all his life a very poor man; but he was always a contented one, and lived in the simplest way. Twice he refused the offer of good livings—one in North Wales, and the other in South Wales—and preferred to re-

main a dependent curate with his flock at Llan-geitho. The offer in one case came from the excellent John Thornton. When he heard that Rowlands had refused it, and ascertained his reasons, he wrote to his son, saying, "I had a high opinion of your father before, but now I have a still higher opinion of him, though he declines my offer. The reasons he assigns are highly creditable to him. It is not an usual thing with me to allow other people to go to my pocket; but tell your father that he is fully welcome to do so whenever he pleases." The residence of the great Welsh evangelist throughout life was nothing but a small cottage possessing no great accommodation. His journeys, when he went about preaching, were made on horseback, until at last a small carriage was left him as a legacy in his old age. He was content, when journeying in his Master's service, with very poor fare and very indifferent lodgings. He says himself, "We used to travel over hills and mountains, on our little nags, without anything to eat but the bread and cheese we carried in our pockets, and without anything to drink but water from the springs. If we had a little buttermilk in some cottages we thought it a great thing. But now men must have tea, and some, too, must have brandy!" Never did man seem so thoroughly to realize the primitive and apostolic rule of life—"Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content."

Courage was another prominent feature in Rowlands' character. He was often fiercely persecuted when he went about preaching, and even his life was sometimes in danger. Once, when he was preaching at Aberystwith, a man swore in a dreadful manner that he would shoot him immediately. He aimed his gun, and pulled the trigger, but it would not go off.—On another occasion his enemies actually placed gunpowder under the place where he was about to stand when preaching, and laid a train to a distant point, so that at a given time they might apply a match, and blow up the preacher and congregation. However, before the time arrived, a good man providentially discovered the whole plot, and brought it to nothing.—On other occasions riotous mobs were assembled, stones were thrown, drums beaten, and every effort made to prevent the sermon being heard. None of these things ever seems to have deterred

Rowlands for a moment. As long as he had strength to work he went on with his Master's business, unmoved by opposition and persecution. Like Colonel Gardiner, he "feared God, and beside him he feared nothing." He had given himself to the work of preaching the gospel, and from this work he allowed neither clergy nor laity, bishops nor gentry, rich or poor, to keep him back.

Fervent and deep feeling was the last characteristic which I mark in Rowlands. He never did anything by halves. Whether preaching or praying, whether in church or in the open air, he seems to have done all he did with heart and soul, and mind and strength. "He possessed as much animal spirits," says one witness, "as were sufficient for half a dozen men." This energy seems to have had an inspiring effect about it, and to have swept everything before it like a fire. One who went to hear him every month from Carnarvonshire, gives a striking account of his singular fervour when Rowlands was preaching on John iii. 16. He says, "He dwelt with such overwhelming extraordinary thoughts on the love of God and the vastness of his gift to man, that I was swallowed up in amazement. I did not know that my feet were on the ground; yea, I had no idea where I was, whether on earth or in heaven. But presently he cried out with a most powerful voice, 'Praised be God for keeping the Jews in ignorance respecting the greatness of the Person in their hands. Had they known who he was, they would never have presumed to touch him, much less to drive nails through his blessed hands and feet, and to put a crown of thorns on his holy head. For had they known, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory.'"

I will wind up this account of Rowlands by mentioning a little incident which the famous Rowland Hill often spoke of in his latter days. He was attending a meeting of Methodist ministers in Wales in one of his visits, when a man, nearly a hundred years old, got up from a corner of the room and addressed the meeting in the following words:—"Brethren, let me tell you this. I have heard Daniel Rowlands preach, and I heard him once say, Except your consciences be cleansed by the blood of Christ, you must all perish in the eternal fires." Rowlands, at that time, had been dead more than a quarter

of a century. Yet, even at that interval, "though dead he spake." It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all remembrance, that the ministry which exalts Christ crucified most; is the ministry which produces most lasting effects. Never,

perhaps, did any preacher exalt Christ more than Rowlands did, and never did preacher leave behind him such deep and abiding marks in the isolated corner of the world where he laboured a hundred years ago.

THE STILL WATERS OF THE VALLEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "SCHÖNBERG-GOTTA FAMILY."



HEIR Source is on the mountains,
The Streams of which we drink;
But we must tread the valleys,
If we would reach their brink.

Their Source is on the mountains,
Higher than feet can go;
Yet human lips but touch them,
In the valleys, still and low.

Beyond the fields and forests,
Beyond the homes of men,
Beyond the wild-goats' refuge,
Beyond the eagle's ken,—
Beyond the oldest glaciers,
Beyond the loftiest snows,
Beyond the farthest summit.
Where earliest morning glows,—

Still climbing, ever climbing,
To reach the Streams we love,
Their music ever with us,
Their Source is still above,—
Beyond heav'n's heights of glory,
As beyond earth's heights of snow;—
Yet can our lips but taste them,
In the valleys, still and low.

Christmas Eve, 1866.

Once, when the heavenly voices
Seemed to call me on their track,
I wondered why some hindrance
Still drew my footsteps back;
Some feeble steps to succour,
Some childish feet to lead,
Some wandering lambs to gather,
Some hungered ones to feed;

Some call of lowly duty,
With low, resistless tone;
Some weight of others' burdens,
Some burden of my own.
But now, though heavenly voices
Still bid my spirit soar,
While my feet tread lowly places,
I wonder thus no more.

Their Source is on the mountains,
The Streams of which we drink;
But only in the valleys
Our lips can reach their brink.
Our hearts are on the mountains,
Whither our feet shall go;
But our path is in the valleys,
Where the still waters flow.

MANUEL MATAMOROS.



OF the early life of Manuel Matamoros we have but meagre details. He was born at Malaga in October 1834. His father was a distinguished officer in the artillery, who rendered his country many eminent services, and rose while yet young to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. His mother, Dolores Gracia, who still survives him, is the daughter of a wealthy proprietor near Malaga.

Political events obliged his father to expatriate himself, and he died in the land of his exile at the early age of thirty-four. He was a most rigid Roman Catholic, belonging to the Ultra party, and was a great friend of Gregory XVI., whom he often visited, and from whom he received much kindness.

Matamoros was still a child when his father died; but the strong attachment of the latter to

the Roman Catholic faith had already made a deep impression on his mind. His education was intrusted to a priest, who took the greatest pains with his religious instruction; and he grew up a sincere and zealous adherent of the Church of Rome.

His father having, on his death-bed, expressed his wish that Matamoros should follow a military career, his mother applied to the Queen to have him admitted into the Military College of Toledo. The request was granted, and he entered that institution as a cadet. His studies were prosecuted with great success; but the more his mind became developed, the more he disliked the military service. His mother, seeing his great distaste for the profession, resolved to take him home to manage her property, as she, at that time, possessed a considerable capital in houses and lands.

Shortly after this he went to Gibraltar for a few months, where a missionary station had some time before been established, and there he was brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The preaching of M. le pasteur Ruget led him to persevering and earnest consideration of the greatest matters; and the Lord was pleased to make the veil fall from before his eyes, enabling him to see the errors of the Church in which he had been brought up, and to accept of Jesus as his only Saviour, the *one* Mediator between God and man.

He returned home enriched with these spiritual treasures, and filled with the desire to make known freely to his countrymen that which he had freely received.

But during his absence at Gibraltar the order had come for him to serve with the army. This was a great disappointment, as it overturned all his newly formed plans. His mother was anxious to buy him off; but this he would not allow her to do, as just about this time she had suffered great losses, and had been obliged to sell a considerable part of her property, owing to the wreck of a vessel which was not insured; and the only way in which the necessary money could be raised was by mortgaging her remaining lands.

Matamoros joined his regiment, and went with it to Seville, where he met with several Christian brethren, who had been converted at Gibraltar

about the same time as himself. He entered warmly into all their plans for propagating the truth.

There was, however, in his company a very intelligent young man, who had received an excellent education, and was a conscientious Roman Catholic. To him Matamoros spoke of Jesus and of his salvation, and his words made a deep impression on the mind of his hearer, who seemed to accept the truth with great joy. Matamoros gave him a New Testament, and a tract entitled "Andrew Dunn," and the youth hastened to make known the glad tidings to those around him. His happiness appeared to increase as he learned more of Jesus; and his filial love seemingly making him desirous that his mother should participate in his newly found joy, he sent her the little tract "Andrew Dunn." The poor mother, having turned over the leaves of the pamphlet, went straight with it to her father confessor. The priest threatened her with eternal punishment if she did not tell him who had sent it to her. He then burned the tract, and directed her to command her son immediately to retract. She accordingly wrote to him forthwith, that he must no longer consider her as his mother, and that she would curse him, though her son, unless he should instantly confess to the chaplain of the regiment and return to the Roman Catholic faith.

No sooner did the lad receive this letter than his conduct completely changed towards his former friend. He confessed, and in confessing pronounced the name of Manuel Matamoros. Immediately the chaplain gave information against Matamoros to his superior officers, requesting his dismissal from the service, and that his epaulets should be torn from him in presence of the whole regiment. He seemed to think no indignity too great to be heaped on such an offender; and having sent for him to his house, insulted him, cursed him, and threatened and abused him in every way.

The officers did not quite second the views of the enraged chaplain. The colonel loved Matamoros as a son, for he had been his father's friend; he was also the intimate friend of his uncle, now a brigadier-general in the Spanish artillery. He spoke to him with much kindness,

but told him, that as he had been guilty of preaching in uniform to the peasantry, nothing could save him from disgrace; therefore he counselled him, not as a commander, but as a father, to leave the army immediately, otherwise he certainly would end his days in a prison.

Matamoros wrote to his mother a detailed account of all that had happened; and she, with some little difficulty, found herself able to raise the sum necessary for buying him off, so that he was once more free.

The first use he made of his liberty was to found the Protestant Church at Malaga, and to organize a general committee for directing the Evangelical Propaganda. The Lord blessed his efforts abundantly. Thence he went to Granada, to Seville, journeying through Catalonia, everywhere endeavouring to establish missionary stations.

His noble and courageous mother, who shared his faith, and whose eyes had been opened to the errors of the Church of Rome about the same time as her son's, now determined to sell her remaining property and join Matamoros at Barcelona, where he intended for some time to prosecute the work of evangelization.

On the 8th October 1860, whilst presiding at a meeting in the house of Albama, one of his letters was intercepted—an important letter, in which he had given his address at Barcelona. A telegraphic message was despatched to seize his person and seal up all his papers.

After an imprisonment of eight days, he was called to appear before the judge. After having asked several questions, the judge put one which we give in his own words:—

Ques. Is it true that you belong to the Apostolic Roman Catholic religion? or, if this is not the case, you are desired openly to declare what is the religion which you profess.

Ans. My religion is the religion of Jesus Christ; the only rule of my faith is the Word of God, in other words, the Holy Bible. My convictions are founded upon nothing else, more or less, seeing that I am exhorted to this by the last words of the Apocalypse, and by the testimony of the Apostles in their Epistles. And I do not believe that the Apostolic Roman Catholic Church is based on the same foundation, or is in accordance

with the doctrines of the Word of God, nor yet that it puts them in practice.

The judge begged him to retract these words, but he held firm, and refused to alter one word of what he had just written. He was then condemned to seven years' imprisonment; but this sentence was subsequently considered by the higher courts as not sufficiently severe, and the term was changed first to eight, and then to eleven years' hard labour, with loss of all civil rights.

Many of our readers will remember the deep sympathy which was excited throughout Protestant Europe by the details of the persecutions to which Matamoros and the other prisoners for the cause of the gospel were subjected, and also what earnest and persevering efforts were made on their behalf; efforts which were ultimately crowned with success, the sentence being commuted into banishment. The names of the other prisoners were,—at Malaga, Don José Gonzam, Don J. Flores, Don Felipe Saguna, Don Manuel Bazan, Don Antonio Carrasco, Don Antonio Marin;—at Seville, Don Manuel Leon and Don Fernando Bonhomen;—at Granada, Don Miguel Trigo and Don José Albama.

Sir Robert Peel, who happened to be in Barcelona at the time when Matamoros was condemned, took the greatest interest in the proceedings, and followed him to his dungeon. He writes: "When Matamoros was dragged from Barcelona to Malaga, and from Malaga to the prisons of Granada, I followed him to the door of his dungeon, and it was then I learned to admire his simple piety." Later, in Parliament, Sir Robert warmly pleaded his cause and that of his fellow-sufferers. Describing the treatment they received, he says, "I have myself seen these men in prison. Their cells were not longer than that table; they had neither light nor table;—everything was denied them."

More than once Matamoros declares, "We have nothing to do with politics; we are entirely strangers to all political movements; our work is simply the holy work of spreading the gospel of Christ." The Jesuits, however, circulated the report that the insurrection of Loja, which took place in July 1861, was caused by the Protestants; and it was this which led to the prisoners being treated with such unheard-of cruelty. The

ghostly fathers even succeeded in getting a wretched criminal (promising him a large sum of money, and exemption from the just punishment of his crimes) to confirm this false accusation; upon which these innocent men were dragged out of their cells and shut up in the most miserable dungeons of the prisons of Granada. Later we are told that this poor traitor, like the great model of all such, repented of the evil he had done; and having confessed the utter falseness of the witness he had borne, he went away and tried to commit suicide.

Of his sufferings at this time Matamoros thus writes: "We are treated with the greatest cruelty. My bodily strength gives way, and they tell me the thread of my life will soon be cut asunder. The damp vapours of the prison are killing me; but each step which brings me nearer to the tomb, serves only to strengthen my faith." By degrees, probably in consequence of steps taken in high quarters, and when it had been fully proved that they had no connection with any political intrigues, the condition of the prisoners was considerably ameliorated. Matamoros was allowed to keep up an extensive correspondence, to enjoy the visits of friends, and more especially the privilege was conceded to him of seeing and speaking to his dearly loved mother.

In a small pamphlet, "*La Puissance de la Foi*," we have many most interesting letters written by Matamoros from the Prison del Audiencia, Granada. From these we shall now give a few extracts, showing how wonderfully the promise, "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee," was fulfilled in the case of this faithful servant of Christ.

To Dr. Capadose of the Hague, 10th October 1861, he writes:—

"Do not think, dear brother, that I am ashamed of this prison. No, a thousand times no. I live peaceably here. I suffer many discomforts, but through the grace of God I am quite happy, and my soul rejoices in submission to the divine will. When I open the word of life, my heart feels restored and comforted. I see there all that we owe to our heavenly Father, and realize that my prison, my sufferings are to me an inestimable honour: for it is granted to us, not only to believe in Christ, but also to suffer for his sake (Phil. i. 29), and we learn thus to be always joyous, even in the midst of the most cruel treatment.

"I hope, in the humble place which I occupy, whether as a prisoner or free, to remain irreproachable. To preach the truths of the gospel to this nation must always be a thorny path. Hitherto I have despised danger, and I trust to continue to do so. We have, in God's word, many and great examples of self-denial and perseverance, and I will endeavour with resolute courage to follow in their steps, and to work, however little it may be, at the extension of the Church, which is the body of Christ, so long as the Almighty leaves me the use of my faculties."

Twice the police when visiting his cell carried off the Bible which friends had given him; but the third one he was able to keep, and the constant study of its precious truths was his greatest solace and comfort.

To Mr. Schwartz at Amsterdam he writes, 7th April 1862:—

"Dearly beloved in Christ,—My enemies destine my poor miserable body to the sad dwelling of those condemned to hard labour, because I have committed the crime of refusing to deny my Christian faith. I go to share the dwelling of the malefactor, the fratricide, without any privilege or any difference to distinguish me from those who have been guilty of such crimes. I lose all civil rights; a chain will be my constant companion and the silent witness of my sufferings; the stick with which the inspector of prisons threatens the criminals, will be the only law to force me to obedience. I shall receive no more the counsels of my beloved mother; her words, so full of tenderness and love, shall no longer sound in my ears; I shall never see her during all these long years of imprisonment. At the same time, dear friend, I am not overwhelmed at the thought of what my enemies are preparing for me; for I can assure you, with the sincerity of a Christian, that I enjoy the most perfect peace. My greatest sufferings, the gloomiest prospect of what awaits me, only increases my happiness in Christ—that he should grant me to be able to suffer for his great name (1 Peter iv. 12–19). If my sufferings should end in death, I would be doubly happy, ten times happier, because I die in Christ and for Christ. He will give me the crown of life (Rom. viii. 16, 17; Rev. ii. 10). My health is bad, very bad; my bodily strength diminishes day by day; but, dear brother, the strength of the soul increases.

"I look up to the Saviour with certain confidence; I lift up my soul to him. I live, and I live happy, more happily than ever; and I feel richer than ever in my humble prison, with all its misery, its darkness, and its horrors. I would not exchange them for gold, not for all the magnificence of the Vatican, nor for its accumulated treasures and its worldly happiness. I, who am poor, tormented, persecuted, a martyr, my enemies leading me to death, I rejoice in my affliction: my joy

is inexpressibly sweet, my hope is firm and sure ; for this happiness, this joy, this hope is in Christ, the ever-living example to all those whom he has saved for his own name's sake.

"When I think of the love which he has shown me, it recalls to me the words of the apostle Paul in his First Epistle to the Corinthians (xv. 55-57) ; and I hope to repeat them if a premature death should be the close of my present sufferings. I sing like Paul and Silas, praising God, the Father of all mercy, who in this time of trial grants me the presence of Him who is all my salvation (Acts xvi. 25)."

April 1862. To Dr. Capadose he writes :—

"Yes, my brother, I understand the fearful future my enemies are preparing for me. I see that they wish to give me as a heritage grief, chains, and perpetual imprisonment. I perceive that they desire to shake entirely my feeble health, and to see me die in irons, drawing my last breath in a dark corner of my dungeon in humiliation and pain. But, my dear brother, they mistake greatly in thinking to cause me grief and anguish by so doing. No, no ; I am happy in the midst of my affliction, and I rejoice in the Saviour. I fear no persecution, whatever it may be. Complaints must change into joy, as the fruit of a believing heart, at the thought of being a prisoner for the blessed sake of Jesus. Oh, my dear brother, my joy is great when I think that I belong, not only to those who believe in Jesus, but also to those who are called to suffer for him ! Truly the joy of my soul sometimes quite overcomes me, and my sufferings become my sweetest enjoyment. Thus do not distress yourself about my future here below. That future is neither sad nor appalling ; on the contrary, it is surrounded with the joys of the gospel. Let this future come ; I await it with calmness ; I hope even with rejoicing. Christ is indeed my life, and to die for him will be indeed gain. I repeat it, I fear nothing ; all my confidence is in God ; death will give me a crown of glory, and instead of dreading it, I long for it. Oh, let it come ! let it come, this death ! What is death and a dungeon to compare with the thought of living on high for ever with Christ !

"Jesus, the Holy One, died on the cross, and at his side were two malefactors, bearing the due punishment of their crimes. Jesus died between two murderers ; he died crowned with thorns, his body covered with wounds. The mob spat on him ; they mocked and insulted him. Jesus asked water, and they gave vinegar mingled with gall. Jesus was holy and just, pure and unspotted. Jesus was the Son of God, who went about doing good, and yet he was reckoned among the transgressors. Well, my brother, why should I be astonished ? Have I not rather cause to rejoice ? and if it is permitted to me to share in his sufferings, surely my song should be one of joy."

The 21st April 1862 was fixed as a day of

prayer on behalf of Matamoros and his fellow-sufferers in Spain, by the Christians of England, France, Germany, and Holland. On hearing of this, he thus writes :—

"With what joy I received your letter of the 25th April, in which you tell me of the meeting for prayer on behalf of the prisoners in Spain ! It seems to me that my heart leaps for joy, and trembles with emotion at the thought of so many true Christians being united together in prayer for us. Words fail me to express my inward happiness, or to tell the greatness of my joy. Let the sweet name of Jesus be blessed, a thousand times blessed ! When I kneel before the Lord Almighty, instead of speaking to him, I shed tears of the deepest gratitude, and remain trembling before our heavenly Father, to whom I owe so much. Oh, my God, permit me to die for the love of thy only Son Jesus !

* * * *

"I have been spitting blood again. My life fades away, but my faith increases. I feel every day happier, as every day I advance towards the end."

We conclude these extracts with one from a letter to Dr. Capadose, written by Matamoros' mother, 26th June 1862 :—

"It is now two years since my well-beloved son was cast into prison for the one crime of being a Christian, two long years of suffering for his poor mother ; but the sweet consolations of the Holy Spirit have infinitely more than compensated for that. I see him follow the thorny road prepared for him by the enemies of Jesus ; I see him firm and steadfast in the faith, aspiring with holy joy to the crown of life ; and, forgetting his sufferings, I rejoice with him, and, through the power of the Holy Spirit, this bitter cup becomes, in Christ, the sweetest nectar. If I saw him feeble, if I saw his faith wavering, then, oh, then, my poor mother's heart would give way, not through dread of his not recovering his liberty, but through fear of his own salvation. Oh, my God, for Jesus' sake keep him firm, give him much of thy Holy Spirit !"

In the spring of 1863, it was proposed that Dr. Capadose, whose labours had been most indefatigable on behalf of Matamoros and the other Spanish prisoners, should be sent, accompanied by other two Christian brethren, as a deputation from Holland to visit these poor sufferers, and to comfort and strengthen them in their time of trial. In the "*Souvenirs d'Espagne*," a small pamphlet which is sold for the benefit of the families of these oppressed Christians, Dr. Capadose gives a most interesting account of his journey through Spain. After visiting and cheer-

ing the hearts of the Christians at Malaga he went on to Granada.

Having described the touching meeting between himself and Matamoros, and his mother, Dolores Gracia, whom he found awaiting his arrival, he thus writes :—

"Matamoros is about twenty-seven years old ; his figure tall and slight, his movements full of vivacity. He is very thin, and suffers much from pain in the chest and side. His face is pale. All his appearance shows a character of great decision. Deep seriousness is mixed with happiness in his expression, and bears testimony to the peace of his soul. He speaks very quickly. The tone of his voice shows that he has suffered much. He is a true Spaniard, from whom long captivity has taken nothing of his natural dignity. His hands are very emaciated, and while I talked with him I held them constantly in mine to warm them, for they were always cold as ice.

"His prison is a good-sized square room, with a stone floor, the windows barred with iron stanchions. When I say windows, I mean only narrow openings through a wall of enormous thickness, for there was no glass. The outer air entered freely ; and at night, when cold or stormy, Matamoros suffered much discomfort in consequence. The walls are white and bare. Some photographs of friends ornament his table ; which, with a bed, is the whole furniture of the apartment. . . . Such is the place where our dear friend has passed thirty-four months. Often has he written to me '*Yo soy feliz*' ('I am happy'). The expression of his countenance, his whole being, amply attests the truth of this assertion.

"I gazed at him sometimes in silence, and the words of St. John came into my mind : 'That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life.' The brother faded from my eyes, and I saw only the faithful Saviour whom I worshipped. Moses and Elias must disappear in the cloud, while he alone remains before our eyes."

Trigo and Alhama, who were in the same prison, were allowed to be present, with some members of their families, during the interviews of Dr. Capadose with Matamoros. From the 19th to the 21st April Dr. Capadose was permitted to spend two hours each day in the prison. These never-to-be-forgotten hours were devoted to prayer and the study of God's word, particularly the 8th chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, to which Matamoros attached many precious recollections. Words of strengthening, of consolation, of encouragement, were then addressed to these sufferers ; and the eternal faith-

fulness of Him who hath promised that all things shall work together for good to those that love Him, was manifestly realized by this little group of Christians.

Before setting off for Madrid, to meet the rest of the deputation, Dr. Capadose desired much to enjoy the privilege of commemorating the dying love of Jesus with these brethren. He thus describes this touching scene :—

"After earnest prayer in preparation for this solemn act, we assembled together at an early hour in the prison—Matamoros, his mother, his step-father, Alhama, Trigo with his wife and child, and the young man who acted as interpreter. We all felt much the solemnity of the moment. Matamoros wished that I should distribute the elements, as being the oldest, and as having confessed Christ for the longest time ; but I refused, for I felt deeply my inferiority in the midst of these martyrs. I only read the sacramental words ; then Matamoros, after a short prayer, broke and distributed the bread and wine in all simplicity. We received these tokens of love and pardon with deep emotion. Whilst we were kneeling before the Lord, Matamoros poured out his soul in prayer so fervently and so full of gratitude, that our feelings quite overcame us. I am persuaded that the angels looked down with joy on this little handful of faithful ones celebrating in their dreary dungeon the death of our Lord Jesus. It was truly a Christian church. When Matamoros said Amen, I was constrained, though with a stammering tongue, to add a short prayer. Then the hour of parting struck. I cannot tell you what was passing in these souls. We gave each other a fraternal kiss, and we held each other long in a silent embrace ; then we went together to the great gate. When we were in the street, I raised my eyes towards the cell of our dear friend, and there I saw Matamoros stretching out his hands through the bars with a gesture of farewell, or rather of blessing. I deeply felt then, that as God is all our strength, so also he must be all our desire."

Towards the end of April 1863, the members of the deputation from the Evangelical Alliance began to assemble in Madrid. The arrival of this deputation, composed of distinguished men of all countries and denominations, to occupy themselves with the concerns of these Christian prisoners, caused much embarrassment to the Spanish Government.

The deputation awaited with great anxiety the final sentence of the highest tribunal, and daily held meetings for prayer and supplication to Him "who executeth judgment for the oppressed, who looseth the prisoners."

On the 29th April a telegram announced that the final sentence had been pronounced: Matamoros and Alhama were condemned to nine years of the galleys, Trigo to seven.

Whilst they were considering how to set about demanding an audience with the Queen, the astounding news reached them that Her Majesty had been pleased to commute the sentence from the galleys to so many years of exile.

The prophet Isaiah says, "And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear;" and surely this promise was wonderfully fulfilled on this occasion, for before the petition was sent in to the Queen the answer had come, and whilst they were yet speaking in brotherly consultation the Almighty had heard and granted their request.

On the 21st May, Dr. Capadose announced by telegram the joyful news to Matamoros. He replied directly, without one word as to his own personal joy, "Y los de Malaga!" ("And those of Malaga!") Soon his heart was gladdened by hearing that the commutation of sentence extended to all the prisoners.

If any one asks why the Queen of Spain came to this sudden resolution, we believe it was caused by the moral impression made at Madrid, and particularly at the Court, by the fact of so many well-known gentlemen of different countries having espoused the cause of the prisoners, and come over as a deputation from their countries, in order to help these oppressed ones. The Evangelical Alliance was an unknown power to Her Majesty, and she felt it would be an unwise step to brave the opinion of the whole of Europe. In order, however, to keep up the traditional pride of Spain, it was needful that the Queen should grant the request before it was asked, as if it were a simple movement of royal mercy, and quite independent of all outward suggestions.

The deputation intended to demand a free pardon for the prisoners; but had this been granted, a man full of zeal and courage like Matamoros would soon, in all probability, have been again thrown into prison, and sent off to the galleys. Thus, by the sentence being commuted to banishment, the Lord in his infinite

wisdom secured for the captives that greatest of all blessings—liberty.

Writing to Matamoros at this time, Dr. Capadose, after warning him of the many snares and dangers awaiting him, says:—

"Matamoros a prisoner had much to suffer from the enemies who persecuted him, but Matamoros free will have many encounters with the great Adversary, 'who goeth about as a raging lion, seeking whom he may devour.' Your name is known everywhere. Your fate has excited the most warm sympathy throughout all countries, not only among Christians, but also in the public mind. Oh, what an open field for the great Enemy to throw his net, and to take you in his meshes! Be assured, my dear brother, the days of affliction and of captivity are not the most full of danger to the children of God who are still exposed to the wiles and snares of the Wicked One. Follow the example of the apostles of Christ, who listened eagerly to the pressing exhortation of their Lord and Master, 'Watch and pray, lest ye fall into temptation.'"

No sooner were the prison doors opened than the Spanish Christians began again the work from which they had been forcibly taken, profiting by the experience of the past, and preparing for whatever might be before them in the future. And though the exiles were unable themselves to labour in their own land, still, scattered hither and thither through other countries, they were the instruments of much good in stirring up fellow-Christians to aid them in the great work.

The attitude of the Christian Churches of Europe during these days of tribulation, the proofs of love and zeal shown to the sufferers for the cause of Christ by the Evangelical Alliance, the many encouragements given by the Lord to his faithful servants—all these things show undoubtedly that the day of religious liberty for darkened Spain is drawing near.

On leaving Spain, the first object to which Matamoros turned his attention was the formation of a school, where the sons of Spanish Protestants might receive a sound education preparatory to entering college. This he succeeded in accomplishing, and a school was opened shortly at Bayonne, with six young Spaniards as pupils.

In order to fit himself for whatever position he might be called on afterwards to occupy, Matamoros set himself earnestly to study theology;—this he did, first in the south of France, and later, at the Free Church College of Lausanne.

The work in Spain at this time received new life and development, and its activity was manifested in all directions; but the necessity of secrecy in all their movements, in a country where every attempt at evangelization is considered a crime, prevents us from giving a detailed account of the efforts made by the converts to bring their countrymen to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Several thousand copies of the New Testament, and of one or two excellent tracts, have been carefully distributed; thus the good seed is being scattered, which, with the blessing of the Lord, will yet bring forth fruit an hundred-fold to his own glory.

The next work to which Matamoros directed his energy, was the formation of a school for the daughters of the Spanish Protestants, where they might receive an education such as should enable them to serve the Lord, and advance his cause in the several situations of life they might be called on to fill. Writing to Miss Cole on this subject, he says:—

“But there is one work of which I desire to speak to you, and which, being of the highest importance, excites in my mind the warmest and deepest interest. Spanish manners and customs are far from offering the freedom in social intercourse which I see with pleasure in other lands; and this added to other circumstances renders it almost impossible to approach women in Spain, in order to announce to them the glad tidings of the gospel. This great and grand work can only be accomplished, through the blessing of God, by women. I believe not only that it would be useful, but that it is indispensable, that we should found a special establishment, where young Spanish girls shall receive a solid Christian education, with a thorough knowledge of the Bible, and where they shall acquire all the usual accomplishments, so as to enable them later to have free access to all classes of their countrywomen. To bring them up, above all, in the fear of the Lord, to initiate them into the duties of Christian charity, by teaching them to nurse the sick, to visit and help the poor, to give them the privilege of living for some time under Christian influence, where spiritual life is a fact, and where faith is manifested by works of love and self-denial—this would be a blessed and important work, the precious results of which may have an incalculable influence on the future of Spain.”

These considerations decided Miss Cole, after much thought and earnest prayer, to undertake this work of faith. The school was opened in the neighbourhood of Pau; and already our hearts

are cheered by its fruits, and we are enabled to rejoice in the blessing of our heavenly Father on this humble effort to extend his kingdom.

But there were still many boys unprovided for; and Matamoros was, by his previous success, only made more anxious to procure good Protestant education for as many of his young countrymen as possible. During the winter of 1865-6, he met with an American lady in Pau, who entered most warmly into his views, and, with great Christian generosity, put the necessary sum of money for building a suitable college, at his disposal; and it was proposed that he should himself be placed at the head of the proposed institution. Thus his most sanguine hopes seemed about to be fully realized, and the preliminary arrangements were immediately entered into with his wonted energy.

But the Lord, whose ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts, saw fit to call him home from these labours, just as he stood on the threshold of this great work.

His health had always continued very delicate since his imprisonment, though for a time he seemed to regain strength, and it was hoped that by degrees his constitution would recover from the severe shock it had sustained.

In the beginning of May he left Pau for Lausanne, intending there to pass the summer, and then to return to Pau in October, to enter on his new duties.

Shortly after his arrival in Switzerland, he complained of feeling greatly fatigued, and this fatigue seemed to increase from day to day. On examination, it was found that the lungs, the heart, and the liver were all more or less diseased. Still no one thought that the end was so near. He was still able to conduct a prayer-meeting twice a week, and to read and meditate on the Word of God with the ten young Spaniards who were studying at Lausanne.

On the 30th of June, eleven of the boys intended for the Institution at Pau arrived at Lausanne. In order to fête their arrival, the lady, who with such liberality has devoted herself and her fortune to the cause of Spain, invited all the friends of Spanish evangelization to spend the evening of the 3rd July at the Hotel Gibbon.

It was a most deeply interesting meeting, only

saddened by the evident failing strength of Matamoros. He was unable to address those assembled; but he engaged in prayer, and while pleading with God for his beloved country, and for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on those young men about to be trained for the ministry, all bodily weakness seemed forgotten; and those who heard that earnest, fervent prayer, will not easily forget it. At its close, he was so much exhausted that he was obliged to retire; and for most of those present it was the last time they had an opportunity of seeing his face, and listening to his words.

M. Bridel presided at this meeting. He intended shortly to have visited the churches in Spain, and then to have come to Scotland to plead the cause of Spanish Protestants among us. But in the midst of his labours, suddenly the Master called for him to come up higher; and the Evangelical Churches of France and Switzerland are now mourning the loss of a beloved pastor and father in Christ. On this occasion he read some interesting letters from Spain, from one of which we give an extract. An evangelist thus writes:—

“Among other meetings of which I have told you, I had the happiness of visiting the brethren who assemble regularly at the farm of —, at a league and a-half from town. It was during the night of the 29th March. The meeting was composed of sixty persons of all ranks and professions, all of whom were animated with the sincere desire of glorifying the Lord, being convinced that he is our only Saviour and Mediator. The day following, I set out for the village of C—, where I arrived at 11 P.M. L— was waiting for me, and accompanied me to O—, where 145 men of all classes were assembled. It was with difficulty that I could refrain from expressing the great joy I felt at finding myself in the midst of such an assemblage, and being permitted to preach to them the glad tidings of salvation, which I did as simply as I could, explaining to them some chapters of the New Testament. Next day I had another meeting even more numerously attended. I distributed among these friends a large number of tracts and copies of the Holy Scriptures.”

The parents of all the Spaniards present that evening (upwards of twenty) had suffered more or less for the truth. It was a touching sight to see these young men, brought into a land of light and liberty, where they could worship God openly, none daring to make them afraid, instead of stealthily joining the hidden midnight meetings, as they had been accustomed to do in their own

country. Their presence seemed a pledge of the brighter day about to dawn on darkened Spain.

Matamoros relates that the father of one of these boys, in a dark cellar in N—, printed the New Testament. He worked alone, with a bad wooden printing press and a handful of types. The work got on very slowly; only a few pages could be put into the press at a time. Soon deprived of sunshine, and worn out by fatigue, he became ill and began to spit blood. His friends begged him to desist from his labours; but he would not consent, declaring that he would not leave his cellar until he could come out with the New Testament *printed in Spain* in his hand; and he kept his word!

Surely with such men, though their number be very small, there is reason to look with confidence to the future; for there is no restraint with the Lord, to work by many or by few; and when he gives the word, great shall be the company of them that publish it.

But to return to Matamoros. His strength began now rapidly to decline, and on the 11th of July the doctors declared that his life might be brought to a close at any moment. Mr. Green, an English engineer who had spent twenty years in Spain, and had often visited Matamoros in prison, thought it right to tell him that death was drawing so near. At first the news seemed to take him by surprise, so engrossed was his mind with the work which apparently lay before him. However, he immediately began to set his house in order, making arrangements about all the most important details; and after a short time of struggle, and of passing through dark waters, he was enabled unreservedly to give himself up into the hands of his heavenly Father.

The same evening his most intimate friends assembled round him, and after M. Bridel had prayed and read the Scriptures, Matamoros himself poured out his heart to God, asking specially that, if it was God's good pleasure to call him to himself, it should be granted to him to answer that call, not as a servant who does not understand his Master's will, but as a child who knows and feels that what his Father wishes must be the best for him.

Though very weak, he was still able to drive

out to the country, to enjoy the fresh air and the sweet stillness and silence of all around him. He had a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, and the splendid scenery of the Lake of Geneva was to the last a source of intense enjoyment.

One day, as one of his friends was reading the 20th chapter of 2 Kings to him, he said, making allusion to certain portions of his loved work, "I would not ask to live fifteen years longer—only fifteen months."

On the evening of the 16th, his friends assembled to the number of twelve, to commemorate with him once more the dying love of Jesus. It was a sweet season to all present. The subject chosen for meditation was, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and, "Now we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." The 8th chapter of Romans was always to Matamoros, from the time of his conversion, the one which he loved most, and to which he always recurred with joy.

About this time he wrote two letters of adieu, from which we give extracts. To Mme. Bridel he writes:—

"I am very weak, but the doctors say I am better. Be that as it may, the Lord is my *all*. When I began the struggle with the agonies of death, I desired life; now I only desire the perfect realization of the will of God. These past days, many subjects connected with the work were pre-occupying my thoughts, but I can now give back my work to Him that gave it to me. He will make a perfect use of what is his own."

To his young countrymen he dictated the following letter in Spanish:—

"With what sympathy, with what love, I address my words to you! In these to me so solemn moments, I wish to tell you that I love you, and that your spiritual welfare is the great subject of my prayers. Look at my position. I am still young, in the first vigour of my Christian activity, and yet the thread of my life is just about to be cut. What would become of me now, if I did not believe in such a Saviour as the Lord Jesus Christ? In this hour of trial Jesus is my friend, my help, my strength, as he is all my salvation. Adieu, my much-loved friends. May the Lord shower down upon you his most precious blessings. M. MATAMOROS."

The evening before his death, he was for the last time agitated by the hope of a temporary and partial recovery. His friends begged him not for a moment to entertain this hope, and

encouraged him to look up on high, there to get the needed strength to take the few last steps which yet separated him from eternity. After having spoken to him of the joys awaiting the faithful servants of Christ when they would be able to see him face to face, and to enjoy that which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, but which God hath prepared for all those who love him, he sat up and prayed somewhat in these words:—

"My God, Almighty God, I cry to thee. Jesus Christ, my Saviour, and thou O Holy Spirit, I call upon thee. Thou knowest that I know the joys of heaven, but give me to foretaste them in a greater degree. Prepare me thyself for heaven. Give me to be able to show to those around me the deep joy that I have in my heart. I thank thee for having surrounded me with Christian friends in this land of exile. I bless thee for the happy seasons we have spent together. Make them know how much I love and respect them, and give them to be always more and more encouraged to labour for the spread of thy gospel in Spain."

On Tuesday the 31st, after a very distressed, restless night, in which he had suffered much, he said to his friend Carrasco, "It is a beautiful journey from Earth to Heaven, passing by Golgotha." Towards 11 A.M. he asked to see the young Spaniards. He begged them to sing; which they did in the next room, first in French "*Vers le ciel*," and then in Spanish "*Venid pecadores*." He then asked them to come round the sofa on which he was lying, and to sing "*Avançons nous*," a hymn in the Sunday-school collection of which he was very fond. They sung it, as well as tears would allow them, and the dying voice of Matamoros was heard joining in this his last earthly song. He then said to them "Keep very near the Saviour—very near—very near. God bless you abundantly—abundantly." He was exhausted and fell back on his pillows and lay for some time as if asleep. On awaking he addressed some words of blessing and farewell to those around him. Some verses of the Bible were read to him, and one of the pasteurs engaged in prayer; but we do not know whether his earthly ear could take in those words of comfort, or whether the soul, so nearly separated from its earthly

tabernacle, was already contemplating his Saviour in heavenly places. All was quiet and peaceful in that chamber of death. The thunder was rolling in the distance, but the face of Matamoros told of that heavenly peace which the world can neither give nor take away. At 2.30 P.M., there were no more signs of life. The life of heaven in the immediate presence of Jesus had begun for our friend.

On the 2nd of August a large number of friends, from Lausanne and all parts of the Canton de Vaud and Geneva, followed the mortal remains of Manuel Matamoros to their last resting-place. A Spanish hymn was sung at the grave by his countrymen, and a short and earnest address given by M. Bridel to the crowds assembled, followed

by prayer from M. Germond. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

In closing we may add that the college in Pau was opened in October last with twelve pupils, to be trained as pastors, evangelists, or Bible colporteurs. The political state of Spain may be changed in a day. A popular revolution may introduce liberty of conscience and of worship, and the moment that freedom of religious opinion is proclaimed, a number of well-educated evangelical men will be ready to preach the gospel among their countrymen. May we not look, with God's blessing, that "this little one shall become a thousand, and this small one a great nation?"

UNGODLY MARRIAGES.*



As a rule, I never preach or write against anything. It is not the best way, I think, to do good. Doubtless it is necessary that the errors and heresies of false religionists should be exposed, and I believe that God has in all ages raised up men specially fitted for the purpose; but for all that, neither argument nor denunciation will ever so effectually dispel error, as will the plain and simple preaching of the truth as it is in Jesus.

There is no rule, however, without an exception. I must say a few words on a subject that has been on my heart for years, and one, I am sure, that is too little dwelt on by Christian teachers generally. I must press upon my readers the sin of unequal, or, in other words, ungodly marriages. The subject on which I have been treating demands it, as well as my own very strong convictions.

Every candid reader will at once know what I mean by unequal or ungodly marriages. I mean the marriages of those who profess faith in the evangelical truths of the gospel, with those who make no such profession.

"And Abraham said unto his eldest servant of his house, that ruled over all that he had, Put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh: and I will make thee swear by the Lord, the God of heaven, and the God of the earth, that thou shalt not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites, among whom I dwell." Well did Abraham know not only that these marriages were sinful, but that they brought down God's curse upon men; and though they may not have faith enough to believe in the curse, professing Christians in all ages

know, and always have known, that they are sinful. Here, however, the likeness between Abraham and the professor too often ceases. Because he knew it would displease God, Abraham refused to take a wife for his son from the daughters of the people among whom he dwelt; but who can deny that multitudes who call themselves Christians both marry and give in marriage, without even asking themselves the question, Am I about to unite myself, or give my child, to one who is a child of God?

I said just now, that though professing Christians know the sin of these marriages, they have little faith in the curse they bring; but whether they have faith in it or not, in reading my Bible I find no sin there recorded, if we except the sin of our first parents, which has brought greater curse upon the earth, or which is more positively forbidden, both in the Old and New Testaments.

What was the crowning sin of the old world? The sin that caused its cup of iniquity to overflow, and for which God withdrew his Holy Spirit from the earth? Let God's own Word answer: "The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose. And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh: yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years" (Gen. vi. 2, 3). From the time that he created him until that moment, God had borne with man; never under any provocation had he rendered him evil for evil, but contrariwise, blessing. But now he tells us that he saw "every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. And the Lord

* From "Yes! or No!" by Brownlow North, B.A. (London: William Hunt and Co.)—an admirable little book, filled with most wise and earnest counsels.

said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth" (Gen. vi. 5-7).

Now I do not by any means say that it was for this sin alone that God withdrew from man, and determined to destroy him; but I do say that this is the particular sin mentioned which provoked God to declare, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man;" and that "*always*," as regarded that generation, meant *no more*. God did not, indeed, immediately bring in the flood. Space was given for repentance. Man's days, said God, shall be an hundred and twenty years. He sent them, moreover, a faithful teacher. For an hundred and twenty years did Noah, a preacher of righteousness, warn sinners of the coming judgment, and direct them to the ark; but the faithful preacher never made a single convert. The Spirit had ceased to strive, and the preaching only hardened. At the end of the hundred and twenty years the flood came, and, with the exception of Noah and his family, not one had fled to the ark. Christ Himself tells us that it found the people occupied precisely as they were when God said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." "They were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark" (Matt. xxiv. 38).

"The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose. And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man." Surely such scriptures should make those pause who are tempted to take husbands and wives of whom they please, for who can tell the number who, for the same sin, have been left by the same Spirit?

Once more. When God brought the children of Israel into the land of Canaan, what was his commandment, both by Moses and Joshua, again and again repeated? "When the Lord thy God shall bring thee into the land whither thou goest to possess it, and hath cast out many nations before thee, the Hittites, and the Girgashites, and the Amorites, and the Canaanites, and the Perizzites, and the Hivites, and the Jebusites, seven nations greater and mightier than thou; and when the Lord thy God shall deliver them before thee . . . thou shalt make no covenant with them . . . neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son."

Thus spake Moses; and the teaching of Joshua was precisely similar. On his death-bed he sent "for all Israel, for their elders, and for their heads, and for their judges, and for their officers," and repeating the command, told *the consequences of disobedience*: "If ye do in any wise go back, and cleave unto the remnant of these nations, even these that remain among you, and shall make marriages with them, and go in unto them, and they to you: know for a certainty that the Lord your God will no more drive out any of these nations from before you; but they shall be snares and traps unto you, and scourges in your sides, and thorns in your eyes,

until ye perish from off this good land which the Lord your God hath given you."

Now no scripture is of any private interpretation, nor are these commands, or these judgments, applicable only to God's people of those days. They broke the commandment; they mingled among the heathen, and learned their ways; they took their daughters for their sons, and gave their sons to their daughters: in the end they served their idols, and perished from off the land; and the same thing spiritually, yet literally, is going on amongst ourselves every day. The so-called sons and daughters of God cleave in heart to the children of this world. They make marriages with them. Satan tells them that after marriage they will convert their idol; but God says conversion is his work, and that he will not do it. "Know for a certainty," says God, and oh, it is strong language, "know for a certainty—know before marriage—that the Lord your God will no more drive out any of these nations from before you." On the contrary, so far from you converting your idol to your God, he will convert you to his; and that connection, from which, if formed in the Lord, you might have expected and got blessing, shall be a snare and a trap unto you. He that you put in the place of God, shall prove a scourge in your side, and a thorn in your eyes; and unless God, according to the good pleasure of his sovereign will, mightily interpose to save you, the consequence of your disobedience will be, that you will return to God no more, but perish for ever. Oh, how many are there who once seemed apparently on the road to heaven, but, having fallen into this sin, are now as apparently on the road to hell!

I believe that one of two judgments has almost invariably fallen on every professor of Christianity who has been guilty of this sin. Either he has lived to regret it through a lifetime of misery, or he has made shipwreck of faith, and gone back to the world. Examples of going back surround us on every side, and though the examples of the more merciful judgment may not be so outwardly apparent (for many an aching heart alone knoweth its own bitterness), yet no one need seek very far to find that also; but where shall we look to find an example of a professing Christian, male or female, who, having married one who made no such profession, was afterwards made the instrument of his or her conversion?

Argue with a person who is about to contract such an engagement, and they will tell you what I have before said Satan tells them, that this is just what they are going to do,—convert their idol after they are married. But do they? Do facts prove that this often happens? I do not say that it never happens. I think it probable that it does, for God is a Sovereign, and converts who and how he pleases; but I do tell you, that after much diligent inquiry, I have never been able to find a case of such conversion. In London, in Edinburgh, in Dublin, and many other large places, I have preached to masses of people in every rank and grade

of society; and I have earnestly requested, and that again and again, that any one would write and tell me, if they knew an instance of a professing Christian marrying a man or woman of the world, and being afterwards made the instrument of their conversion. I have at the same time explained my reason for asking this,—that I was anxious to ascertain if it ever was the case; and if it was, what proportion these conversions bore to the number of such marriages. I never received but one answer, and that was to tell me that St. Augustine's mother married her husband before his conversion, and afterwards converted him. Surely if this is the exception, the exception proves the rule.

How can we expect it to be otherwise. Let us look at the conduct of the professor who makes such a marriage. He knows perfectly well, by the Spirit still striving in him, that he is about to commit a great and deliberate sin. I say deliberate, because in these cases there are generally at least weeks, if not months, for reflection; and if the sin is committed, it is after a long period of grieving, resisting, and at last silencing the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost prays,—Do not this thing. And what is the answer made to the prayer of the Spirit? A refusal to grant it! If not with his lips, at least by his conduct, he replies, that in this matter he is determined. He knows it is grieving to God, and contrary to his commandments. He knows it is sin. He knows he cannot expect his blessing on it. Still his mind is made up, and he is determined to do it. He wishes to keep Christ, but he also wishes to keep his idol; and, let the consequences be what they may, he says, *I will not give up my marriage*. This is virtually his answer to the prayer of the Holy Spirit, and then he does what? Oh! can anything be conceived more horribly impious, or God-insulting? He turns round, and says to God,—O God, I pray thee, after I am married convert him or her that I have put in thy place, and that I will not give up for thee. And what does God say? Exactly what he said to the Israelites, upwards of three thousand years ago:—*"Know for a certainty that the Lord your God will no more drive out any of these nations from before you; but they shall be snares and traps unto you, and scourges in your sides, and thorns in your eyes, until ye perish from off this good land which the Lord your God hath given you."*

Consider the fall of Solomon. Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived, and God loved him; but he took to himself wives of the nations concerning which the Lord said unto the children of Israel, *"Ye shall not go in to them, neither shall they come in unto you: and his wives turned away his heart after other gods."* (See 1 Kings xi.)

What! Solomon, he to whom God had appeared twice, and who had been honoured to build the temple of the Lord,—Solomon's heart turned after other gods? Yes; we have it on the authority of Scripture itself.

Solomon disobeyed God in the matter of marriage, and God left him, for a season at least, in the power of his own heart's lusts. What happened? He, the fame of whose wisdom and piety had gone out to the ends of the world, became, in the hands of a parcel of wicked, worldly women, not only one of the chief of sinners, but one of the greatest fools on earth: *"Solomon went after Ashtoreth the goddess of the Zidonians, and after Milcom the abomination of the Ammonites!"* (1 Kings xi. 5.)

But it is not on themselves alone that they who sin in the matter of these marriages bring evil, but on the family that God may be pleased to intrust to them. Who can tell the amount of blood-guiltiness with which that professor is chargeable, who, for any personal reason whatever, gives his children a parent who is not a child of God? The children of Israel were the family that God had intrusted to Solomon, and who can calculate the evil that Solomon brought on Israel? For his sin God rent the kingdom out of his hand; ten tribes were taken from him, and given to Jeroboam, and Jeroboam introduced sin into Israel, *"to wit, the golden calves that were in Bethel, and that were in Dan,"—FROM WHICH SIN THEY NEVER DEPARTED.* Jeroboam—whom Solomon, by his sin, had made the father of these ten tribes—slept with his fathers, but neither his sin nor its consequences slumbered with him. The sin of Solomon planted Jeroboam in Israel, and Jeroboam planted sin that corrupted every king that succeeded him. *There never was a good king of Israel;* of the very best of them it is recorded—*"that he did evil in the sight of the Lord, in that he departed not from the sin of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin"* (2 Kings x. 31).

* * * * *

In Genesis, the beginning of God's Old Testament Word, we read, *"The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose. And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man."* In Malachi, the last book of God's Old Testament Word, we read, *"An abomination is committed in Israel and in Jerusalem; for Judah hath profaned the holiness of the Lord which he loved, and hath married the daughter of a strange god."* And then follow the awful words, *"The Lord will cut off the man that doeth this"* (Mal. ii. 11, 12).

I make no further comment, but conclude with the words of St. Paul to the Corinthians:—*"Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore*

come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty" (2 Cor. vi. 14-18).

Every one is unclean who is not washed in the blood of Jesus; and if you refuse to obey the commandment, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," you have no scriptural warrant to expect the fulfilment

of the promise, "Ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

"O daughter, hearken and regard,
And do thine ear incline;
Likewise forget thy father's house,
And people that are thine.
Then of the King desired shall be
Thy beauty vehemently:
Because he is thy Lord, do thou
Him worship rev'rently."

PSALM XLV.—*Scotch Metrical Version.*

HOURS IN EASTERN HOSPITALS.

BY AN INDIAN MISSIONARY.

II.



POET puts into the mouth of a common boatman a question supposed to be addressed to a nobleman,—

"O Lord William, hast thou thought
How dreadful 'tis to die?"

and to peer and to peasant, different as may be their positions in society, the approach of death is almost equally terrible. It is not simply that they feel it hard to leave this fair world, and mingle in its scenes no more; nor is it merely that, superadded to this, is the trial of having to part from friends and relatives, whom, it may be, they have regarded with the tenderest affection. It is that to die means to live on in another state of existence, entering which the period of probation is over, and the doom unalterably fixed. Were it possible for one to reason on the subject before he had experience of actual life, he would almost certainly adopt the conclusion that none would be found mad enough to trifle with a danger so appalling. "No," he would say; "a creature of large forethought like man will not allow himself to be taken unawares by the last enemy. Come that foe when he may, he will find man perfectly ready." Alas! alas! every one knows that experience conducts to a very different conclusion. Vast numbers, even in lands illumined by the clearest gospel light, delay preparation for the inevitable change till their powers are failing through mortal disease, and the eternal world is on the very eve of bursting on their view. It is so rarely that opportunity is afforded for testing the value of so-called death-bed repentances, that when in any case, such as in that now about to be mentioned, the materials for forming a judgment appear to be furnished, the result should be put on record, for the warning or the encouragement of those who have still to die.

A soldier lying in a hospital feared that death was approaching, and was exceedingly troubled by the thought that he was about to enter the eternal world unprepared. Before leaving home he had belonged to the Wesleyan body, and had, doubtless, often been pressed to accept the gospel offer, and attach himself to

the Christian Church. But these exhortations he had spurned; and now that mortal disease lay heavy on him, he felt it necessary to put the initial question of the awakened soul, "What must I do to be saved?" Though he might not use the identical words of Scripture, yet this was the meaning of the inquiry which, with every demonstration of earnestness, he made to the writer of this narrative. The way of life was pointed out to him; the inspired Word was read; and prayer, in which he seemed fervently to join, was offered at his bed-side. A very favourable impression was left of his spiritual state. "Now," said the visitor to him. "I shall have to go. This day next week another missionary will be here." [The reason of the long interval was, that we lived ten miles from the hospital.] "Would you like to see him when he comes? If so, I will tell him to look out for your cot?" With an earnestness as if life or death had depended on his decision, he said he would be most glad to see him when he came. The week went by. The other missionary visited the hospital, and looked out for the cot. On finding it, he stood beside it, as a broad hint that he expected an invitation to speak. It may be wondered why he hesitated to commence a conversation. The reason was, that the man was not a Presbyterian; hence a minister of that persuasion had no right to intrude himself upon him, unless he first solicited an interview; such at least was the rule of the hospital. So the missionary stood for a time silently beside the cot of the soldier, expecting an invitation to speak. None, however, came. At length he ventured to act upon the information he had received as to the man's desires, and asked whether he did not wish to speak with him. "No!" was the decisive answer. Inquiry being made of one competent to form an opinion on spiritual questions, the explanation given was a melancholy one. That, when I had visited the sick man during the previous week, he believed himself on the brink of the eternal world; but now he flattered himself that a favourable change had taken place, and that he was on the road back to health. He therefore deluded himself with the belief that he might, with little risk, dismiss all spiritual anxieties, and postpone thoughts of eternity till death threatened

to repeat its assault. And this was the same person whose exceeding earnestness had so gratified me only a short week before. The saddest part of the narrative still remains to be told. The cessation of pain, which he had deemed to be an incipient return to health, was really the lull preceding dissolution; and in a very brief period after that at which he had declined all conversation with the minister of religion, the lamp of life and of hope no longer continued to burn. Charity would gladly seek an explanation of this painful case, in the conjecture that perhaps his mind was failing, and he was not fully responsible for his actions at the time he repulsed the missionary.

But nothing can materially deaden the force of the solemn warning which the foregoing narrative gives us as to the fully and criminality of delaying to the last moment that which should be the business of the entire life. As the writer's experience of Eastern hospitals increased, he found himself constrained to attach less and less value to apparent conversions, produced when the fear of dissolution had struck terror into the soul. In all cases, with one pleasing exception, if recovery took place, there was a relapse into indifference; and thus increased force was given to the lesson which the incident just recorded so impressively taught. Therefore, O trifle with death, be wise in time; for not only may torturing pain, or mental unconsciousness or alienation, prevent your making ready for eternity while you lie on a death-bed, but the preparation which in these unfavorable circumstances you do attempt, being simply the offspring of fear, may be of a very unsolid character. If for no other object than to give time for testing the sincerity of your conversion from sin to God, delay not till you are on the brink of dissolution, but prepare this day—this hour—this moment—now.

III.

Next to that support which arises to the soul from resting upon God, is the aid it receives from human sympathy, especially at the most trying periods of life; and one of the greatest benefits a person can render to his fellow is to comprehend his case, and make him feel that his anxieties and sorrows are shared by another constituted like himself. Yet has human sympathy certain prescribed limits which it cannot pass; and when any one in distress has listened to the voice of kindness and affection, it still remains true, that at all the most momentous crises in his history he is in a painful sense alone. When a barbarous potentate has a certain number of slaves immolated at the time of his death, that they may accompany him as an escort into the unseen state of existence, he nevertheless leaves the world all alone, and is similarly unattended when he enters the presence of his Judge, to answer, among other charges, for that last awful misdeed he has directed to be done. Still a certain aid is rendered to the departing soul, when one or more stand by the bed of death, and sorrowfully witness the solemn scene there

enacting; nor is it without benefit to the saddened spectators themselves. "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting;" and one of the reasons assigned for this is, that "the living will lay it to his heart."

These remarks have been suggested by a case which fell under the writer's observation. It was of one who had for a considerable period maintained a Christian walk, and gained the confidence of others in no slight degree. But placed in a situation in which he was to a very great extent his own master, he was unable to bear the amount of liberty accorded him, and secretly yielded to temptation. Gradually the evil habit gained upon him, till, finally, his physical constitution was shattered, and he left the mere wreck of his former self. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." It was sad beyond expression, and yet there was a redeeming element present. Repentance from above seemed to be granted, and deep regret was expressed for former falls. But, after a time, it was seen that the now weakened bodily frame had become in no slight measure susceptible of morbid influences, and a complication of diseases which supervened afforded melancholy omen that a fatal result was near at hand. A visit had been paid to the patient not long before; there had been reading, prayer, and religious conversation; and the impression left had been that the repentance manifested was sincere. On again entering the hospital, a sound fell mournfully on the ear. It was the death-rattle in the throat of one whose spirit was beginning to disengage itself from its bodily entanglements, and would, in a brief period, wing its flight away from the world. Never before had the missionary heard that awful sound, and yet it needed no interpreter to explain what its nature must be. It rang through the entire hospital, distinct and ominous; and what gave it to the visitor a peculiar sadness, was the unmistakable tone of a voice with which he had been long familiar. Startled and alarmed, he requested the attendance of the medical man, to ascertain whether anything could yet be done; and remaining outside the room, awaited a reply, though with no illusion as to what its nature would be. In a little the doctor returned, and said, "He is dying, you had better come in." The invitation was accepted, and presently the two stood by the bedside of him whose last sands of life were so swiftly ebbing away. The eyes, so soon to close for ever on this world, were turned full on the missionary, with an expression which showed that consciousness still remained unimpaired. He, again, on his part, met that gaze with a look of sympathy, and would have spoken, but a strange paralysis of the organs of speech came over him at that moment, so that he could not utter a word. Yet the friendly look seemed to be appreciated by the sufferer, and afford him a certain measure of support at that lonely hour. So the silent meeting

went on for some minutes, we do not know how many. Then the death-rattle, which had continued from the first without interruption, became fainter and fainter, and finally ceased to be heard. The doctor bent for a moment over the bed, and then rising, intimated that the fatal result had occurred. The human sympathy, which had doubtless afforded the sufferer some little support a few moments before, could aid him no longer, for he had gone beyond its reach on that solitary journey upon which we must all, sooner or later, depart. Never before had the missionary seen actual dissolution, for it is remarkable how one may stand time after time beside death-beds, and yet be absent at the precise moment when the link uniting soul and body is severed. When once the sad spectacle is witnessed, then life seems suddenly to acquire new importance. For the moment it appears impossible to believe that any can pass through it without aim or earnestness, and yet more inconceivable that any can forget its transitory character, and spend it as if this were the final state of existence. The spectacle presented to the eye, when dissolution is seen in progress before it, tells on the mind with a force which no eloquence can equal, and impresses upon it the lesson, which we are all prone to forget, that we should so live as to be always ready to die, and dying, find that the moment we leave the world, the loneliness of the untried situation is dispelled by a voice which, addressing us with inconceivably greater sympathy than man can show, welcomes us to the society of the infinitely-loving One himself. "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

IV.

The connection between the soul and the body is a subject shrouded in so much mystery, that probably never in this world will it be fully explained. All that man has as yet been able to do in prosecuting this dark inquiry, has been to gather together a few facts, and draw from them the inferences they naturally suggest. But when he has advanced thus far, he has really effected no more towards unravelling the perplexing riddle, than one would have done who had reared some half-dozen of arches as a first step towards bridging across a broad gulf of the sea. Still, however short is the distance that any fact may conduct us in the direction we seek to go, none should be allowed to pass without record. On this account, we venture to narrate a remarkable incident, throwing a faint glimmer of light on this dark subject, and at the same time calculated to warn us how careful we should be in judging of the spiritual state of those with whose prior history we are unacquainted.

A soldier was sent to an Eastern hospital, labouring under dysentery, which became chronic, and refused to yield to the remedies prescribed. In such cases, almost equally with those of a more acute character, a fatal result is to be apprehended, but it comes at a far more

remote period of time. For five long months, accordingly, did the unhappy sufferer waste away in the hospital, till he had become but the shadow of his former self. During the early period of his sickness, and while hope of recovery had not deserted him, he gave every evidence of being a Christian. But as he slowly wasted away, a painful change came over his mind. He felt as if he were surrounded by demons, who did what they could to molest him, and had succeeded in marring his peace in no slight degree. This he had no hesitation in stating to any Christian minister who visited him in his sickness to afford him spiritual counsel. "Tell me," I asked, "if you see the demons surrounding your bed now?" "No," was the reply; "when a Christian friend is here, they all vanish; but whenever he goes away, they come again. I do not see them now, because you are here; but the moment you leave the room they will appear again."

Had this been the first interview with the dying man, temptation might have arisen to regard him simply as a person under conviction of sin, and who had never yet been enabled in faith to apprehend the Saviour. But the satisfactory evidence which had before been afforded of his Christian character, and the knowledge that this sad trial did not begin to be experienced till the unhappy soldier had greatly wasted away, combined to suggest another solution of the difficulty. His bodily weakness had to some extent told upon his mind; this had manifestly had much to do with calling into existence those shapes of terror that so much interfered with his tranquillity; and had it pleased God to restore him to strength, the return of bodily vigour would, in all likelihood, have chased the menacing apparitions away. We have known an instance in which a deeply pious person, in the last extremity of bodily weakness, would speak quite audibly while prayer was being offered by another in the domestic circle; and this not from irreverence, but from perfect unconsciousness that words were being uttered. The bodily was telling on the mental state. It was the same with the sad patient in the hospital. When this came to be understood, then a first step had been taken towards comprehending his case.

A second, however, required to follow. Advancing from nature onward to revelation, such a passage as that which describes "the fiery darts of the wicked" one, has a manifest bearing on such a case. The arch-adversary, desirous of flinging missiles at the child of God, could not select a more fitting season for carrying out his nefarious purpose than when his intended victim was mentally weakened and depressed by the failure of his bodily powers. Bunyan, whose sanctified genius so accurately photographed all the leading vicissitudes of the Christian life, produced a picture essentially true when he made the fiends delay their fiercest assault upon the pilgrim till he was passing through the valley of the shadow of death, and then adopt for purposes of annoyance the mean and malignant scheme of whisper-

ing into his ear blasphemous or wicked suggestions. This identical phenomenon we have witnessed: the hospital scene, though not the same, was still of an analogous character. As in the picture drawn by Bunyan, there was the Christian pilgrim, the valley of the shadow of death, the presence of fiends, and their manifested hostility, with the natural result of producing on the object of their spite a sadness founded on misconception of his spiritual state.

It was therefore felt to be a case in which it was right to cheer rather than to censure. Efforts were made to remove the depression which the unpleasing visions might have occasioned; and as the presence of a Christian friend was a specific against them, arrangements were made to secure this benefit as frequently as possible. Providentially, the soldier's own officer was a deeply pious Christian, who, on being informed of the circumstances, gladly consented to sit with him for a certain time daily, and thus afford him at least intervals

of relief. "Who has been tampering with this man's mind?" it was asked by one who, seeing the patient for the first time, when he had been reduced almost to a skeleton, had misapprehended the nature of his case. No one had been tampering with it, but all had been done to soothe it, and chase away its anxieties and griefs. So a short time more went by, and the missionaries had another interview or two with the occupant of the hospital sick-bed, and the officer daily wended his way thither, with the view of converting mental depression into mental peace. Then the soldier claimed no more from any of us, except that his mortal remains should be laid reverentially in the graveyard. There, accordingly, they lie, if they have not already crumbled into dust, while there is reason to hope that his spirit has winged its flight to that blissful region where none of the inhabitants ever say, "I am sick;" and no foul fiends can trouble the souls, preserved from assault, and watchfully kept by their Saviour.

LONDON, 1867.

THE DECEITFULNESS OF SIN.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.



OW hard it is for physicians to deceive a consumptive patient! It is so painful that the office is seldom done. The victim of that flattering disease—which so often selects the fairest for its prey—tells us every day that she is better, and "will soon be out again." The hectic flush which she mistakes for returning health is only a cunning mask behind which death steals in to strike the doomed one to the heart. Such is the deceitfulness of disease.

We could to-day summon ten thousand slaves of the stimulating cup, and not one of them would acknowledge that he intends to become a drunkard. The fatal symptoms of their sin are all too legible in the flushed face, the unsteady gait, and the tipsy talk; and yet they stoutly insist that they "never take more than is good for them," and that they "know just when to stop." This is Satan's catechism, which every tippler learns. Such is the deceitfulness of evil habit.

Now, just as the victims of a consumption or a cancer deceive themselves, just as the inebriate tries to conceal from himself the fatal serpent in his social glass, so do all impenitent persons deceive themselves as to the nature and enormity of their sins. They regard all sin against God as

a light thing. Dishonesty in trade, falsehood, adultery, theft, treason, they understand perfectly to be exceedingly injurious to their victims and to society. But while they are keenly alive to every trespass against commercial integrity or social order, they utterly belittle all *heart-sin* against a holy God. They regard it as a trifle; and secretly a vast majority of impenitent sinners hold that a future hell is an improbability. I once heard a learned judge say that the idea of future punishment was "a ghost-story, only fit to frighten weak-minded women." What his infidel lips expressed coarsely millions who are not "infidels" believe in their inmost hearts. Their hearts are hardened through the deceitfulness of sin "as to the very essence of sin, and as to the extent of their own guiltiness."

We do not exaggerate the importance of a right estimate of sin. This is a vital point in the soul's salvation; it is more than a technic of theology. The nature of sin and its inherent ill-desert is a precise point where the rejectors of future punishment diverge from the path of truth. Only admit that sin is an infinite offence against Jehovah, and their error perishes in a moment, under the direct threatenings of God's Word. It is at this point that Socinians leave us, and leave

their Bibles too. They assume that sin is a light and venial thing that may be pardoned without an atonement; and then they discover no need of a Divine Redeemer to "make a propitiation" for the sinner. When a man is thoroughly convicted of his own guiltiness before God, he is seldom disturbed with any Socinian doubts as to the necessity of grasping Christ Jesus as his only Saviour. Sin appears to him so abominable an outrage against the holy and loving God, that he can understand why a Redeemer is indispensable, and why he should accept the all-sufficient one whom the gospel offers. In fact, this matter of estimating sin rightly lies at the dividing-spot between truth and error with myriads of persons. This is the starting-point toward Calvary and heaven; or it is the "stumbling-point," whence they precipitate themselves downward toward perdition.

After all, *what is sin?* It is a transgression of the law of God, and it proceeds from the heart. It lies not only in evil performances, but in evil purposes. If sin is committed against God, what does God himself say about it? He pronounces it in his Word to be "exceeding sinful"—"the abominable thing that he hates." He compares it to a loathsome leprosy. He declares that the "wages of sin is death." He declares that even the "evil thoughts" which proceed from the heart "defile a man," and that nothing that defileth shall enter into the kingdom of heaven. Many passages in God's Word flash red with holy wrath against sin as the stupendous crime against the government of Jehovah.

Human history is the record of what sin has wrought from Eden to this hour. Sin gives birth to every real sorrow. Sin mingles every cup of temptation. Sin breeds every war. Sin blanches every corpse. Sin digs every grave. Sin weaves every shroud. Sin kindles the fires of future torment. As Chalmers has nervously phrased it, "the waste and the havoc of centuries that are gone, and the waste and havoc of centuries yet to come, all reverberate in one awful voice, 'Death hath passed upon all men, for *that all have sinned.*'"

The crowning evidence of the exceeding enormity of sin is seen on Calvary. What reared the cross? What wove the crown of thorns? What

mingled the bitter cup which the suffering Jesus prayed "might pass from him?" What slew the Lamb of God? Heaven, earth, and hell all answer SIN. On that background of infinite love—the love of him who died for sinners—human guilt stands out with a midnight malignity of blackness!

Impenitent friend! come up to Calvary, and see yourself in the light of that wonderful scene! See what sin is doing there—what your sin deserves, and what Jesus bore there for you the sinner. Confess there what you cannot deny, that you are rejecting him who shed his blood for you. Confess that you are making a mock at sin, and treating it as a trifle. Confess that you are among Christ's crucifiers. And then 'pretend, if you dare, that you are not guilty. If those who despise Moses's law perish, "of how much sorer punishment will you be thought worthy who have trodden under foot the Son of God, and have counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing?"

That men who are guilty of such a crime against the loving Jesus should esteem it a small and venial matter, is the strongest proof of the "deceitfulness of sin." Other arguments cluster about it; but we have no space to cite them. We might remind you of the thousand false promises sin makes, but never keeps. It promises happiness, and pays in remorse. It smiles and smiles, and "murders while it smiles." It whispers "ye shall *not* surely die," but its wages are death everlasting.

We have read of a singular tree that forcibly illustrates the deceitfulness of sin. It is called the *Judas-tree*. The blossoms appear before the leaves, and they are of brilliant crimson. The flaming beauty of the flowers attracts innumerable insects, and the wandering bee is drawn to it to gather honey. But every bee that alights upon the blossoms imbibes a fatal opiate, and drops dead from among the crimson flowers to the earth! Beneath this enticing tree the earth is strewn with the victims of its fatal fascinations. That fatal plant that attracts only to destroy is a vivid emblem of the deceitfulness and deadliness of sin. For the poison of sin's bewitching flowers there is but *one remedy*. It is found in the "leaves of the tree of life," that groweth on Mount Calvary!

Biblical Treasury.

I—THE LILY.*

IN our own and many other languages the word *lily* is of large significance, and takes in a vast variety of plants, which, beauty excepted, have not much in common. Shakspeare speaks of

"Lillies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one;"

but the "fleur-de-Louis," the badge adopted by Louis VII. of France, when he joined the Crusaders, was an *iris*, represented by the yellow flag-flower, with which we are familiar in wet meadows and along the margin of our winding streams (*Iris pseudacorus*). This halberd-shaped blossom has little resemblance to the cups of gold and silver (the nymphæas and nuphars) which float on the surface of our tranquil lakes—still less to the broad salver of the *Victoria regia*, all of which we have agreed to call water-lilies; and these again are very distinct from the Guernsey lily (*Nerine sarniensis*) and other members of the amaryllis family, to which popular usage or poetic courtesy has extended the lily name, although scientific heraldry excludes them from the true lily order. Unless it were in a nation of gardeners, it would be vain to look for a rigid nomenclature. No doubt the Jews were like ourselves, or rather, the Jewish children; for practically the children of all lands are the botanists. At life's outset, our heavenly Father lays us down on the soft cool grass, amongst the daisies and the "stars of Bethlehem." They are our playthings, almost our companions, and we call them all by their names. It is only when we grow taller that new objects arrest us, and we lose sight of the flowers; but if we ever notice them again, we prefer the infantile nomenclature, with all its poetry, to the hard titles imposed by the systematist. The children and the peasantry of England give the name of lily to daffodils and nuphars, in defiance of Linnaeus; and, although speaking of trees "from the cedar to the hyssop," Solomon could have taught them better, it is likely that both old and young in Palestine extended to more plants than one the name *lily*. Even the botanist includes amongst the Liliaceæ, the tulips, hyacinths, fritillaries, stars of Bethlehem, and scarlet lilies, which the Holy Land still yields so freely; and if the lotus of the Nile had been naturalized in any reservoir or river, like the large yellow water-lilies which

still flourish near the Lake of Mërom, it would not have been unnatural to bestow on it the self-same name.

On this subject we once sought the opinion of Sir W. J. Hooker, and with the obligingness which is so often associated with the highest scientific eminence, he sent a long and elaborate reply, from which we cannot do better than transcribe the following sentences: "I have thought much, and have read what botanists have written on the lily of Matt. vi. 28; but I grieve to say, the more I read on such subjects, the more I doubt the possibility of coming to *satisfactory* conclusions. I remember at one time being *satisfied* that the *Amaryllis lutea* was the lily of Scripture. I think Sir James Smith first maintained *that* in his pamphlets entitled 'Considerations respecting Cambridge,' and 'Defence of the Church;' and in 'Flora Græca' (vol. iv. p. 10), where he says, 'Hæc est apud Atticos planta coronaria,' &c. ['In Attica the yellow amaryllis is used for garlands, and is frequently planted in Turkish cemeteries as a token of the love of survivors. Its splendid blossoms, golden and truly regal, frequently adorn the warmer fields of Europe at the close of harvest. Hence, undoubtedly, they correspond to the field lilies of the gospel much better than the white lilies of the garden, which never grow spontaneously in Syria—a circumstance confirmed by the name *ἀγριο κρίνα* or *ἀγριο λάλες*, which the Greeks give them at this day.'] Kirby replied to this in a little dissertation, published in the 'Christian Remembrancer,' 1819, or thereabouts. He knocks this pretty hypothesis on the head, by saying this plant could not be used for fuel, and gives his verdict in favour of *Lilium candidum*, the *κρίνον* of Dioscorides, the withered stems of which are very likely to be cast into the oven." Kirby's conjecture is almost, if not altogether right. We have no fairer flower, and we cannot wonder that sacred and legendary art has long employed the white lily as the perfect emblem of purity. It is still a question, however, whether the white lily (*Lilium candidum*) is a native of Palestine; and the scriptural allusions are still better borne out by her more splendid sister, the scarlet martagon (*Lilium chalcedonicum*). Without having had the advantage of visiting the locality, we have no doubt that this is the plant of which Dr. Thomson speaks so glowingly: "The Huleh lily is very large, and the three inner petals meet above, and form a gorgeous canopy, such as art never approached, and king never sat under, even in his utmost glory. And when I met this incomparable flower, in all its loveli-

* From the "Imperial Bible Dictionary," edited by Principal Cairnes. (Blackie and Son.)

ness, among the oak woods around the base of Tabor, and on the hills of Nazareth, where our Lord spent his youth, I felt assured that it was to this he referred. . . . I suppose, also, that it is this identical flower to which Solomon refers in the Song of Songs, 'I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys. As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.' The bride, comparing her beloved to a roe or a young hart, sees him feeding among the lilies (Canticles ii. 1, 2, 16). Our flower delights most in the valleys, but is also found in the mountains. It grows among thorns, and I have sadly lacerated my hands in extricating it from them. Nothing can be in higher contrast than the luxuriant velvety softness of this lily, and the crabbed tangled hedge of thorns about it. Gazelles still delight to feed among them; and you can scarcely ride through the woods to the north of Tabor, where these lilies abound, without frightening them from their flowery pasture." *

The *Lilium chalcedonicum*, or scarlet martagon, thus combines within itself all the features suggested by the lily of the Song and of St. Matthew. It delights in the valleys; it is often found amongst thorns; its dried stem may be used for fuel, and "cast into the oven;" and, with its stately growth and flowing coronet, it is a truly imperial flower, which may well challenge Solomon in all his glory. And if sought further were required to rivet the proof and exclude all competitors, we have it in Canticles v. 13, where, regarding the royal bridegroom, it is declared, "His lips are lilies." Here it is manifest that neither the white lily nor the golden amaryllis would answer the purpose of the sacred poet, which, however, is admirably subserved by the ruby tints of this gorgeous blossom.

At the same time, we are quite prepared to believe that the architectural ornamentation mentioned in 1 Kings vii. 19, 22, may have been taken from the Egyptian lotus (*Nymphaea lotus*). When Colonel Williams was engaged in his excavations at Susa, he came on the traces of a palace of the ancient Persian monarchs rivalling Persepolis in grandeur. "The bases of the columns were bell-shaped, and richly carved, in representation of the inverted flower of a plant, which we usually term the Egyptian lotus. . . . Round the swell of the bell is an elegant and elaborate wreath, formed by alternate buds and perfect flowers of the lotus." † Could there be a better commentary on the "chapiters" (capitals) of lily-work "on the top of the pillars" in Solomon's temple? We cannot open a book of Egyptian antiquities without observing how constantly this lily of the Nile recurs as the staple ornament in Egyptian art; and recent discoveries show that much further east than

Palestine, amongst the Assyrians and Persians, the beauty of its form was fully appreciated; and that it was continually repeated, in bud or full-blown, by the artist, the architect, and the worker in metals. And who that knows even our own water-lilies, "serene in the calm water, but no less serene among the black and scowling waves," can wonder at the love, passing up into a sort of religious veneration, with which Egypt regarded its lotus and India its kindred nelumbium?

"What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower?"

"Oh, love is most like thee,
The love of woman; quivering to the blast,
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast
Midst life's dark sea.

"And faith—oh, is not faith
Like thee, too, lily, springing into light
Still buoyantly, above the billow's might,
Through the storm's breath?"—Mrs. Hemans.

"Consider the lilies." Wondrous is God's chemistry, who out of black mould and invisible vapour builds up that column of chrysolite, and crowns it with its flaming capital! And how strange is God's husbandry! Instead of taking the lily into a conservatory, and carefully protecting it, he leaves it out amongst the thorns; but there again his mysterious hand is at work, controlling its affinities, building up its fabric, enriching its beauty; so that the same soil from which one nature can only extract the harsh astringent sloe with its cruel spines and spears, yields to another flexible leaves and balmy blossom. So the Church of Christ is a lily of the valley; the believer is a lily in the midst of thorns. The life of faith is not lived in the convent or in the sanctuary, but out of doors, in the unsympathizing world, in the midst of secular men. But the dust from the world's highway, which to clammy viscid stems and coarse weed-like natures clings in thickening coats, finds small lodgment on the polished stalk, on the chased silver or ruby chalice, of the lily. The cares and avocations which make others of the earth so earthly need not secularize the Christian; and from the same soil, the same atmosphere, from which they derive disagreeable or repulsive attributes, he can absorb grace for grace, and give forth excellence for excellence. The same bounties of Providence, the same wealth or prosperity, which make Nabal more churlish and thorny, make Joseph more generous, more tender, and forgiving; the same sunshine which elicits the balm of the lily, matures in the blackthorn its verjuice; the same shower which makes briars and thistles more rank, fills the lily cup with nectar, and clothes it in raiment eclipsing Solomon.

* "Land and the Book," part II., chap. xviii.
† Loftus "Chaldaea," p. 243.



II.—MANNA.



A MONTH after the children of Israel had quitted Egypt, and after moving on from their pleasant resting-place at Elim, they came to the wilderness of Sin. Here they found themselves in great extremity from want of food. The supplies which they had brought from Egypt were exhausted, and the desert yielded nothing at all adequate to the requirements of their enormous multitude. They murmured against Moses and Aaron for bringing them into such a locality, "to kill their whole assembly with hunger." "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, I have heard the murmurings of the children of Israel. Speak unto them saying, At even ye shall eat flesh, and in the morning ye shall be filled with bread; and ye shall know that I am the Lord your God. And it came to pass that at even the quails came up, and covered the camp; and in the morning the dew lay round about the host. And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar-frost on the ground. And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, 'Man hu' (What is this?), for they wist not what it was. And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat" (Ex. xvi. 1-3, 11-15). Like hoar-frost, or in rounded particles resembling coriander seeds, but white, the flavour of the manna was "like wafers made with honey." In these respects it is well represented by the gummy exudation of the tamarisk (*Tamaris Gallica*, var. *mannifera*), which occurs abundantly in the Arabian peninsula, as well as the *Alhagi* and other plants found in Syria and in the desert of Sinai; but in its more remarkable attributes this "bread from heaven" stands alone. Unlike the tamarisk or tarfa gum, and the other so-called mannas, which are found only after midsummer, and for a month or two, this made its first appearance in April or May, and continued equally plentiful throughout the year. There was none of it to be found on the Sabbath, and it was only the portion gathered on the eve of the Sabbath which could be preserved overnight. And as its arrival was abrupt, so its cessation was sudden. The first morning the supply was sufficient for the whole congregation; and through all their subsequent journeys we never hear of any intermission till forty years afterwards, when they arrived at Gilgal, and had eaten of the corn of Canaan, when it instantly and totally ceased (Ex. xvi. 35; Josh. v. 10-12). Referring to the tamarisk gum, Dr. Kitto remarks, "If any human infatuation could surprise a thoughtful and observant mind, and especially if any folly of those who deem themselves wiser than the Bible, could astonish, it might excite strong wonder to see grave and reverend men set forth

the proposition that two or three millions of people were fed from day to day during forty years with this very substance. A very small quantity is now afforded by all the trees of the Sinai peninsula; and it would be safe to say, that if all the trees of this kind then or now growing in the world, had been assembled in this part of Arabia Petrea, and had covered it wholly, they would not have yielded a tithe of the quantity of gum required for the subsistence of so vast a multitude. . . . To us this explanation, which attempts to attenuate or extinguish the miracle, by supposing this natural product to have been at all times and in all places sufficient, falling regularly around the camp in all its removals, and regularly intermitted on the seventh day, is much harder of belief than the simple and naked miracle—much harder than it would be to believe that hot rolls fell every morning from the skies upon the camp of Israel" ("Daily Bible Illustrations," vol. ii. p. 113).

The same difficulties affect another hypothesis, which has lately found some favour. There is a plant which has long been known to botanists by the name of *Lichen esculentus*, or *Parmelia* or *Lecanora esculenta*, and which, in Northern Africa and in the neighbourhood of the Black Sea, occurs so abundantly as to be used for food. It belongs to that great vegetable group of which the reindeer moss gives one example, Iceland moss another. The lichen in question, or rather its seeds, are apt to be carried up into the air by violent winds, and then, after floating in the atmosphere for a time, and becoming saturated with moisture, this "manna-lichen" comes down, usually in the midst of heavy rains. But even if it could be proved that showers of this substance have ever reached the Arabian desert, it does not at all correspond to the description in Exodus, and "in order to supply the children of Israel with manna from that source (and it was continued for forty years) we should be compelled to admit for six days in every week a violent gale to raise or take up these lichens, and heavy rains to bring them down again. That heavy rains did not take place with such regularity is positively implied—there was a great scarcity of water" (Berthold Seemann in "The Reader," Aug. 13, 1864).

When in the desert place near Bethsaida, there had come together "a great company" of people, it would have been as easy to extemporize for their subsistence the grapes of Eshcol or the melons and cucumbers of Egypt, as the corn of Palestine, or the fishes of Genesareth; and had a mere thaumaturgist been permitted for once to provide the repast, in all likelihood he would have enhanced the marvel, by conjuring up a miraculous board, dazzling with jewelled cups, and laden with exotic dainties. But the five thousand were the guests

of Omnipotence—of him who is the God of order, whose “ways are equal,” whose gentleness is his greatness, and in whose wonderful working there is continual regard to the rules which he has stamped on his own creation. Accordingly, to the companies seated on the green grass were handed round loaves and fishes, “as much as they would” and with the quiet and simplicity of an ordinary meal—with no attempt to impress upon their minds the prodigy—they ate and “were filled.” And just as the miracle beside the sea of Tiberias did not set aside considerations of time and place, but, so to speak, took for its point of departure the five loaves and two small fishes actually present, and proceeded to supply them without stint or limit; so the continuous miracle of the manna, like so many of the kingly doings of its Author, commenced with the least possible “observation,” and was in full keeping with the locality of its first occurrence. Instead of anticipating the grapes and corn of Canaan, or recalling from the house of bondage its leeks and its melons, it seemed only to multiply the natural supplies of the desert. A specimen gathered at random might have been taken for the product of the thorny *Alhagi* or of the feathery tamarisk. And just as the dole distributed to the hungry Galileans came from the hand of the disciples—

“No fiery wing is seen to glide,
No cates ambrosial are supplied;
But one poor fisher’s rude and scanty store
Is all he asks (and more than needs),
Who men and angels daily feeds” (*Keble*);

so the “corn of heaven,” the “angels’ food” (Ps. lxxviii. 24, 25), was not sent under charge of a celestial convoy, nor did a trumpet from the midst of heaven rouse the hungry pilgrims from their sleep to receive the appointed largess; but morning by morning as they rose, when “the dew that lay was gone up,” there remained “a small round thing,” as small as the hoar-frost: and to show that “man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God” (Matt. iv. 4), on that small thing for forty years subsisted the redeemed of Jehovah; and such was the simple fare which the King of kings provided when he “spread a table in the wilderness.”

In the same way when at Cana, to save the feelings of their host, and in order that the banquet might not be suddenly cut short, the Lord Jesus provided a mira-

culous supply—it was not something which ignored the usages of the country, but the beverage stately employed on such occasions, only so much better than usual as to call forth remark (John ii. 10). And just as the hungry multitude at Bethsaida was fed, not with manna, but with loaves and fishes; and just as for the wedding guests at Cana there was made to flow from the water-jars, not some new and unknown nectar, but wine like that which their own vintage yielded—so on the famished Israelites there came down supplies congruous to the locality in which they were encamped; though in such amazing abundance, and with so many supernatural accompaniments, as plainly betokened the hand divine. Both quails and manna were in unison with the wilderness. The miracle consisted in their inexhaustible profusion; more especially as regards the manna, in converting into a nutritious substance what is usually employed merely as a medicine or condiment—adapting it to every taste, adjusting to the requirement of each household the portion daily collected, and suspending the supply on the Sabbath.

This manna the Lord Jesus accepted as a type of himself, and the sixth of St. John is his own commentary on the sixteenth chapter of Exodus. “The bread of God is he who cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.” As soon as any man in the camp of Israel awoke, he found “given in his sleep” (Ps. cxlvii. 2), the daily bread, the food convenient; and whosoever awakes in Christendom to-morrow will find a gospel already in the world; the grace of God prevents him, a great salvation is provided, and a Saviour who, if so he pleases, may be all his own. And as there was no distinction in the camp—as the staff of life was needful to the strong as well as to the weak, to the richest as well as to the poorest, so Christ is alike needful to all. The man of most abundant virtue needs Christ’s merits as truly as the man who can boast no good attribute in all his character: the man who through a long career of piety has “walked with God” needs Christ’s mediation, as much as the conscience-stricken transgressor, who for the first time is faltering out, “God, be merciful to me a sinner.” But “this passage also teaches that the whole world is dead to God, except as far as Christ quickens it; because life will be found nowhere else than in him” (Calvin on John vi.)



FAITHFUL IN THAT WHICH IS LEAST.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FENELON.

SAINTE FRANÇOIS DE SALES has said that great virtues and small duties may be compared to salt and sugar; the sugar has the more agreeable taste of the two, but is seldomest in use, while the salt forms part of all food necessary for life. Great virtues are rare; the call for them does not often arise: when it does come, we are prepared for it beforehand; we are animated by the very greatness of the sacrifice demanded; we are sustained, whether by the éclat of the action performed under the eyes of other men, or by the secret self-satisfaction felt in making an extraordinary effort. The calls of small and ordinary duties are unforeseen, they are constantly recurring; they bring us continually into collision with our own pride, indolence, hauteur, impatience, fretfulness; they contradict our self-will in all respects. If we desire to be faithful to their claims, we seem to have no time to breathe, and self must be constantly denied and crucified. We would prefer a hundred times rather to make for God some great sacrifices, however violent and painful, on condition of being rewarded by liberty to follow our own tastes and inclinations in all lesser matters. Yet it is only by fidelity in little things that the grace of true love to Christ is sustained, and distinguished from the passing emotions of the natural heart.

There is an economical truth, which holds good in religion as in temporal matters, If we take no care of trifles, they will soon cost us more than articles of greater value. Whoever learns how to lay out to advantage small things, spiritually or temporally, will soon have amassed much treasure. All great stores are but an assemblage of small things carefully accumulated. The man will soon be enriched who takes care to lose nothing.

Besides, consider that God makes chief account in our actions of the motive of love which prompts them, and the self-denial readily made when called for. Men judge of actions by their outward appearance; God reckons as nothing what is in the eyes of man of the most importance. What he desires is a pure motive, a will wholly at his disposal, a sincere renouncement of self. All this is called into exercise more frequently, with less danger of pride, and in a way much more trying to self, on ordinary occasions than in extraordinary ones. Sometimes a mere trifle is felt more precious than an article of real value; it would seem more hard to give up a favourite amusement than to bestow a large alms.

We deceive ourselves the more easily in regard to little things, if we look upon them as innocent, and

imagine that we are not much attached to them. However, when God takes them away, we may soon discover, by the pain of the deprivation, how excessive and inexcusable our attachment had been. Besides, if small duties are neglected, we bring a continual reproach upon ourselves with our family, our servants, and the public. Men will not believe that our piety is sincere if our daily conduct is inconsistent. How can they think that we would make great sacrifices to duty without hesitation, if they see us fail when trifling ones are in question?

But the greatest danger of all, in regard to this subject, is, that the soul, by neglect in little things, will get accustomed to unfaithfulness. We grieve the Holy Spirit; we trust to self, and come to think lightly of displeasing God. On the contrary, true Christian love sees nothing as small; everything that may please or displease her Lord appears to be great. Not that this love brings the soul into a state of scrupulosity and restraint; but it desires no limits to its fidelity. It is not by constraint that the believer becomes faithful and exact in the smallest matters; it is from a sentiment of love freed from the fears and doubts of scrupulous, unquiet souls. He is, as it were, carried away by the love of God, and while labouring in the humblest details of duty with unwearied diligence, he feels himself enjoying perfect liberty and profound peace. Oh, what happiness!

Those persons who, from natural disposition, are the least disposed for it, are the very ones who ought to impose upon themselves the most inviolable rules in regard to little things. They are tempted to despise these small duties; they have got into the habit of considering them of no consequence; they forget their real importance, the insensible progress of evil passions, even their own fatal experience of this in the past. They prefer making great resolutions of imaginary firmness, and then trusting to this courage, so often deceitful, rather than subjecting themselves to a continual watchfulness. "Such or such a trifle is nothing," they say. Yes, nothing in itself, yet a "nothing" which is everything for you; a "nothing" which you love so well, that you refuse it to God; a "nothing" which you despise in words, in order to have a pretext for the refusal; a "nothing," in short, which you keep back from God for yourself, and which will prove your ruin. There is no greatness of spirit in despising little things; on the contrary, it is from narrowness of mind that we consider as small what may involve such mighty consequences. The more difficulty we experience in watching over ourselves as to trifles, the more we ought to dread

our negligence, distrust our hearts, and seek to place insurmountable barriers between us and the danger.

Judge for yourselves. Would you have patience with a friend who owed everything to you, and who, though willing to be of service in return on great and rare occasions, yet would not submit to show you attention or civility in the ordinary intercourse of life?

Do not be afraid of beginning this constant watchfulness. At first it may require courage, but the difficulty is a trial which you deserve, which you have need of, which will result in your safety and tranquillity, and without which there will be only a course of sins and sorrow. God will bring you by degrees into the blessed state of true peace and love.

H. L. L.

"AT EVENING-TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

FROM each day's care we gladly flee,
To find, O Lord, our rest in Thee;
Our burden to Thy feet to bring,
Our sin to Mercy's healing spring.

We know that at Thy gracious voice
The outgoings of the even rejoice;
To us, assembled in Thy sight,
At evening-time may there be light.

In Christ accepted, Lord, may we
The light of Thy salvation see;
Transformed by Thy free Spirit's grace,
Walk in the brightness of Thy face.

Thy favour crown each peaceful day,
Thy presence cheer each pleasant way;
And when we walk through sorrow's night,
At evening-time may there be light.

By every joy or grief we find
Our hearts to Thee more closely bind;
Trial and blessing, peace and pain,
All links in Mercy's golden chain.
And when life's closing shadows come,
Oh may they find us nearer home!
Then in our souls, with heaven in sight,
At evening-time may there be light.

J. D. BURNS.

THE CONVENT OF THE CROSS.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

ONE of the pleasant spots within a short distance of Jerusalem is the Convent of the Cross. It is seen on the right in approaching the city by the Jaffa road, prettily retired in a valley. Riding out one afternoon in company with a friend, in about twenty minutes we reached the sheltered hollow in which it is situated. Like all the convents in Palestine so exposed to the Moslem invasion, its walls are of immense solidity, having few openings by which an entrance could be effected. Notwithstanding this the Arabs, a few years since, contrived to make an entrance and murder the superior. The best view is from a rising ground, whence it appears to great advantage, half-buried in olive groves, with a back-ground of rocky hills.

On obtaining the key, we passed through an outer court, and reached the church, with the size and ornament of which we were really surprised. The mosaic pavement was superior to any in Jerusalem. We were

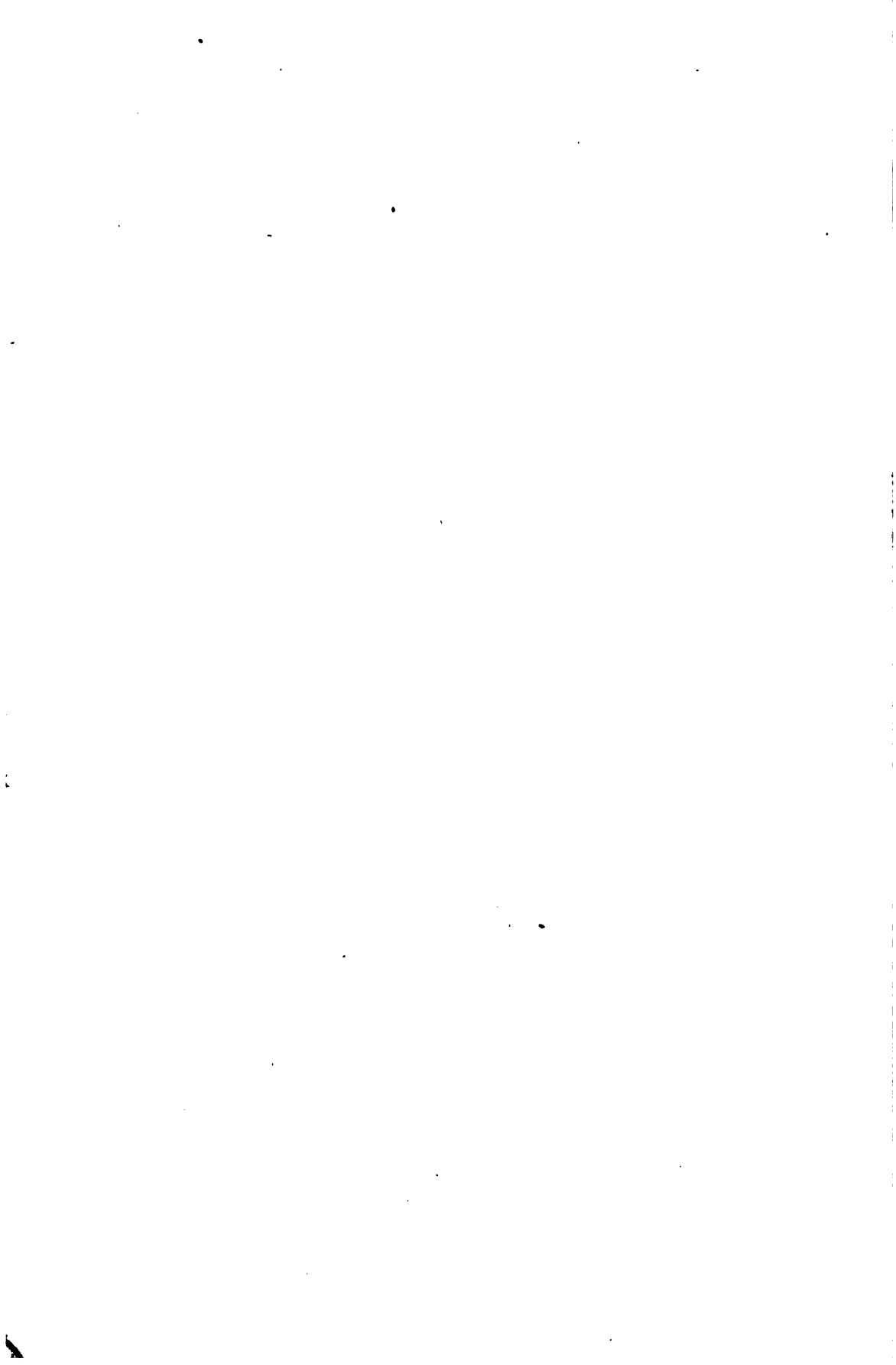
now conducted to the spot from which the convent derived its name; for it would have been strange, indeed, if an age which witnessed the discovery, or, as it is otherwise called, the *invention* of the Holy Cross, should have failed to discover also the precise spot where grew the tree of which it was made; which accordingly is pointed out in a vault behind the altar.

The Convent of the Cross is mentioned by Sæwulf, who says that it had been ravaged by the Pagans, but that the destruction fell chiefly on the conventual buildings; the church, more fortunate than many others, having been in great measure spared. It is the only remaining seat of the Georgians, an ancient orthodox church, which formerly possessed an influence at Jerusalem at present almost entirely lost. The site of the convent was granted to them by Constantine; and it was erected by their king, Tatian, in the fifth century.

—Bartlett.



CONVENT OF THE CROSS





The Children's Treasury.

THE DEFORMED PREACHER.

OH, mamma," cried Kitty and Willie Scott, as they ran into the parlour on coming home from school, "we have seen such a funny sight to-day!"

"What was it, my dear?"

"A little man," said Kitty; "*such* a little man; no bigger than Willie, and yet not a boy, mamma. He had a great hump on his back, and his stick was taller than himself, though it was not bigger than papa's. He had large shoes, and a man's hat, but just like half a body. It was so funny to look at him hobbling along!"

"I hope you did not laugh; or, at least, did not let him see that you were laughing at him. That would have been very cruel and unkind."

"I know we both laughed," said Willie; "but not like some of the other boys. Some of *them* laughed quite loud, and ran after the poor little oddity."

"I am sorry to think that any of your companions could behave so ill. When we meet any person whom God has afflicted in such a way, we should not appear to notice them at all; or, if we speak to them, be as kind and pleasant as possible. Was this man a beggar?"

"Oh no; he was well dressed, and looked quite respectable."

"And did he seem angry at the boys?"

"Yes, very angry; and he spoke bad words back to them."

"Poor man! So these boys were not only cruel and unkind themselves, but led him into sin. It is sad to think of."

"Mamma, why does God make dwarfs and hunchbacks?"

"My dear, that is one of many things which we cannot understand now; only, we know that he has good and wise reasons for all the trials and afflictions he sends; and that all those who know and love the Saviour, when they come to heaven, shall see that they have been brought there in the right way, and that God has kept his word of promise—'All things shall work together for good.' But many of the deformed persons whom we see were not born so. They have become dis-

figured in consequence of illness or accident, when they were children; often from the neglect and carelessness of those who had charge of them."

"Johnnie Ross says that dwarfs and hunchbacks have not minds like other people."

"That is quite a mistake. Many of them are very clever and well-informed. Of course, it is a great trial to be so unlike other persons; and therefore, without much prayer and help from God, they are apt to be peevish or passionate in temper; but we must make great allowance for this. Come to me in the evening, when you have prepared your lessons for to-morrow, and I shall tell you a remarkable story of a man like him you met to-day, who was enabled to do a great work in his time for God and his fellow-men."

The children did not fail to claim the fulfilment of their mother's promise, at the time she mentioned.

"Now, tell us about the deformed man, mamma. Who was he? Where did he live?"

"He was born about a hundred years ago, in England, in or near the small town of Horton, which is, I think, in Yorkshire. His name was Jonathan Saville. His mother and father were both pious people, but very poor. The father was a labourer, working hard to support his wife and child, yet finding time also to do work for the Lord Jesus, by visiting and praying with the sick and afflicted near him; so that he was well known and respected as a consistent Christian."

"And was little Jonathan born a dwarf?"

"No; he was a fine, healthy child. But sorrows and misfortunes came very soon. His good mother died when the little boy was only four years old; and you know it is a sad, sad thing for a child at that age to be left without a mother. And, not long after, his father was killed by an accident, when working in a quarry. So little Jonathan was left a friendless orphan, and sent to the workhouse at Horton."

"Is not a workhouse a very melancholy place?"

"Yes, it is generally a sad place; for all the people there are either very old, or sick, or helpless, or young orphans like Jonathan, and they are seldom happy to-

gether. We should feel much compassion for the poor friendless sufferers who have no other home; and Christians who have leisure may do much good by visiting them, and comforting them. Yet, when rightly managed, the workhouse may be made a great blessing to those who are very friendless and destitute, and unable to work for themselves. Jonathan was kindly treated, but soon sent to service in the country; and his master proved to be a very bad, unfeeling man. The child was made to work all forenoon in the coal-mines, and then, after a walk of several miles, set to spin wool in the evenings, instead of getting rest. His health and strength failed with the overwork and bad food, till one night he stuck fast in a bog from perfect weakness. He was then ten years old."

"That is Willie's age," said Kitty. "Mamma, Willie could not work in the coal-mines and spin wool?"

"Not at present certainly; and though Jonathan was a stronger child, and used to hardships, yet, as I have said, he sunk under the fatigue. After the night in the bog, it was evidently impossible for him to return to the mines; so he was kept constantly at the spinning-wheel. One day, being quite benumbed with cold, he ventured near the fire to warm his hands, when his master's daughter thrust him away, with such violence that the poor boy fell and broke his thigh-bone."

"Oh," said Willie, "is not that a dreadful accident?"

"Yes, dreadful indeed, which can only be got the better of by very great care and skill. Poor suffering Jonathan got neither help nor pity. He crawled in great agony to bed; but in the morning was compelled by terrible threats to rise and work again. It is deplorable to think of what the wretched child must have endured, while his groans of pain were only laughed at by the inhuman family around him."

"Did they not get a doctor to set the broken leg?"

"No; he just tried to hold the bone in its place with his own hand at nights."

"Did he not die?"

"He must have had naturally an excellent constitution, for he lived through all this suffering, but the bone never being put right, he became a perfect object, bent almost double, and only able to crawl on hands and knees." His master, seeing him quite useless, carried him to Horton workhouse again on his back, with the broken leg dangling down. The manager of the workhouse was a kind man, and felt much pity for the unfortunate child; and some of the poor inmates, who recollected his father's visits and prayers, received him very kindly, doing all they could to help and comfort him."

"Did he get better then?"

"By slow degrees he recovered some measure of health, but remained quite a cripple. An old man made him a pair of crutches, so that he could move about; but he had quite stopped growing, and at the age of fourteen was no taller than he had been when a child of seven. So, besides being a cripple, he was a

dwarf, like the man you saw to-day. But as he got stronger in body, his talents and vigour of mind began to appear. He had never been at school, and could not even read. Now he wished much to learn, and found a teacher in the workhouse—an old soldier, helpless with palsy."

"That was a poor master."

"The scholar did him credit, however. In one year Jonathan could read easily. Then he worked so diligently at the employments given him, that he gained extra wages, and spent them in improving himself at an evening school. And now, also, he began to think about his soul, to pray earnestly, and show an interest in heavenly things. On Sabbaths he would hobble to a Methodist chapel, leading along a poor blind man from the workhouse. And the good people at chapel used to pat him kindly on the back, and say, 'Ah, poor fellow! his worthy father's prayers will be answered for him yet!'"

"That is nice to hear of, mamma. Then did he grow up to be a good man?"

"He never *grew up*, in one sense, for he always remained a cripple and a dwarf. But by the grace of God he became a decided, happy Christian. He settled in the town of Halifax, maintaining himself by work as a weaver. He joined the Methodist Church, and soon was one of the most useful members, rejoicing to tell others of the love and goodness of the Saviour, who had given himself such happiness notwithstanding his afflictions. He was very useful as a teacher, and whenever he had a little spare time on Sabbath evenings or holidays, he used to go and hold prayer-meetings in the country villages, where, in those days, there were no churches or ministers. He was not able to ride, but would limp along many miles, through the cold of winter or the heat of summer, never thinking of his own fatigue, if he could but comfort the distressed or teach the ignorant and sinful. At last, the chief men of the Methodist Church, seeing how God had given him talents and grace, proposed to have him ordained as a preacher of the gospel, which is more easily done in their Church than in ours. Jonathan agreed, since they wished it, and so he was made a minister in 1803."

"A crippled, dwarf minister!" said Willie; "how very funny! Did people not laugh at him?"

"Some wicked, thoughtless men did indeed laugh, and even treated him cruelly. But he did not trouble himself about it, and even his enemies before long gave up persecuting him, when they saw him so gentle and patient. One day, in a country village, a drunken man knocked him over (which would be easily done), and called him "a crooked little devil." Jonathan rose up and quietly said, "Friend, the God who made me crooked made thee straight." The man was silenced, and went to hear him preach, and the sermon touched his heart. Years afterwards, when Jonathan happened to be preaching in Hull, a stranger seized his hand and said, 'I bless God that I ever knocked thee down!'"

"Was he, the drunken man, become a Christian?"

"Yes. And I can tell you another singular adventure of Jonathan's. One day, after he became a preacher, he was asked to go and visit a dying woman at a distance in the country. As he came near the cottage, he felt that he had known it before. It was the very house of his old master, where he had suffered so greatly when a child."

"Oh, how strange! And was it the girl who had been so cruel to him, that was ill?"

"I suppose it was."

"Did he not refuse to go in?"

"Oh, no, my dear! The holy man of God had long learned to forgive and love his worst enemies. But he felt much overcome, and prayed with such earnestness, that the sick woman got light and peace to her soul; and when Jonathan heard *that*, he exclaimed, 'O Lord, thou hast repaid me now for all my sufferings!'"

"And," asked Willie, "was he really a good, clever preacher?"

"Very good indeed, so that crowds came to hear him wherever he went. He had no settled charge, like our ministers, but was appointed to go from place to place. His weak, helpless appearance made strangers look at him with compassion at first, but when they heard his sweet powerful voice, and earnest energetic way of speaking to the heart and conscience, they were quite surprised, and their attention soon engaged. Very many souls were converted to God through his ministry. He was of a very cheerful, happy disposition, and yet his long trials made him able to be especially comforting to the sorrowful and afflicted. Children were very fond of him, and he of them. They seemed to look upon him as almost one of themselves, from his small size, and used to gather round him in the streets, not laughing, but listening to his kind loving words about the Saviour who invites little children to come to him. He was also deeply interested in the cause of foreign missions, and would plead for the heathen in a way that opened many hearts and purses. And so it came to pass, that very few ministers of Christ have been allowed to do

more for him than the lame dwarf preacher, whose *college*, as he used himself to say, had been the Horton Workhouse."

"It was very wonderful," said Kitty. "Did he live long?"

"I believe he lived to a good age, though I do not know exactly when he died. He was spared to see a great revival of true religion in his own part of the country, as well as through other districts of England, by the blessing of God on his labours and those of other faithful Methodist preachers. Now I recollect nothing more that would particularly interest you in the story of his life. But here is a lesson we may all learn from it. Jonathan had much reason to say, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' Had he been well, and strong, and happy, like ordinary boys, he might have grown up a thoughtless, worldly, godless man; or even if a good useful man, yet it is very unlikely that he would ever have become the eminent Christian, and the great preacher, which his afflictions were the means of making him. You asked me this morning why God allowed persons to be crippled and deformed? We can understand *why* in Jonathan Saville's case, and we must learn to believe and trust that there are wise reasons in other cases too, though we may not be able at present to understand them."

"I shall tell Johnnie Ross about Jonathan Saville," said Willie.

"Do so; and tell him to remember that a great mind and soul may dwell in a very weak and disfigured body. But let both him and yourself seriously consider how much gratitude you owe to your heavenly Father for giving *you* the full use of all your limbs and bodily powers; and how you should desire to live, and learn, and grow up, not to spend your time in self-indulgence, or seeking after worldly riches and fame, but in striving how much you can do for his service and glory, who has done so much for you. That is true life in earnest, the happiest life on earth, and the preparation for the perfect blessedness of heaven."

J. L. B.

THE LAW CONCERNING THE SPREADING FIRE.*

"If fire break out, and catch in thorns, so that the stack of corn, or the standing corn, or the field, be consumed therewith; he that kindled the fire shall surely make restitution."—Exod. xxii. 6.



WONDER whether you have ever read this verse before. It occurs amongst a number of laws given by God himself to the children of Israel, when they were encamped at Mount Sinai, and which were added by him to those ten commandments which we read and hear every week in our churches. Perhaps you have not; for although there are many parts of these Levitical books of the

Bible which are plain and full of interest, there are some which you would not so easily understand.

Jewish readers would, however, have understood this law better than English ones. I will tell you why. In the hot and sandy countries to which they were accustomed, grass was very precious. Moreover, the grass was light and dry, and often so parched by the sun, that a single spark would in a moment kindle a fire which would spread for miles. If the flame met with any dry shrubs or trees, it would consume them as hungrily as an animal

* From "Old Gums Recast," by the author of "Village Missionaries." A new work recently issued by our Publishers.

seeking to devour its prey, and advancing fiercely along, would in a few moments destroy all the crops which might be found on its course.

Travellers tell many stories of these easily-kindled and swiftly-spreading desert-fires.

One day an Englishman was encamped near Troy in Asia Minor. After dinner, a Turk came near, and emptied the ashes out of his pipe. A spark fell unobserved upon the grass; and a brisk wind soon kindled a blaze which withered in an instant the trees and bushes in its way, seized the branches and roots, and devoured all before it with a tremendous crackling and noise. The English traveller and his party were terrified, as a general conflagration of the country seemed at hand; but, however, after long and strenuous exertions, they succeeded at last in putting out the flames.

Another visitor to those Eastern regions has related that on a chilly night, when encamped near the banks of the Tigris, he was anxious to kindle a fire. But the Arabs, who knew the danger which might be caused by the flying sparks, should they be blown among the tamarisks and other shrubs by the river's side, implored him to give up his plan. So the Englishman wisely chose security, although combined with cold hands and feet, in preference to the comfortable blaze which was so dangerous a luxury.

"Well," you exclaim, "this may all be very interesting, but what has it to do with me? I live in England—not in the East. I am very seldom anxious to light a fire out of doors; and if I were to do so, there would be little danger in our damp climate of its spreading, or doing any mischief. Tell me why I am to take such special notice of this law of the spreading fire."

I once had a Bible class that puzzled over the same question. We had been reading and studying on many previous Sundays the ten commandments written by God on the tables of stone, and the terms of the solemn covenant into which the children of Israel were taken at Sinai by the Lord God of hosts. Then followed the three chapters of what are called civil laws—the rules laid down for the conduct of man towards man by the all-wise King of the Hebrew tribes; and, when we read the injunction which stands at the head of this paper, I asked the scholars if, among all the laws that followed, they could discover one which should remind them of that concerning the spreading fire.

They looked in vain for some minutes; then a few began to guess; but the guesses were wrong. At last a bright face was raised from the Book, and I could see in two sparkling eyes that my question had found its answer. "If you please—I think it's in the twenty-third chapter, and the first verse."

"Quite right. Will you read it?"

"THOU SHALT NOT RAISE A FALSE REPORT."

Then the question arose, which I offer to the young readers of these pages,—Why is the raising of a false report like the kindling of the spreading fire?

One answered, "Because it is often kindled through

carelessness." Another, "Because it has such a trifling beginning." A third, "Because it spreads so swiftly." A fourth, "Because its consequences are often so terrible." A fifth, "Because, once it has been spread, it is beyond control." And other answers followed which I need not repeat here, for, I daresay, by this time you have agreed with me, that in the law concerning the spreading fire we may find a parable showing forth the danger and the wrong of kindling a false report.

Perhaps you may have heard many stories from real life of the sorrow and disaster which have resulted from the indulgence of this habit. There are three Bible instances which so forcibly remind us of the spark kindled into a fire, that we shall do well to think them over before we leave the subject.

Can you remember which they are, before I tell you?

Satan raised the first false report which was ever spread on this fair world of ours. Look at the third chapter of Genesis, and the fourth verse: "And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die!"

There was the spark which kindled into a flame. Eve believed the lying statement which was presented to her, and she thereby disbelieved the truth of God's own solemn word. She listened, she ate; she gave to Adam (mark how the flame was spreading on); and thus sin and death came into the world; and from century to century, from age to age, the terrible fire, of which the first spark was kindled in Eden, has gone forward in its swift course of destruction; and men still re-echo and further spread this false report when they refuse to believe that the wages of sin is death, and go on in ungodliness and carelessness with the words in their heart, "Ye shall not surely die."

Would you see in its fullest extent the awful consequences of that beginning of lies? Behold the Son of God himself the victim and the sacrifice for the sins of the world! See him suffering, bleeding, dying on the agonizing cross, that your punishment might be laid upon him! Hear him cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and remember that, but for the false report raised by the serpent in Eden, he would have remained in the glory of the Father which he had with him before the world was. It is in the cry from Calvary, more even than in the anguish of the condemned sinner, that we discern the terrible result of that spreading flame kindled so early in the world's history.

Centuries had passed away since that day, and a people redeemed from the bondage of Egypt, and under the leadership of the Lord of hosts, was marching onward to the land of Canaan.

Long and weary had been the way through the Arabian deserts, the sojourn at Sinai, the pilgrimage to the borders of the Promised Land. But now they had reached those border regions. Canaan was before them. Encamped in Paran, they awaited but marching orders from their mighty Captain to take possession of the fair

fields beyond the hills of Edom, and to enter into the rest reserved for the nation which God had chosen.

We can imagine how the children must have spoken with each other of those goodly regions which they were so soon to behold; how they talked of the vine-covered hills, and of the broad-leaved fig-trees; of the valleys flowing with milk and honey; of the peaceable habitations and sure dwellings and quiet resting-places, which were so soon to be Israel's. There was joy throughout the tents of the Hebrews when they were pitched, after the long wanderings, almost within sight of the goodly borders of Canaan.

Then Moses sent forth twelve men, heads of the tribes of Israel, to spy out the country, with instructions to be of good courage, and to bring of the fruit of the land.

For forty days they were absent, and for forty days there was expectation and excitement throughout the camp. At last, back from the hills of Hebron, and from the valley of Eschol, came the men so eagerly awaited; and there must have been joyful hope in the heart of many who thronged forth to meet them, for beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; and those who best knew the mighty Leader of Israel's hosts, might well argue that they had not been brought thus far on their way without the assurance of good things to come.

But behold ten downcast faces! Listen to ten despairing voices! Hear ten murmuring and disconsolate reporters of the exploring expedition!

"We came unto the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey; nevertheless the people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled, and very great: and moreover we saw the children of Anak there. . . .

"And Caleb stilled the people before Moses, and said, Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it. But the men that went up with him said, We be not able to go up against the people; for they are stronger than we. *And they brought up an evil report of the land which they had searched unto the children of Israel.*

Vainly did the two true-hearted men of God endeavour to trample out the false report ere it kindled into a flame. Rapidly it spread from tent to tent, from tribe to tribe. "All the children of Israel murmured against Moses and against Aaron: and the whole congregation said unto them, Would God that we had died in the land of Egypt! or would God we had died in this wilderness!"

Then, when they bade stone Caleb and Joshua with stones, the glory of the Lord appeared in the tabernacle of the congregation before all the children of Israel.

Fearful was the result of that unbelieving story brought by the faithless spies: "And the men which made all the congregation to murmur, by bringing up a slander upon the land, even those men that did bring up the evil report upon the land, died by the plague before the Lord." And the sentence went forth that

none of those who had thus murmured should enter into Canaan, for they had thought scorn of that pleasant land. "But as for you," said the Lord, "your carcasses shall fall in the wilderness." "Turn you and take your journey into the wilderness by the way of the Red Sea." And not until after forty years, during which death had silently thinned the ranks of Israel of all those above twenty years of age at the time of that murmuring, not "until all the generation of the men of war were wasted out from among the host," did a wilderness-led people of Israel enter into the land which their fathers had forfeited. Surely if we would see the fearful results of a false report, it would be in this history of *Canaan in sight, and Canaan lost.*

We find a third illustration of our subject in the New Testament. You will see it in Matthew xxviii.

Two thousand years had gone by. Jesus had died for the sins of the world. He had been laid in the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea, and on the third day, according to the Scriptures, had asserted his Godhead by rising from the grave. And "behold, some of the watch came into the city, and shewed unto the chief priests all the things that were done. And when they were assembled with the elders, and had taken counsel, they gave large money unto the soldiers, saying, Say ye, His disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept. So they took the money, and did as they were taught: and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day."

Here was no chance falling of a spark. It was a deliberate kindling of the false report; and the words we have written describe the spread of the flame. We can well believe that had the marvels of the resurrection-morning been truthfully reported by the soldiers, many a Jew, unconvinced even by the wondrous circumstances of the Lord's death, must have renounced his unbelief when hearing them from the lips of these unwilling narrators. But the untruth was rapidly circulated, quickly believed, currently repeated from mouth to mouth, "and this saying is commonly reported among the Jews until this day." Only the great hereafter will reveal the full evil wrought by that priestly-kindled flame.

"As a madman who casteth fire-brands, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, Am not I in sport?" And, "He that kindleth the fire shall surely make restitution."

Be very careful, dear young readers, how you scatter or let fall a single spark of false report; for know how great a matter a little fire kindleth. The man who threw but the red ashes on the grass, little thought he would be answerable for the waves of fire which rapidly rolled along the plain; and a single word falling from your lips may spread into a devouring flame before you are aware of it.

Once a prosperous bank was suddenly ruined. How

did it happen? A foolish young clerk said to another, "Have you heard that Evans' has stopped payment?" He meant merely that the house had as usual closed for the night, but amused himself with seeing the consternation which his companion's countenance expressed, and purposely left him undeceived as to his real meaning. The bad news spread from mouth to mouth, and was followed by what is called a run upon the bank, and Evans' and Co. were ruined.

"A little harmless scandal," "good-natured gossip," "whisperings between friends," these all sound very

innocent, but they have been the beginnings of innumerable calamities—of loss of character, family contentions, nay, even of revolution and death. And God doth not hold such guiltless.

There is a prayer which is our best safe-guard, and in which the youngest and the weakest may secure counsel and discretion. It is this: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: keep thou the door of my lips;" and there is true safety in thus putting the control of our speech into the wisest hands when we consider the warning parable of the spreading fire

THE MESSAGE IN THE LETTER.

"And say to Archippus, Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it."—COL. IV. 17.



HIGH of us does not like to receive a message in a letter from some one whom we love? When the postman comes to the door, and the well-known hand-writing is recognized, and the cover is opened, the inquiry comes immediately, "Is there any message for me?" And if the letter contain any such message—if our father writes, "Tell Mary that I hope she will have her garden in good order before I return;" or, "Give my love to Willie, and tell him that I shall look anxiously at his school report when I come home," do not Willie and Mary go to their respective charges with double zeal? Does not Mary put fresh diligence into the pulling up of every weed? And does not Willie resolve that work he will with all his might that his father may not be disappointed in him by-and-by?

And does not the little bit of the letter which contains our own message seem to belong more to us, and stay more in our minds than all the rest? I think so.

Now the message which is written at the head of this paper was sent in a letter penned eighteen hundred years ago. It came by the hand of a strange postman—a runaway slave returning to his master from Rome; and it was written by one who called himself the prisoner of the Lord, from his imprisonment in that far-off city of palaces.

We do not know much of Archippus, to whom it was sent. All that we can find concerning him is contained in the verse of which we are writing, and in another in the companion letter to Philemon, wherein St. Paul calls him "Archippus our fellow-soldier." It is evident from these that he belonged to the town of Colosse; that he was a Christian; and that he was an active Christian, fighting under the banner of the cross in the army of the Lord Jesus Christ. But though we know little of Archippus, we can imagine how, when the company of Colossian Christians was called together to hear Paul's letter from Rome, one and another must have looked round towards him with the thought, "I would have liked a message too." And we can well believe that much as Archippus must have delighted in the

wonderful words contained in that long letter to the believers at Colosse, those which rang most in his ears, those which followed him into all his work for a very long time must have been, "Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it."

"Well, but what has this to do with us?" you inquire. "In the first place, this message was not sent to me; and, in the next, I am not in the ministry, and so I cannot think that it has anything to say to my common everyday life."

"Not in the ministry!" What place, then, do you hold in a world wherein every created thing has its ministry?

For this word does not of necessity mean being a clergyman. Its simple signification is a *charge* or *office*.

If you look without, over this fair world of ours, you will see how God has given to every object in his visible and invisible creation its office or ministry. The sunbeams wake up the earth, and bring life and light wherever they travel. The dew-drops and the rain descend on the thirsty flowers and on the green herb, and nourish them and quench their thirst. The stream, the winds, the ocean, and even the storm and tempest, have their offices to fulfil.

Then look at the trees and flowers themselves. Each little leaf has its work to do, and is wonderfully endowed with a species of breathing apparatus by which it receives from the air the invisible gas injurious to man, and subtracting for its own use the poisonous ingredient, gives forth in exchange the pure and liberated gas which supports animal life; so that the lowliest blade of grass, and the tiniest leaf of the forest, holds office in the field of God's creation. The birds, the bees, the animals—all have their uses and vocations, all have their ministry to fulfil here below; while in the invisible world, angels are "ministers of his that do his pleasure," and "ministering spirits are sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation."

Now, dear young reader, do you think that if every blade of grass, every little bird, every drop of dew has its duty and calling, you, who hold so high a place in

creation, have no ministry to fulfil, that you are left out of the ranks of God's office-bearers?

No, indeed! To you comes the message sent to Archippus in the letter from Rome, "Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it."

1. *Take heed to the ministry*; that is, find it out, make sure of what it is before you can expect to fulfil it.

Now to some people this has appeared a very difficult matter. We are told that our Lord, when he left the world, was like a nobleman going into a far country, who gave authority unto his servants, and *unto every man his work*; and, remembering this, many have exclaimed, "I suppose I have some work to do—some ministry—but I wish I could find out what it is." And, perhaps, they have gone on to say, "If I were a clergyman, or belonged to a clergyman's family, or if I were a teacher, or a district visitor, I should see my office quite plainly; but for me there does not seem to be any special work to do." And children are inclined to think, "If only I were grown up, then I should soon find out my ministry;" and servants, "If I were not in service, I would discover mine;" which is all very much as if a blade of grass were to exclaim, "If only I were an oak-leaf, I could be of some good;" or as if a dew-drop were to think that because it was not a stream of water it could be of no use in the world.

But the Word of God gives us some plain rules for finding out our ministry. This is the first, "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he is called." But this is not all. A further direction follows—"Let every man wherein he is called therein abide with God." So at the beginning of our "taking heed" we are to ask ourselves in what position we are, whether in that of master or servant, brother or sister, teacher or scholar, whether grown-up, or whether a little child, and seek *therein* to abide with God.

As this article is specially intended for the young, I will remind them of a child who early took heed to his ministry—"The child Samuel ministered unto the Lord." He was quite a little boy, but he did not say, "I will wait to be old like Eli," or, "I am too young to minister;" but he offered up the sacrifices of prayer and praise, which are the first-fruits of the youngest learner in Christ's missionary school, and in the calling wherein he was called, abode with God.

Having inquired of yourself what your place in the world actually is, according to the apostle's direction, the next step in the business of "taking heed" is to inquire, "What are *the duties* of my place and office?" In the third of Colossians you will find a receipt for the recognition of this ministry. Husbands, wives, children, parents, masters and servants, are all told the same thing; the common, ordinary duties of their places are to be touched with three words, "UNTO THE LORD;" and immediately work is dignified into ministry.

There is an ancient legend of a wonderful stone,

called the Philosopher's Stone, which was supposed to turn to gold everything that it touched; and an old English poet has compared this "unto the Lord" to that fabled stone in these words:

"Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I down everything
To do it as to thee.

"A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he please, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

"All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean
Which, with this tincture, FOR THY SAKE,
Will not grow bright and clean.

"A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws,
Makes that, and th' action fine.

"This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told."

It is written of one whom Jesus visited in her sickness, that "He touched her hand, and the fever left her, and *immediately* she arose and ministered unto them." And it is always thus when Jesus heals the evil fever and sickness of the sin-stained heart. He touches the hand and consecrates it, and the soul's cry is, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits unto me?" And then hands and heart minister unto him.

But, lastly, in your calling as children, as brothers and sisters, as servants and scholars, you must "take heed" to the different kinds of ministry included in St. Paul's "whatsoever."

We read of three classes of ministering women in the New Testament. (1.) Those who followed Jesus to the cross, "ministering unto him" (Matt. xxvii. 51). (2.) Those who ministered unto him of their substance, such as Joanna the wife of Herod's steward (Luke viii. 3); and those (3.) of whom St. Paul speaks as having laboured with him in the gospel (Phil. iv. 3), having their names written in the Book of Life.

2. Now, I would have you inquire whether, as those who desire to have your names entered on the roll-book of the Lord's ministering servants, you may not seek to follow their example, and *fulfil* these different ministries. "Let a man deny himself, and take up his cross *daily*, and follow me," saith the Lord, "so shall he be my disciple." If you seek to tread in your Master's footsteps, to be one of his cross-bearers, you will find that all sorts of disagreeable things turn into happy ones *for his sake*. Wearisome duties become privileges when we hear him say, "Do this for me." Harsh words do not hurt us, if we seek to bear them meekly because he would have us do so. Self-denials which no one else can see are graciously accepted when offered

from love to him who died for us and rose again. So, following near to Jesus and bearing his cross, is one form of your ministry.

Then minister to him, if you can, of your substance. "Ah," you say, "if Jesus were here on earth, how joyfully would I give all my money to get things for him. I would deny myself of food and clothes rather than let him want; I would work day and night to minister to that loving Saviour who gave his life for the sheep."

Well, dear children, you can do so now. He still says, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto Me."

Once a little girl who loved her Saviour very much for having so loved her, came to her clergyman with some money for the missionary society. He opened the paper, and found eighteen shillings.

"Eighteen shillings, Mary! how did you collect so much—is it all your own?"

"Yes, sir. Please, sir, I earned it."

"But how, Mary? you are so poor."

"Please, sir, when I thought how He had died for me, I wanted to do something for him; and I heard how money was wanted to send the good news out to the heathen."

"Well, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I had no money of my own, and I wanted to earn some, and I thought a long time, and it came to me how there were many washerwomen that would buy soft water. So I got all the buckets and cans I could collect, and all the year I've been selling the soft water for a halfpenny the bucket—that's how I got the money, sir."

The clergyman looked at the little girl who had been working so long and patiently for her Master, and his eye glistened.

"My dear child," he said, "I am very thankful that your love to our Saviour has led you to do this work for him. Now I shall gladly put down your name as a missionary subscriber."

"Oh no, sir; not my name."

"Why not, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I'd rather no one knew but Him. If something must be put, sir, please to write, '*Rain from heaven.*'" And so little Mary went away.

Dear children, can you not find some ministry for Jesus—something to give for his sake—if little Mary, who was so poor, was able to do so much.

Here is another anecdote for you:—A poor woman

came to a clergyman, and said to him that she had brought a little money for the Church Missionary Society. She gave him a small packet. On opening it, he was astonished to find that it contained £20. "Do you know," he said, "what you have given me?" "Yes, sir," she replied; "it is £20." Then, seeing that he hesitated to accept the money, she added in an imploring tone, "Please take it." And at his request she told him that, twenty years before, she had been left a widow with a babe, the life and joy of her heart. One day, as she was caressing it, she thought that her child would grow up to be a woman, and be married, and have a house of her own. She determined that she would give her a marriage-portion, and so she had put by sixpence a-week, until it had accumulated to £20. "And now, sir," said the poor widow, with tears on her face, "as the heavenly Bridegroom has taken away my child to himself, he is entitled to the bride's portion."

Then you may labour in the gospel. Yes; though you are not a clergyman, and perhaps not grown up, or very clever, you may help to bring others to Jesus. I know a young girl in the north of England, whom it grieved to see ragged children playing and quarrelling in the streets, with no one to care for their souls. She was not rich, and had to work hard for her living, but she felt that she must do something for the Lord, and try to bring these wretched children to him. So she set to work, and collected all sorts of old garments, and cut out, and patched, and contrived, and asked some other girls to help her; and then she said to some of these poor children, "If you will come to me on Sundays, I will tell you beautiful stories about a Friend who loves you; and if you try and come always, you shall have this nice frock." And this was the beginning of a large class that once was ragged, and if you could go by that schoolroom on a week-day evening, after working hours, you would often see a party of young girls stitching away at little frocks and petticoats, and singing hymns together at their work; and if you went by on Sundays, you would see round them groups of loving little faces, listening to the good news of the Saviour.

Dear readers, the message in the letter is to you. "Take heed to the ministry that you have received in the Lord, that ye fulfil it."

Follow Jesus—give to Jesus—bring others to Jesus. You may be young, weak, ignorant; but first take heed to the ministry, and then, by his Spirit's help, you will be enabled to fulfil it.





ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA:

A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration.

A SEQUEL TO "THE DRAYTONS AND THE DAVENANTS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

IV.

LETTICE'S DIARY.

ROYALTY.—We have not yet been able to enter Paris. The city is in great excitement with the wars of the Fronde. The queen-mother, Anne of Austria, and the young king Louis XIV., have been compelled to fly to St. Germain. It is strange to be exiled from one Civil War to another. The French Court is so poor in consequence of these tumults, that they have had to dismiss some of their pages; and it is reported that our own youngest princess, Henrietta, was obliged to stay in bed to keep herself warm for lack of fuel to light a fire.

"I have not had to wait long for the fulfilment of my murmuring wish, that some simple, homely woman's duty were separating me from Roger, instead of a political crime.

"When my father returned from paying such farewell courtesies as he might to Mistress Dorothy, he said, fixing a penetrating look on me (who, if I cast down my eyes, could not hide from him my eyelids swollen with weeping).—

"Master Roger Drayton was longer than need be in fetching Mistress Dorothy's mantle. I trust, Lettice, thou gavest him no cause."

"Then I told him all, as well as brief words might tell it.

"Thou hast done well," said he. "Could I think daughter of mine would have felt otherwise to one of those who have made England a reproach

and a curse on the earth, I would sooner she had died. For to eternity my curse would rest on her, and never would I see her face again."

"Then seeing me grow pale, he added, in a cheery voice,—

"But what need to speak of curses? Thou art a true maiden, Lettice, as true as fair. And many a hand there is that would be glad to be linked with this little hand, none the less that it has rejected a traitor."

"Then I gathered courage once for all, and said,—

"Father, they were good as angels to mother and to me. I shall always love them better than any in the world, save thee; I shall always think them holier and wiser, and more true and good than any in the world, save mother. For my sake, father, say no ill of them. It wounds me to the heart. And, father, say no more of any other wooer. I will live for thee and for no other."

"He was not moved as I hoped by my pleading. He only smiled and said,—

"No need for me to say anything of other wooers, child. They may speak for themselves. But as to living for me, I fear thou wilt find me a rough old tyrant enough to live with, say nothing of living for. See already, when I meant to cheer thee, I have made thee weep. Maidens are mysterious," he added, going to the window and whistling uneasily. Then returning, he laid his hand kindly on my shoulder, saying, "Come, come child. Thou shalt be as good to me as thou wilt. And

I will say as little evil of any thou carest for as I can, though as to picking my words it is what I am little used to. Only no tragedy, Lettice, and no heroics! Your mother knew I had no capacity for the heroics, and she never troubled me with them. I knew that she loved the mountain-tops, and now and then I should hear her singing there as it were like a lark or an angel. But she never expected me to climb. She had her divine songs, and her heroic epics, and her lays, and her romaunts, and I loved her all the better for them, but to me she always talked in prose, so that we understood each other. Thou and I will do the same.'

"And then the horses were ready, and we rode away together to Rouen.

"But his words are very mournful to me. Are only the streets and market-places, as it were, of our souls to be open to each other, and the inmost places, the hearth and the church, always to be closed?

"Yet there is a kind of unreasonable consolation in the prohibition of my father's as to Roger. It is a terrible strain to have to keep that door closed myself; whilst, at the same time, the barrier of another's will seems less impenetrable than that of my own purpose.

"*May 3rd.*—I am not sure that my father's words were not the best medicine in the world for me. It is so much better to have to meet others than to expect them to meet us.

"I have not to erect my cross into an idolatry, serving it with a ritual of passionate kisses and tears. I have to *carry* it; and to do my work carrying it.

"*'Si tu crucem portas; ipsa te vicissim portabit,'* saith my mother's A Kempis.

"Shall I indeed ever prove that? Not as a sufferer only, but as a conqueror? Then how? Not surely by looking at my cross, but by bearing it. Not by bearing it with downcast eyes, but with eyes upward to the redeeming Cross now empty;—to the living Conqueror who once suffered there!

"*May 4th.*—Mistress Dorothy left a sermon of Dr. Owen's with me. It was preached on occasion of a Parliament victory over the king at Colchester and Rumford. She asked my forbearance with the occasion. 'Not difficult to exercise (I said),

since victor and vanquished, King and Parliament, are both banished now before this new usurpation.'

"I read it with interest. Little of the cant some think characteristic of the Puritan speech there. Dr. Owen calls Colchester, Colchester, and not Gilead or Manasseh; and England, England, not Canaan; and Naseby, Naseby, not Jezreel or Armagiddon; and his enemies their own English names, not bulls of Bashan, or Amorites, or Edomites, or Hagarenes.

"But it is for what he saith therein on trouble, that she gave it me. The text is the prayer of Habakkuk the prophet upon Shigionoth. Shigionoth, saith the doctor, means / variety, a song in various metres.' 'Are not God's variable dispensations held out under these variable tunes, not all alike fitted to one string? Are not several tunes of mercy and judgment in those songs? "*By terrible things in righteousness will thou answer us.*" Nothing more refreshes the panting soul than an "answer" of its desires; but to have this answer by "*terrible things*"—that string strikes a humming, a mournful note.

"We are clothed by our Father in a party-coloured coat; here a piece of unexpected deliverance, and there a piece of deserved correction. The cry of every soul is like the cry of old and young at the foundation of the second temple. A mixed cry is in our streets.

"A full wind behind the ship drives her not so fast forward as a side wind that seems almost as much against her as with her; and the reason, they say, is, because a full wind fills but some of her sails, which keep it from the rest that they are empty, when a side wind fills all her sails, and sends her speedily forward.

"Labour to have your hearts right tuned for these variable songs, and sweetly to answer all God's dispensations in their choice variety. It is a song that reacheth every line of our hearts, to be framed by the grace and Spirit of God. Therein hope, fear, reverence, with humility and repentance, have a space, as well as joy, delight, and love, with thankfulness.

"That instrument will make no music that hath but some strings in tune. If, when God strikes on the string of joy and gladness, we answer pleasantly; but when He touches upon

that of sorrow and humiliation, we suit it not; we are broken instruments that make no melody unto God. A well-tuned heart must have all its strings, all its affections, ready to answer every touch of God's finger. He will make everything beautiful in its time. Sweet harmony cometh out of some discords. When hath a gracious heart the soundest joys, but when it hath the deepest sorrows? When hath it the humblest meltings, but when it hath the most ravishing joys?

"In every distress learn to wait with patience for the appointed time. Wait for it believing, wait for it praying, wait for it contending. Waiting is not a lazy hope, a sluggish expectation.

"Ye must be weary and thirsty, ye must be led into the wilderness before the rock-waters come. Yet (to those who wait) they shall come. Though grace and mercy seem to be locked up from them like water in a flint, whence fire is more natural than water,—yet God will strike abundance out of Christ for their refreshment with His rod of mercy.

"He would have His people wholly wrapt up in His all-sufficiency. Have your souls never in spiritual trial been drawn from all your outworks to this main fort? God delights to have the soul give up itself to a contented losing of all its reasonings even in the infinite unsearchableness of His goodness and power. Here He would have us secure our shallow barks in this quiet sea, this infinite ocean whither neither wind nor storm do once approach.

"Those blustering temptations which rage at the shore, when we are half at land and half at sea, half upon the bottom of our own reason and half upon the ocean of Providence, reach not at all into this deep. Oh, that we could in all our trials lay ourselves down in these arms of the Almighty, His all-sufficiency in power and goodness. Oh, how much of the haven should we have in our voyage; how much of home in our pilgrimage; how much of heaven in this wretched earth!"

"Words of strong consolation, Dr. Owen, to reach even to us 'malignant' exiles in this foreign land.

"May 4th.—It was well I copied these words out; for my father, seeing the superscription of

the pamphlet, grew very fierce at it, called it a firebrand and a seditious libel, and bade Barbe, our servant, light her next fire therewith.

"And to-day he hath brought me the 'Icon Basilike,' daintily bound like a missal.

"Here is reading fitter for a loyal maiden,' quoth he. Since which I have done little else but lament over the sorrows and heavenly patience of His Sacred Majesty.

"If Olive and the rest could but see this, they would surely be melted to repentance, and enkindled to counterwork their sad misdoings. And who shall say any repentance is vain?

"My father is full of hope at present. We have had fearful accounts of the disorders in the city of London and in the army; the very strongholds of the rebels. The whole country seems to be in a blaze. Executions, funeral processions in honour of the people executed, mutiny suppressed only by the strongest measures. Surely this tumult must spend itself, or exhaust the nation soon. And, as if smitten with madness, they say the substance of the army and its greatest chiefs are to depart for Ireland, leaving this half-suppressed conflagration behind them.

"These things nourish great hopes among us.

"Meanwhile, from Scotland there are the most encouraging tidings, the whole nation seeming to be awaking to their duty. His Majesty the young king will depart before long, to be a rallying point for this reviving loyalty.

"August 20, Paris.—The tumults of the Fronde are over. The French Court has returned to Paris, and it is my work at present to give as much a look of home as I can to these four or five great rooms on one floor of an hotel belonging to one of the ancient decayed nobility, where we are to make our sojourn. (*Abode* is a word I will never use in relation to this land of our exile.)

"These rooms open into each other, and command an inner courtyard, where a fountain flows all day from a classical marble urn held by a nymph. The cool trickle is very pleasant to hear in this great heat. On this nymph and on other classical statues, the cook of the French family who live below us irreverently hangs his pots and pans to dry, singing, meanwhile, snatches of chansons, which end high up in the scale, with all kinds of unexpected and indescribable flourishes.

"Our family is enlarged. Besides our own cook, we have a French waiting-maid, who also does work about my rooms. She has wonderfully lissom fingers, turning everything out of her hands, from my coiffure to my father's chocolate, with a finish and neatness which give to our little household arrangements such a grace and order as if we had a splendid establishment. Indeed, few of our fellow-exiles have the comforts we have. Our revenues come to us regularly, my father knows not (or will not know) how. But I feel little doubt to whose hands and hearts we owe them. They enable us to keep something like an open table in a simple way for our countrymen, so that we hear much of what is going on.

"*August 26th.*—Our rooms do begin to have something of a home feeling. My youngest brother, Walter, has joined us. Roland, now our eldest, is not hopeful as to the king's prospects while Oliver Cromwell lives, and has offered his sword to the Spanish Court. But Walter is a marvellous solace and delight to us. He was always the gayest and lightest-hearted of the band of brothers, and (except Harry) the kindest and gentlest. In all other respects he resembled my mother more than any of us. The bright auburn hair (such a crown, when flowing in the Cavalier love-locks); the soft eyes. And, next to Harry, he was most on her heart. In a different way—Harry as her stay and rest; Walter as her tenderest anxiety. So much she thought there was of promise in him, yet so much to cause solicitude. None amongst us were so moved in childhood by devotional feeling. As a child, he said lovely things to her, having an angelic insight, she deemed, into the beauty of heavenly truth. She would weep in repeating these sayings, and say she feared ('but ought to hope') it betokened early death. But this passed away with early childhood. As a boy, he was the merriest, and, in some ways, the wildest of all; the oftenest in difficulties, though the soonest out of them. But she had ever the strongest influence over him. And up to her death, although he had done many things to make her anxious, he had done nothing to make her despond.

"In her last illness she spoke of him more than of any one, and charged me to care for him.

"And now he is once more at home with us,

and seems to cling to me with much of the fond reverence he had for her. In the twilight on Sundays he likes me to talk of her, and sing the heavenly songs she loved.

"And for his sake mainly I tune my lute, and sing old English songs, and learn some new French ones, and mind the fashions of the Court; not that for my own sake I like to have ill-made or miscoloured clothes. (I think, too, there is one who would care; and whether he ever see me again or not, I have a kind of self-regard due to him. Who can tell if Oliver might repent, or die, and England be England once more?)

"*August 27th.*—This day my father has presented me to a sweet aged French lady, Madame la Mothe St. Rémy. She knew my mother, in long past days, at the English Court, and for her sake has welcomed me as a child (having none of her own), embracing me tenderly, kissing me on both cheeks. A most lovely lady, with a sweet grandeur in her demeanour, which made me feel as if I had been given the honour of the Tabouret at Court, when she seated me on a low seat beside her, clasping my hands in hers.

"When we were left alone together, after some conversation on indifferent topics, pushing my hair back from my forehead, she said,—

"'The same face, my child! but different tints; and a different soul. More colour, I think, without and within. The brown richer, the gold brighter, the eyes darker, and a look in them which seems to say, life will not easily conquer what looks through them. Of colour here,' she said, stooping and kissing my cheek, 'perhaps I must not judge at this moment. Pardon me, my child, that I spoke as if I was speaking to a picture. When we see the children of those whom we loved in early years, we see our youth in their faces. To me thou art not only Mademoiselle Lettice, thou art a whole lost world of love and delight. When I look at thee I see not thee only, I see visions and dream dreams. Ah, pardon, my child, I have made thee weep; I have brought back her image indeed into thine eyes.'

"'Tell me of her, madame,' I said.

"'How shall I tell thee of her? She was a St. Agnes—a beautiful soul lent for a season to this world never belonging to it. Some called her an angel; that she never was. When first I

knew her, she was simple, joyous, guileless as a child, but always tender, with tears near the brim, a heart sensitive to every touch of delight or pain; not strong, radiant, triumphant, like the angels who have never suffered.'

"She had suffered even then," I said, "when you knew her, madame?"

"She never told thee? Ah then, perhaps, I make treacherous revelations. What right have I to lift the veil she kept so faithfully drawn?"

"You can tell me nothing of my mother, madame," I said, "which will not make her memory more sacred."

"Again, that look is not hers! Your face bewilders me, my child. This moment soft like hers; now all enkindled, full of fire; to do battle for her, I know,"—she added. "But, as thou sayest, there is nothing which needs to be concealed."

"Madame," I said, "her life belongs to me, does it not? any recollection of her is my legacy and treasure. I also may have to endure. Most women have."

"It was my brother, my child," she said. "The sorrow was half mine, which perhaps gives me some right to speak. He was in the embassy in London, and I, recently married, was there also. They loved each other. They were all but betrothed. But they were separated. Calumnious cabals, I know not what. The misery of these things is, that one never knows how they go wrong. A bewildering mist, a breath of gusty rumour, and the souls which saw into each other's depths with a glance, which revealed to each other life-secrets in a tone, which were as one, which are as one, lose each other on the sea of life, drifting for ever further and further apart, beyond reach of look, or tone, or cry of anguish. So it was with them. He came back to France, bewildered, despairing; sought death on more than one battle-field; at last found it. And then we learned how true she was to him; what a depth of passionate love dwelt in the child-like heart. But two years afterwards your father entreated and your grandfather insisted, till at length she yielded and was married. They thought the old love was dead. But when I saw her afterwards, pale, meek, and passive, like the ghost of herself, I thought it was not the love that was dead, but the heart."

"But her heart was not dead, madame," I said. "She loved us all at home with a love tender, and living, and fervent as ever warmed heart or home."

"Without doubt, my child," said madame. "Duty was a kind of passion with her always. She was ardent in goodness, as others are in love. There is the passion of maternal love, and there is the flame of devotion. A great passion may leave fuel for other fires in a pure heart, but it leaves no place for a second like itself. But why should I speak to thee thus? thou who art but a child. After all, have I been a traitor?"

"It is my English fairness and colour, perhaps, which make madame think me younger than I am. Do not repent what you have told me; I may need such memories yet to strengthen me."

"She smiled, one of those smiles which always bring youth into the faces that have them; a smile from the heart, which lit up her dark eyes so that my heart was warmed at their light—and turned the wrinkles into dimples, and seemed to bring sunshine on the silky white hair."

"No, no, my friend," she said, "thou wilt never suffer as she did. Thou wilt conquer thy destiny."

"She conquered," I said; "she was the joy and blessing of every heart that knew her."

"As to *heaven* and duty, yes, my child; she was a saint. But thou wilt conquer as to *earth* also; I see it in thine eyes."

"How little she knows!"

"This history has made so many things clear to me. I know now what my mother meant when she said I could never save Sir Launcelot by marrying him, unless I loved him. I know now how it was she bore so passively some things which I could have wished otherwise at home. She felt, I think, that, give what she might in patience, and duty, and loyal regard, she could not give my father what he had given her. And therefore, perhaps, she could not, as he said, help him to 'climb.' She could come down to him in all loving, lowly ministries and forbearances; but love only (I think), in that relationship, can have that instinctive sympathy, that secret irresistible constraint which, with a thousand wilfulnesses and blunderings, yet could have drawn his soul up to hers. When so much of the strength of the

nature is spent in keeping doors of memory rigidly closed, perchance too little is left to meet the little daily difficulties of life with the play and freedom which makes them light. And this awakens a new strong hope in my heart, binding me as never before with a fond regretful reverence to my father. Something she has left me to do.

"Something, perhaps, which she could never have done for him. I (so far beneath her!) may, by virtue of their being no locked-up world of the past between us, help a little more to lead him to those other heights which he protested to her he could never climb. By virtue, moreover, of not having to stoop from any heights to him, but being in the valley with him, so that I can honestly say and feel, 'we will try to climb together.'

"For in this at least I am sure the Puritans are right. The up-hill path is no exceptional supererogatory excursion for those who have a peculiar fancy for mountain-tops; it is the one necessary path for every one of us, and it is always up-hill to the end; the only other being, not along the levels, but downward, downward, every step downward, out of the pure air, out of the sun-light; downward for ever at last!

"*August 23d.*—To-day I kissed our queen's hand. She embraced me, and said gracious words about my mother. She was in deep mourning; and with her was the little Princess Henrietta, a child of marvellous vivacity and grace. Her Majesty would graciously have taken me into closer connection with her Court, and with the French Court also. But my father seems not solicitous for this. He is all the more an Englishman for being an exile; and he misliketh their Popish doings, and some other doings of which probably the Pope would disapprove as much as the Puritans. He saith the French courtiers, many of them, seem to think of nothing but making love, without sufficiently considering to whom; not making love and settling it once for all like reasonable people, but going on making it the amusement of their lives all the way through, which is quite another thing. And he thinks the less I hear of all this the better.

"He saith, moreover, that the company around the young king, if fit enough for His Majesty and

for young men like Walter, who 'must sow their wild oats on some field,' is not the fittest for me.

"But it seems to me I should be ten thousand times safer in such company than Walter impetuous, and gay, and easily moved, and with no great love in his heart to keep it pure and warm. I would I could find him some such French maiden as Madame la Mothe must have been when she was young. Are these wild oats, then, the only seeds in the world that yield no harvest? My heart aches for Walter in that bad world where I cannot follow him, and whence he so often comes back flushed, and hasty, and impatient, and unlike himself.

"Last Sunday we attended the English service, which our queen has obtained permission to be held in a hall at the palace of the Louvre. Bishop Cosins officiated.

"It was the happiest hour I have spent in this strange land. The sacred old words, how they come home to the heart. Not heaven alone is in them; but England, home, childhood.

"Unhappy Puritans! to have banished the old prayers from parish-church, hall, and minster.

"Unhappy Papistical people! to banish them into a dead ancient language. The other day I went with my father into the Cathedral of Notre Dâme. The priests were chanting in Latin at the altar. Those Catholic children can have none of the memories so dear to us of the gradual breaking of the light into the dear old words, as in our childhood we wake up to them one by one to see they are not music only, but *words*; to find a joyful significance in each sentence of the creeds and hymns and prayers.

"I wonder what they have instead.

"*September 8th.*—To-day Madame la Mothe came into my bed-chamber. Seeing the little table with the picture of the Crucifixion my mother loved, resting on it, and her Bible and A Kempis on it (with the 'Icon Basilike'), she crossed herself and embraced me, pointing to the picture.

"'It was my mother's,' I said.

"'Had she then come back to the Church?'

"'She was always in the Church, madame,' I said; 'she was no Sectary.'

"'Excuse me, I do not understand your Eng-

lish terms. I mean the true, the ancient Church,' she rejoined.

"My mother believed ours to be the ancient Church, madame," I said. "We are not mere Calvinists or Lutherans."

"No doubt, my child, I would not give you offence; but it is not to be expected a Catholic should recognize those little distinctions among those we must consider heretics. You understand, I mean no offence, it is simply that I am ignorant. Perplex me not with those subtleties, my child; I ask, can it be possible that thou and thine are returning to allegiance to His Holiness the Pope, and the holy Roman Church?"

"Our Church does not indeed acknowledge the Pope, madame, nor the Roman Church," I said, trying to recall some of the debates I had heard on the matter, which had in itself never much occupied me. "We are English, not Roman. But I have heard our chaplain speak with the greatest respect of some popes who lived, I think, a little more than a thousand years ago, and say he would gladly have received consecration from them."

"No doubt, my friend, no doubt," said madame, becoming a little excited, "but the priests of to-day cannot be consecrated by popes who lived a thousand years ago. I would ask, are any of you willing to return to the popes of to-day? We used to hear your Bishop Laud well spoken of, and were not without hopes of you all at that time. It was once reported he had been offered a Cardinal's hat—of course on conditions. Have you advanced a little nearer since then? Are you coming back to the fold in earnest?"

"To the Pope who lives now, madame?" I said; "I do not think the archbishop or our chaplain ever dreamed of that. Our chaplain was always hoping the Church of Rome would come back towards us."

"Towards you! towards heresy, my child! You speak of what you know not," she replied, waving her hands rapidly, as if to brush away a swarm of insects. "Any one of us, our priests; His Holiness himself may indeed move towards a Protestant, as the good Shepherd towards the wandering sheep, to bring it back. But the Church, never! She is the rock, my friend, on which the world rests. She moves not. The

world moves, the sand shifts, the sea beats, but she is the rock."

"But, madame, pardon me," I said, "the chaplain thought the Church of Rome *had* changed. There is a Rock, he thought, on which all the Churches rest. All we want (he said) is to remove some accumulations with which the lapse of time has encumbered this rock; and then he thought we might all be one again."

"My child," she replied. "The Church does not *move*; but most surely she *builds*, or rather she grows. She is living, and all things living grow. She is as one of our great cathedrals. Age after age adds to its towers, its chapels, its side aisles. Heart after heart adds to its shrines. But it is still one cathedral. We do not need to hunt out obsolete books to see if we are building according to the oldest rules. New needs create new rules. When we want to know what to believe, we do not need to send for antiquaries. We do not need to grope back among the far-off centuries and see what those excellent popes, of whom your good chaplain spoke, said a thousand years ago. We have a living Pope now. He is the vicar of Christ; we listen, he can speak, he can teach, he can command. We do not need to go to ancient worm-eaten books for our creeds. They were living voices in their age, and spoke for it. We have the living voice for our age, and we listen to it. Tell me then, quite simply; are your English people, or any of them, coming back to the true ancient Catholic Church?"

"Many among us have sighed for a union with the rest of Catholic Christendom," I said. "Our chaplain used to speak much of it. We are not of the sects, he said, who have overrun Germany and other Protestant countries, Lutheran, Zwinglian, Calvinist, Huguenot. He used to speak much of their errors. One or two little concessions, he said, and all might be one again."

"Concessions from us, my child!" said madame, shaking her head. "What would you have? The doors of the Church stand open. You have but to enter. The arms of His Holiness are outstretched. You have but to fly to them. You have pardon, welcome, reconciliation, not a reproach for the past, all forgotten! What would you have more?"

"'Madame,' I said, 'we think we *are* in the Catholic Church.'

"'Ah, my charming child,' she said, smiling compassionately. 'I see it is in vain to speak of these things. In your island you have the ideas of an island. You have so many things to yourselves, that you think you may have everything to yourselves. You have your constitution, your seas, your mountains and plains, your clouds, your skies, all to yourselves. But the Catholic Church! Ah, my child, that is impossible; you are a remarkable people, and have remarkable ambitions. But there are things possible and things impossible. You cannot have a Catholic Church all to yourselves. It is not a thing possible.'

"Then the slight excitement there had been in her manner passed away, and she said,—

"'My child, we will not perplex ourselves much with these difficult things. I have a very holy cousin among the ladies of Port Royal. Perhaps one day I may introduce her to you. For women, happily, if they can help to welcome each other within the sacred doors, have not the keys to close them. And with regard to thy mother, all this has nothing to do. Heavenly beings are not subject to earthly laws. And that among the heathen there were such, my director assures me there is no doubt. I trust even there were such among the Huguenots; for some of my ancestors were unhappily "gentlemen of the religion."'

"'Did any of them suffer in the St. Bartholomew?' I asked; 'and do you know if any among them took refuge in London?'

"'I have heard there is one of their descendants established in London as a physician,' she said.

"'I know him, madame,' I said. And it made me feel a kind of kindred with the gentle French lady that a connection of hers, however remote, had married Olive.

"But this evening, when Barbe, the waiting-woman, was arranging my hair, and I was consoling her with telling her some of Dr. Owen's thoughts about sorrow (for Barbe has lately lost her mother, and is a destitute orphan, and has had a sorrowful life in many ways), she said, in a choked voice,—

"'Ah, if mademoiselle could only hear the minister at the *prêche*. For the people of the religion are allowed to meet again, in a quiet way.'

"'You belong to the religion then, Barbe?'

"'Without doubt, mademoiselle. Have not my kindred fought and been massacred for it these hundred years? This is what made me so glad when the chevalier engaged me to wait on mademoiselle. I knew at once it was the good hand of God. For the English are also of the religion, my father said; and although they have sometimes perplexed our people by promising much and doing little for us, we always knew these were mere Court intrigues; and that in heart we were one.'

"'But, Barbe,' I said, with some hesitation, wishing not to mislead, nor yet to pain her, 'we are not exactly of "the religion." The English Church is not like yours. We are not Calvinists. We have bishops and a liturgy, and have changed as little as possible the old Catholic ritual.'

"'Ah, what does that matter?' replied Barbe, unmoved; 'to each country its customs! These little distinctions are affairs of the clergy. They are not for such as me. And I have known from my infancy that the English are Protestant. They do not acknowledge the Pope nor the Mass. They do not burn for these things; on the contrary, they have been burned for them. They may, indeed, have their little eccentricities,' continued Barbe charitably. 'Bishops even, and a Book of Prayers! Do they not live on an island? Which in itself is an eccentricity. But they are Protestant. I have always known it, and now I see it. Mademoiselle does not go to Confession; she does not adore the Host. Every morning and evening she reads her Bible in her own language. She consoles me with the excellent words of a Protestant minister, as good as we hear at our *prêche*. Therefore mademoiselle is doubtless of "the religion." And to me it is a privilege, for which I thank God day and night, that I am called to wait on her.'

"It is very strange how differently things look a little way off. Neither Barbe nor Madame la Mothe seem able even to perceive the differences which to us have been so important. In spite of all I can say, Madame la Mothe regards me as

outside; 'very good, very dear, very charming,' but still outside; as a heretic, as a Huguenot. And in spite of all I can say, Barbe regards me as *within*; of her community, of her Church, of her religion, of her family; as a sister.

"What are we to do?"

"We offer our hands courteously to all the ancient Churches. And they turn scornfully away, saying, On your knees, as penitents, we will receive you, but, otherwise, never! You are outcasts, prodigals, in the 'far country.'

"On the other hand we turn away from the new Protestant Churches saying, In some respects you are right, but you have lost the ancient priesthood, you have rent yourselves from Catholic antiquity. And nevertheless they persist in embracing us, in calling us kindred, sisters and brethren.

"What are we to do?"

"In England it was in comparison easy. We had things to ourselves. Across the seas, where Churches loom on our vision in rocky masses through the mist and distance, it was easy to maintain our theory about them. But here, where we are amidst them, and Churches break into communities of men and women, it is difficult to continue stretching out peaceable hands to those who scornfully pass by on the other side, and not to clasp in brotherly greeting the hands held out in welcome to us. Barbe and her Huguenots (since they will have it so) I must then acknowledge as kindred.

"Yet whether they heed or not, I must and will also honour as our brethren every Catholic who is just, and good, and Christian. Their treasures of goodness are ours, in as far as they are our delight and our example, and none can deprive us of the possession.

"It seems to me, if the English Church shuts her heart against the Protestants on one side, and the Roman Church on the other, it becomes the narrowest corner of Christendom a Christian can creep into. But if, on the contrary, she stretches out her hands to both, bound on one side by her creeds and liturgies to the Catholic past, and on the other free to receive all the truth yet to be revealed in the free Word of God, what field on earth so fertile and so free, enriched by all the past, free to all the future?"

"It is those who exclude who are really the excluded. The more our hearts can find to love and honour, the richer they are.

"The outlaws, I think, in God's Church are not those who are cast out of the synagogue, but those who cast others out."

V.

OLIVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

At five o'clock on the evening of the 10th of July 1649, the trumpets sounded again in London streets, not for a soldier's funeral, and not for a triumph, but for an army going forth to war. To battle with a whole nation in insurrection, or rather in tumult; every man's hand practised in cruel and treacherous warfare against every man through those blood-stained eight years since the massacre of 1641, now all combined against the Commonwealth and Oliver.

With hopeful hearts they went forth with Cromwell, as Lord-Lieutenant.

It was the first time General Cromwell had taken on him much show of outward state. But men said it seemed to fit him well, as I think state must which grows out of power, like the pomp of summer leaves around massive trunks. He rode in a coach drawn by six gray Flander's mares; many warriors in his train; his life-guard eighty gentlemen, none of them below the rank of an esquire; the trumpets echoing through the city, stirring the hearts of the Ironsides, who, when he led them, "thank God, were never beaten." His colours were white, as of one who made war to ensure peace; who was going not as a soldier only and a conqueror, but as a ruler and judge to bring order into chaos, and law into lawlessness. This state be seemed the occasion well.

The army went with a good heart, and in unshaken trust that he was leading them to a good work, and that it was "necessary and therefore to be done;" the most part, like Roger, proud of being the men who had never mistrusted him; a few, like Job Forster, all the more eager in their loyalty for the shame of having once mistrusted; and many, like the chief himself, all the stronger in this and every work for sharing his conviction that all earthly work (to say nothing of pleasure), compared with the inward spiritual work from

which it drew its strength, was only done "upon the Bye."

But we women who watched them go, looked on them with anxious hearts. They were plunging into a chaos, which for hundreds of years no man had been able to bring into light and order. What they would do there seemed doubtful; who would return thence terribly uncertain; that all could never return terribly certain.

Poor Bridget Cromwell, young Mistress Ireton, and many beside, could the veil have been lifted, would, instead of festive white banners, have seen funeral draperies, and for the call to arms would have heard the trumpets peal for the soldier's knell.

Mistress Lucy Hutchinson needed not to speak scornfully of the fine clothing which became General Cromwell's daughters "as little as scarlet an ape." They did not wear it long. And indeed holiday garments at the longest are scarcely worn long enough in this world for it to be worth while that any should envy or flout at them.

For the rest, the Lord-Lieutenant's life was no holiday; nor did he or his Ironsides look that it should be. Not for merry-making or idling, he thought, but "for public services man is born." If victories and successes came, "these things are to strengthen our faith and love," he said, "against more difficult times."

We are always in a warfare, he believed; the scenes change, but the campaign ends not.

As Dr. John Milton wrote of him: "In a short time he almost surpassed the greatest generals in the magnitude and rapidity of his achievements. Nor is this surprising, for he was a soldier disciplined to perfection in the knowledge of himself. He had either extinguished, or by habit had learned to subdue, the whole host of vain hopes, fears, and passions which infest the soul; so that on the first day he took the field against the external enemy he was a veteran in arms, consummately practised in the toils and exigencies of war."

The portion of the army which went before the General gained a victory in July over the Marquis of Ormond, who was besieging Dublin; so that when Oliver landed, with hat in hand, and spoke gently to the people in Dublin, and told them he wished, by God's providence, to spread the gospel

among them, to restore all to their just rights and liberties, and the bleeding nation to happiness, many hundreds welcomed him and vowed they would live and die with him.

Three letters are preserved among my 'old Diaries which came to us during that Irish Campaign. One was from Job not long after the storming of Wexford.

"We have had to do '*terrible things in righteousness*,'" he wrote. "For years the land has been like one of the wicked old Roman wild-beast shows in the Book of Martyrs; the wild beasts first tearing the Christians in pieces, and then in their fury feeding on each other. This the General is steadfastly minded shall not any longer be. Whereon all the people of the land have for a time given over rending each other in pieces, to fall on us. We, however, praised be God, are not, like the ancient Christians, thrown to the wild beasts unarmed, nor untrained in fighting. For which cause, and through the mercy of God, the wild beasts have not slaughtered us, but we not a few of them. And the rest we hope in good time to send to their dens, that the peaceable folk may have rest, may till their fields in peace, and may have freedom to worship God.

"For peaceable folk there are in the land. It has lightened my heart to find that the natives are not all savages, like the Irish women with knives we found on the field at Naseby. They are kindly even, and well understand fair treatment, and return it. Their countenances are many of them open, and their understandings seem quick, to a marvel, for poor folks who have been brought up without knowing either the English tongue or the Christian religion. It seems as if they had been seduced with evil reports of us; for at first they ran away, and hid themselves in caves and dens of the earth, whenever we came near them. But since they understand that we are no persecutors nor plunderers, the common people begin to come freely to the camp, and bring us meat for man and horse, for which we pay.

"The Lord-General is very stern against all misuse or plundering of these poor folk. Two of ours have been hanged for dealing ill with them; which was a wonderful sight to the natives, and hath encouraged them much.

"The storm of Tredah was no child's-play. The Lord-General offered the garrison (mostly Englishmen) mercy. 'But if upon refusing this offer, what you like not befalls you,' he said, 'you will know whom to blame.' They refused mercy. Wherefore, after winning the place by some hard fighting (being once driven back, a thing we were not used to), the garrison had justice. They were three thousand. Scarce any of them survived to dispute on whom to lay the blame. It was not so bad as some of the things Joshua had to do; the judgment not going beyond the fighting men. But praised be God, that for the most part it pleases Him to work his terrible things by the stormy winds, the earthquakes, and pestilence, and not by the hands of men.

"The General saith, 'I trust this bitterness will save much effusion of blood, through the goodness of God.'

"And truly, after Tredah, few garrisons waited for our summons, and fewer still refused the Lord-General's mercy. We had but one piece of storming work since then. That was at Wexford. There was some confusion; the Lord-General wishing to save the town from plunder. His summons being scorned, he summoned them with the batteries. Then the captain would have yielded the castle, and the enemy left the walls of the town, whereon our men got the storming ladders, and scaled the walls. In the market-place there was again a hot fight, and near two thousand of the enemy fell; some were drowned in trying to escape in boats by the harbour. A notable judgment, we thought, for some eight score of poor Protestants who had been sent out not long before in a ship into the harbour, then the ship scuttled, and they left to sink; also for other Protestants shut up in one of their mass-houses, and famished to death.

"Since then the enemy has been scattered before us like dust before the whirlwind. Their strong places yield to our summons one by one. Please God we may have no more of the work of the whirlwind and pestilence to do. For these poor towns, on the day after the storming, with the blackened walls and the empty houses, from which the poor foolish folks have fled away into the fields, are a sad desolation to behold. It hath cast some little light on the slaying of

the women and little ones in the Bible; in that when the men are slain, the lot of the widows and orphaned little ones is sore to see. But war is not peace; and they who try to mix up the two, most times but put off the peace, and in the end make the war more cruel. The surgeon who laid down his knife at every groan of the patient, would make a sorry cure. The Lord-General has great hope of yet bringing the land to be a place for honest and godly men and women to live in, which, they say, it hath not been since the memory of man. But one thing will by no means be suffered; and that is the Mass. Some say this is cruel mercy (since the deluded people hang their salvation on it); and that it is contrary to the Lord-General's promises of freedom of conscience. But liberty to think is one thing, and *liberty to do* another. The poor folk may believe what lies they will; but that they should be suffered to act falsehoods in the sight of a godly Church and army is an abomination not to be borne."

The letter from Roger came later. In it he wrote much of the Lord-Lieutenant. It was dated February, from Fethard in Tipperary, which, with Cashel and other towns in the west, had lately come under the Commonwealth.

"Six months since," Roger wrote, "only three cities were for the Commonwealth—Dublin, Belfast, and Derry, and Derry besieged. The Lord-Lieutenant stormed two, after mercy refused, with severity of the severest—Tredah and Wexford; since which, none but have yielded in time to avoid the same fate: and in a little while, we have good hopes, if matters go on as they have, not a town or a stronghold will be left in the enemy's hands. The misery and desolation of the country is sore indeed; but it has not been the fruit of only these six months' war. Scarce, I think, of the terrible eight years' tumult since the massacre of 1641; rather, perhaps, of no one can say how many centuries of misrule, or no rule at all.

"The people united at first against us; loyal Catholics of the Pale, disloyal Catholics beyond the Pale, Presbyterian Royalists, and Papists of the massacre. Now their union seems crumbling to pieces again, being founded, not on love, but on hatred; and out of hatred no permanent bonds can, I think, be woven, even as my Lord-Lieutenant told them last month in his Declaration.

"Divers priests met at the Seven Churches of Clonmacnoise, on the Shannon, to patch up this crumbling 'union' against us, if they could. Whereon was issued the 'Declaration for the Undeceiving of Deluded and Seduced People;' wherein the Lord-Lieutenant told these clergymen many things which, perhaps, they thought little to the point, but which to him (and to us) are the root of all things, and therefore must naturally be to the point, especially when it is a question of uprooting.

"The terms 'laity and clergy,' he said, 'are dividing, anti-christian terms.

"*Ab initio non fuit sic.* The most pure and primitive times, as they best know what true union is, so in all addresses unto the churches, not one word of this.

"The members of the churches are styled 'brethren,' and saints of the same household of faith; and although they had orders and distinctions among them for administrating of ordinances (of a far different use and character from yours), yet it nowhere occasioned them to say *contemptim*, and by way of lessening or contradicting, 'laity and clergy.' It was your pride that begat this expression; and ye (as the Scribes and Pharisees of old did by their 'laity') keep the knowledge of the law from them, and then be able in their pride to say, 'This people that know not the law are cursed.'

"Only consider what the Master of the apostles said to them—"So shall it not be among you: whoever will be chief shall be servant of all." For He Himself came "*not to be ministered unto but to minister.*" And by this he that runs may read of what tribe you are.

"This principle, that people are for kings and churches, and saints are for the pope and churchmen, begins to be exploded.

"Here is your argument. 'The design is to extirpate the Catholic religion. But this is not to be done but by the massacring and banishing or otherwise destroying the Catholic inhabitants; ergo, it is designed to massacre, banish, and destroy the Catholic inhabitants.' This argument doth agree well with your principles and practice, you having chiefly made use of fire and sword in all the changes in religion you have made in the world. But I say there may be found out another

means than massacring, destroying, and banishing, to wit, the Word of God, which is able to *convert.*"

"Therefore in these words your false and twisted dealing may be discovered. Good now! Give us an instance of one man, since my coming into Ireland, not in arms, massacred, destroyed, or banished, concerning the massacre or destruction of whom justice hath not been done or endeavoured to be done.

"If ever men were engaged in a righteous cause in the world, this will scarce be second to it. We are come to ask an account of innocent blood that hath been shed. We come to break the power of a company of lawless rebels, who, having cast off the authority of England, live as enemies to human society. We come, by the assistance of God, to hold forth and maintain the lustre and glory of English liberty; wherein the people of Ireland, if they listen not to seducers such as you are, may equally participate in all benefits; to use their liberty and fortune equally with Englishmen, if they keep out of arms.'

"Then the Lord-Lieutenant offers peace, their estates, and fortunes, to all except the leading contrivers of the Rebellion, to soldiers, nobles, gentle and simple, who will lay down arms and live peaceably and honestly; and promises justice on all soldiers or others who insolently oppress them.

"The which (Roger wrote) we have hopes the people will listen to; and so, some ringleaders being banished, some of the murderers of the massacre of 1641 having after fair trial been hanged, this terrible war end in order and blessing to all who will be orderly. It hath been no beating the air this campaign in Ireland. Of courage there is no lack among this people. And many of ours have suffered by the country sickness, which, with the famine, came in the train of such wild lawlessness and fierce factions as have long desolated this unhappy country. The Lord-Lieutenant himself has been but crazy in health, and has been laid up more than once. But, as he said, *God's worst is better than the world's best.* He writes to the Parliament that he hopes before long to see Ireland no burden to England, but a profitable part of the Commonwealth. And we are not without hope that our rough work here

has ploughed up the land for better harvests than it has yet yielded."

Then, some weeks later, another letter from Job to Rachel, mentioning the storming of Clonmel on the 10th of May 1650, after many hours' fighting.

"Against the stoutest enemy," Job writes, "we have yet encountered in Ireland. Not that the Irish are enemies to be despised. Their faculty for fighting seems of the highest, indeed it seems their taste, and the thing they like best, since they are always ready, it seems, to be at it at the shortest notice, and for the smallest cause, or none—which is not the way of the Ironsides. We were peaceful quiet men, as thou knowest, and went into the fighting, not for the love of it, but for the love of what they would not let us have without fighting. Which is a difference.

"It is said our Oliver hath permitted such officers as lay down their arms to gather regiments of such as will join them and to cross the seas to Spain or France, there to fight for whoever will pay them. They say 45,000 of these Kurisees are going. Which seems to me pretty nearly the worst thing human beings can do. Worse than slavery, inasmuch as it must be worse for men to sell themselves than to be bought and sold. Who can say what such courses may end in? For the Almighty does not buy his soldiers; He has no mercenaries. But the devil has. And he pays; though not as he promises. However, no doubt, the country is better without them."

We thought again often of Job's words, when three regiments of these "Kurisees" were found massacring and torturing the peaceable Vaudois peasants in their valleys, in the pay of the Duke of Savoy, doing some of the direst devil's work that perhaps was ever done on this earth.

This letter reached us at Netherby, where about this time our little Margaret was born.

I remember well how it cheered my heart as I sat at my open chamber-window in some of the soft days which now and then break the sharpness of our early spring, and are as like a foretaste of heaven as anything may be, to think that perchance the long night of tumult and disorder which had hung over that distracted land was passing away, and a new kingdom was arising of liberty and righteousness and truth.

Our little Magdalen (Maidie) playing at my feet with the first snowdrops she had ever seen, and the baby Margaret (Maggie) asleep on a pillow on my knee. Spring-time, I thought, for the earth, and for these darlings, and for the nations. When life is given, who minds through what throes or storms?

The old home was much changed by the absence of Aunt Dorothy. I missed the force of her determined will, and her sharp definite beliefs and disbeliefs. The music seemed too much all treble. I missed the decisive discords which give force and meaning to the harmonies. There seemed no one to waken us up with a hearty vigorous No!

In the village, too, her firm straight-forward counsels and rebukes were missed. Aunt Gretel and my father seemed to have grown quieter and older. Forcible, truthful, militant characters like Aunt Dorothy's make a healthy stir about them, which tends to keep youth alive in themselves and those around. They are as necessary in this world, where so much has to be fought against, as the frosts which destroy the destructive grubs. The foes of our foes are often our best friends; and none the less because they are the foes of our indolent peace.

My father had been, moreover, not a little shaken by the loss of his arm. He had withdrawn from war and politics, and had thrown himself with new vigour into his old pursuits, investigating the earth and sky and all things therein.

But the more we stayed together the more needful we all grew to each other. Maidie especially so twined herself around her grandfather's heart, that we made a compact to spend the larger portion of the years henceforth together; we with him in the summers at Netherby, and they with us in the winters in London. In this way, moreover, my father would be able to attend the meetings and weekly lecturings of the association of gentlemen, for the prosecution of the "new experimental philosophy," which met during the Commonwealth chiefly at Gresham College, and was, after the Restoration, incorporated as the Royal Society.

Aunt Dorothy's absence, with the cause of it, was much on my mind during those quiet spring

days. Every error, she thought, had seeds of death in it, and carried out to its consequences must lead to death; therefore no error ought to be tolerated. This perplexed me much, until I learned a lesson from the old beech tree outside my chamber window.

"Aunt Gretel," I said one day as we were sitting there quietly with the babes, "I have learned a lesson which makes me glad."

"From whom?" said she.

"From that old beech," I said. "The old, dead leaves are hanging on it still. Now, if the world were governed on Aunt Dorothy's principles, strong winds would have been sent to sweep every one of them away weeks ago. But God carries on his controversy with dead things, simply by making the living things grow. The young leaves are pushing off the old, one by one, and will displace them all when the hour is come, when all things are ready. It seems as if the old things hold on just as long as they have any life left in them wherewith to serve the new."

"Yes, that is it, sweet heart," she said, as if assenting to what she had long known. "I, at least, know no way of fighting with what is wrong, like helping everything good and true to grow."

So April grew into May. The snowdrops, hawthorns, and blue hyacinths, and all the early flowers were lost in the general tide of colour and song which suffused the earth. These "first-born from the dead" were succeeded by the universal resurrection which they prefigured and promised.

The first forerunners of spring which come one by one, like saints or heroes, bearing solitary witness to the new kingdom of life, which, meanwhile, is secretly and surely expanding round their roots, had fought the fight with snows and storms, had borne their testimony and vanished in the growing dawn of the year.

A thousand happy thoughts came to me as I wandered in the old gardens, and sat on the old terrace, with Aunt Gretel and Placidia, while Placidia's little Isaac and our little Maidie played around us; and none of them were happier than those suggested by little Isaac himself. Again and again he recalled to me Aunt Gretel's words, "The good God has more

weapons than we wot of, and more means of grace than are counted in any of our catechisms and confessions. The touch of a little child's hand has opened many a door through which the Master has afterwards come in, and sat down and supped."

It seemed as if the child were ever leading his mother on all the more surely because so unconsciously to him and to her, opening her heart to love, and, what is not less essential, opening her eyes to see the truth about herself. For it is not only through their trustfulness and their helplessness that little children are such heavenly teachers in our homes. It is by their truthfulness, or rather by their incapacity to understand hypocrisy. They are simply unable to see the filmy disguises with which we cover and adorn our sins and infirmities. The disguises are invisible to them. They see only (and so help to make us see) the reality within; and thus confer on us, if we will attend, the inestimable blessing of calling our faults by their right names.

I remember one little incident among many.

I was sitting by the fireside in the Parsonage hall, and had just finished reading a letter from Roger, and telling my father about the Irish war.

"It is a conflict between light and darkness," said my father. "And the Mornings of the Ages do not dawn silently like the morning of the days, but with storms and thunders, like the spring, the morning of the year."

As he spoke, I looked out through the door to the sunshine. Placidia was sitting at the porch at her spinning-wheel, Maidie at her feet pulling some flowers to pieces with great purpose and earnestness, singing to herself the while, when little Isaac came running to her across the farmyard hugging a struggling cackling hen, which he plumped in a triumphant way into Maidie's lap. "I give it you, Maidie, for your very own." But Maidie, far more overwhelmed by the hen than by the homage, began to cry; whereon Placidia, leaving her spinning-wheel, rescued the hen and Maidie, and said,—

"It was very foolish, Isaac. You should ask me before you give presents. Maidie is too little to understand hens. If you wanted to give her anything, you should have asked mother."

"But I was afraid you might say no," said

Isaac. "And I had been planning it all night. I thought it would be so nice for Maggie."

"Maggie is a very little girl," rejoined Placidia; "and if you wanted to give her something, a very little thing would please her quite as much. There is your little gilt bauble, that you used to play with when you were Maidie's age. It is of no use to you now, and it would be nice for her."

"But," said Isaac scornfully, "that would not be giving, that would be only *leaving*. I wanted to *give* Maidie something. And I love Maidie dearly, and so I want to give her the nicest thing I have. Don't you understand, mother," he continued, in the eager hasty way natural to him, knitting his brows with earnestness. "I want to *give* something to Maidie. There is no pleasure in throwing old things away, to Maidie or anywhere else. It is giving that is so pleasant."

The colour came into Placidia's face. She said in a hesitating way,—

"But the hen will lay ever so many eggs, Isaac. You could give Maidie the eggs, and keep the hen, which would lay more."

"But I want the hen to lay the eggs *for* Maidie," he replied. "I have thought of it all. It is a great pity you don't understand, Maidie," he continued, seriously appealing to Maidie's reason in a way she could not at all appreciate. "It is the prettiest hen in the yard, and she will give you a new egg every morning, and it would be your very own, and you could give it Aunt Olive yourself."

But this extensive future was entirely beyond Maidie's powers of vision. She shook her head,

apparently hesitating between encountering a fresh assault from Isaac and the hen, and sacrificing the precious bits of flowers she had so diligently pulled to pieces and thought so beautiful; until at length, as Isaac again approached, terror won the day, and gathering up her treasures as best she could, in her lap, she fled to me for protection, and hid her face in my skirt.

"It is a great pity Maidie cannot understand," murmured Isaac in the porch, not venturing, however, to follow and renew his homage. "But, mother, don't you understand?"

It was not the mother, it was the child that did not understand. But she made no further explanation nor opposition. She only said softly,—

"Never mind, Isaac. You shall have the pleasure of giving. You shall keep the hen for Maidie, and give it her when she is old enough to know what it means."

She would not, for much, that her child should see into the dark place he had revealed to her in her own heart. So ennobling it is to be believed incapable of being ignoble.

I seemed to see the mother, through the coming years, led gently away from all that kept her spirit down, and on to the best of which she was capable, by the hallowing trust of the child.

It seemed to me that a conflict between light and darkness was going on in the quiet parsonage at Netherby, as well as on the blood-stained fields in Ireland.

And I thought that hour had witnessed one of its silent victories.

SATAN'S WITNESSES.



HE word devil means an accuser, a slanderer, and is well applied to the wicked adversary of God and man, who continually calumniates the ways of God to man, and accuses sinful and erring man even to his reconciled God. It occasions no relentings whatever to that cruel spirit, that he himself has been first,—

"The tempter ere the accuser of mankind."

But, besides his work in this higher region between God and his children, he has a busy sphere of operation in accusing and slanderer man to his fellow-man; especially in maligning the children of God, against whom he

cherishes the most relentless hatred. All his power is continually exerted to do the utmost possible of injury to Christ's cause, and Christ's people. In carrying on his wicked work, however, he needs help; and pity is it, that he finds the fitting help so easily. As the great Accuser, he needs witnesses to support his charges; and as the slanderer, he needs tale-bearers to spread abroad his lies. These he can find everywhere in sufficient plenty; but, of all human instruments, no one serves the devil's murderous end so thoroughly as a man of God. He can make dreadful work with such a tool, if once he get it in his hands. A score of open sinners cannot serve him, in this fashion, with half the

efficiency of a single saint; and this efficiency shall be all the greater that the saint is eminent for sanctity. O believer, was it for this that God entrusted thee with the inestimable talent of influence among thy fellows, that thou mightest use it for the devil's ends, and that it might serve to give thy word the greater weight when Satan brings thee forward as a witness to sustain his lying charges, or as a dupe to publish far and wide the slanderous coinage of his fertile malice?

Man, as man, delights in being the devil's witness. For "in more ways than one do men sacrifice to the rebellious angels." We need to come far down indeed, to reach the reality of man's deep degradation as a fallen creature. He is of his father the devil, and the works of his father he wills to do. He finds a measure of delight even in the cruel and calumnious lie. "For we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another" (Titus iii. 3). And the more wicked any being is, the readier is he to detect sin in others, and the more merciless in denouncing it. This is a strange phase of the awful workings of man's deceitful heart; but it is as firmly established by universal experience as any fact can be. So much, indeed, is this the case, that we will do well to notice what faults they are, that we are specially ready to condemn in others; and to take alarm from this, as a probable indication that the same evils are working unsuspected in ourselves. This much at least is certain, that the guiltiest is always the first to detect his own besetting sin in his neighbour; and he is sure to be the fiercest in condemning it. The merciless prosecutors of the poor woman taken in adultery were themselves men whose consciences could not bear the gentlest touch. And again, when Mary, in her ungrudging love, poured her costly ointment on the head of her beloved Lord, who is the leader among the disciples when they censured this offering of grateful love? It was Judas. And not only does he censure it, but it fills him "with indignation," an indignation which he succeeds in communicating to his fellows. Of course he needed to hide from them, and from himself too, if possible, the base passions that really moved him; so he attributed his strong feelings and his strong expression of them, to extraordinary compassion for the poor. Poor! what did he care for the poor; he, the heartless thief who was daily stealing the very alms that had been given to the poor? And the same readiness to censure with indignation is the characteristic of all who, like Judas, are hypocrites. "An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour" (Prov. ii. 9), and with his tongue he continually smiteth his fellow-servants (Matt. xxiv. 49).

And while the wicked are invariably sharp to detect the evil of others, this is peculiarly the case with the self-righteous. A shrewd observer of human nature says, "the more self-love we have, the more severe our censures." The free indulgence, then, of a censorious

spirit, is not only a proof of reigning self-righteousness, but a powerful means for its unlimited increase. If, like the Pharisee in Luke xviii., we allow ourselves to despise others, this contempt shall foster the very pride out of which it grew, and we shall, more than before, trust in ourselves as being righteous. If we ungraciously regard our fellows as "extortioners, unjust, and adulterers," we shall infallibly annex to it the self-complacent counterpart, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." For a man of this spirit—

"Enchanted with the love of fame,
Must find the jewel in his neighbour's shame."

Alas, how freely is this wicked propensity of man's heart indulged. So common is the sin, that, in many circles, a small company of friends shall scarcely spend an hour or two in social enjoyment, but part of this enjoyment shall lie in the guilty indulgence of this very sin. Nay, more, it is not uncommon to meet with persons who seem to place religion itself very much in censorious judgments of preachers, churches, and neighbours generally; of all indeed except themselves, as if it were some relief to conscience to think that the most of those around them were worse than they. Surely this is a perversion as monstrous as if a man were to place his religion in drunkenness, or theft, or blasphemy. "The Holy Ghost came down," says quaint old Fuller, "not in the shape of a vulture, but in the form of a dove;" and all who are renewed by him turn instinctively from the carrion to feed on the sweet and cleanly grain.

But, after all, as remarked above, Satan's best witnesses are believers; and this, not only on account of their personal character, but still more, from their peculiar position. When a charge against a man is witnessed to by his own brother, how damaging it becomes. Now there is something sadly inconsistent in a Christian's lending himself to be used by Satan in this way. He that is himself a pauper should never speak disparagingly of another's poverty. The man that confessedly lives, hour by hour, a mere dependent on God's mercy, has no right to grudge the same forgiving mercy to his fellow. How can he forget what he has so often said, that he himself is the chief of sinners? Or, when he begins to confess sin, why should he set himself to confess another man's, who has so much of his own unconfessed in detail to God or man? Ah, he may be a Christian, even though he "sitteth and speaketh against his brother;" but surely he is a backsliding Christian; and has urgent need, for the present, to look well to himself. No man who has just been washing his Saviour's feet with tears, and kissing them in the rapture of a joy that flows from having received a forgiveness unparalleled in its greatness and its freeness, will go out with the moisture still on his cheek, and the sanctifying joy in his heart, to accuse, to judge, to condemn a fellow-sinner. Nay, while in this spirit, he will do his utmost to compel a guilty neighbour to come to the same

gracious and forgiving Saviour. And in this spirit the believer ought always to be. "Shall the sinner be proud that is going to hell? Shall the saint be proud that is newly saved from it?"

"But we have judged nothing, we have fabricated nothing," perhaps some one may say; "we have merely repeated a well-known story, that is only too true." True, is it? Ah, my friend, are you quite sure of that? Possibly the central fact may be as you say, only too true; but this may be the case, while yet the setting that surrounds it is altogether false. Have you, along with your brother's fall, told all the outs and ins of his sore conflict, ere he fell? Have you truly exhibited the bewilderments of his judgment, and the suddenness of that last sharp assault which carried the fortress of his will by storm? Have you spoken, too, of the poignant grief, the self-loathing penitence, the deep abasement of heart before God, that have followed his sin! All these, and a thousand more, were needed to be known, and considered, before a righteous judgment could be formed; have you known them all, and have you told them all? No, you have not. The devil did not mean that these should be told, but only so much of the story as should damage the brother, and should dishonour his Lord as much as possible; and you, being unhappily seduced to become his witness, have told only so much as the devil meant you should. And what though all that you have said be true? Satan can tell the truth, when the truth fits him; but whether he tell the truth or make the lie, he uses both only for some devilish end. And what hast thou to do, O man of God, with helping the accuser of thy brethren, or *volunteering* to be a witness, in his interest, when he cruelly prosecutes thy Father's children. It is not denied that all that you have said is true. But while you took care to speak the truth, did you take equal care to "speak the truth in love?" The mother does not hasten to expose the shame of a beloved child, even though the story be all true; but hides it in her sorrowing heart, for love hermetically seals her lips. And love like hers will seal your lips and mine. "Is she a Christian?" asked a celebrated missionary in the East, of one of the converts who was speaking unkindly of a third party. "Yes, I think she is," was the reply. "Well then, since Jesus loves her in spite of that, why is it that you can't?" The rebuke was felt, and the fault-finder instantly withdrew. Some days later, the same party was speaking to the missionary in a similar spirit about another person. The same question was put, "Is she a Christian?" In a half triumphant tone, as if the speaker were beyond the reach of gunshot this time, it was answered, "I doubt if she truly is." "Oh, then," rejoined the missionary, "I think that you and I should feel such tender pity for her soul, as to make any harsher feeling about her quite impossible."

One occasionally meets with persons who seem to plume themselves on their sagacity in detecting the faults of others. In many cases the gift is rather a

thing to be ashamed of than desired. Perhaps, with a little more pride and envy, they might be more dexterous still. For there are spiritual affinities, as there are chemical affinities; and it is often the evil in us that is so sharp in discerning the evil in others. All actions are capable of being looked at in a variety of lights. The best have blemishes that suffice to attract the eye which loves to rest on blemishes; while all but the very worst have something in them which a kind and considerate heart can regard with pleasure. Our discovery, then, of what is in a brother is often really a discovery of what is in ourselves. Our judgment of him speaks much less of *his* goodness or of *his* badness, than it speaks of the humble love and gentleness, on the one hand, or of the pride and malice, on the other, that rule *in ourselves*. Even Jesus himself could not pass the bar of envy. And while holy love will see something to commend in the worst, some little star twinkling in the darkest sky, the evil eye will discern evil in the loveliest character, a spot somewhere on the brightest sun.

But, let me ask the sharp-sighted censor, has he equal affinities with the good? Is he as ready to discern, and to commend the hidden grace in a lowly brother's life? Can he see, through all the thick veils of corruption, the struggling faith and love, the penitence for sin, the hungering of the heart for God? and is he as hasty to tell to others the unsuspected good which he has discovered, that they may join him in his thanksgivings to God? This were an exercise more befitting the critical acumen of a child of God. Any wicked soul can do the other very well, but only a gracious soul is competent for this. It is only the spirit of Christ in us that can discover and rejoice in the fruits of the same spirit in others.

The law of God's house is love—love like the love of Jesus. The old rule of brotherly love had this for its measure—Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. This implies, among other things, that we feel as tenderly towards a brother, in spite of his faults, as we do towards ourselves, in spite of our own. Now, how considerate we are in reference to our faults, making every allowance for ourselves, on the grounds of habit, temperament, or sudden temptation. Does not our brother suffer too from his peculiar temperamental bias, and from the power of habit; and should we not consider his case quite as charitably as our own? But, indeed, the old measure of brotherly love is neither broad enough, nor long enough, to meet our heavenly Father's thought about us, in this dispensation of abounding grace. We are to love each other; not as we love ourselves, but as Christ has loved us. This is the new commandment—new, not as to its matter, for it was the old commandment which always was from the beginning, but new in its motives, and new in its measure. "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." And how has Jesus dealt with us in reference to our faults? Oh, what patient love,

what perfect grace! How unupbraiding has he ever been! If there be one thing more than another which sweetly melts the believer's heart, it is when he receives fresh tokens of the love which "multiplieth to pardon." And this love we are to imitate. As Christ has borne with us the sinful, so are we, for his sake, to bear with the infirmities of others. And this we are not doing, if we allow ourselves needlessly to speak of them.

When John Wesley was framing the rules for the Societies, he gave the duty spoken of a prominent place. The fifth of the directions for the Bands enjoins on all the members "not to mention the fault of any behind his back, and to stop those short that do;" and among the rules for the preachers there is one which says, "Believe evil of no one;" while the next adds, "Speak evil of no one." Let me recal the words in the first rule, "Not to mention the fault of any behind his back; and to stop those short that do." The last clause of this is as important as the first. For, in truth, if we listen to an evil speaker, we become partaker of his sin. Resetting is counted as bad as theft. "The devil," says old Frances de Sales, "is on the tongue of him that slanders, and in the ear of him that listens." So, then, we may bring on ourselves a share of the malicious speaker's guilt, if we become his patient hearers; for we can deliver our souls only by showing him the angry countenance that frowns to silence the backbiting tongue.

There is, perhaps, no point, in regard to which we need to exercise a more rigid self-jealousy, than in respect to the weaknesses and sins of our brethren. We should hate the sin, but we should also love the sinner, and seek to have him healed. As the members of Christ, we are to cherish sympathy with Christ, who is the Intercessor, after being also the propitiation (1 John ii. 2); and to have no sympathy with Satan, who is the merciless accuser, after being first the seducer. If, instead of this, our love be chilled, and we be drawn away from communion with Christ in his compassion for his wandering sheep, into communion with the enemy in his wicked practices against its life, this very spirit may be a greater sin in us, than the sin in him which we affect to deplore. In dealing, then, with a brother's faults, whether before his face or behind his back, let all be done in the spirit of meekness, considering ourselves lest we also be tempted (Gal. vi. 1).

"Lest that which moves us to condemn,
Be rather want of love for them,
Than jealousy for Thee."

It would indeed be a great deal more comfortable, in some respects at least, if we had all fewer faults. But what if these be an essential element in our present training. I do not speak of immoralities, but of infirmities, and weaknesses, and failings. What if my brother needs my faults to help his growth in grace; and what if I, on my part, am the better of his faults, that I may thereby be exercised in patient love. Pos-

sibly we could not otherwise be so well trained to bear each other's burdens, and to walk in the footsteps which Christ has left us for our example (see 1 Pet. ii. 19-23). Perhaps the world, as it is, forms the very best school for the discipline of creatures so depraved as we are. It is possible, that in no other set of circumstances could we be so happily educated in the humble patience that is slow to take offence, and in the thoughtful meekness that is slow to give it, in the active love that labours for the help of the weak, and in the candour that puts the best possible construction on the doubtful. And if we might have less sorrow, were there no faults at all among us, to tax each other's patience, perhaps this form of joy might be less safe for us than the joy which we can have at present, as abundantly as we like to take it—the joy of fellowship with Jesus, and of the service of patient love to him and his.

But Satan not only accuses man; he attempts a bolder flight, and dares to accuse God. What are all the hard speeches in the mouths of the ungodly but so many charges against God? Nay, what are all the hard thoughts, the complaining thoughts, the unbelieving thoughts of God's children, but only the devil's accusation of him? He overthrew Eve by suggesting evil of the Holy One; and he torments and seduces believers still by suggesting his most perplexing insinuations. In fact, great part of Satan's work in the world and on the Church lies in this very thing—suggesting unworthy thoughts of God to the hearts of men. To support these he needs witnesses; and here, again, he finds no witness so suitable as a professed believer. He charges God with want of love, and he appeals for proof to the sorrowful thoughts and words of believers. He insinuates doubts of His wisdom, and is only too well supported by the complaints and troubles of God's children. He obscures the awful brightness of the divine holiness, lest the light should awake the sleeping world or stir up the drowsy saint; and his proof he seeks in the careless living of the most of those that name His name. He charges God with want of truth; not broadly stating it, but softly whispering to the heart the enfeebling thought, till the believer's peace is confounded, and the unbeliever's soul is destroyed. And this charge he craftily supports by the cares and fears of mistrusting believers, whose sorrows, after all, come mainly out of this—they are afraid that God will not be as good as his word. O believer, art thou not overwhelmed with the thought, that the devil is dexterously using all thy weeping fears and thy unbelieving troubles to calumniate thy Lord, and to destroy thy neighbours? It is impossible—it is impossible for God to lie. Be assured of this; venture everything on the assurance, and speak with confidence about it. Never again let Satan tempt thee into the witness-box, to testify for him that, after all the promises—nay, after the sworn oath of God—thou still art filled with gravest doubts whether or not He is to be trusted.

The devil too, accuses a man to himself. He will

charge him, and press the charge, that he is only a hypocrite and a deceiver. Says one, who knew him well in this respect—"He bedaubeth us with his own foam, and then tempteth us to believe that the bedaubing cometh from ourselves." If he can entice us but a hair-breadth off the King's highway, he will do his best to draw us farther, till he plunge us into the horrible dungeon of Doubting Castle; and, for witnesses, he will get the poor soul to witness for him against itself. No soul knows the bitter anguish of such a case, save those who have been mangled by the terrible club of Giant Despair. Ah, my troubled brother, play not into the hands of Satan, as he seeks in malice to destroy thee. Up, and away to Jesus; for no soul was ever more welcome to him than thou wilt be. What though thou be the "chief of sinners?" Jesus saves to the uttermost. And let not these iron doors and heavy bolts retain thee; for know this, that the key of promise, in the hand of Faith, can open every lock in Doubting Castle. Nay, do not reason any further, but believe.

"All is finished; do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord—
Never reason more about it—
Only take Him at His word."

But the devil can become a flatterer when it suits his purpose, as well as a slanderer; and for his flatteries, too, he needs witnesses. In this case, also, believers are Satan's most effective helpers. Ah, there is an infinity of danger here—a danger all the more likely to snare the feet of one who, alive to Satan's craft as the Accuser, is fleeing from that form of the evil as far as he is able. Let such take heed to it, that, in avoiding the one department of Satan's service, he be not casting himself, heart and soul, into a worse. For no malignant slander can injure a man like the mistaken kindness which makes him satisfied with himself or with his doings. And this injury is ruinous, in exact proportion to the pleasure found in the delicious poison. How watchful, then, we need to be, since we have to guard against one who can make deadly use of our amiable, as well as of our unamiable and selfish feelings!

My brother, have you ever been set up as a mark by the great Enemy? and have you ever been wounded by his archers, as they bent their tongues, like their bows, for lies, and showered their arrows, even bitter words, as thick as snow-flakes round you? If so, then you have had sufficient proof of the groundlessness of Satan's charges, and the cruel spirit in which he presses them. You have been amazed to find how badly a case can look, when the circumstances are misrepresented, the

motives misconceived, and the perfectly harmless made to look like something awfully wicked. Perhaps, as you suffered from the cruel sting of the Old Serpent, you wondered whether such ignoble suffering, shorn as it was of all glory, and borne as it was without the sympathy of brethren, were not quite as trying as an ordinary martyrdom for the truth. Well, then, give your brethren now the benefit of your experience; and whoever may lend his tongue to censure, let your tongue at least be silent. So far as truth permits, defend the sufferer, and cross-question the devil's witnesses, till they be ashamed at least of lying.

And if the tongue of censure fall upon us—as it is sure again, and yet again, to do—let us seek to turn the testimony of Satan's witnesses to good account. Let us wisely use it for the discovery of our own unsuspected sins and weaknesses. Though the accusation may be, on the whole, grievously exaggerated, and though the light in which things are set may be altogether false, yet there is sure to lie, somewhere at the bottom, some foundation of truth on which the virulent accusation rests. Let us honestly investigate till we find this out, and let us in humility try to profit by it. In this way Satan shall lose more than he gains by all his malice, if he help to make us more humble in our spirits and more careful in our walk.

In conclusion, suffice it to be added, that while seeking to avoid a censorious spirit, we must by no means shut our eyes to the faults of beloved brethren. These, often unsuspected, are full of danger, and a considerate love will take alarm at the threatened injury of a brother. Let us deal with our brethren, then, in the most tender love about their faults, and let us encourage them to deal with us about ours. We are set to be one another's keepers; and if this true service of love were wisely and graciously gone about, the very weakest brother might help the strongest, quite as much as the strongest can help him. But let all be done in the spirit of Christ, without strife or vain glory; in genuine lowliness of mind esteeming others better than ourselves. Thus only can we be Christ's instruments for the constant washing of each other's feet. Though the members be many, the body is only one, and every gift of each is to be exercised for the good of all. As it is in the physical body, so is it meant to be in the mystical—every individual organ working to maintain the health of the whole. To use the quaint illustration of an old Puritan—"Let one hand wash the other, and let both agree to wash the face."



"SLIPPERY PLACES."



OUR winter has been more than usually severe, reminding the old among us of the winters of their earlier time; and, alas! reminding many of them of declining strength and growing inability to resist the subtle depressor of the vital force, that finds out the chinks and crevices of the earthly house. It has reminded all of us, surely, of a phrase which the Holy Spirit uses thrice in Scripture, and the expressiveness of which we must have realized, as with wary step and watchful eye we made our way along the frozen footpath. Each of the three texts has something in it peculiar to itself. One is a prayer; one is a note of praise; the third is a prophecy. There is something to be learned from each, if we have but the docile spirit.

"Let their way be dark and slippery," prays David in the 35th Psalm, among many other terrible imprecations on his persecutors. These imprecations have been a great difficulty to many a tender-hearted child of God, who wished to think kindly of David, and reverently of the Spirit of the Lord that spake by him. They have missed from them the forgiveness and charity which their consciences approve, and their New Testament enjoins. Nor, though silenced perhaps, are they satisfied when some one declares the imprecations are prophecies, and speaks to them of Hebrew tenses. There they are, very earnest and vehement calls upon the Lord to deal in severity with certain persons obnoxious to the psalmist. What is to be made of them?

It may be a little help toward the straightforward solution of the mystery, if we remember that, under the Old Testament, visible and outward prosperity was a common sign of divine favour. On the other hand, visible and temporal misery was the evidence of divine anger. Not only the thoughtless and superficial, but reflecting grave men of deep feeling, like Job's friends, believed this. To them, Job's physical pains and temporal losses were proofs of some secret sin that had provoked divine displeasure. This opinion lasted till the Saviour's time. The disciples held it. "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" Nor was this opinion without plausible warrant in Scripture. While men had not the New Testament and its ample encouragements to walk by faith, the Lord was so frequently interposing with visible wrath on the guilty, and temporal favours to his people, and promises and prophecies shaped themselves so much and so necessarily in the form of current providences, that the impression was not without countenance in the Old Testament Scriptures. Prosperity to the wicked, therefore, was like a certificate of good character from the Almighty. Their success against the Lord's servants would be held by themselves and

others to be proof of his regard, and to be conclusive of his disregard of those whom they had cast down. Success to the enemies of the Lord's people, therefore, compromised his character. Their overthrow vindicated that character. They themselves set up and established that test. It was no hardship that they should be brought to it. It was no want of charity to pray, "Lord, glorify thyself. Show them thy justice and holiness. If I am forsaken of thee, and if they triumph against me, they will believe thou favourest them. Prove to them, O Lord, that thou art not with them in their wickedness. 'Yea, let them say continually, Let the Lord be magnified, which hath pleasure in the prosperity of his servant. And my tongue shall speak of thy righteousness and of thy praise all the day long'" (Ps. xxxv. 27, 26).

In proof of the statement now offered, let careful reference be made to Rabshakeh's special pleading, Hezekiah's message to Isaiah, the prophet's message in reply, and Hezekiah's prayer (Isa. xxxvi., xxxvii.) Let proud and wicked men walk on securely and prosperously, and all ideas of right and wrong, and of God's relation to them, will be confounded in men's minds. Let their way be made dark and slippery, and, on the principle universally recognized, God will be vindicated, and it will be made clear that the Judge of all the earth loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity.

What the men of the world only learnt slowly from God's providences, the psalmist perceived when he went "into the sanctuary of God." The old sad problem of the prosperity of the wicked troubled him, vexed his spirit, and raised bitter thoughts in his heart which he dared not utter lest they should be a stumblingblock to God's simple ones (Ps. lxxiii. 15). He went into the sanctuary, where millions since have got light and comfort, and "then understood I their end. Surely thou didst set them in slippery places." And so his perplexity is turned into a psalm, and the ode that begins with a bitter complaint—"Where is the use of my serving the Lord?"—ends with the firm conviction—firmer, perhaps, because of the struggle through which it has been regained—"It is good for me to draw near to God."

In a dark and evil time the prophet Jeremiah was shown this same solemn truth. Priest and teacher had become profane, and God's own house was not free from their crimes. "Wherefore their way shall be unto them as slippery ways in the darkness; they shall be driven on, and fall therein" (Jer. xxiii. 12).

Plainly these slippery ways are dangerous ways. Did we see any of our friends on them, we should warn them off. Did we know of those treacherous underground lakes of inflammable gas, such as but lately destroyed

so many miners' lives, how eagerly we should hasten to give warning! Had we been standing by the water in the Regent's Park, and seen the premonitory symptoms of the yielding of the ice, how loudly we should have shouted to the excited throng, so many of whom were drowned! And if friends, neighbours, companions, if we ourselves be on these slippery places, how thankful should we be for the knowledge of our situation and for the timely warning!

"But is warning of any use? Is it not said, 'Thou hast set them?' If God has done it, there is an end." So one might say, on his first thought of the matter. But here the second thought is better than the first. In Scripture language, God is often said to do that which he simply permits others to do. So we say, "Lead us not into temptation;" when, if we are asked what do we practically mean, we should say, "Lord, let us not be tempted; be pleased to keep us from it; lead us away from it when our steps are by our own hearts set towards it." Although, therefore, men be on slippery places, if they find out their danger, turn from it, and cry unto God for help, we may be very sure he will hear them, and if they are only willing, he will, moreover, set their feet upon a rock, and establish their goings. So let us look for the paths over which a wise man's eye sees the warning, "Dangerous," written.

1. *A career of uniform prosperity is one of them.*—A. R.— began life with nothing but steady habits, a little education, and good health. From apprentice he became head of a department, junior partner, managing partner, head of the firm. He is not an old man yet. Everything he touches prospers. Wealth is like a spring bubbling up under his feet. He is universally respected. He is a sensible, and a peculiarly amiable man. He never knew trouble—never had a change. All things have gone smoothly with him. Ah! but it is dangerous walking on places so smooth! It were safer were they a little rough. It is hard for A. R.— to believe that the Lord is angry with him. With the poor wretches in the hospitals to which he subscribes, and the fallen in the "Home" of which he is a supporter, it is credible enough; but with him—why, the Lord has blessed him and enlarged his coast, and been with him. It is hard for him to believe that the fashion of the world perisheth. The poor old men in the Asylum have learned that the world is a shadow, but it is very real and substantial to him. He goes to a prayer-meeting, and the hymn runs—

"Earth is a desert drear."

But his carriage waits at the door; his home is resplendent with light, warm with heat, and, better still, with the warmth of human love and all kindly charities. He is universally respected, and he is not unconscious that he deserves respect and confidence, for he is upright, humane, and kindly. He is quite prepared to hear of the drunkard, whose constitution is broken down by sin, whom the city missionary found shivering in the

garret, with icicles dropping from the broken slates over him, crying out, "Oh, I am vile and miserable!" But he is, he will be strongly tempted to think, not vile, nor, he is sure, miserable. He is on one of the slippery places. There are men so situated, and "because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God" (Ps. lv. 19). "Positively," said a well-conditioned and amiable lady of a minister, "he speaks to us as if we were all sinners!" "Here now," said a gentleman, and by profession a Christian, while examining a book of hymns—

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my guilt away."

I as vile as the dying thief! Rubbish and nonsense! I'll have nothing of the sort!" And to such feelings, though not probably expressing themselves in this coarse and well-marked form, is A. R.— exposed. Undoubtedly it should be the aim of his friends to set the truth before him with discrimination; not as though he were vile in the same form and way as the dying thief or the shivering drunkard; not as though his sin were of the same form as the sins that shade off into present misery; but as the sin of one to whom God is less than his gifts—of one who in God's own world feels too much independent of God, and who for only one such feeling of independence, only one hour's living "without God in the world," requires a forgiveness that only comes through one Name—the sin of one who believes all respectable men, and all true evidence, but who has not yet believed the simplest and yet most solemn statements of the true and faithful Witness, and has not come unto Him that he might have life. So should the truth be pressed upon him, that, by the blessing of God, he might escape the danger of his slippery place, and set his feet for stability and security on the rock.

2. *A sudden change for the better often puts a man on a slippery place.* He used to be kept down by his circumstances. He was many a time at his wit's end; he many a time had good reason to cry to God, for he sorely needed help, and there was not a creature to whom he could appeal. He had nothing to be proud of. He was grateful for deliverances, and watchful about duties. All at once the pressure is taken off. He is lifted above care. He has visible resources so many and so near, that the invisible does not seem so indispensable. He has troops of friends. He is relatively elevated. A little virtue is considered much for one in his position; and a little shortcoming is thought pardonable, and gently dealt with. The court that is paid to his wealth, it is easy to credit to his worth; and so the place is made more and more slippery to him. The elevation is too great. He grows giddy. He forgets himself; he fears nothing when there is most cause to fear. The caution, self-restraint, and lowliness of spirit that he exercised in the valley, he lays aside on the mountain-top. Saul and Jehu were quite different

as crowned kings from what they had been in private stations; and many a man has changed his character, or his apparent character, even more rapidly. A member of a Christian church, in humble circumstances, gave of her means according to the standard of giving in the place. The death of a rich and almost unknown relation made her suddenly affluent. The actual possession of money to a large amount upset all her previous ideas. The gold seemed to fascinate her. She could not bear to part with it, and actually became penurious. A rapid change from heat to cold, or cold to heat, is perilous to the bodily health; and there is still greater danger to the spirit from a rapid transition from adverse to prosperous circumstances. Who will go to such, and say, solemnly and affectionately, "Sir, I hear you are in a most dangerous situation. You have become suddenly rich. Beware of the danger. Pride, security, presumption, and a hundred other dangers, beset you. Do not climb the hill without a guide; do not go into the mine without the safety lamp; do not travel the road without the care of the 'Leader and Commander;' do not, for your soul's sake, venture into the battle without putting on the whole armour of God."

3. *Some situations, by their very nature, are slippery places.*—One can realize a great deal of money, but it is in a trade where many have already fallen victims to the very appetite which they thrive by satisfying in others. One has a fair prospect of doing well by trading with the natives on the African coast; but he must make up his mind to do without any means of grace. One can become managing partner in a West India house; but he must allow himself to be thought "a Catholic," that he may live where the house has its foreign agency. One has a promising situation offered him, but he must not be scrupulous about Sabbath-keeping; and another can rise by the influence and patronage of certain friends, who mean, however, to take "the cant and strictness out of him," and make him "sociable and rational;" that is, a free-living and irreligious man. "You shall have five hundred a-year, a hundred a-year of increase, and a residence," said an employer to a young man. "I have some conscientious feeling against —." "Oh, nonsense! My dear fellow, you must put conscience in your pocket." And he did; he shelved a decided religious conviction, as he thought it, and is outwardly prospering. They are all in slippery places. Perhaps they secretly wished for such things as the Lord did not seem about to give them. Perhaps when conscience suggested the danger, they secretly said, "Never fear; I will take the chance." Perhaps the Lord has granted them the desire of their hearts in his anger, as he gave a king to Israel. Who will "run to that young man" and tell him that gold bought at this cost is too dear; that he is tempting the devil to tempt him; that the gains so acquired may involve the loss of his soul?

4. *Long immunity from the consequences of sin is a slippery place.*—The first sin that was committed was

followed by remorse, self-reproach, perhaps a lively sense of the danger incurred, perhaps a solemn resolve that the first crime should be the last. Time and temptation took the edge off these feelings, and the sin was repeated. So were the subsequent experiences, but diluted with a growing sense of safety. At length the secret feeling of the heart begins to be, "I have indulged in this so often without any bad consequences, the risk cannot be as I thought it at first." And so the evil-doer gains confidence in crime, and hastens to destruction. God is letting him alone. Did he taste the bitter fruits of his sin—were his iniquity found by him to be hateful—there were some hope of him. As it is, he is like to come to the secret conviction that God regardeth not good, neither doth he regard evil. Oh, how slippery is this place! "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." There are hundreds of men and women sitting in Christian churches, yes, and at communion tables, who have done wrong without detection and exposure, until they have settled it in their hearts that the chances are in favour of their escaping the penalties. How else could there be every now and then some disgraceful disclosure that grieves the heart of Christians, and opens the mouth of every scoffer? Oh, that one could sound in their ears, and fix in their memories, that "though a sinner do evil an hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely it shall be well with them that fear God: but it shall not be well with the wicked, neither shall he prolong his days, which are as a shadow; because he feareth not before God." For then surely they would hasten from the slippery places, and flee to the shelter the Lord has provided in the one name—the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Reader! where are you standing? Is your spirit haughty? Is the taste of power sweet to you? Can you venture on the borders of danger? Are the privileges you once enjoyed in the church and the closet no longer sweet to you? Have you grown indolent in your duties? Can you now equivocate, like Abraham with Abimelech, when taken to task? You are in slippery places. "Escape for thy life!"

Some daughter of Eve may read this page, who has found home less happy than the houses of others. The party of pleasure, the evening of gaiety, the dance and song, the pleasant speeches of strangers, have become necessary to keep up the excitement that is essential to her life. In some such temper, perhaps, Dinah fell. Far less trifling with temptation on Eve's part brought in sin and all its bitter fruits. Beware! You are on slippery places. Many have fallen down on just such places already.

The frosts of winter are necessary. They clear the atmosphere, and brace the healthy human system. And we cannot have them without having "slippery places." And the honest ambition, the vigorous enterprise, the laudable success of life, are necessary. We cannot have

progress without them. And if there be these, there must needs be in things moral the "slippery places." God's people will walk warily on them, get off them as soon as they know them, and be more cautious and watchful in all their subsequent life, just because they had unwittingly been on them. They have walked in their integrity. They have trusted in the Lord; therefore they shall not slide (Ps. xxvi. 1). Watch such an one in the slippery places off which he is hastening: "The law of God is in his heart; none of his steps

shall slide" (Ps. xxxvii. 31). But as for the wicked, who choose to be there, who are allowed in God's judgments to be there, they walk for a little without any apparent injury. But, saith the Lord, "Their foot shall slide in due time: for the day of their calamity is at hand, and the things that shall come upon them make haste" (Deut. xxxii. 35). Oh, be persuaded that there is no safety for you, there can be none, but in fleeing—fleeing at once—to God in Christ, that he may stablish, strengthen, and settle you!

JOHN BERRIDGE AND HIS MINISTRY;

OR, ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE.



FHUNDRED years ago there were spiritual giants in the Eastern Counties of England, as well as in Lancashire and Wales. The sixth leader of the great revival of last century whom I wish to introduce to my readers, was a man as remarkable in his way as either Grimshaw or Rowlands. Like them, he lived in an obscure and out-of-the-way village. But like them, he shook the earth around him, and was one of those who "turn the world upside down." The man I mean is John Berridge, Vicar of Everton, in the county of Bedfordshire.

Of all the English evangelists of the eighteenth century, this good man was undeniably the most quaint and eccentric. Without controversy he was a very odd person, a comet rather than a planet, a man who must be put in a class by himself, a minister who said and did things which nobody else could say or do. But the eccentricities of the Vicar of Everton are probably better known than his graces. With all his peculiarities, he was a man of rare gifts, and deeply taught by the Holy Ghost. Above all, he was a mighty instrument for good in the orbit in which he moved. Few preachers, perhaps, a hundred years ago, were more honoured by God, and more useful to souls, than the eccentric John Berridge.

My account of this good man is compiled from very scanty materials. A single volume, of no great size, containing his literary remains, and a short biography by his curate, Mr. Whittingham, is the only source of information that I can find.

In this, however, there is nothing that need surprise us. He was never married, and lived entirely alone. He resided in an isolated rural parish, far away from London, in days when there were no railways, and even turnpike roads were not good. He was settled at a distance from his own family, in a county where, apparently, he had no relatives or connections. He wrote very little, and was chiefly known by his preaching. Add to these facts the mighty one, that Berridge belonged to "a sect everywhere spoken against," and we need not wonder that the records remaining of him are very few. But there is a memorial of him that will never perish. The last day will show that his Master kept "a book of remembrance," and that "his record was on high."

John Berridge was born at Kingston, in the county of Nottinghamshire, on March 1, 1716, within a very few years of Whitefield, Wesley, Grimshaw, Romaine, and Rowlands. The village in which he was born may be seen any day from Kegworth Station by those who travel to the north along the Midland Railway. His father was a wealthy farmer and grazier at Kingston, who married a Miss Sarah Hathwaite, in the year 1714. John Berridge was his eldest son. He had three other sons, about whom I can find out nothing, except that his brother Thomas lived and died at Chatteris in the Isle of Ely, and survived the subject of this paper.

The first fourteen years of Berridge's life were chiefly spent with an aunt at Nottingham, with

whom he was a particular favourite. Here also he received the groundwork of his education, but at what school, and under what teacher, I have been unable to ascertain. It is evident that even when a boy he was remarkable for seriousness and steadiness, so much so as to excite the attention of all who knew him. There is not, however, the slightest proof that he knew anything at this time of Scriptural religion; nor was it likely, I fear, in those days, that he would hear anything about it in Nottingham. No doubt, in after-life he had abundant reason to be thankful for his early morality. Steadiness and correctness of life, of course, are not conversion, and save no man's soul. But still they are not to be despised. The scars left by youthful sins, even after forgiveness, are never wholly effaced, and often cause bitter sorrow.

Berridge himself ascribes his first serious impressions to a singular circumstance:—"One day, as he was returning from school, a boy, who lived near his aunt, invited him into his house, and asked if he might read to him out of the Bible. He consented. This, however, being repeated several times, he began to feel a secret aversion, and would gladly have declined if he had dared. But having obtained the reputation of being *pious*, he was afraid to risk it by refusal. One day, however, as he was returning from a fair, where he had been spending a holiday, he hesitated to pass the door of his neighbour, lest he should be invited as before. The boy, however, was waiting for him, and not only invited him to come in and read the Bible, but also asked if they should pray together. It was then that Berridge began to perceive he was not right before God, or else he would not have felt the aversion that he did to the boy's invitations. And such, he says, was the effect of that day's interview, that not long afterwards he himself began a similar practice with his companions."

Facts such as these are always interesting to those who study God's ways of dealing with souls. It is clear that He often "moves on the face" of hearts by his Spirit long before he introduces light, order, and life. We must never despise the "day of small things." The impressions and convictions of children especially ought never to be rudely treated or overlooked. They have often a

green spot in their characters which ought to be carefully cultivated by good advice, kind encouragement, and prayer. Berridge unfortunately seems to have had no one near him at this critical period to guide and direct him. Who can tell but the counsel of some Aquila or Priscilla, if they had found him at Nottingham, might have saved him from many years of darkness and agonising exercises of mind?

At the age of fourteen Berridge left school, and returned to his home at Kingston, with the intention of taking up his father's business. This plan, however, soon fell to the ground. For some time his father used to take him about to markets and fairs, in order that he might become familiar with the price of cattle, sheep, and pigs, and learn his business by observation and experience. The next step, of course, was to ask him to give his judgment of the value of animals which his father wished to purchase—a matter in which necessarily lies the whole secret of a grazier's success. Here, however, poor John was so invariably wrong in his estimates, that old Mr. Berridge began to despair of ever making him fit to be a grazier; and used often to say, "John, I find you cannot form any idea of the price of cattle, and I shall have to send you to college to be a light to the Gentiles."

How long this state of suspense about Berridge's future life continued, we have no means of ascertaining. In all probability it went on for two or three years, and was a cause of much family trouble. An old Nottinghamshire grazier was not likely to let his eldest son forsake oxen and sheep, and go to college, without a hard struggle to prevent him. But the son's distaste for his father's calling was deep and insuperable. His religious impressions, moreover, were kept up and deepened by conversation with a tailor in Kingston, with whom he became so intimate that his friends threatened to bind him to articles of apprenticeship under him. At last old Mr. Berridge, seeing that his son had no apparent inclination for anything but reading and religion, had the good sense to give up his cherished plans, and to consent to his going to Cambridge. And thus John Berridge was finally entered at Clare Hall on October 28, 1734, in the nineteenth year of his age.

God's ways are certainly not like man's ways. Curious as it may appear, for fourteen or fifteen years after entering Clare Hall, John Berridge seems to have gone backward rather than forward in spiritual things. He took his degree as B.A. in 1738, and as M.A. in 1742, and about the same time was elected Fellow of his College, and resided there, doing nothing active, till 1749. He was a hard reading man, and made such progress in every branch of literature that he obtained a high reputation in the University as a thorough scholar. A clergyman who knew him well for fifty years, said that he was as familiar with Greek and Latin as he was with his mother tongue. He says himself that he sometimes, at this period of his life, read fifteen hours a-day. But his very cleverness became a snare to him. His natural love of humour and social disposition entailed on him many temptations. His acquaintance was courted by people of high rank and position; and men like the elder Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, were among his intimate associates and friends. All this, no doubt, was very pleasant to flesh and blood, but very bad for his soul. In short, he had to learn, by bitter experience, that wit and brilliant powers of conversation, like beauty, musical skill, and a fine voice, are very perilous possessions. They seem to help people forward in this world, but they are in reality most dangerous to their possessors.

Whittingham, his biographer, says of him at this time:—"Hudibras" was so familiar to him that he was at no loss in using any part of it on any occasion. While he was at college, if it was known he would be present at any public dinner, the table was sure to be crowded with company, who were delighted with the singularity of his conversation and his witty sayings. But as 'evil communications corrupt good manners,' so Berridge speedily caught the spirit of his company, and drank in the Socinian scheme of religion to such a degree that he lost all his serious impressions, and discontinued private prayer for the space of ten years, a few intervals excepted! In these intervals he would weep bitterly, reflecting on his sad state of mind compared with what it was when he first came to the University; and he would often say to a fellow-student, afterwards

an eminent clergyman, 'Oh, that it were with me as in years past!'

This part of Berridge's history is indeed a melancholy picture. It is the more so when we remember that it was during this period of his life that he must have taken holy orders as a Fellow of Clare College, and professed that he was "inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost" to take upon him the office of a minister! How utterly unfit he was for the ministerial office, we may see at a glance from the account given of him by Whittingham. Yet it is a sorrowful fact, I fear, that the case of Berridge has only been that of thousands. No earthly condition appears to be so deadening to a man's soul as the position of a resident Fellow of a college, and the society of a Common room at Oxford or Cambridge. If Berridge fell for a season before the influences brought to bear upon his soul at Clare College, we must in justice remember that he was exposed to extraordinary temptations. How hardly shall resident Fellows of colleges enter the kingdom of God! It was a miracle of grace that he was not cast away for ever, and did not sink beneath the waters, never to rise again.

In the year 1749 it pleased God to awaken his conscience once more, and to revive within him his old religious impressions. In that year, after eleven years of apparent idleness, he began to feel a desire to do something as a clergyman, and accepted the curacy of Stapleford, near Cambridge. At this period, it will be remembered, he was thirty-three years old, and thus had lost no less than ten valuable years of time.

Berridge entered on his duties as curate of Stapleford with great zeal, and sincere desire to do good, and served his church regularly from college for no less than six years. He took great pains with his parishioners, and pressed upon them very earnestly the importance of sanctification, but without producing the slightest effect on their lives. His preaching, even at this time, was striking, plain, and attractive. His life was moral, upright, and correct. His diligence as a pastor was undeniable. Yet his ministry, throughout these six years, was entirely without fruit, to his own great annoyance and mortification. The fact was, that up to this time he was utterly ignorant of the gospel. He did not really

know what message he had to deliver to his hearers. He knew nothing aright of Christ crucified, of justification by faith in His blood, of salvation by grace, of the complete present forgiveness of all who believe, and of the absolute necessity of coming to Christ our Saviour as the very first step towards heaven. At present these blessed truths were hidden from the Fellow of Clare College, and he could tell his people nothing about them. No wonder that he did no good! If he wounded, he could not heal. If he pulled down, he could not build up. If he showed his flock that they were wrong, he had no idea what could set them right. In short, his Christianity was like a solar system without the sun, and of course did no good to his congregation. There can be no doubt that he learned lessons as curate of Stapleford which he remembered to the last day of his life. He learned the thorough uselessness of a ministry, however zealous, in which Christ has not his rightful office, and faith has not its rightful place. But we may well believe that the clever and accomplished Fellow of Clare learned his lesson with much humiliation and with many bitter tears.

In the year 1755 Berridge was presented by his college to the vicarage of Everton, in Bedfordshire. He took up his residence at once on his living, and never moved again till he was called away to a better world, after holding his cure for no less than thirty-eight years. It was at this place that his own eyes were opened to the whole truth as it is in Jesus, and the whole tone of his ministry was changed. It was here that he first found out the enormous mistakes of which he had been guilty as a teacher of others, and began to preach in a scriptural manner the real gospel of Christ. The circumstances under which this change took place are so well described by his biographer Whittingham that I think it best to give the account in his own words.

"At Everton," he says, "Mr. Berridge at first pressed sanctification and regeneration on his hearers as strenuously as he had at Stapleford, but with as little success. Nor was it to be wondered at, as his preaching rather tended to make them trust in themselves as righteous, than to depend on Christ for the remission of sins. Having continued for two years in this unsuc-

cessful mode of preaching, and his desire to do good continually increasing, he began to be discouraged. A doubt arose in his mind whether he was right himself, and preached as he ought to do. This suggestion he rejected for some time with disdain, supposing the advantages of education, which he had improved to a high degree, could not have left him ignorant of the best mode of instructing his people. This happened about Christmas 1757. But not being able to repel these secret misgivings, his mind was brought into a state of embarrassment and distress to which hitherto he had been a stranger. However, this had the happy effect of making him cry mightily to God for direction. The constant language of his heart was this—'Lord, if I am right, keep me so; if I am not right, make me so, and lead me to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.'—After the incessant repetition of this childlike prayer, it is no wonder that God should lend a gracious ear, and return him an answer, which he did almost two days after. As he sat one morning musing on a text of Scripture, the following words seemed to dart into his mind like a voice from heaven—'Cease from thine own works; only believe.' At once the scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and he perceived the application. He saw the rock on which he had been splitting for many years by endeavouring to blend the Law and the Gospel, and to unite Christ's righteousness with his own. Immediately he began to think on the words 'faith' and 'believe,' and looking into his Concordance, found them very frequently used. This surprised him so much, that he instantly resolved to preach Jesus Christ and salvation by faith. He therefore composed several sermons of this description, and addressed his hearers in a manner very unusual, and far more pointed than before.

"God very soon began to bless this new style of ministry. After he had preached in this strain two or three Sabbaths, and was wondering whether he was yet right, as he had perceived no better effect from them than from his former discourses, one of his parishioners came to inquire for him. Being introduced, he said, 'Well, Sarah, what is the matter?' 'Matter!' she replied; 'why, I don't know what is the matter. Those new sermons! I find we are all to be lost

now. I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep. I don't know what is to become of me.' The same week came two or three more on a like errand. It is easy to conceive what relief these visits must have afforded his mind in its state of anxiety and suspense. So confirmed was he thereby in the persuasion that his late impressions were from God, that he determined in future to know nothing but from Christ and him crucified. He was deeply humbled that he should have spent so many years of his life to no better purpose than to confirm his hearers in their ignorance. He, therefore, immediately burnt all his old sermons, and shed tears of joy over their destruction. This circumstance aroused the neighbourhood. His church soon became crowded with hearers, and God gave testimony to the word of his grace in the frequent conviction and conversion of sinners."

In describing this period of his life, Berridge says himself, in a letter to a friend: "I preached up sanctification by the works of the law very earnestly for six years in Stapleford, and never brought one soul to Christ. I did the same at Everton for two years, without any success at all. But as soon as I preached Jesus Christ, and faith in his blood, then believers were added to the Church continually, then people flocked from all parts to hear the glorious sound of the gospel; some coming six miles, others eight, and others ten. And what is the reason why my ministry was not blessed when I preached up salvation partly by faith and partly by works? It is because this doctrine is not of God, and because he will prosper no ministers but such as preach salvation in his own appointed way, namely, by faith in Jesus Christ."

I pity the man who can read such an account as this without interest. If ever there was a case in which we can see clearly the hand of the Holy Spirit, it was this case of John Berridge. Here is a clergyman in the prime of bodily and mental vigour, suddenly changed from being a preacher of morality into a preacher of Christ's gospel. He is not a mere boy, but a man of forty-two years of age, well read, of acknowledged literary attainments, and the very reverse of a fool. He is not persuaded and influenced by any living person, and seems to have no earthly

friend or adviser. Yet all of a sudden he begins to preach the very same doctrine as Whitefield, Wesley, Grimshaw, Romaine, and Rowlands, and with the same effects. One account alone can be given of the whole affair. It was the finger of God. Flesh and blood did not reveal the truth to Berridge, but our Father which is in heaven. Well would it be for the churches if there were more cases like his!

Once enlightened by the Holy Ghost and brought into the liberty of God's children, John Berridge made rapid advances both in preaching and practice. He was not a man to do anything by halves, whether converted or unconverted; and as soon as he was converted, he threw himself with constitutional energy into his Master's service, with all his might, and soul, and strength. The learned Fellow of Clare soon ceased to preach written sermons, having discovered, by a providential accident, that he possessed the happy gift of preaching without book. His next step was to commence preaching outside his own parish, all over the district in which he lived, like a missionary. This he began on June 22, 1758. One of the first fruits of this itinerant aggression was a clergyman named Hicks, rector of Wrestlingworth, near Everton, who afterwards became a very useful man and faithful labourer in Christ's vineyard. His third and crowning step was to commence preaching out of doors. This he began doing on May 14, 1759, and describes it himself in a letter quoted by Whittingham:—"On Monday week, Mr. Hicks accompanied me to Meldred. On the way we called at a farm-house. After dinner, I went into the yard, and seeing nearly a hundred and fifty people, I called for a table, and preached for the first time in the open air. We then went to Meldred, where I preached in a field to about four thousand people. In the morning, at five, Mr. Hicks preached in the same field to about a thousand. Here the presence of the Lord was wonderfully among us; and I trust, beside many that were slightly wounded, nearly thirty received heart-felt conviction."

Berridge had now climbed to the top of the tree as an evangelist. He preached the pure gospel; he preached extempore; he preached anywhere and everywhere where he could get hearers; he preached, like his Master, in the open air, if

need required. We cannot therefore wonder that he was soon publicly known as a fellow-labourer with Whitefield, Wesley, Grimshaw, and Romaine, and, as a popular preacher, little inferior to any of these great men. His life from this time forth, with little intermission, for more than thirty years, was spent in preaching the gospel. To this work he gave himself wholly. In season and out of season, out of doors or in doors, in churches or in barns, in streets or in fields, in his parish or out of his parish, the old Fellow of Clare College was constantly telling the story of the cross, and exhorting sinners to repent, believe, and be saved. He became acquainted with Lady Huntingdon, John Thornton, John Wesley, Fletcher, John Newton, and other eminent Christians of his day, and kept up friendly intercourse with them. He went to London sometimes in the winter, and preached occasionally in the well-known Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road. But, as a general rule, he seldom went far from his own district, and rarely went into society. He found enough, and more than enough, to do in meeting the spiritual wants of congregations within that district, and seldom went to regions beyond.

The extent of his labours was prodigious. He used to preach in every part of Bedfordshire, Cambridgeshire, and Huntingdonshire, and in many parts of Hertfordshire, Essex, and Suffolk. He would often preach twelve times, and ride a hundred miles in a week. Nor was he content with preaching. He watched carefully over those who were aroused by his sermons, and provided lay evangelists to look after them when he left them. Some of these evangelists appear to have been nothing but humble labouring men, for whose maintenance he had to provide out of his own pocket. But expenses like these he cheerfully defrayed out of his own purse as long as he had a shilling to spare, counting it an honour to spend his income in furthering Christ's gospel. When he had nothing of his own to give, he would ask help of John Thornton, and to the honour of that good man he never seems to have asked in vain.

The spiritual effects that were produced by his preaching were immense. In fact, a singular blessing appears to have attended his ministry from the very moment that he began to preach the gospel. When we find that he was the

means of awakening no less than four thousand persons in one single year, we may have some little idea of the good that he did in his district by his thirty years' preaching. In calculations like these allowance must always be made for a vast amount of exaggeration and an equally vast amount of excitement and false profession. Still, after every reasonable deduction has been made, there is no just ground for doubting that Berridge was the means of doing good to thousands of souls. Wherever he went he produced some impression. Some were reclaimed from sin, some were awakened and convinced, and some were thoroughly converted to God. If this is not doing good, there is no such thing as doing good in the world. Spiritual work done in rural parishes is, perhaps, less "seen of men" than any work within the province of the Christian ministry. The work that Berridge did among farmers and labourers had few to proclaim and chronicle it. But I strongly suspect the last day will prove that he was a man who seldom preached in vain. How few there are of whom this can be said!

It is undeniable that at certain periods of Berridge's ministry very curious physical effects were produced on those who were aroused by his preaching. Some of his hearers cried out aloud hysterically, some were thrown into strong convulsions, and some fell into a kind of trance or catalepsy, which lasted a long time. These physical effects were carefully noticed by John Wesley and others who witnessed them, and certainly tended to bring discredit on the gospel, and to prejudice worldly people. But it is only fair to Berridge to say, that he never encouraged these demonstrations, and certainly did not regard them as a necessary mark of conversion. That such phenomena will sometimes appear in cases of strong religious excitement—that they are peculiarly catching and infectious, especially among young women—that even the most scientific medical men are greatly puzzled to explain them,—all these are facts which have been thoroughly established within the last twenty years during the Irish revival. To attempt to depreciate Berridge's usefulness because of these things, is simply ridiculous. Whatever the faults of the vicar of Everton were, he certainly does not seem to have favoured fanaticism. That he was perplexed by the physical

demonstrations I have described, and at first attached more value to them than they deserved, is the utmost that can be said against him on the subject. But, after all, the same may be said of many calm and sober-minded witnesses who saw the Ulster revival in 1858. In short, the whole subject, like demoniacal possessions, is a very deep and mysterious one, and there we must be content to leave it. But a minister ought certainly not to be put down as a fanatic because people go into convulsions under his preaching.

It is needless to tell any Christian that Berridge was fiercely persecuted by the world throughout the whole period of his ministry. No name was too bad to be given to him. No means were left untried by his enemies to stop him in his useful career. Foremost, of course, among his persecutors were the unconverted clergy of Bedfordshire, Huntingdonshire, and Cambridgeshire, who, like the dog in the manger, would neither do good themselves, nor let any one else do it for them. But, singularly enough, no weapon forged against the vicar of Everton seemed to prosper. Like Grimshaw at Haworth, there was an invisible wall of protection around him which his bitterest foes could not pull down. Irregular as his proceedings undoubtedly were, offensive as they necessarily must have been to the idle worldly clergymen who lived near him, they appeared unable to lay hold upon him and shut his mouth, from one end of his ministry to the other. From some extraordinary cause which we cannot now explain, the itinerant evangelist of Everton was never stopped by his persecutors for a single day! So true is the Word of God: "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

One special interposition of God in order to protect Berridge from his enemies was so remarkable, that it deserves particular notice. It derives a peculiar interest from the fact that the record of it has been handed down in the good man's own words. He said:—

"Soon after I began to preach the gospel of Christ at Everton, the church was filled from the villages around us, and the neighbouring clergy felt themselves hurt at their churches being deserted. A person of my own parish, too, was

much offended. He did not like to see so many strangers, and be so incommoded. Between them both, it was resolved, if possible, to turn me out of my living. For this purpose, they complained of me to the bishop of the diocese, that I had preached out of my parish. I was soon after sent for by the bishop; I did not much like my errand, but I went. When I arrived, the bishop accosted me in a very abrupt manner: 'Well, Berridge, they tell me you go about preaching out of your own parish. Did I institute you to the livings of A——y, or E——n, or P——n?'—'No, my lord,' said I; 'neither do I claim any of these livings. The clergymen enjoy them undisturbed by me.'—'Well, but you go and preach there, which you have no right to do!'—'It is true, my lord, I was one day at E——n, and there were a few poor people assembled together, and I admonished them to repent of their sins, and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of their souls; and I remember seeing five or six clergymen that day, my lord, all out of their own parishes upon E——n bowling-green.'—'Poh!' said his lordship; 'I tell you, you have no right to preach out of your own parish; and if you do not desist from it, you will very likely be sent to Huntingdon gaol.'—'As to that, my lord,' said I, 'I have no greater liking to Huntingdon gaol than other people; but I had rather go thither with a good conscience, than live at my liberty without one.'—Here his lordship looked very hard at me, and very gravely assured me 'that I was beside myself, and that in a few months' time I should either be better or worse.'—'Then,' said I, 'my lord, you may make yourself quite happy in this business; for if I should be better, you suppose I shall desist from this practice of my own accord; and if worse, you need not send me to Huntingdon gaol, as I shall be provided with an accommodation in Bedlam.'—His lordship now changed his mode of attack. Instead of threatening, he began to entreat. 'Berridge,' said he, 'you know I have been your friend, and I wish to be so still. I am continually teased with the complaints of the clergymen around you. Only assure me that you will keep to your own parish; you may do as you please there. I have but little time to live; do not bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.'—At this

instant, two gentlemen were announced, who desired to speak with his lordship. 'Berridge,' said he, 'go to your inn, and come again at such an hour, and dine with me.'—I went, and, on entering a private room, fell immediately upon my knees. I could bear threatening, but knew not how to withstand entreaty, especially the entreaty of a respectable old man.

"At the appointed time I returned. At dinner I was treated with great respect. The two gentlemen also dined with us. I found they had been informed who I was, as they sometimes cast their eyes towards me, in some such manner as one would glance at a monster. After dinner, his lordship took me into the garden. 'Well, Berridge,' said he, 'have you considered of my request?'—'I have, my lord,' said I, 'and have been upon my knees concerning it.'—'Well, and will you promise me that you will preach no more out of your own parish?'—'It would afford me great pleasure,' said I, 'to comply with your lordship's request if I could do it with a good conscience. I am satisfied the Lord has blessed my labours of this kind and I dare not desist.'—'A good conscience!' said his lordship; 'do you not know that it is contrary to the canons of the Church?'—'There is one canon, my lord,' I replied, 'which says, "Go preach the gospel to every creature."—'But why should you wish to interfere with the charge of other men? One man cannot preach the gospel to all the world.'—'If they would preach the gospel themselves,' said I, 'there would be no need for my preaching it to their people; but, as they do not, I cannot desist.'—His lordship then parted with me in some displeasure. I returned home not knowing what would befall me, but thankful to God that I had preserved a conscience void of offence.

"I took no measures for my own preservation; but Divine Providence worked for me in a way I never expected. When I was at Clare Hall I was particularly acquainted with a certain fellow of that college, and we were both on terms of intimacy with Mr. Pitt, the late Lord Chatham, who was at that time also at the university. This Fellow of Clare Hall, when I began to preach the gospel, became my enemy and did me some injury. At length, however, when he heard that

I was likely to come into trouble, and to be turned out of my living at Everton, his heart relented. He began to think within himself, 'We shall ruin this poor fellow among us.' This was just about the time that I was sent for by the bishop. Of his own accord he writes a letter to Mr. Pitt, saying nothing about my Methodism, but to this effect:—'Our old friend Berridge has got a living in Bedfordshire, and I am told there is one of his neighbours who gives him a great deal of trouble, has accused him to the bishop, and, it is said, will turn him out of his living. I wish you would contrive to stop his proceedings.' Mr. Pitt was then a young man, and, not desiring to apply himself to the bishop, spoke to a certain nobleman about it to whom the bishop was indebted for his promotion. This nobleman made it his business, within a few days, to see the bishop, who was then in London. 'My lord,' he said, 'I am informed you have a very honest fellow named Berridge in your diocese, and that he has been ill-treated by a litigious neighbour. I hear he has accused him to your lordship, and wishes to turn him out of his living. You would oblige me, my lord, if you would take no notice of this person, and not suffer the honest man to be interrupted.'—The bishop was astonished, and could not imagine in what manner things could thus have got round. It would not do, however, to object; he was obliged to bow compliance, and so I continued ever after uninterrupted in my sphere of action."

Berridge died in a good old age on January 22nd, 1793. For some little time the infirmities natural to his years had prevented him doing much public work. But he was most mercifully spared any long season of pain and disease, and died after only a few days' illness, the weary wheels of life not so much broken by sickness as worn out and standing still. His frame of mind during his last days was very comfortable. He spoke but little, but what he did say was in terms of gratitude for the rich support he experienced in the prospect of eternity. He felt the stability of the rock on which he had been long resting his hopes of heaven; and while speaking of the excellency and preciousness of the Saviour, he said in an emphatic manner, "What should I do now if I had no better foundation

to rest upon than what Dr. Priestley the Socinian points out!"

He was buried in Everton churchyard on the following Sunday, amidst an immense concourse of people assembled from all parts of the country. "Six clergymen, devout men, carried him to his grave, and made great lamentation over him." A funeral sermon was then preached by the well-known Charles Simeon, from 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8, a text admirably well suited to the occasion. Old Henry Venn of Yelling, his son John Venn, and Charles Simeon, were among the few neighbours with whom the good old vicar of Everton felt entire sympathy; and his letters give frequent evidence of the value he set on them, and the pleasure he took in their society.

Berridge's tomb is placed on the north-east side of Everton churchyard, where formerly those only were buried who had come to some dishonourable end. But before he died he frequently said that his remains should be laid in that part of the churchyard, which, he said with characteristic pleasantry, might be "a means of consecrating it." His epitaph, composed by himself, is so remarkable in its way, that I think it needless to make any excuse for giving it entire. It is inscribed on the south side of his tomb, and at the

time of his death required nothing but the date of that event being inserted to complete it. True to himself, Berridge was quaint even to his grave

HERE LIE

THE EARTHLY REMAINS OF

John Berridge,

LATE VICAR OF EVERTON,
AND AN ITINERANT SERVANT OF JESUS CHRIST,
WHO LOVED HIS MASTER AND HIS WORK,
AND AFTER RUNNING ON HIS ERRANDS MANY YEARS
WAS CALLED UP TO WAIT ON HIM ABOVE.

READER,

Art thou born again?

No salvation without a new birth!

I was born in sin, February 1716.

Remained ignorant of my fallen state till 1730.

Lived proudly on faith and works for salvation till 1754.

Was admitted to Everton vicarage, 1751;

Fled to Jesus alone for refuge, 1756;

Fell asleep in Christ, January 22, 1783.

I leave the vicar of Everton here. I have yet other things to tell about him, but I have no room to give them now. A few anecdotes illustrating his character, and some account of his sermons, literary remains, and correspondence, will form the substance of another paper.

A MAORI MISSIONARY.



THE islands forming the New Zealand group were first sighted in 1642, by Tasman; but the threatening aspect of the natives prevented his landing on any of them, and no record of his visit remains except the name of Massacre Bay, which he gave to the spot where three of his sailors were murdered. In 1769 Captain Cook followed in Tasman's track, and, having made a complete survey of the coast, took formal possession of the country in the name of the King of England. But his reception was not much less inhospitable than had been that of his predecessor, for it was only by a timely market-shot that a boat's crew of his was saved from being killed and eaten; and the treacherous and outrageous conduct of the natives being made widely known, not only was there no rush of settlers to the new colony, but even passing ships gave, when they could, a wide berth to a land in which dangers worse than breakers were to be apprehended. After all, however, there are forces in human society which are capable of surmounting, in the long run, any kind or

extent of opposition. "Love," they say, for instance, "laughs at locksmiths;" and whether that is true or not, this is certain, that when a conflict comes to be waged between toil and risk and privation on the one hand, and self-interest or earnest religion on the other, the chances are greatly in favour of the latter carrying the day.

Thus it was by-and-by discovered that the harbours of New Zealand were uncommonly convenient as refuges and recruiting stations for the vessels engaged in the South Sea whale fishing; and, though not without having to pay for the privilege, every now and then, by the sack of a ship and the massacre of its crew, those who were concerned in that branch of trade succeeded in course of time in establishing agencies on various parts of the coast. In this way self-interest put in the thin edge of its wedge, and began that triumphal march before which the poor Maories have since been almost swept into the sea. The world in this way got the start in the race; but the Church, with its good news of "peace on earth, and good will to men," was

not far behind. In 1814 the Church Missionary Society commenced its labours in the Bay of Islands; and it is not too much to say that, if it had not been for those unhappy wars, which have tended so much to disturb and poison the native mind, there would not probably have been at this hour a single New Zealander who was not nominally a Christian.

A volume has lately been published,* containing the letters—from 1824 to 1862—of one of the original pioneers of the gospel among these interesting islanders. The writer was in early life a tenant-farmer in Dorsetshire; but having become a devoted disciple of the Great Teacher, he desired to consecrate himself to the higher work of sowing the good seed of the Word abroad, and made an offer of his services to the Church Missionary Society. It so happened that, at the moment, the formula that was held in highest esteem among many was, that "*an axe was the best missionary for New Zealand*"—or, in other words, that civilization must so far be the precursor of Christianity—and Mr. Davis was the very man that was wanted. His offer, therefore, was at once accepted; and, with his wife and six children, he was sent out to the field in the capacity, chiefly of an *agriculturist*. Afterwards he himself was not slow to say that this was a mistake; and so it was to a certain extent, for the farmer showed himself to be possessed of such excellent teaching gifts that his time might sometimes have been spent more profitably than in teaching the Maori how to grow wheat, and Bishop Selwyn gave a decided proof of his conviction to that effect by admitting him on his arrival to holy orders. But the mistake was not nearly so great a one as he imagined. It is a grand error to suppose that civilization must precede Christianity, but it is no error to seek that its advantages should be made to accompany its introduction; and the obvious benefits which Mr. Davis's devotion to husbandry conferred upon the mission and upon the country, more than vindicated the wisdom of the directors in turning their attention to that department of the work. Here, for example, is surely a very pleasant picture. It is drawn by the late Admiral Fitzroy, and represents the impressions produced on his mind by a visit to the agricultural establishment of the Church Missionary Society at Waimate.

"The appearance of three English houses at Waimate was striking and delightful. I looked at it as a fragment of Old England. About twenty acres of land seemed to be cultivated. Corn was in full ear, and looked well. There were nice gardens, which had evidently profited by much industrious care and knowledge of gardening. My hasty survey was stopped by the approach of a person whose appearance and manner showed that he was an essential actor in this English scene, and whose intelligent, kind, and truly respectable demeanour was of that description which at once excites

esteem and good will. This was Mr. Davis, the superintendent of the farming establishment. Near the houses a number of sheep were grazing. Plenty of fowls, geese, and pigs, some cattle and horses, and several calves and colts, added to the comfortable, farm-like appearance."

When one thinks of the outward appearance of New Zealand in its wilderness condition, its broad plains overgrown with fern or cumbered with forests, and only a patch of rudely-cultivated ground here and there to show that the soil had not been altogether left unbroken, it does not seem to us that the labours of that man were thrown away who succeeded in exhibiting a bit of Old England, with all its comforts, before the eyes of the naked barbarians by whom he was surrounded.

At the time when Mr. Davis first landed in the Bay of Islands, scarcely any inroad had been made upon the heathenism of the country. The Church missionaries had been labouring in the district for ten years and the Wesleyans for two, but only one of their number had acquired sufficient fluency in the native language to preach in it, and scarcely a single satisfactory conversion had taken place to encourage them to persevere in the work. We thus get a very distinct glimpse, through these letters, of the state of the islands, socially and religiously, during what we may call the *Heathen Period*; and certainly the spectacle presented is one which makes the change which subsequently occurred exceedingly surprising.

All travellers who have visited New Zealand, agree in testifying that the Maories are physically a noble race of men. They are tall, well formed, and strong; and their more recent history has shown that they are brave and capable. But as barbarians they were about the worst that good men ever tried to Christianize. Their training in evil began in their earliest infancy. Parents appear to have deliberately set themselves to crush out of their children all possibility of good; and, with this end in view, they were in the habit of dedicating them in a ceremony—which we may call a species of infant baptism—to the devil. About eight or nine days after the birth of a boy, he was taken to a sacred place, where there was water, and solemnly washed. At the same time incantations and prayers were pronounced over him, in which it was asked that he might grow up a courageous warrior, and amply revenge all affronts to himself and all insults that had been offered to his ancestors for generations before, and that he might become *tutu*—i.e., *wicked*, in every sense of the word. He was thereafter gradually initiated into all the barbarous customs of the country, and in time became as hardened, and unfeeling, and selfish as his fathers. We are told that children, thus carefully educated in wickedness, were able to practise and delight in what it would horrify the most hardened European to witness; and we can very easily believe it. The human, not to speak of the *humane* element, was killed out of them, and they became literally as devils, "evil being their good."

* A Memoir of the Rev. Richard Davis, for Thirty-nine Years a Missionary in New Zealand. London: Nisbet & Co.

Under circumstances like these we are, of course, not surprised to hear that cannibalism was universal. They were in the habit of celebrating their victories by feasting on the captives taken in battle. On great occasions in time of peace, when they had no prisoners to devour, they killed and ate some of their home born slaves. And in more instances than one, the crews of European ships, that had been either wrecked on their shores or treacherously got possession of, were made to furnish materials for a horrid banquet. The morals of the people otherwise were entirely in keeping with this. Polygamy prevailed, and female virtue was at a discount. Infanticide was so common, chiefly through heartless neglect, that it has been singled out as one of the principal causes of the decline which has been for years taking place in the population. Lying and stealing were treated as criminal only when the lie-teller or the thief happened to be found out. In short, if there was to be found on the surface of the globe any country which, at the beginning of the present century, could be spoken of as one of the "dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty," that country was undoubtedly New Zealand. And yet, even in a field so unpromising, the success of the gospel was, after a time, most signal. At first, mission-life among the Maories was not only up-hill but perilous. It was only by the greatest care and prudence that the missionaries kept clear of brawls with the irascible natives, or preserved their property from being stolen by them. Indeed, at one time it was seriously contemplated to gather in the various scattered evangelistic agencies to a common centre, that they might be able to present a strong front in case of an attack. Happily, however, the heavy bank of cloud which had so long hung above them like a funeral pall, began, about the year 1831, to break. Mr. Davis (and we suppose this must have been the case with his fellow-labourers also) had collected around him, by one means and another, a little colony of native children and young people, whom he had taken great pains to instruct, and this formed the nucleus of a Native Church. Gradually others from the outside were attracted to the new settlement, and came under the operation of its elevating influences. God blessed the preaching of the word to the conversion of several of the chiefs. And the fire, when once kindled, spread with marvellous rapidity—additional stations being opened in the distant villages, and churches erected as fast as the means and energies of the now over-burdened missionaries would admit. Perhaps a good deal of the apparent success now achieved was the result merely of sympathy. At least when trouble came afterwards, very many of those who seemed at this time "to run well," were again overtaken and brought into bondage by their old corruptions and superstitions; but certainly during the ten years which elapsed between 1831 and 1840, the mission-field in New Zealand did appear to be in a most interesting and hopeful religious condition; and the many remarkable cases of individual

reformation which are described for us in these letters, thoroughly warrant us, we think, to say that the period referred to was for the island a "time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

One or two extracts will serve to show the state of things:—

"In our different native families we have many redeemed when young from cruel masters. These redeemed slaves have grown up amongst us, and from their training are altogether different from their countrymen. They have been brought up to fear God, and are generally moral. They have been regularly clothed and fed; consequently, in their constitutions and habits are altogether different from their countrymen. Besides the above, there are many children of rank, of both sexes, who have lived with us from childhood; and, consequently, in morals and habits of living, resemble the above mentioned. Those natives intermarry with one another, and live in cottages around us, so that they are rapidly forming villages. Most have young families. Their children, as soon as able, go to an infant school, and form a very interesting group. Many of the parents have been brought to the knowledge of the truth, and endeavour to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I contemplate these communities with great pleasure, and rejoice in every increase to these villages."

The above is from a letter written in 1833. The following occurs in a letter written eight months later:—

"The cause of Christ rapidly extends in this country. God's set time to favour this people seems to be come. Fifty-four natives were baptized in the chapel of this settlement last Sunday week, and an equal number are candidates for the sacred ordinance. We have much missionary work in our hands. Scarcely a day passes without visitors coming to me to inquire what they must do to be saved. These are glorious days. Several missionaries are about to leave the Bay of Islands and settle among the more southern tribes; and, AS THE GOSPEL CANNOT BE PREACHED IN VAIN, I expect a great harvest of souls will be gathered in to Christ. Our Christian natives continue to adorn their profession by the consistency of their lives. The name of Jesus begins to sound with great sweetness to the ear of the Maories, and he reveals himself to them in the tender accents of his love. I have seen some trembling under deep convictions of sin. I have witnessed others rejoicing in a Saviour's love. This evening a native brought in a pig, as a payment for a saw-file which he tells me he stole from me nearly seven years ago. I believe him to be not only a candidate for baptism, but an heir of glory. A few days ago a young chief expressed the wish that the love of God in his heart was like a living spring of water."

Our space will not admit of more lengthened quotations, but how significant are the following bits of news, gathered here and there from the letters of subsequent years. "The most singular fact is, that the most wicked

and most daring characters, with few exceptions, have been brought under the power of the gospel." "This part of New Zealand may be said to have been civilized, and is a pleasant country to live in." "Formerly, tools of all kinds not under lock and key were stolen. Now, they are secure wherever left. Locks and bars are but little needed here." "Yesterday, I conversed with 161 natives on the state of their souls. Some came a distance of twenty miles, some came much further, carrying their food with them." "Last Sunday fortnight, in the Waimate Chapel, there were 105 communicants." "At Mawe, I am about to build a chapel large enough to seat 350." "The demand for books is very great. A single leaf of the Bible is highly valued." "By the end of June, which closes our year, we shall, I trust, have admitted within the year, by the holy sacrament of baptism, not less than 400 adults into the visible Church of Christ."

This period formed what Mr. Davis calls the *golden age of the mission*. As it was approaching a termination, various disturbing forces came into active operation, which again made mission life among the Maories a trying and disheartening work. One of these was the colonization of the islands by Europeans—some of them with characters so bad that "they would have disgraced a prison." Even the occasional traffic that was carried on, from time to time, with passing ships, had been the cause of great anxiety to those who were seeking to elevate the native race; for in the white and nominally Christian sailors, they were constantly meeting with men who would have corrupted any community. But now, attracted by the glowing reports sent home to the Church Missionary Society of a regenerated land, the world began to bestir itself in earnest to secure a share of the spoils, and regular settlers commenced to arrive, whose continued presence in the islands made matters infinitely worse. Nor were things much mended when the occupation of New Zealand came to bulk so large in men's eyes as to suggest the formation of colonization "companies." A better class of people, no doubt, did arrive under their auspices; but self-interest being their predominating principle, there was an eagerness shown to become the possessors of land, and a disregard of the rights and feelings of the aborigines manifested in connection with attempts to purchase, which soon introduced into the native communities such seeds of rage, and jealousy, and suspicion, as we see still bearing fruit in those troublesome and costly Maori wars. It must be acknowledged that our Home Government seems from the first to have done its very best to secure justice for the aborigines. Even before it took formal possession of the island, it appointed a Resident—a Christian gentleman—to look after native interests, and when it took the further step of assuming the active sovereignty, it laid down the important law that no private sale of land would be recognized, and appointed one of the missionaries to act as "Chief Protector of the Aborigines." By that time, however,

a good deal of the mischief had been already done. The Maori chiefs, who had learned something of the real value of things from their contact with the settlers, reflected with natural bitterness on the fact that some of the finest and most fertile districts of their country had gone for ever out of their hands in exchange for a few muskets, and blankets, and fish-hooks—and while brooding over their wrongs, feelings of enmity to the whole white race were sometimes engendered, which were not favourable to the deepening of their religious convictions, or to the extension of the gospel into "the regions beyond."

And to add to the confusion, another power, which had also been on the watch from a distance, suddenly appeared upon the ground. The startling news was one day brought to Waimate, that there had landed at Hokianga two *Roman Catholic missionaries*, a bishop and a priest; and the toiling Protestant pioneers, who had already borne the burden and heat of the day, were thus significantly informed that they would have to do battle for the Maori races, not merely with Heathenism but with Popery. These incomers were not long in letting it be felt that a counter-current of evil had been let loose to blow in every direction over the island. They made converts, such as they were, and introduced, through their means, a lower style not only of religion but of morality into the native villages—and what was about equally bad, they strove to foment the spirit of discontent which was abroad, with the view, it was believed, of overturning the Protestant Protectorate of England, and bringing in the Popish Protectorate of France.

In any case they succeeded in bringing a cloud over the bright prospects which our missionaries once had of seeing the Maori races preserved from extinction, and occupying the high place which their superior natural gifts would have secured for them as a civilized and Christian people; and this *third period* of mission life in New Zealand must thus be regarded as a time of declension and returning darkness. Perhaps the tide may take another turn. There must be not a little pith and vigour in an aboriginal race which can wage a long, and not always unsuccessful, warfare with the trained soldiers and powerful artillery of England; and we may surely entertain some hope that they will escape the fate of so many other barbarous tribes, and not melt away, like snow-wreaths in the sun, before the advance of civilization. At the same time, there can be no doubt about the fact that the Maories are rapidly diminishing. In the northern island they have been reduced within the century from 100,000 to 50,000; and in the southern island there are probably not now so many as 10,000 in all. And since it was in their evangelization that all hope of their preservation lay, it must be, to those interested in their well-being, a matter of bitter regret that the beneficent labours of the missionaries have, for the present, been so seriously and so injuriously interrupted.

H. L. W.

Sketches of Church History.

TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE INFANT CHURCH.

"Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!"

HANNAH.

THE rapid and marvellous success of the first preachers of Christianity has been a subject of surprise alike to friend and foe. At the time of our Lord's ascension, the disciples in Jerusalem, the very cradle of the faith, were gathered together in an upper room, "and the number of the names together were about an hundred and twenty." But scarcely more than a century afterwards, the Christian apologist, Justin Martyr, was able to write: "There exists not a people, whether Greek or Barbarian, or any other race of men, by whatsoever appellation or manners they may be distinguished, however ignorant of arts or of agriculture, whether they dwell under tents or wander about in covered waggons, among whom prayers and thanksgivings are not offered up in the name of a crucified Jesus to the Father and Creator of all things." We know that this success of his own word came from the Lord of hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working. But we know also that he brings about his great purposes by human instrumentality; using, it is true, the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and things that are not to bring to nought things that are, yet violating none of the natural laws he himself has ordained, either in the world of matter or in that of mind.

In full conformity with these laws, he had prepared the ground for the reception of the "grain of mustard-seed," and chosen in his divine wisdom the time of its planting. The special preparation of the Jewish nation need not here be dwelt upon, as we take for granted the reader's acquaintance with Scripture history. It may be well, however, briefly to describe the various classes to which the teachers of Christianity ad-

ressed themselves, in order to understand how far they were prepared to receive the faith. Besides the Jews of Palestine, who naturally were the most zealous for the laws of Moses and for their own traditions, there were the Jews of the Dispersion—the Hellenists or Grecians of the New Testament—who were scattered abroad through all the countries of the known world. These Hellenists, while they adopted the language, and in a measure the customs, of the places where they dwelt, continued to worship the God of their fathers, to keep the ceremonial law, and, when able, to attend the great feasts at the Temple. There was given them, in the providence of God, a very important work to do for his Church. They prepared the minds of multitudes of the heathen for the reception of the gospel. In many places, thoughtful men had grown dissatisfied with the dreams and puerilities of paganism, and had begun to watch, with curiosity and interest, the proceedings of their Jewish fellow-citizens. They saw that these paid no homage to the idols of the popular faith, and that they did not recognize any of the systems of philosophy then in vogue. Upon inquiry, they failed not to learn that the Jews worshipped one supreme and invisible God, the Creator of heaven and earth; that they possessed sacred books, in which his will was declared; and that they expected the coming of a Messiah, a mighty Prince and Saviour. It often happened that the pagans who heard so much, desired to hear still more; that they borrowed the sacred books in their Greek translation (the Septuagint), and studied them in private; or else sought instruction from some of the Jewish rabbis. In either case they frequently became proselytes; so frequently indeed, that in

the days of the first emperors the Roman authors not seldom made it a subject of complaint. Seneca, for example, says of the Jews, that "the conquered have given laws to the conquerors." These proselytes to Judaism were therefore in a measure prepared for the reception of the gospel. By Jewish writers they were divided into two classes—proselytes of righteousness, who accepted and obeyed the law of Moses, ceremonial as well as moral; and proselytes of the gate, who worshipped Jehovah and renounced all communion with idols, but merely kept what were called "the seven precepts of Noah," without binding themselves to the observance of the Levitical law. The latter, often mentioned in Scripture as "devout men," "men that feared God," were the most hopeful class to which the preachers of the gospel addressed themselves. They knew enough to feel desirous of knowing more; they had in many instances studied the Scriptures with great earnestness, and were, therefore, willing and anxious to be told of Him of whom "Moses in the law and the prophets did testify," and ready to receive him joyfully as their Saviour. On the other hand, the proselytes of righteousness too frequently imbibed the passionate prejudices of the Jews themselves, and were reluctant to believe that the "righteousness of the law" they had been at such pains to observe, formed no title to acceptance with Christ; though doubtless he had his chosen people also amongst them.

Both the Hellenic Jews, and the proselytes who attended the Temple service, were eminently useful in dispersing the knowledge of the Christian faith throughout the cities and countries where they dwelt. To them was probably owing the introduction of Christianity at a very early period into many places never visited by the apostles, or by regular evangelists. It also happened that the heathen, for a considerable time, confounded the Jews and Christians together, or considered Christianity merely a variety of Judaism; and as Judaism was a tolerated because a national religion, this toleration was at first tacitly extended to the infant Christian Church. Judaism thus formed a kind of *calyx* to protect the new faith, until the time arrived when it was able to unfold itself, and strong enough to endure the blasts of pagan persecution.

But that time was soon to come; for Christ was to be not only "the glory of his people Israel," but also "a light to lighten the Gentiles." Never before had the sublime idea dawned upon the minds of men, of a religion for the whole world—a religion which should unite men of every clime, language, and character, in a bond of universal brotherhood, founded upon allegiance to a common God and Saviour. The early opponents of Christianity treated this idea as a palpable absurdity, and something utterly impossible to realize in practice. This was, perhaps, from their point of view, only natural; for the religious systems of the ancient world were pre-eminently national institutions. They were bound up with the life, the honour, the prosperity of the State; and it was considered one of the first duties of a good citizen to worship and serve the gods of his country, the gods of his fathers. Celsus, the enemy of the Christians, only expressed what every pagan felt, when he said, speaking of religion, "It is right for every people to reverence their ancient laws, but to desert them is a crime."

Christianity corrected this overweening estimate of the State, by imparting a dignity and a value hitherto undreamt of to the individual. Eternal life and immortality were indeed brought to light by the gospel. The Christian believed, as none ever believed before, that every human being, however poor and mean, however simple and uneducated, was born to the solemn inheritance of a personal immortality—an endless existence in happiness or in misery. He could therefore no longer regard man as a mere unit in the State; but, before and beyond all else, as a "living soul," created by the one supreme God, and answerable alone to him.

When the mighty internal force which such convictions imparted to Christianity was brought to bear against the old State religions of the pagan world, these religions were already decaying and waxing old. The gods of Greece and of Rome had "lived their season out," and in great measure had lost their hold upon the minds and hearts of men. It was God's appointment that Christianity should come to a world unquiet, dissatisfied, mistrustful of the old, and eager for the new—to men whose minds were full of doubt and whose hearts were aching for light, for

truth, for certainty, which no creed they professed, and no philosophy with which they were acquainted, could offer them. "Who will show us any good?" seemed to be the cry of thousands of anxious spirits, at the very time when He whom they knew not, but who was watching them in pitying love, by the revelation of his Son Jesus Christ lifted up the light of his countenance upon them, and it was day for evermore.

But although it is true that "that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away," it is also true that decay itself engenders new forms of life; and thus from the very decay of the old State religions of the civilized world there arose certain corrupt developments, which opposed themselves everywhere to the progress of the gospel. The educated pagans too often became shallow, sneering, callous-hearted sceptics, or votaries of a superficial worldly wisdom that bounded its hopes and fears to the present. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is an argument which in all ages has found too ready a response in the human heart. Deeper natures meanwhile sought in various systems of philosophy something to satisfy their cravings. Sometimes they thought they found; but the god whom the lessons of the philosophers, or the researches of their own intellects revealed to them, was truly a god afar off, and not a god at hand. Moreover, he was a god who only manifested himself here and there to a few chosen spirits, and whom ordinary men were totally incapable of knowing. Hence the formation of a kind of "learned aristocracy," who looked down with indulgent contempt upon the religion of the common people, as quite good enough for the stupid and ignorant many, however it might be disbelieved and ridiculed in secret by the enlightened few. The intellectual pride which such habits of thought necessarily engendered, was of course highly unfavourable to the reception of Christianity.

But not less so was the gross superstition to which the uneducated masses generally abandoned themselves. We never cling more desperately to the outward symbols and accessories of our belief, than when we are conscious of a lurking unsoundness at its core. Fanaticism is often a token of incipient scepticism; and men are most furious against the hands that shake

their cherished idols, when they feel that those idols are already tottering on their thrones. The age of primitive Christianity was, for paganism, an age of inward rottenness but of outward splendour—an age of temples and of altars, of incense and of costly sacrifices. While therefore the philosophers made it a matter of contemptuous reproach to the Christians that they undertook to reveal God to all men, even to the uneducated—"to wool-combers, leather-sellers, and mechanics"—the superstition of the multitude vented itself in a reproach of an opposite kind. "Show us your God!" they cried, struck with uncomprehending astonishment at the spiritual character of the Christian worship. They thought that men who had no gods that could be seen or touched, that could have sacrifices offered to them, or incense burned before them, must of necessity be without gods at all—*Atheists*.

Thus the hostility both of the learned and of the unlearned, of the enlightened few and of the superstitious many, was awakened against Christianity. That the State at length lent to this hostility the powerful sanction of law, was owing chiefly to the cause already hinted at; the new faith appeared in the light of a departure from the authorized State religion—a political crime rather than a speculative error.

While therefore the opposition aroused was not strong enough to prevent the progress of Christianity, still less to destroy it, yet was it sufficiently strong to submit it, once and again, to the ordeal of a fiery persecution, and thus to become the occasion of its grandest triumphs. Persecution drew out and exemplified in action the true power of Christianity. Deprived of all adventitious aid, but at the same time divested of nearly all that could interfere with her free action, the faith that worketh by love was thus, as it were, led into the arena, and exposed to the assaults of every enemy the ancient world could bring against her. The whole force of an empire—nay, of the empire that ruled the world, and ruled it mainly by asserting the pre-eminent majesty of Law—grappled with this unarmed defenceless Faith in a struggle for life or death. It was the "beast dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly, that had great iron teeth, and devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the

residue with his feet," that found at last an opponent, who without sword or spear or battle-axe, overthrew him on his own ground, and won by meek endurance a more glorious victory than arms have ever gained.

The first persecution of the Christians sanctioned by the governing power of the Roman empire, was that of the infamous Nero, whose name is even yet a curse and a reproach amongst men. It is said that the tyrant, in the wantonness of cruelty, set fire to his own capital; and that ten out of the fourteen regions into which the city was divided were reduced to ashes in the conflagration. But there were limits beyond which even Cæsar might not venture with impunity; and becoming alarmed at the consequences of his own reckless cruelty, he desired to transfer the odium of having occasioned the fire to the innocent Christians, who must by that time have been very numerous in the city. Tacitus tells us they were unpopular amongst their fellow-citizens as the followers of an "unsocial superstition;" and it is scarcely surprising that this character should attach to them, as there were few transactions of civil or social life in which they could join without defiling themselves in some way or other with the idolatry they had engaged to renounce. But the horrible cruelties which were now, by the tyrant's order, perpetrated upon them, changed this general feeling of dislike into pity for their sufferings—sufferings which even the heathen must have known were undeserved. Many were put to death in various ways; some of these innocent victims being covered with the skins of wild beasts and exposed to be torn by dogs, while others were smeared with pitch and burned as torches to illuminate the emperor's gardens during the night.

We long for personal anecdotes to bear witness to the faith that no doubt upheld the suffering Christians during this, as during so many later and no less agonizing seasons of trial; but the only martyr names which Nero's persecution appears to have bequeathed to us are the two illustrious ones already mentioned, those of the apostles Peter and Paul. Perhaps we may also add that of Linus, to whose care the Roman church is said to have been entrusted by Peter

and Paul, and who is supposed to have suffered martyrdom in this persecution. There is no evidence that Nero published any general edict against the Christians; still it is probable that the cruel scenes enacted in the capital were in some measure reproduced in those parts of the provinces where the governors or the people were hostile to the faith. We gain a more vivid conception of the horrors of this first pagan persecution through the impression it produced on the minds of the Christian community. When about four years after its commencement it was brought to a close by the death of the tyrant, imaginations disordered by terror proved unable to realize the fact, and a legend arose that Nero had only retired beyond the Euphrates, whence he would return in the character of Antichrist to resume and to exceed his former cruelties.

None of the five emperors who succeeded him persecuted the Christians; but an event of considerable importance, bearing on their history, took place in the reign of Vespasian. This was the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, 77 A.D. Most readers are acquainted with the horrors that accompanied this final outpouring of Jehovah's indignation upon his rebellious and impenitent people. They may be read at large in the history of Josephus, who was an eye-witness of what he described; and well indeed might he say that "it was a happiness for those who died before they heard and saw miseries like these." It is believed, however, that not one of the followers of Christ was within the city when it was besieged by the Romans. Their Master's warning had not been in vain; when they saw Jerusalem compassed about with armies, they knew that the desolation thereof was nigh, and saved themselves by a timely flight from the calamities that overtook the rest of their nation. They took refuge in the mountain-town of Pella, beyond the Jordan, where they remained until the end of the war. They afterwards returned to their ruined home, and the Christian church was re-established there under the guidance of Simeon, the relative of our Lord and the brother of James the Just. The destruction of the Holy City, however, did for them what they could scarcely have accomplished for themselves. It loosened their hold upon the ceremonial observances of the Jewish law, and

convinced many, though by no means all amongst them, that "the Mosaic system had fulfilled its work, and had passed away."

Nearly thirty years after the death of Nero, Domitian, the successor of the amiable Titus, began in the latter part of his reign to persecute the Christians. It is said that many were martyred, and many others banished to desolate islands. Amongst the latter we find the name of a lady of high rank, a relative of the emperor himself, Flavia Domitilla; amongst the former, that of her husband, Flavius Clemens, who had been a consul the preceding year. A heathen historian says of this martyr that he was a man whose indolence made him contemptible; a reproach that would naturally be brought against a Christian, who, as we have seen, could scarcely, without violating his faith, identify himself with any of the interests of social or political life. These two names, however, are sufficient to show that the witnesses of Christ were not, even at this early period, taken exclusively from amongst the humbler classes.

About the same time, two simple unlettered men, tillers of the soil, and yet of kingly race, bore testimony in the emperor's presence of Him whose kingdom is not of this world. It was reported to the suspicious and tyrannical Domitian, probably by some of the numerous spies and informers he was in the habit of encouraging, that there were still living in Judæa members of the royal house of David, and of the family of Him whom the Christians acknowledged as their King. Alarmed at this report, he desired that the persons indicated should be apprehended and sent to Rome. Two grandsons of the Apostle Jude were accordingly brought to the emperor, who examined them in person. They confessed that they were of the seed of David, but said that they were poor men, only possessing between them a little piece of land, which they cultivated with their own hands, raising from it just sufficient to support themselves and to pay their taxes to the government; and in proof of their assertion they showed their hands, which were rough and hard with labour. The emperor then asked them of Christ and his kingdom. They answered that it was not earthly or temporal, but spiritual. "It will appear," said they, "at the end of the world, when, coming in glory, he will

judge the quick and the dead, and give to every one according to his works."

With such a kingdom Cæsar had no concern. He perceived however that these poor Jews were persons from whom he had nothing to fear, and, despising their simplicity, he dismissed them with contempt. Very thankful no doubt for their escape, they returned home, and were joyfully received by their brethren in the faith, amongst whom they lived many years, beloved and honoured for the Lord's sake.

Nerva succeeded Domitian on the imperial throne in the year 96 A.D.; and the Christians shared the benefits of his mild and equitable government. He permitted those who had been banished by his predecessor to return home, and even restored their confiscated property. Thus for a brief season the Church had rest.

We profit by this interval to take a short review of her internal history. At first sight this may be attended with feelings of disappointment. The Church of Christ, even in her early days of faith and love, was not essentially other than she is now, a company of believing men and women, full of faults and weaknesses, and liable to mistakes. Nor was there ever a time when the visible and invisible Church were equivalent or interchangeable terms—when the tares and the wheat did not grow together. Not even persecution, the fan so often used by Christ to purify his Church, could wholly separate between the two. We have traces enough in the New Testament itself of the existence amongst Christians, even in apostolic times, both of speculative errors and of practical abuses. And these multiply in the writings of John, who, as we have seen, was spared almost to the end of the first century.

Of the speculative errors appearing even then, it is necessary once for all to say a few words. Not that it is either a very interesting or profitable task to dig up the fossil remains of extinct heresies, and to lay together "bone to his bone," until there rises before the imagination some strange creature, which it is hard to believe was ever a living organism, endowed with sufficient force and energy to make it a real terror in its day. But as in all ages the heart of man is the same, we may find that the tendencies of thought which in those early times developed themselves

in forms so grotesque, still continue to exist, though under different modifications.

The heresies of the primitive Church may be divided for convenience into two classes,—the Gnostic and the Ebionite. These were in many ways the representatives of opposite extremes. It does not, however, give a just idea of the case, to say that the Gnostics denied the humanity of the Saviour, and the Ebionites his divinity. For the Gnostic sects denied the proper divinity of our Lord as well as his real humanity; and their belief differed from that of the Church upon so many points, that to select only one amongst them tends to mislead the reader. They acknowledged however the pre-existence of Christ, which the Ebionites denied, most of whom considered him to have been a mere man, the son of Joseph and Mary. Whilst the Ebionites (who were nearly all of Israelitish extraction) clung to the Law of Moses, and indeed to everything Jewish, with the tenacity of fanaticism, the Gnostics carried their hatred of Judaism to the blasphemous point of supposing the God of the Jews to have been an inferior, or even a malignant being. Again, many of the Gnostic sects allowed an unbridled license of conduct; whilst the Ebionites; at least in the earlier period of their existence, were strict even to asceticism in their manners. Lastly, the Gnostics revelled in dreams of Oriental vastness, in which they peopled the spiritual world with fantastic beings of their own creation; whilst the Ebionites are said to have derived their name from a Hebrew word meaning “poor,” on account of the extreme meagreness and poverty of their creed.

The name Gnostic is derived from “*gnosis*,” a Greek word meaning knowledge; and the numerous sects to which it was given by their opponents generally agreed in claiming for themselves a superior knowledge, which they imparted only to the initiated, or, as they termed them, the “spiritual.” Simon Magus is generally considered the father of the Gnostics, and a tolerably long catalogue might be given of the heresiarchs that arose after him, each with his own peculiar system of doctrine, and his wild speculations about the invisible world. But this would be needless labour. They are mere empty names to us, after all. And while the name of the humblest witness for Christ

is invested with a hallowed interest, because we know that it is written in the Book of Life, and shines in characters of light upon the breast-plate of the great High-priest, we need not be too careful to engrave upon our memory those of the once celebrated heretics, Menander, Cerinthus, Basilidea, Valentinus, and Marcion.

It would however be a mistake to suppose that all these sects, or most of them, actually arose out of the bosom of the Church. Properly speaking, the majority of the Gnostics were not so much Christian heretics as Oriental mystics, who engrafted a few Christian words and ideas upon systems of other and widely diversified origin. It was, therefore, not so much the darkness that encroached again upon the kingdom of light, as the light that diffused itself through the kingdom of darkness, creating a sort of twilight, even where it could not wholly dispel the shadows. The Gnostic sects were less an evidence of the early corruption of the faith, than of the marvellous power it had already acquired, leavening every department of thought, and influencing, in some measure, even those whose hearts and minds remained fundamentally opposed to it.

Gnosticism had gained many adherents before the close of the first century of the Christian era. The date of the rise of Ebionism is uncertain, but some place it as early, or earlier, than the reign of Domitian. It lingered, principally amongst those of Jewish race, until the end of the fourth century; whilst some of the later forms of Gnosticism, which were very popular in the East, did not become extinct until the sixth century.

But we gladly turn from these “dry places” to the more attractive fields of practical Christian life. Here again we shall be less surprised at what the power of faith in Christ did not do, than at what it actually accomplished. When we contemplate the fearful corruption of the Pagan world as described by St. Paul in the first of Romans—but too literally true of the refined and civilized society of his day—we shall be disposed to marvel, not that occasional scandals and causes of offence crept in amongst the Christians, but that a community gathered out of such a world, and still living in its midst, presented in life and conversation so strange a contrast to the moral tone of those around them.

Upon this subject we may hear the voice of one of themselves, appealing in the presence of a hostile power to facts well known and generally admitted even by their enemies. "We who were once slaves of lust, have now delight only in purity of morals; we who once practised arts of magic, have consecrated ourselves to the eternal and good God; we, who once prized gain above all things, now give even all we have to the common use, and share it with every one that is in want; we, who once hated and murdered one another, and on account of difference of customs would not share our hearth with strangers, do now, since the appearance of Christ, live in common with them; we pray for our enemies, we seek to teach them even who hate us without cause, so to order their lives according to Christ's glorious doctrine, that they may hold the joyful hope of receiving like blessings with us, from God the Lord of all." * In every place where Christians were to be found they might be known by their separation from the prevailing vices of the society in which they moved. Surrounded on all sides by the grossest profligacy, they led pure and moral lives; amidst men "hateful and hating one another" they exhibited the victorious power of a *love* such as the world had never seen before.

First and chief of all, they loved Him who first loved them, and this was in truth the source of all their other graces. This love enabled them to face death and torture without fear, nay, in many instances, with triumphant joy. Nor was its power manifested only in rare and isolated acts, for it enabled them also to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in the midst of a world lying in wickedness.

Next to their Lord himself, they loved their brethren of the Church, whom they regarded as members of his body. No empty form was the kiss of peace with which they were wont to salute one another in their assemblies. It was the fitting and spontaneous expression of a love that was ever ready, as all real love is, to show itself by sacrifice. The rich gave liberally of their substance to those who needed; the poor, who had nothing else to give, contributed the labour of

their hands. The Christian traveller was ever sure of a welcome in the houses of his brethren; the sick were tended carefully by the hands of Christian women; those reduced to slavery were ransomed out of the funds of the Church; and the necessities of imprisoned confessors of the faith were ministered to by all classes with affectionate enthusiasm. And if fasts were kept, what was spared by personal self-denial was liberally bestowed upon the widow and the orphan.

The heathen remarked these things with profound astonishment. "See," they said amongst themselves, "how these Christians love one another." "This seems so extraordinary to them," adds Tertullian, "because *they* are used to hate one another."

But the early Christians, in adding "to godliness, brotherly kindness," did not omit to add also "to brotherly kindness, charity." The light that was in them shed its beams upon all around. They became noted for the exemplary manner in which they fulfilled the relations of domestic and social life. Wives not unfrequently gained their husbands, and slaves their masters, to the gospel, by the silent eloquence of their faithful and holy lives. Even the poor and uneducated—"artizans, old women, and little children"—who could not argue for the faith they loved, were able by their conduct to show its sanctifying power; "for," as was said by a contemporary, "they do not learn words by rote, but they exhibit good works; when struck, they strike not again; if robbed, they do not go to law; they give to them that ask of them, and love their neighbours as themselves."

Perhaps the most beautiful trait in the character of these early Christians, was the attitude they maintained towards those who hated them, who cast out their name as evil, who imprisoned, tortured, and murdered them. In other graces the Christians of later ages may be found to equal or surpass them; in this, they seem to stand pre-eminent. No wrong, no agony, could wring from them one reproachful word, or one threat of vengeance. Not a single act of violence, perpetrated under the sanction of the Christian name, disgraces the history of the early Church. And this may well excite our wonder, when we reflect upon the multitudes in all classes and in many countries that embraced the faith, and upon

* Justin Martyr's Second Apology, quoted by Neander.

the bloody and merciless persecutions to which they were exposed. However they might differ in other things, proud Roman and rude Barbarian, fervid African and subtle Greek, alike showed forth this fruit of Christianity, so different from "that which groweth of itself" in the natural heart of man. Being reviled, they blessed; being persecuted, they suffered it; being defamed, they entreated. It was from the Lord himself they learned this lesson, and their proficiency in it witnesses to the nearness and constancy of their intercourse with him. It was well said by a writer of the second century, "The Father alone could so love his own children as Jesus loved men. What grieved him most was that in their ignorance they fought against him for whom as his children he was fighting; and yet he loved them that hated him, yet he wept over the disobedient, yet he blessed them that blasphemed him, yet he prayed for his enemies; and these things he not only did himself, as a father, but also taught his disciples to do the same to all men as their brethren."

It was mainly by the exhibition of this love that the early Christians conquered. Their words, spoken or written, did not do so much for the spread of Christianity as did their works. Indeed, if for didactic teaching, for doctrine, for reproof, for correction and instruction in righteousness, we turn to what time has left us of their writings, we shall probably be much disappointed. They are not, in these respects, suited to be our teachers. In many ways they were themselves as children; unable to analyze or to describe the light that streamed in upon them, and made all things new within and around them. But if they were not great speakers, great writers, or even for the most part great thinkers, they were unquestionably great doers. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven," was the command of their divine Master, and through his grace they were enabled on the whole to fulfil it. To this faithfulness we trace in great measure the power they exercised in their own day, and we find in it also the message and the lesson they bear for ours.

D. A.

HEAVEN THE SCENE OF CHRIST'S PRIESTHOOD.

BY THE REV. HUGH MARTIN, M.A., FREE GREYFRIARS', EDINBURGH.

"We have such an high priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens."—HEB. viii. 1.

PART FIRST.

THE particular doctrine concerning our Lord's priesthood which the apostle asserts in these words is, that the locality or scene of that priesthood is heaven. All that he has hitherto said on this exalted theme runs up into this, that heaven itself is the adequate and true home, scene, or sanctuary of the priesthood of Jesus. He sums up in this the various statements he has already made concerning the suitableness, efficiency, permanence, and value of this gracious office, which Christ as our Redeemer executes. He carries us gradually, step by step, through the appointment, ordination, sacrifice, and success of Christ in the priestly office, till he shows us the Son of God exalted, as the High Priest of his people, to the highest throne of heaven; nor is he content to lay down the pen of inspiration on this lofty topic till he has placed it before our view in the glorified person of the Priest himself, shining in the glories of the immediate presence and manifested majesty of the living God.

But he pauses now. Now he looks back on all that

has passed under our review, and he says: "Of the things which we have spoken this is the sum: We have such an high priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens; a minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man." Many precious and wonderful statements he has made concerning this priesthood. He sums them all up in the doctrine that the scene or locality of its permanent ministrations is heaven.

The doctrine or fact thus asserted throws a very powerful light on various of the attributes or characteristics of Christ's priesthood. We select the following:—

- I.—Its reality.
- II.—Its effectiveness.
- III.—Its perfection.
- IV.—Its permanence.
- V.—Its exceeding glory.

I.—That the scene or true home of Christ's priesthood is heaven demonstrates the *reality* of the priest-

hood of Christ. The inspired reasoning of this epistle goes on to show this. "For," says the writer in the 4th verse of this chapter, "if he were on earth, he should not be a priest;" his priesthood in that case would be illusory, superfluous, and unreal. Had he continued "on earth" for the alleged purpose of carrying on the functions of his priesthood here; or had he, on ascending to heaven, abdicated or abandoned the office altogether; had this world been the native home and exclusive scene of his sacerdotal office, it would have evanescenced the office itself of all reality. For, in that case, he could have taken rank only with the priests of the tribe of Levi; seeing that "they are the priests"—the only recognized and consecrated priests—"that offer gifts according to the law." For such a priesthood, on the part of Jesus, there was no necessity. Neither was there any scope for it. For "it is evident that our Lord sprang not out of Levi, but out of Judah, of which tribe Moses"—who was charged with all the appointments relating to that priesthood—"spoke nothing concerning priesthood." And, furthermore, it is matter of history that our Lord never performed one service of that priesthood—never offered a single sacrifice according to its rules—nor lifted the veil of its holy place—nor burnt incense—nor touched with one finger any of its priestly ceremonies. Such procedure in his case, with reverence be it spoken, would have been Uzziah's sin repeated, for "it appertained not unto him;" and "no man taketh this office upon him but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." It was to another species of priesthood that Jesus was called when God glorified him, saying, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee:" "Thou art a priest for ever, after the order of Melchizedek." The functions of the Levitical priesthood were confined to this world. The earth was the scene, the only and adequate home and locality, of that priesthood. Aaron was no more a priest when he died. He carried not his priesthood with him into heaven. He was expressly, and by special divine arrangement, stripped of his priestly robes, and left them all behind him; for he left his office behind him. And the reason was, that the whole government and kingdom with which his priesthood stood connected was an earthly government, arbitrarily appointed by God, on a limited scale, confined to Israel, and designed to last but for a time. That government, in which God was King in Israel, and Moses his cabinet minister, was not the universal, necessary, and eternal moral government of God—in whose one and all-embracing sweep Jehovah doeth among the armies of heaven and the inhabitants of all the earth according to his pleasure. For that universal government he could not arbitrarily set up at the mere good pleasure of his will, for it is of necessity and not of grace. Nor could he limit it to Israel, for it is necessarily universal. Nor could he abdicate and set it aside, for of necessity it endureth for ever. Among Israel he erected under himself a sovereignly-appointed, special, limited, and local government—temporary also,

and inserted as a mere parenthesis into the history of his one moral government of the race. The scene of that government or kingdom was Judea, "Immanuel's land." Offences against that government—such as being unclean by touching a dead body or a bone—might be expiated by the services of a priesthood which, in correspondence with the kingdom, was an earthly, local, and temporary priesthood. The scene of its functions was earth, and earth alone. All its procedure, relations, and effects were confined to earth; and when its priests were translated to heaven they were Levitical priests no more. To this priesthood Christ did not belong. He was descended from another tribe in Israel than they. And if earth were the only adequate home and scene of his priesthood, not having *their* priesthood, he would have had none whatever.

But he had a priesthood, and a real one; and its reality is illustrated and proved by the heavenly home and seat of it, at the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens.

For Christ's priesthood appertains to that universal and eternal moral government which God from his throne in the heavens exercises, not over the twelve tribes of Israel, but over all responsible agents. The sin which Jesus came to expiate was offence against the moral law and moral government of the Most High. The offences which Aaron and his priests could expiate were against merely "the law of a carnal commandment"—the merely arbitrary transgressions, such as any king on earth may please to say he will not tolerate in his court. Various things, in themselves indifferent—so far as the moral law is concerned—God, as King in Israel, was pleased to say were intolerable to him as tabernacled in the camp of Israel, and in the holy place of his kingly court and temple-worship there. And the shedding of blood, that "could not put away sin" or moral defilement, he was pleased, by the ministry of an earthly priesthood, to appoint for the putting away of these offences that were not moral. In such humble priesthood and its services he that came down from heaven had no share. And had his priesthood never been carried into heaven, he could really have had no priesthood at all. But sin, as against the everlasting moral law, is committed against, not the temporary King of Israel, but the everlasting God of heaven, considered as the King whose kingdom ruleth over all. To expiate *this*, Jesus became a priest after the order of Melchizedek; and though he died on earth, because the scene of sin's occurrence must be the scene of sin's expiation, the reality of his priesthood is illustrated by the fact that in heaven—the palace of the moral universe—he is a priest for ever, at the right hand of the throne of the Majesty above.

II.—The fact that heaven is the native home and scene of the priesthood of Christ illustrates its *effectiveness* or its *success*. In what consists the effectiveness of priesthood? Priesthood is designed for reconciliation;

for removal of obstructions to communion or fellowship; for the conduct of acceptable worship. But the worship of a king is around his throne. Access, therefore, to his throne must be secured by priesthood, if priesthood is to be effective or successful.

When Jehovah was pleased to erect his theocracy in Israel—to become for a time the national king in Jeshurun, with Moses as his prime minister of state, entrusted with the whole administration and executive—he erected in Israel his palace, which was his temple also; and in its sacred penetralia he set up his sacred throne. The mercy-seat was Jehovah's throne in Israel. The Shechinah-glory dwelt between the cherubim; a sensible and earthly manifestation, as the whole government was earthly, that Israel's Shepherd-king was among them. Concerning this throne in the holy place, Jehovah said: "There I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat, and from between the cherubims" (Exod. xxv. 22). And Israel was wont to say: "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth. Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh stir up thy strength, and come and save us" (Ps. lxxx. 1, 2).

If Israel's priesthood was to be truly efficient—if their service and ministry were to be successful—if they were truly to "accomplish the service of God"—if they were not utterly to fail in the whole object and design of their office, it behoved them to secure access into the tabernacle, and unto the very throne of their king. On the great day of atonement they did so unto the uttermost. There was, within its own limits, and in its own adequate and native scene, an efficient and successful priesthood—thoroughly efficient and successful within its own sphere. Its sphere was not the universal moral government of God; and it is impossible that the blood of bulls and of goats could take away sin—sin, which is transgression of that moral law by which the universal moral government of God is carried on. But within its own legitimate sphere in the limited, and national, and temporary theocracy among the chosen people, it was strikingly and perfectly successful. Would it not have been a very poor type of Christ's priesthood, had it not been so? But it was effective and successful. On the great day of atonement the blood of the appointed victim procured entrance for the high priest within the veil. The innermost penetralia of the temple; the most sacred, most secret dwelling of the King; his most immediate presence; his very throne became accessible to Israel in the person of Israel's high priest. Israel's Divine King unveiled his glory to his people. He shone upon them from between the cherubims. He lifted up on them the light of his countenance. He proclaimed his good pleasure in them, his blessing, and his love. He answered the prayer of their inspired liturgy: "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us: that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations" (Ps. lxvii. 1, 2). And

this was through the efficiency and success of the priesthood he had established in Israel.

Within the limits, the scope and sphere of this priesthood, even Jesus, the Son of God, had he partaken of its office and ministry, could not have been more successful. That priesthood, indeed, he was not endowed with. But the priesthood into which he had been called, must, if successful, have a similar index of its success. It was a priesthood that stood related to the everlasting and universal moral government of God. The throne of that government is pitched in no worldly tabernacle made with hands. It is not fixed upon the earth, but high above all heavens. Clouds and darkness are round about it. No created glory, as between the cherubims, flames upon it; no representative material splendour is enthroned there; but the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, personally sits upon it, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, wait upon him, hearkening to the voice of his commandments. It is access through all the ranks of the holy ones there, which a priest, ministering in what pertains to moral law and universal moral government, must secure for his brethren, if his priesthood is to be crowned with success. Its clients must obtain admission *there*, if their priest can manage and minister efficiently in their cause and service. They must be able to say: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen again; WHO IS EVEN AT THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD." They have reason and right to say so. Their priest has been successful in his priesthood. "We have such an high priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens."

III.—It is a continuation of this line of thought to remark that the heavenly home of Christ's priesthood illustrates also the *perfection* of that priesthood.

The first covenant was not "faultless;" and its want of faultlessness was illustrated by the fact that it had but "a *worldly* sanctuary" (Heb. ix. 1). Its priesthood was imperfect; and it could not possibly be otherwise, seeing its only scene was this world. "Perfection," it is strongly asserted, "was not by the Levitical priesthood" (Heb. vii. 11). "The law made nothing perfect" (Heb. vii. 19). Meats and drinks, and divers washings, and carnal ordinances—being all merely the beggarly elements of the world—could only keep men in a certain bondage, never lifting them above the realm of which they were themselves the elements. These "were but a shadow of good things to come"—not even rising to the character of "the very image of them" (Heb. x. 1). They were "weak" and "unprofitable." They did not "profit," for they did not "perfect" them that were exercised in them. They "could not make the comers thereunto perfect" (Heb. x. 1). They "could not make him that did the service perfect as pertaining to the conscience" (Heb. ix. 9). For the conscience asserts man's relation to higher interests than those of earth, and binds him

to a government of larger sweep and longer duration than any special government that God established among the seed of Abraham after the flesh. It testifies his relation to the universal moral government of the God of heaven, and no earthly priesthood can minister or mediate to its satisfaction or perfection.

But the eternal Son of God is a Priest from heaven—from the bosom of the Father—and the heir of all things. Perfection is largely and variously affirmed of his priesthood. He was himself "made perfect through suffering" (Heb. ii. 10); and "being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation" (Heb. v. 9). "The law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did, by the which hope we draw near unto God" (Heb. vii. 19), now that our priest hath entered as "the forerunner into that within the veil" (Heb. vi. 19), even "to the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens." This perfection he reached in the triumph of his holy sacrifice; and it is proved by his inauguration on his Father's throne. "Behold, I do cures to-day, and to-morrow, and the third day I shall be perfected." And every one shall be perfected as well as his Master. For by his one offering he hath for ever perfected them that are sanctified, seeing that this man, when he had offered one sacrifice for sin, for ever sat down at the right hand of God.

The priesthood of Levi was effective in its own sphere; its sacrifices "sanctified to the purifying of the flesh." But it was not beyond the sphere of earth—it acted by "the law of a carnal commandment." It could not penetrate with its virtue, and efficiency, and powers, to "an endless life." It could not bring its services and functions to bear on man's deepest relation to God, and his position as a subject of his eternal moral government. There was a great sphere of influence, interest, and relation, from which it was necessarily excluded. On man's prospect and position in that sphere it had no bearing whatsoever. Dimly it might shadow forth great truths belonging to that sphere, but it could not rise to its elevation; it could exert no influence on its interests. It could keep the Israelitish kingdom from falling to pieces; it could accomplish the service and fulfil the conditions on which the continued residence of the divine Shechinah among Israel depended; and it might restore to the lapsed and unclean worshipper the privilege of returning into Israel's camp, and re-engaging with acceptance in Israel's ceremonial worship. But it could not satisfy the demands of the moral law; it could not obliterate the guilt of sin as the transgression of that law; it could not glorify God as a moral ruler, nor pacify the conscience of man as a moral agent, concerning the forgiveness of sins; it could not re-admit apostate man to the family of heaven. It could admit him no further than into a "sanctuary made with hands, which was but the figure of the true" (Heb. ix. 24). But Christ's is a perfect priesthood. It appertains to no limited sphere, and no temporary interests, and no arbitrary and local kingdom. It appertains to the universal government of God.

It deals with sin. It magnifies the moral and eternal law. It pacifies and purifies the conscience of man, not as an Israelite, but as *man*—as a moral agent, or subject of the one all-embracing government ranging over heaven and earth, and that grasps every moral being by "the law of" no "carnal commandment," but in "the power of an endless life." It hath left no demand of universal and eternal justice unsatisfied; it hath neglected—or passed over unnoticed, unshielded, or eclipsed, or injured—no requirement of God's eternal kingdom that ruleth over all. It hath left no attribute of God's nature unglorified, and no elements of man's nature unrectified; no element of man's ruin unretrieved. It hath knit with eternal firmness the broken bond, by the disruption whereof man was set adrift from heaven, an alien and an outcast from God. It hath poured the splendours of "glory in the highest" around God's character, and established, by the power of things immutable, the purity of man's character, the peace of his conscience and his heart, and the blessedness and joy of his destiny. Its virtues prevail to reach unto the highest heavens, and to save from going down unto the pit even those that are worthy of the lowest hell. It sweeps sin away "as far as the east is distant from the west;" and "as far as the heavens are higher than the earth, so far doth it remove our iniquities away from us." Its sweet savour fills the souls of believing men on earth with tranquillity, and the soil of God in heaven with rest. To Jehovah it is "a savour of rest;" and to those that believe it gives admission into the rest of God. It is perfect. It is absolutely final and conclusive. It seals up into a fearful looking-for of vengeance and fiery indignation those who reject its love and ministrations, shutting with the key of David the hell of the unbelieving, and no man can open; and it seals and perfects into a hope most sure and steadfast those that humbly trust to its mediation, opening heaven for them by a new and living way, and giving them boldness to enter in.

All this is true. And all this is most obviously true by the fact that its ministrations are conducted, as in their rightful native home and sanctuary, at the right hand of the throne in the Majesty in the heavens. The central throne of God is the scene of this priesthood, a terrible place of testing and of peril to a priesthood that were not perfect; for there, on that stainless seat of holiness and tenderest moral sensibility, any thrill of imperfection, unprofitableness, deficiency, or fault arising anywhere in all the universe, would vibrate and tell with the power of many thunders, and manifest itself with worse than the lightnings and the darkness of Sinai, the mountain that might be touched. But no; *there* is the rainbow of the covenant, round about the throne. *There* no jarring sound of disharmony or derangement beats to tell of something still unsettled or left unhealed. The storm of Divine wrath is past, and no clouds return after the rain. "For this is as the waters of Noah unto me: for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth; so

have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." For this man, continuing ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood; able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession—such an high priest indeed becomes us, holy, and harmless, and undefiled, separate from sinners, and now made higher than the heavens. "For the law made nothing perfect, making men high priests that had infirmity; but the word of the oath maketh the Son, who is perfected for evermore" (Heb. vii. 28).

IV.—Our thought runs on, without a break, into our fourth channel of remark—namely, that the heavenly locality of Christ's priesthood illustrates its *permanence*.

Its permanence, indeed, necessarily results from its perfection. When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part is done away; but the perfect, which replaces the partial, is not itself done away—it abideth. The priesthood of Levi was imperfect; for the priests were men that had infirmity, and "they were not suffered to continue by reason of death. This man, because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable"—an intransferable—"priesthood," and "ever liveth to make intercession." In the virtue of his one perfect and perfecting sacrifice, he *for ever* sat down at the right hand of God. The priesthood of Levi, even if Aaron could have lived through all its dispensation, was, for other reasons, so imperfect, that it could not but pass away. It had no moral virtue or value in its ministrations to establish an everlasting covenant, and it could not operate upon the conscience and the heart of Israel, to keep Israel true to their King. For, in itself, it never reached the realm of conscience; it could not make them that did the service perfect, as pertaining to the conscience; and it could not renew, and regulate, and control their wills. It could only "sanctify, to the purifying of the flesh." Hence, it was not faultless, and its covenant could not be eternal. They brake it, and the Lord "regarded them not." He introduced a new covenant; but from the moment that he uttered the words, "*a new covenant*," he made the first old. "Now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away," and the covenant and the priesthood vanished simultaneously; for they are so bound together that the fall of the one entails the fall of the other. If there be a change of the priesthood, there must be, "of necessity, a change also of the law" (Heb. vii. 12), or constitution, or covenant, under which its provisions were arranged and its ministrations were conducted. But it vanished in a manner not to be regretted. Its believing worshippers had all along fled to it, professedly as an interim arrangement. They got them to the mountains of its sacrifices and its spices of incense, only till the day should dawn and the

shadows flee away. For the Law had but "a *shadow* of the good things to come;" and when the day dawned the shadows fled unmourned, for the substance was of Christ.

The covenant which his blood sealed, and in which his priesthood ministers, is a "faultless" one, "established on better promises;" cancelling the guilt and the remembrance of sin, providing the regeneration, the obedience, and the final perseverance of its clients. It is an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure. The redemption he obtained ere he entered into the heavenly sanctuary, was an "eternal" redemption, fulfilling on the cross all conditions of the Law, and rendering any further claims on its part impossible; trampling death into the dust of death, and making death's reappearance or recurrence as impossible for ever. From the highest heights unto the lowest depths it swept, with victorious power, through all realms where evil could dwell or opposition rise. The triumphing reach of it is "high as heaven: What canst thou do," O sin and unbelief? Its penetrating force is "deeper than hell:" How can ye "prevail against it," O ye "gates of hell?" "The measure thereof is longer than the earth:" "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." It is "broader than the sea:" be it your confidence, all ye "that are afar off upon the sea." It cannot be excelled, it cannot be supplanted, it cannot be replaced; and, in token thereof, it is at the right hand of the thrones of the Majesty in the heavens. It is final, conclusive, eternal. Priesthood now can receive no higher promotion; it cannot any more be brevetted; it can rise to no loftier rank. No step in the peerage of the kingdom now awaits it; no brighter coronet can sit upon the head of the priest upon his throne; and no more august title in celestial heraldry remains to dignify the name that is above every name. Continuing ever, his is an unchangeable and everlasting priesthood; and the song of angels and of men which celebrates the worship of the Lamb of God rejoices in the enraptured recognition of its eternity. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." And the high refrain sounds forth again,— "Every creature which is in heaven and on the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever." *For ever!* It is perfect, permanent, eternal.

V.—That heaven is the home, and heaven's high throne the adequate and native seat of this priesthood, illustrates not only its reality and effectiveness, its perfection and its permanence, but also its exceeding *glory*. There is glory in all real priesthood. I am not very sure but an investigation of Scripture might prove that the profound idea which revelation conveys by the mysterious word *glory*, is chiefly, if not uniformly, sug-

gested in connection with priesthood, and as flowing from it and secured by it. Certain it is, that when the Priest came to earth, the heavens rang with the angelic anthem, "*Glory to God in the highest.*" And, doubtless, it is safe to say, that where sin hath been, glory cannot come, save by priesthood; for the antagonist of glory is shame, even as death is the opposite of life, and priesthood's function is to turn sin, the occasion of shame, into the counter-occasion of exceeding glory. How great, then, is that glory! How great the glory of priesthood finally and perfectly triumphant, so as even to be seated on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens! Even Aaron's priesthood was glorious. Its garments were formed, by divine command, "for beauty and for glory." But if that which was done away with was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious!

But the glory of this priesthood is beyond searching out. We must have felt already that we have been bordering on the limit where our powers of speech and meditation are baffled and arrested. Let it suffice to say, that the principle concerning the glory of the priesthood, as seated on the throne of God, is this, that it is intrusted of God, in the hands of his own Son, with all power and dominion, in heaven and in earth, for the furtherance and completion of its ministrations of love and of saving power among the sons of men. To our great High Priest in the heavens every knee doth bow, and every tongue confess. Every region of the universe is subject to him in his priesthood. Honour and majesty are before him; strength and beauty are in his holy place within the veil, where Jesus hath entered, as the *Incarnate* appearing in the presence of God for us. "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool," and until "those whom I have given thee be with thee, that they may behold thy glory, which I have given thee, for I loved thee before the foundation of the world." "The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever, after the order of Melchizedek" (Psalm cx. 4).

Suffer two closing appeals.

I. To the unbelieving.—You cannot but feel, I trust, that these meditations bear down, with accumulated, and, I should hope, through the blessing of God, with resistless force, on the folly, and infatuation, and offensiveness of your neglect and unbelief. What think ye of Christ in his priesthood? Or rather, What think ye of the unbelief that despises him in the functions of an office, in the execution of which the Most High God has thought him worthy to sit "at the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens"? If a dull despondency, beneath the guilt and power of sin, has paralyzed you into the unbelieving neglect of your salvation, I call upon you to contemplate the real efficiency, the permanent and perfect power, and the

illimitable glory of Jesus, in the very office on which salvation from sin so entirely hinges. And if consciousness of defilement, and unworthiness, and shame, cause you to shrink away from the High Priest, by how much the more he is glorious in his office—as if, with Peter, you would say, "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man"—I beseech you to consider that his office can have no play nor power, no fruit nor glory, no vindication and no meaning, save as it deals with sin—to put away its shame and its defilement, to rob it of its victory over you, and to quench all its fruits and power for ever. Therefore, put your case, with faith and confidence, into his hands, however evil it may be; and his own right to the throne of the Majesty in the heavens is perilled, if, from deficiency, either in power or compassion, he fail to deal with it successfully.

2. To you who believe on his name.—How steadfast should your faith be! "Seeing that we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens—Jesus, the Son of God—let us hold fast our profession." How believing and expectant your supplications! "Let us, therefore, come boldly to the throne." How spiritual your worship and how heavenly, freed from all carnal ceremonies and all beggarly elements of this world, seeing that your sanctuary is not, as of old, a "worldly" one, but heavenly, within the veil, and in the very presence of God! And how safe is your position, and how sure your prospects! Contemplate habitually the great responsible agent and minister of your salvation, as a priest at the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens. Behold him bringing all the influence and power with which he is there endowed to bear on your full deliverance from sin, and full attainment of holiness and blessing. There is no backsliding into which you have fallen, from which his intercession cannot recall, and relieve, and restore you; no sin for which he cannot procure your forgiveness; no corruption which he cannot obtain for you supplies of grace to subdue. There is no blessing which he cannot confer, and no enemy which he cannot destroy; nor is there any possible conjuncture in the affairs of your salvation which he does not foresee and provide for—indeed, arrange rather, and manage, by his own love and power. He sitteth in the central throne of majesty and might; and in all the universe there is no power of evil which, from that central seat of influence and glory, he cannot charm or crush into helplessness, and no power of good which he cannot awaken and evoke into your loving interest, and the promotion of your welfare and salvation. Are ye not complete in him who is the Head of all principality and power; having redemption in his blood, by whom were all things made, whether they be visible or invisible, thrones or dominions, or principalities and powers; and who now, as the High Priest of Zion, hath in all things the pre-eminence, sitting "at the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens"?

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED AMONG THE TOMBS.

TRANSLATION (ABBRIDGED) FROM "QUELLWASSER," ETC.



HAVE spent many hours of my life in churchyards. Yes; I may say there is not one hour of day or night in which, at one time or other, I have not been there.

Would you know what has led me to act thus? I shall willingly tell you. Perhaps some reader may follow my example, and assuredly he will never repent it.

I have not lingered so much among the dead from any disgust with the living, as has been the case with many men. No: on the contrary, the living are to me more precious; even as a green, flourishing tree, with all its buds and foliage, compared with a bare plank. Yes; I go on this very account to the place of graves, that I may learn there to feel more love and patience for living men. If you took a journey on the highway with another traveller, whose weary, blistered feet could hardly bear him along, and yet you hung your heavy knapsack over his shoulders—when at length under a cool linden tree you stopped to rest, and the poor fellow took off his shoes and fell asleep, while you, not being weary, sat at his side—were you to look at him lying exhausted there, and think that he was carrying a good flask of wine for you, and you had never given him a drop of it, and remember, perhaps, that by your conversation on the way you had made his sad heart yet more heavy, by shaking his hope of another and better world,—would you not, I ask, there under the linden tree, heartily regret all this, unless you have a spider in place of a heart within your bosom? But suppose, further, what if the poor man were to be struck by death in his sleep, and awoke no more? How would your soul feel in that case? Would you act towards the next poor traveller you met as you had done towards him? In the churchyard many such weary wanderers are sleeping, whose life-journey was made toilsome and sad by the companions they met with on the road. If you took this thought to heart beside their graves, could you return back to living pilgrims, and dwell among them with cold indifference, and keep fast closed that flask of love and consolation which Christ has filled for you and your fellow-men until the wine has become sour?

Such thoughts have come to me in the churchyard; and when I went home afterwards, I have rejoiced to feel that there were still living ones among whom I might live rich in love. I have opened my love-flask then, and handed it freely around.

I shall give you another reason why I linger so willingly among the tombs. When I have read the inscription on a stone as old as the year 1600, then I have thought: Here, for more than two centuries, this man has rested, who was but fifty years old when he

died. If from those fifty years I abstract the time he must have spent in eating, sleeping, and recreation, and that of childhood besides, only twenty-five years at the utmost will remain. That was his real working life-day. How short his day in comparison with his night! Truly the life of man is but a brief winter day! Yet, after this reckoning, I lament not over the brevity of human life, as so many do. No; but I call to mind the words of our Lord—"I must work while it is day; the night cometh, wherein no man can work." In the churchyard I understand His true meaning. For two hundred and sixty-three years this man has ceased from work here on earth. If he trifled and wasted away his short life-day in follies, how must he have repented at last! If a man, on a day in December, when it is only light by nine o'clock and dark at three, had to provide for the future of his wife and children; if he had to write the review of a book, which must first be read—suppose that he could not afford to burn candles, and must make full use of the short daylight, were he to let the hours slip away in dressing, eating, gossiping, and so on,—what kind of feelings would he experience when the long winter night set in, and writing and reading could not be accomplished? Would sleep come easily then? Would his dreams be pleasant? And will it be otherwise with regard to life's brief day and death's long night? I have gone home from the place of graves full of such thoughts, and then set to my own work like a servant who has been roused from sleep by a thunderstorm. . . .

Let me tell you a third motive which leads me to the churchyard. There are persons who would not for a kingdom remain there by night alone. Why not? They are afraid; they believe it a haunted place; they shiver, then grow hot; they feel as if really in a fever.

"The weather-cock on the church-tower groans so fearfully—what is moving it so constantly round! Then the weights of the steeple-clock fall, and it strikes the hour. No! surely a spirit is striking the clock, for the sound is quite different from what it has by day! Yonder, round the corner, something white has passed by, and is lurking. There, among the weeping willows, I hear a low whisper, as if two men were talking low together. Yes! yes! yonder I see a white figure! It is midnight, and the dead are abroad!"

Yes, my friend; you are certainly ill—you need a physician. Shall I tell you what you need? It is faith in the living God. If you are so afraid of death and the grave, then the corn-field, newly sown, should also seem a gloomy place, for all the corn-seeds are decaying there. Ah, you say, that is very different: there lie seeds of corn, and here lie men. True; yet let me ask you

simply, Do you believe that these bodies are also as seeds for a life to come?

Yes, yes; you believe this. And why then be afraid of them in their decay?

I ask again, Do you believe that God is watchful of the corn-fields, and that it is through His blessing that the seeds shall spring up again?

Yes, that you believe.

Is He not, then, yet nearer to those whose bodies were not merely His masterpiece of creation, but which were, and shall again be, the temples of the Holy Ghost? Does a mother leave her sleeping infants alone and unwatched? Does not the farmer often go out by night to see that the cattle have not got into his fields? And shall God leave his servants' dust uncared for? Look at that moon in the sky. Is not her soft light falling equally on the roses and lake of the castle garden and on these silent graves? You fear, because you forget the presence of the Lord, watching over His sleeping children.

The cross above some of the graves has startled you at night. I shall tell you what thoughts it has given to myself. When I walk in a flower garden, I see many upright sticks in the ground. Why are they placed there? For two reasons: to show where seeds have been sown; and to give the tender plant, when it springs up, something to cling to, and to raise itself by towards the sun. Thus the cross upon a grave seems to tell me: Here lies a precious seed, made fruitful by most precious blood, which shall one day spring up, and raise itself by the Cross to everlasting bliss. When I thus consider the sacred emblem on the tomb, soft airs from heaven seem to breathe around my soul; and where you see a spectre, I seem to behold Christ himself standing with the dead at His feet, and to hear Him say—"Fear not; I am the First and the Last. I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore—Amen; and have the keys of hell and death."

Thus you may understand why I often go by moonlight to the churchyard. There I can put my faith to the proof, and judge if it is stronger than my nerves, which are sensitive as cobwebs in the breeze. . . .

I shall tell you another motive which often leads me thither on beautiful sunny days. There I can judge of the hearts and characters of men as well as in the village or the city. Let us give you some examples.

In a city cemetery I came upon a sandstone monument, about as large as a room door, and with as little ornament. The stone itself must have cost a good deal. There was written upon it—

"Felsen. 679 H. Street. 1848."

In this family, I said to myself, there must be about as much of soul and feeling as in the sandstone. I shall inquire. I sought in the town for 679 H. Street. The house looked as if lately repaired, and above the door was inscribed, "Renewed in 1848;" on the bell,

"Felsen." "Who is Herr Felsen?" I asked of a passer-by. "A banker." "Does he exchange money?" "Certainly." I rung; the door opened. I entered the counting-room. Herr Felsen sat at the table. I laid some new Eastern bank-notes before him, and asked for silver. "Extraordinary!" he observed; "even on bank-notes now-a-days men must have so many elegant ornaments, and thus the plate costs double! Fine talents are not much worth in the world; figures (£, s. d.) are the main point. Do you understand me, sir?" "Certainly," I replied, and departed, convinced that for him the whole world was but a counting-room, and the human heart a purse of gold.

Once, under a birch tree, I found a remarkable monument. It was a single, large, unhewn stone, overgrown with moss, and a good deal sunk into the ground. On the upper part a black iron cross was embedded in the stone; and below it, on a white tablet, the simple inscription—"Here rests Michael Brenner, born 12th April 1770, died 1st Nov. 1852;" then the words—"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face—1 Cor. xiii. 12. Your life is hid with Christ in God—Col. iii. 3."

Here lies a man, I thought, who seems to have spent a long life in searching out truth, desiring to die to the world and live for heaven; and here he has recorded the result of his labours, for the benefit of others who should follow him. Yes, indeed! I must reflect further upon this man and his words. What is then true knowledge? To "know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent" (John xvii. 3). He who knows both of these has all true knowledge. And how do we know God? "As in a glass darkly." What is this glass? The universe which he has made. Nature, with all her secrets, is spread before us as a mirror, in which are reflected the might and majesty of the Creator. But Nature is likewise a book full of dark sayings: hardly can we spell it out. The soul of man is another mirror in which God is reflected. But that is also a dark book;—hardly can we make out a few lines. What man comprehends himself? . . .

And so in regard to the knowledge of Jesus Christ. The sacred Scriptures are a mirror in which His holy, mysterious Being is reflected. But Scripture is a book of dark sayings, which we cannot read without the help of the Spirit of God. . . . And our Father desires that we, like this venerable man, should at length gladly lay aside the books and the mirror, and leave all shadows behind, to behold the substance "face to face."

Let me consider the second message recorded here—"Your life is hid with Christ in God." . . .

I must then die, in order to possess my true life. I must resign the life received from my mortal mother, to receive a higher life. I must depart from this world to live under a brighter sun, where Christ himself lives. And if here on earth I cannot yet comprehend that future life, I must still believe and hope for it. In this

faith and hope the old man lay down here in his grave. His faith was firm as a rock, and so on a rock he has inscribed his testimony. When, centuries hence, all coffins and monuments made of wood shall have mouldered away, and the most highly-finished ones of stone become defaced and disfigured, still this piece of moss-covered rock shall stand as to-day, and speak to the traveller its deeply-engraven message. Many, like myself, will linger by this stone, and think of the old man's last words, and become richer in faith and hope. . . .

The birch tree above my head sighed in the breeze, and reminded me that the cold evening hour had come. I went away. . . .

In a church of the United Brethren I found what greatly impressed me. On the wall of a light porch was a painting of the dying Saviour, and above the cross the words, "*Copiosa redemptio*;" on the opposite wall a large marble tablet, with the inscription, "Here rest, awaiting the resurrection of the dead," and under this the names of above twenty Brethren, with space left to contain many more. In this simple porch I saw faith in the Redeemer, hope of the resurrection, and brotherly love, in beautiful union. I have gazed without emotion on the splendid mausoleums of kings and emperors, but in this simple building I felt deeply moved.

Ah, such is sometimes the vanity of man that it has not room enough to expand in the place of the living, and must extend itself even to the churchyard! Of that I have seen many proofs. I have found marble tablets, inside and outside of church walls, containing nothing but such long titles of the dead that there was no room left for more sacred words. Surely these people must have thought that at the resurrection the titles would be required, in order to awaken the "most illustrious" lords! Ah! in the city of the living they may be necessary—we must have distinctions there; but in

the kingdom of the dead they are heard no longer. All these should be laid aside, and nothing recorded there except that the man was a Christian, and expected the resurrection. The highly-born noble must have as long patience in the grave as the poor day-labourer. The voice of the Son of God shall at once awake them both. . . .

See, I am standing beside a lowly grave, where flowers are springing among the grass. On the mound is erected a plain cross of red marble. . . . It is the grave of a mother: her son placed the cross there, and planted the flowers. In the earliest hour of dawn, while the stars are still shining, I have seen the faithful son already at the grave; and also in the latest evening twilight. One night, when he believed himself quite alone, I was seated on the wall, behind an elder bush. Then I heard him say—"In my heart, beloved mother, I have raised for thee a fairer monument than I could do here. I am poor, indeed; but in my heart, dearest one! thou hast the best room, where thou ever dwellest. No, thou art not dead to me—thou livest with me still; for all thou hast ever said still lives in my heart, and I feel sure that thy spirit is still near to mine. Here, on this sacred altar, on thy grave, dearest mother! I vow once more to obey all thy counsels, and to live a holy life, that I may come to thee again. I have a ceaseless longing after thee, for thou hast loved me as no other can love me on earth; and were I sure that God loves me as thou hast done, then would I be the happiest man alive."


I came afterwards to know this son. He was a grave man, who stood all day behind a counter, and spoke little. He did not fritter away love, as many do: it had all been concentrated upon his mother. . . .

Reader, if your loved mother rests in the grave, you may be able to understand him.

H. L. L.

THE POWER OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

" HE spring is coming apace, mother,
Yet the old leaves will not fall;
If they do not hasten, the young
leaves

Will find no room at all.

"Shall I shake the beech-tree branches
Like the winds in their autumn play,
Till the dead leaves fall in showers
Together, all in a day?

"Shall I climb the boughs where they linger,
And pluck them one by one;

That the baby leaves may stretch themselves,
And be glad, and feel the sun?"

"'Twere a weary task to pluck them
Thus singly, my child, away;
'Twould need a stronger hand than thine,
To sweep them down in a day.

"Maybe since thus they linger,
They've something left to do;
Maybe the poor old withered leaves
Still cradle and shelter the new."

"But, mother, the world is waiting,
And the birds on every tree :
Will God send a mighty tempest
To set the young leaves free?"

"Be patient, my child, be patient,
The old Earth knows her way ;
And the Lord of life is working ;
He is working every day.

"He sent His winds in autumn,
He will send them yet again ;
The winds, and storms, and lightnings,
With the sweeping floods of rain.

"They are safe in His hands, the tempests,
In His, but not in ours ;
No hand may wield the lightnings
But the hand that folds the flowers.

"He is Lord of the winds and thunders,
But has stronger powers than they ;
And the Lord of Life is working,
He is working every day.

"Last year the tiny leaf-bud
Peeped from the old leaf's stalk
And all through the noisy winter
It heard the wild winds talk.

"It heard them raging and boasting
How they swept the dead away,

But it only kept growing, growing ;—
It could wait, it was stronger than they.

"For the power of life was stirring
That shielding sheath within,
Growing, silently growing,
Through all the storm and din.

"Till now one fair spring morning,
When the powers of light awake,
They will touch it, will softly kiss it,
And its last slight fetters break.

"The old leaf will fall, and the leaf-sheath,
The young leaf spread glad and green,
And gaze on the sun in his beauty,
Without a veil between.

"For the Lord of life is working,
And His strongest force is life ;
Ever with death it wageth
Silent, victorious strife.

"And Truth is stronger than Falsehood,
And needs but an open field ;
And Love is stronger than Hatred,
And Love will never yield.

"For God is love, and He liveth,
And life is His living breath,
And one breath of life is stronger
Than all the hosts of death."

THE BLIND EYES OPENED.

WHEN Blind Bartimeus, sitting by the highway side, heard from some of the multitude that Jesus was passing by, he cried out, in his darkness and helplessness, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!" Then he whose very mission it was to open the blind eyes, and to give light to them that sit in darkness, immediately stood still, and commanded him to be brought. We are told in another gospel how those acted who obeyed this command. "They call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort ; rise, he calleth thee;" and then it is added, "He rose and came to Jesus."—Doubtless, as he passed along with outstretched hands in the direction of the gracious voice he had just heard, those kindly helpers who had sought to comfort him by the assurance of the Master's welcome were on the watch

to aid him in his coming ; now removing stumbling-stones out of the way, and now giving him a guiding touch, when he swerved aside from the right direction. Doubtless, too, they watched with lively and sympathizing interest the meeting of the two, and rejoiced with great joy when the blind eyes were opened, and Bartimeus looked up with adoring love and gratitude into the gracious face of the wondrous Son of David.

It is even so now with those whom the Lord has called to be fellow-workers together with himself, and whom he deigns to use as instruments in opening the blind eyes, and turning from darkness unto light. When he lays his command upon them to bring some blind but seeking soul to himself, they can only do it by repeating to the anxious one His own precious words—the calls and invitations of the gospel, which are to

"every creature" under heaven. And when still in darkness and uncertainty, the blind one for himself begins to feel after Jesus, having no right sight of knowledge of him as yet, but only that in him alone can help be found—what blessed work it is for those whose own eyes have been already opened to see his glory and to know his grace, to clear all difficulties out of the way, and to guide the stumbling footsteps of the soul towards Him with whom each must have to do for himself. For when the Saviour and the sinner are brought together, there is cause for rejoicing indeed; for then the blessed work is done. It needs but the touch of his own hand, and the blind eyes are opened, the dead soul quickened, and the lame man leaps like a hart. Those who would fain be helpers are, after all, little more than on-lookers, or the mouth-pieces by whom his messages are sent, the hands by whose gentle drawings the blind ones are guided to Him who is the source of light and healing. What strength and support this gives Christ's servants in their work! Not their power, nor might, nor skill, but his own, through and by them. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

"As the Father hath sent me into the world, even so send I you into the world;" and as he said to Paul, "The Gentiles, to whom I send you to open the blind eyes, and turn them from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance amongst all them that are sanctified by faith that is in me."

Are we willing to yield ourselves to him to be his instruments? We may be sure he will use us; not, however, to work according to our own will, but his. The more honest our heart's desire is, "Lord, what wilt *thou* have me to do," the more meet we become for the Master's use. A pliable instrument, that bends and yields itself to the mind and hand that uses it, how desirable it is! The glory of the work accomplished belongs to the worker, not to the tool; and in the conversion of souls, the praise and glory is to the Lord, and the Lord alone, and deeply are his unworthy instruments made to feel and acknowledge this.

The Lord knows where there are blind souls sitting in darkness, and crying to him, though it may be but vaguely and ignorantly—

"Like children crying in the night,
Like children crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry!"

and in his all-wise providence he can command them to be brought to him. He brings them under the notice of some of his children, and then they cannot but seek to bring them to him.

Such an one was T— M—.

"Be sure to go into the side room of such a ward," said the Scripture reader one day; "for I think the young man there is in some anxiety of mind." I went in, but the occupant of the solitary bed lay in a deep sleep. So I went to my work in the outer ward,

with no intention of returning that day at least; but before I had been there long, the sound of a violent fit of coughing from the little room told that the sleeper had been rudely awakened. I therefore soon went in again and addressed him. He lay with his face turned toward the wall, and only once or twice during my visit glanced round with a piercing look at me. His manner was abrupt and short, and would have been repelling, had I not soon found out that he was remarkably candid and honest, and that his spirit seemed sore and discouraged. He had been a long time anxious about his soul, he said, and had earnestly sought salvation, reading the Bible and praying, but was none the better of it, but rather the longer the worse. It was plain from what he said that he was altogether in the dark with regard to the gospel plan, God's only way of peace; and opening my Bible, with prayer for the Spirit's guidance, I sought to set this before him. I told him what God's thoughts of him were; that he was past mending. That what he needed was not reformation but a new creation; and, moreover, that he was already under condemnation for the sins of his past life; and so sought to shut him up to Jesus, whose blood cleanseth from all sin, and whose Spirit alone can quicken and renew. I set Christ forth as God's gift to a world of sinners, and urged him to receive Him who was so freely offered. I said he had spoken as if he had long been pleading with and seeking to persuade an unwilling God to save him, but that the Bible view of things was quite different. "All things" were there declared to be "ready," and God, in Christ, beseeching sinners to be reconciled to him. He seemed much impressed, and acknowledged that the Word of God must give the true view; at the same time confessing he could not see things in that light. I spoke then of our natural blindness and ignorance, and need of divine teaching, and of the god of this world blinding our minds by unbelief, and hiding Jesus from our view. He was not angry, as persons sometimes are when convinced of their own lost condition and inability to help themselves, but with a solemn and humble air he turned to me and said, "How am I to get rid of my blindness and unbelief?" I pointed him to Jesus as the Author and Finisher of faith, and read the invitation in Proverbs, "Turn you at my reproof; behold, I will pour out my Spirit upon you; I will make known my words unto you." I had noticed an open volume lying on his bed, which he seemed to have been reading. I don't remember what it was, but at the time it struck me as unsuitable for one whose days were numbered, and who had as yet no good hope for eternity. His eye now fell on it, and without one word of remark he closed it and flung it from him. The gesture was to me significant. It seemed to say, "One thing is needful, and one thing will I now seek after. Every weight will I lay aside, as blind Bartimeus cast aside his garment when he rose and came unto Jesus." The man's whole soul was moved. He would scarcely let me leave him, and, holding fast my hand in his, he warmly thanked me for

coming in to see him. As I lingered for a few minutes in the outer ward, I heard sounds as of one in deep distress proceeding from his room; but as doleful cries are not uncommon in hospital wards, no remark was made on them. But from that hour, during the few days he remained there, T——'s distress and anxiety could not be concealed, and attracted the attention both of nurses and patients. A few days after, when I returned, the chaplain told me this, and also that T—— had left the hospital and gone home. It was to a distant part of the town; yet I could not but go after him, if haply the Lord might enable me to speak a word in season to his weary stricken spirit. I found him weaker in body, and deeply anxious in mind. Night and day, his sister said, he was praying and asking her to read the Bible to him. I spoke of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and said if he only knew it, he could not but trust him and commit the keeping of his soul to him; adding, that if he could trust me, almost a stranger to him, why not trust One whose name and whose words were faithful and true? "Ah, but," said he, "I know what your character is, and I can see you." "Well," I replied, "you know what the character of Jesus is, and what he said to your namesake Thomas, 'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.' Why, the very work of faith is to lay hold on that which is unseen—'the Saviour, whom not having seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.'" "Oh, pray that he would open my blind eyes," he asked, as I took leave of him.

This was often his request afterwards, and, no doubt, it was even then being answered, although at first he did not recognize the light, showing him, as it did, more of his own darkness and ignorance. His views of divine things were confused and distorted; for as yet, like the other man whose eyes were opened, he only saw "men as trees walking." He was more inclined, too, for a time, to dwell upon his own faith, than upon faith's glorious object, and to look within for some felt change than to obey the command, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." In reading and conversing with him, therefore, I rather sought to turn away his thoughts from the exercises of his own mind, and to dwell upon the finished work, the person and offices, of the Lord Jesus Christ—the Father's beloved Son, in whom he is well pleased, and well pleased with all who make him their refuge and their hiding-place.

But still, whilst there was much to make us glad about T——, and to warrant the hope that, in answer to the life-giving call of the Son of God, he was slowly and gropingly coming to Jesus, we could not be satisfied till, beyond a doubt, his blind eyes were opened to behold "Jesus only" as all his salvation and all his desire—till he could say, like the men of Samaria, "Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

About this time I heard a sermon preached, representing anxious souls as "the daughters of Moab by the fords of Arnon—as wandering birds cast out of the nest"—poor, anxious, perishing souls at the boundary-line of the kingdom, longing to pass over, feeling there was no safety, no refuge, no hope elsewhere, and yet powerless to cross the fords till the Lord speaks the word. Ah! thought I, as I remembered T——, what doubly anxious work it is, when the poor soul, trembling by the fords of Arnon, and looking with anxious eyes across to Immanuel's land, hears the sullen roar of the Jordan sounding in his ears, and trembles lest its swelling waters should carry him away before he has reached the hiding-place!

I had to ferry over a wide river every time I went to, or came from, his house; and as I stepped into the boat, and rested quietly, whilst another put forth his strength to carry me to the other side, I used to think of the poor half-witted man's three steps to heaven—out of self, into Christ, into glory; and how, when the sinner ventures wholly upon Jesus, commits himself unreservedly to him, he is thus at once translated from the kingdom and power of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

At this time Thomas suffered much in body, and was often tempted to impatience and discouragement, because the relief from pain which he sought was withheld. The truthfulness of his character, which was very marked, led him always to give expression to the real thoughts of his heart; and desirable and satisfactory as this was, it startled one sometimes to hear almost the very words of Job and Jeremiah, not quoted, but flowing freshly from a sorely-tried human spirit. He grieved me much one day by a sorrowful outburst of complaints and lamentations, and I saw how the enemy can take advantage of weakness and pain, and tempt to hard thoughts of God and his dealings. I read about the Lord's prayer in Gethsemane, and part of the third chapter of Lamentations; and when he got a little relief, he acknowledged the mistake he had been making, praying for deliverance from pain instead of strength to suffer what the Lord willed, and not giving thanks for relief when granted. After this his sufferings were not so great, and his spirit humble and thankful. It was sweet to minister the consolations of Christ to him; he received all with such a docile, meek, childlike spirit, thanking God for relief from pain, so that he could listen, and adding, "I hope He'll give *His* blessing with your words." He seemed now to be looking trustfully and expectingly towards the Lord Jesus, for that sight-giving touch on the eyes of his soul which none but he could give—for that spiritual revelation of his glory to which Job refers when he says, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee;" and that personal assurance for which the Psalmist cries, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation."

At length I found him one day lying very easy—free

from pain, and calm and collected. He stretched out his hand to me when I went in, with the greeting, "The best friend ever I had—my good angel." There was a very solemn air about him that day, as of one on the very borders of eternity. His peaceful calmness was all the more remarkable, as he had only the day before heard of his father's death; and he was waiting to hear if his reason had returned before the end, his mind having been long alienated. He spoke longingly of his soul, but seemed to feel, "It is the Lord—let him do as seemeth to him good." He spoke more than ever he had done before, deliberately, quietly, and very solemnly. He seemed anxious to let me clearly understand what the state of his mind was. "I wish to tell you," he said, "that I feel as if I could not help casting myself upon the Lord Jesus for salvation. I have no doubt about him at all; I am sure he will save me;" and then went on to say that he had been expecting perfect deliverance from his own evil heart, which he now saw was not to be looked for; and that this mistake had been the cause of much of his discouragement and darkness. He was at rest now, satisfied to trust simply to Jesus, to sanctify as well as to justify, to make meet for the inheritance as well as give a title to it.

As I was sitting quietly beside him, supposing he had fallen asleep, he said, "I think it is Philip says, 'Shew us the Father and it sufficeth us'; but my desire is to be showed the Son—not that I am dissatisfied; but oh! I *would* like to know him more and love him better." Again, as I read in the thirty-sixth chapter of Ezekiel, "Not for your sakes do I this"—"Your," he commented, "how could it be for *our* sakes? What could we look for from him, for *our* sakes?"

The end drew quickly on now. On my next visit I found him fast sinking; perfectly conscious, but his voice scarcely audible. "Still here, you see," when I took his hand.—I said, "'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.'"—"Ay," he faintly whispered, with a look of ineffable peace, "*He* will guide me through." Then he said something I could not distinguish, about "seeing God;" but remembering the desire he expressed last day I saw him, I replied: "Very soon now, Thomas, you will see Jesus face to face, and love him with un-sin-ning heart."

His eyes lighted up, and with wonderful energy he replied, "As the school children say,—

"Oh, that *will* be joyful!"

He was so extremely weak, I soon took leave, expressing my hope that we would meet in heaven, and join together in praising Him who had saved us and washed us from our sins in his own precious blood—"Oh, yes, I hope so!"—and then, as he still held my hand in his feeble grasp, the blessings of one who had been ready to perish were poured forth on my head, for the encourag-

ing messages I had brought, and the loving hand I had stretched forth to guide him to the feet of that blessed Saviour, whom to know is life everlasting. Oh, what joy it was to feel assured that a stronger Hand than mine had laid hold on him, and that he was resting satisfied, with the felt grasp of the everlasting Arms beneath him and around him! Unearthly peace, and joy, and undying love, beamed from that worn face and these eyes so soon to close in death. I thought at the time that such a look on a dying face was evidence enough of the immortality of the soul. Heart and flesh were fainting and failing, but the spirit within was only shaking itself free for its flight. Next day, with lips moving as in prayer, his spirit awoke into life and light and the presence of Jesus, and is satisfied now with his likeness, and the full experience of that loving-kindness which is better than life.

I crossed the river, if haply I might find him still in life, on the close of a lovely Sabbath day, about five weeks after I had first seen him. The rosy glow of the evening sky, where the sun's last rays were still lingering, was reflected on the calm surface of the water, on which gallant ships and busy steamers were lying quietly at anchor.

As the ferry-boat gently glided across the placid stream, the scene, and all the attendant circumstances, brought Toplady's beautiful lines, addressed to a dying Christian, very forcibly to my mind—

"Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on Him,
Him whose dying love and power
Stilled its toming, hushed its roar;—
Safe is the expanded wave;
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care,
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

"See the haven full in view,
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail;—
Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore!

"Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above,
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven.—
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista, Faith,
Opens through the shades of death!"

As I stepped out on the opposite shore, I thought it most probable, that T——, too, had already reached the other side of Jordan's stream. And it was so. The windows of the house were darkened, and the weary sufferer needed human ministrations no more. He had entered into rest, and only the poor, emaciated, discarded clay, lay in its last sleep, waiting for the resurrection morning.

A. B. C.

The Children's Treasury.

THE ECLIPSE.

BEAUTIFUL, glorious sunshine!" cried Lily, on a bright Sunday morning, as she sat with her mother on a grassy bank, waiting till the sound of the bells should tell them to prepare to go to church. "Oh, mamma, how glad I am that the winter has gone, and that the sun has turned back to smile on us again!"

"It was not the sun that turned from us, but we that had turned from the sun," observed Mrs. May.

"What should we do without the sun!" exclaimed Lily, glancing upwards.

"What should we indeed," said her mother. "Without the sun there would be no colour in the flowers; not a single flower would grow. There would be no grass in the meadows, no corn in the fields, no life anywhere upon earth. Therefore it is that in the Bible the sun is shown to be a type, a kind of image, of our blessed Saviour himself. As the sun is made to give beauty, and joy, and life to Nature, so the Lord Jesus gives every blessing to his people. Do you remember any verse which speaks of the Lord as a sun?"

Lily. *The Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing on his wings.* And then there is my favourite hymn—

"Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near."

Mrs. M. When you feel the warm beams of the sun, and rejoice in his cheering light, think, my child, if the sun be so glorious, what must He be who made the sun, and set him on high to give light to the world!

Lily. And, mamma, don't you love the moon too—the pretty, soft, silver moon? I saw her last night riding through the clouds, looking so round and bright; I thought her as beautiful then as the sun.

Mrs. M. But all her beauty she owes to the sun.

Lily. Oh, no indeed! for she shines in the night when not a glimpse of the sun is seen.

Mrs. M. Not seen by us, my Lily; but the sun is shining through the night as well as the day, and shining full upon the moon, or she would have no brightness at all.

Lily. I don't see how that can be. The sun had set yesterday long before the moon rose.

Mrs. M. Have you not seen the windows of the house on the hill and the gilt weather-cock on the spire, gleaming bright in the sun when all our valley lay in shade?

Lily. Yes, often and often, mamma.

Mrs. M. The windows and the weather-cock shone with *reflected light*; the sun's rays reached them, though those rays did not fall upon us. So is it with the moon; the sun's rays reach her when our side of the earth is in darkness, she reflects them back, and they alone make her appear so lovely and bright.

Lily. That rather disappoints me, mamma. I thought that the moon was like an immense lamp in the sky, carrying her own light in herself; I did not think that she borrows it all from the sun. Now, when I next see her, I shall say, "Ah, beautiful moon, you have nothing to be proud of. If you look so silvery bright it is because the sun is smiling upon you."

Mrs. M. We may learn something from this, my Lily. The Church (that is, all God's true servants) has been compared to the moon. All that is good and lovely in the conduct of Christians comes from the Lord, their Sun of Righteousness. In themselves they are nothing; their light is *reflected* from Him. The best and holiest being upon earth has nothing in himself to be proud of.

Lily. What! not even my own dear papa? He is so good that I always think of him when I hear the verse, *Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.*

Mrs. M. Your father's character shines brightly indeed, my love, but it is because the grace of God's Holy Spirit rests upon him, as the sun's beams rest upon the moon.

Lily. If I prayed very hard for God's grace, would it make my character shine too, mamma?

Mrs. M. Yes; it would make my darling gentle, obedient, and kind—the joy of her parents' hearts.

Lily. I should like to be as the gentle moon; her

light is very beautiful, although it is not her own. Is the sun much larger than the moon?

Mrs. M. Millions of times larger, Lily. I have read that if the sun were hollow, there would be room in the middle for our earth and the moon besides, the moon going round the world at the same distance as she does now.

Lily. Oh, mamma, how immensely large the sun must be! How is it that it does not look bigger to our eyes?

Mrs. M. It is so very far from us; you know that everything looks small at a distance, the houses on the hill no larger than toys. Every beam that comes to us from the sun has travelled *ninety-six millions of miles*.

Lily. Oh, mamma, how wonderful!

Mrs. M. It takes our great world about a year to go round the sun, though it is darting through space like a ball from a cannon.

Lily. It is very very hard to believe that this great firm earth is flying so fast round the sun, or that the bright moon is dark in herself. A thought has just come into my head. Does our round world ever come between the sun and the moon, so as to stop the sun's rays from shining upon her, for then we could see in a moment whether her brightness comes from his beams?

Mrs. M. Yes; the world does sometimes come between, and cause what is called *an eclipse of the moon*.

Lily. And does the moon really turn dark?

Mrs. M. Quite dark wherever the earth's shadow falls upon her.

Lily. But suppose, instead, that the moon should come between us and the sun, what would happen then, I wonder! Should we see the moon's silver ball in the middle of the sun, and his golden glory all round her?

Mrs. M. No, no, my child; you forget that the moon *in herself is dark*, and that if she were between our world and the sun, while her one side, bright with his light, would be turned towards him, her dark half would be turned towards us. This is what happens in what is called *an eclipse of the sun*.

Lily. But I can't fancy what the moon would look like, while just in front of the sun.

Mrs. M. Only like a *black shadow on his face*, slowly, gradually passing across it, and shutting out his beautiful beams from the world.

Lily. To think of the lovely moon ever looking like a black shadow! An eclipse of the sun must be very gloomy and grand. If people did not know that the darkness was only caused by the moon, I think that it would frighten them terribly.

Mrs. M. Ignorant people have been terrified by eclipses. It is related that when the Spaniards had first landed in America, they found that the poor natives, when they saw an eclipse, fancied that the shadow was some monster devouring the sun, and they made a great noise and shouting to alarm it and make it give up its prey.

Lily. Oh, how very very funny in them to take the moon for a monster, or fancy that she would care for their shouting! How I should like to see an eclipse, and watch the black moon, like a shadow, blotting out a part of the sun. I will often look out to see if the moon is going towards the sun.

Mrs. M. There will be no eclipse of the sun for some time to come, my dear.

Lily. Why, how can you know that, mamma?

Mrs. M. Learned men watch the movements of the heavenly bodies, and can tell to a day and hour when the course of the moon will bring her between our earth and the sun. They mark down the time in an almanac, so that any one who can read can see at a glance when an eclipse is to happen.

Lily. I wish that an eclipse would come soon.

Mrs. M. There have been already two eclipses of the sun this year (1866), but neither of them could be seen from our part of the globe. I could tell you a pretty story about one of them.

Lily. A true story, mamma?

Mrs. M. Quite true; I read it in a letter from a Christian lady in Syria, which is, as you know, the Holy Land, the country in which our Saviour was born, and died.

Lily. How often I have wished to visit that country; above all, after hearing of that dear kind lady, Mrs. Bowen Thompson. Uncle told how, after a dreadful massacre in the Holy Land, when the cruel Mohammedans had been killing the Christians, Mrs. Thompson went, full of pity and love, and gathered the widows and orphans around her, and helped them, and comforted them, and told them of the Lord Jesus. Uncle says that Mrs. Thompson has many schools in the Holy Land, in which the little Syrian girls are taught to love our dear Lord.

Mrs. M. The letter which I saw was written by Mrs. Bowen Thompson's sister, then taking charge of these schools in Syria. She mentioned the following interesting occurrence. Early in this year, a man calling himself a prophet, declared that there would be another dreadful massacre of the Christians in Syria, and that there would be a *sign in the sun* on that particular day on which the massacre would take place.

Lily. That was putting it into the heads of the cruel Mohammedans to kill the poor Christians on that day. But as, of course, there would *not* be a sign in the sun, they would see that this prophet was wrong, and so leave the poor Christians in peace.

Mrs. M. The Christians were naturally very much frightened, for they remembered but too well the horrors of the former massacre. It occurred to Mrs. Thompson's sister to look in the almanac to see whether there would be an eclipse of the sun at the particular time mentioned. To her alarm she found that an eclipse would take place on that very day.

Lily. I daresay that that wicked man who pretended to be a prophet had looked into the almanac first, and

seen when there would be a wonder in the sun, and so tried to make the Mohammedans fancy it a sign from God to tell them to kill all the Christians. Did the lady try to explain to the Mohammedans that an eclipse is nothing at all but the moon going between the earth and the sun?

Mrs. M. That would have been a useless attempt; the ignorant, fierce, bigoted Mohammedans would not have believed the English lady, even had it been possible for her to have spoken to them all. The Christians grew very anxious; it appeared only too probable that the prophecy would be terribly fulfilled when the Mohammedans saw the sign in the sun.

Lily. And nothing could stop the moon from going on her way! Oh, mamma, tell me what the poor Christians did as the dreaded day drew near!

Mrs. M. They prayed, my child; in their distress they besought the Lord to save them.

Lily. But ought we to expect miracles now? It would be a very great miracle if the Lord turned back the moon in the sky.

Mrs. M. The Lord did not turn back the moon, but He heard His children's cry, and delivered them in His own way. The weather had been very splendid; you know that the sun shines on Syria far more gloriously than on England; but on the very evening before the eclipse the weather completely changed. On the next day—the dreaded day—the Lord drew a thick curtain of clouds all over the sky, neither sun nor moon were visible; the eclipse took place, indeed, but no one could see it! The terrible day passed over quietly; the Mohammedans had not known that there had, indeed, been a sign in the sun.

Lily. How thankful the Christians must have been! How good was God to bring those clouds! It was not exactly a miracle, and yet it seems almost like one.

Mrs. M. It was one of those gracious answers to prayer, my dear child, which are often sent even in these days, and which should strengthen our faith in the love and care of our heavenly Father. If ever we are tempted to fear that God will not hear our prayers, or deliver us in our troubles, let us think of the praying Christians in Syria, and of the clouds that hid the eclipse.

Lily. It seems sad that the lovely moon should ever become a cause of darkness instead of light.

Mrs. M. Here again, dear Lily, we have one of Nature's beautiful parables or lessons. Christ is our *Sun of Righteousness*, all the light of our souls is from Him—but, alas! we are too apt to forget that we should love Him with all our heart—love Him *first* and *best* of all. Whatever comes between us and the Saviour, whether it be our business or our pleasure, or even the dearest friend that we have on earth, must be a cause of darkness if it hides the Lord from our thoughts. He must have the chief place in our hearts. The moon is beautiful as she reflects the rays of the sun, and we rejoice in her beauty; so may we rejoice and thank God for all the unnumbered blessings which His bounty bestows upon us; but if ever His gifts make us forget the great Giver, then they become like the moon passing between the earth and the sun; they cast on us a shadow instead of a beam, and our joy and our faith suffer eclipse.

Lily. I do not quite understand you, mamma.

Mrs. M. You remember the young ruler who came to our Lord, saying, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" The Sun of Righteousness was shining upon that young man, for it is written that *Jesus, beholding him, loved him*. And yet that ruler turned away sorrowfully from the Saviour; a shadow had to him dimmed the light on his soul. Can you tell me what caused that shadow?

Lily. Wait a moment, mamma; let me think. Ah, I understand now! the ruler had great possessions, and he would not part with them to follow the Lord. His money was like the moon coming between him and the Sun of Righteousness. But is it always a bad thing to have great possessions, mamma?

Mrs. M. No, Lily; there are many rich people on earth who use their wealth for God, and to them their money is a blessing.

Lily. Because it does not come between them and their Sun, but only reflects His light. Oh, yes, I see it all now! Everything—like the moon—is beautiful and bright if the Lord can smile upon it; but if it shut Him out from our hearts, then, like the moon in an eclipse, it causes darkness instead of light, and, at last, sorrow instead of joy.

A. L. O. E.

THE DIAMOND LOCKET.

THROW you into prison for debt!—a debt brought on by sickness, a debt which he knows that you would pay if you could—oh, no; even Mr. Lowe would not have the heart to do it!" exclaimed poor Jessy Stewart to her husband, as they stood together in what had been their little coffee-shop, but which was now a place utterly bare; for everything of their own which they could pos-

sibly part with had already been sold, to pay rent, and meet the heavy expenses of long sickness.

"Nay, Jessy, he will do it. He's a hard man; God forgive him!" replied Duncan with a deep sigh. Trial was pressing sorely on the brave-hearted Scot. His little shop had entirely failed—it had not paid its own expenses; first his wife's illness, and then his own, had obliged him to part with one article of furniture after

the other, and now another quarter's rent was due, and he had not a shilling wherewith to pay it. His landlord was going to throw his unfortunate tenant into a debtor's prison, as was too often done in those days, and turn out his young wife and babe, in the depth of winter, to seek shelter wherever they might find it.

"Can nothing save us from this misery?" cried Jessy.

"We must submit, and trust in God," replied Duncan.

Jessy looked doubtfully, anxiously into the thin face of her husband, as if she had something that she wished, yet feared to say. At last she timidly spoke. "You know it's nigh a year since the gentleman who came here for a cup of coffee dropped that locket in a case, which we did not find till after he had left the shop. We did all that we could to find him out: we put up a paper, we spoke to the minister and the constable about the locket; but no one ever came to claim it. Tim Muir told us at the time that all the diamonds round it were real, and that it was worth—oh, a deal of money! Duncan—Duncan—would it be wrong, now that so many months have passed, and we're in such great, such terrible distress, would it be wrong to sell—"

"Dinna ye tempt me, wife!" cried Duncan. "Dinna ye think that Satan has whispered the same thing to me? Has he not said, 'Why go to a debtor's prison? why see your wife turned out o' house and hame, when ye've a diamond locket beside ye, and naeboddy comes to claim it?' But, Jessy, I've an answer ready. The locket *isna mine*; to sell it wad be to steal it; better is it to suffer than to sin."

Duncan was interrupted by the entrance of an old companion of his, Tim Muir. This man had known Duncan Stewart from boyhood, so, though the two had scarcely a thought in common, and no great liking for each other, long acquaintance had made Tim a familiar guest. He took a pipe from his mouth as he entered, nodded a familiar "good morning" to Jessy, then seated himself on the counter, for lack of a chair, and addressed himself thus to Duncan:—

"I hope that what all the town's saying is not true, old fellow. All the world knows that Lowe has no more heart than that board; but surely he won't have the face to send you to prison, when you're in debt by no fault of your own?"

Duncan's sad silence was sufficient reply.

"Why, what will become of Jessy and the babe?"

"Thank God, there will be a hame for Jessy and the bairn," said poor Duncan. "Her cousin at Runside Farm has offered to receive them, if the worst comes to the worst."

"Well, it's a bad look out for both of ye," cried Tim, kicking the side of the counter. "And ye were always trusting to Providence, and fancying that all things must turn out right. I hope that you are cured of that sort of weakness for the future."

"Tim Muir," said the ruined man sternly, "I suffer no sic light talk under this roof. I *do* look to Provi-

dence still; I *do* believe that all will come right; I mind me o' the words of old Job, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'"

Tim shrugged his shoulders, and turned towards Jessy. "Of course you've sold everything that can be turned into money," said he.

Sadly Jessy glanced around her bare walls.

"And how much did ye get for the di'mond locket?" asked Tim Muir, bending forward with a look of curiosity on his face. "Ye should have got me to do the job of selling it; the locket is worth twenty guineas, if 'tis worth a penny."

Duncan answered instead of his wife. "What it may be worth is nae business of ours; we're not the owners, Tim Muir."

"You don't mean to say that you're acting such a blockhead's part as to go to ruin—you and yours—with a diamond locket in your possession?"

"Na in my possession, Tim, but in my keeping. I am a ruined man, but, God helping me, I'll never be a dishonest one. 'Tis better to suffer than to sin."

Tim saw in the countenance of Duncan that his resolution was fixed, and that there was no use in attempting to shake it. Muir thought his old acquaintance little better than a madman, and he muttered something of the sort as he quitted the shop. For Tim Muir was one of those who choose their portion in this life. To eat and drink plenty, to smoke and make money, this was all that he cared for: seldom did he think of God, seldom of heaven or of hell. The deadened conscience of Muir had never been disturbed by those most solemn words of the Lord: *What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*

Not many hours passed before poor Duncan was carried off to a debtor's prison, and his weeping, desolate wife, with her babe in her arms, set out on her dreary walk across snow-covered wastes, to the farm of her cousin, which lay at nearly four miles' distance. Jessy had nothing left but the clothes and wedding-ring which she wore, with a few linens tied up in a bundle with her Bible, in the very centre of which bundle the diamond locket had been carefully placed, to be kept till its rightful owner should appear.

Icy chill blew the wind, but a more painful chill lay at the heart of poor Jessy; life to her was wintry indeed. At every step that she took her feet sank deep into the snow; at the end of three miles the poor woman stopped to rest for a few moments, she was so utterly exhausted. As she did so, she was startled by feeling a heavy grasp on her arm, and half turning round, beheld Tim Muir, whose steps she had not heard on account of the snow.

"I say, Jessy Stewart, you're not carrying off that there locket with you?" said Tim. There was something in his manner which alarmed the lonely woman.

"What is that to you?" she replied. Her voice trembled as she spoke, but perhaps that was from the cold.

"You've too much to carry; I'll ease you of your bundle." Tim Muir laid his grasp upon it.

Jessy looked anxiously round to see if help were near. The place was very desolate; not a single dwelling was in sight.

"Thank you; I'd rather carry my bundle myself," faltered the poor woman; but in a moment it was twitched out of her hold, and Tim darted away with it as fast as he could rush over the snow. Jessy was in dreadful distress. She had not strength to follow the thief; she had hardly enough left to enable her to crawl along to the farm, the first place where she could give notice of the robbery. Heavy clouds were gathering above—a storm would soon burst on her and her poor little child.

"Oh, did my poor husband endure everything rather than sell that locket, only that it should fall into the hands of a heartless thief?" exclaimed Jessy, almost in despair.

Her attention was diverted for a while from her loss by the wail of her poor little babe. Jessy pressed it closer and closer to her aching heart; then, to protect it better from the piercing blast, she took off her own warm shawl, and wrapped it tenderly round and round her child.

"Weary as I am, I must hurry on, or the storm will overtake us. God enable me to reach the farm!" faltered Jessy, again pressing on her way. Very thankful was she when, at last, she tottered rather than walked up to her cousin's door, just as the whole air was beginning to be filled with great flakes of falling snow.

A kind welcome was given to the exhausted woman. Fresh logs were heaped on the blazing fire; a warm meal was instantly prepared, which greatly revived poor Jessy. She gave instant information of the robbery, and a ploughboy was at once sent off to the town, that Tim Muir might be arrested before he could escape with his ill-gotten spoils. But search was made for him in vain. Tim had at once made his way to a port, where a vessel was just about to start for America. He offered to work out his way in her; the captain being short of hands, his offer was accepted, and he was soon far away from the scene of his crime.

The day which to Jessy had begun in such woe, and which had brought such heavy trials, was to close more serenely than she could have dared to hope. While talking over the robbery with her hospitable cousin and his wife, Jessy was startled by the sound of a well-known voice outside, and, running to the door, met her husband, covered indeed with snow, and looking dreadfully weary, but with an expression of thankful joy on his face.

"Didna I tell ye that Providence wad never forsake us?" was the only sentence that Duncan could utter at first. But when he had been brought a fresh garment, and a hot drink, and had warmed his half-frozen limbs by the fire, he was able to listen to his wife's story, and then to tell her his own.

"I've not been so much as 'inside the door of the prison, Jessy," said he. "Afore I ever reached it, the constable and I were met by the minister—a minister of good to me and to mine, God bless and reward him! He'd been frae house to house getting up a subscription for a man wha had got into trouble from sickness, and nae from idleness or vice. The Lord, He opened all hearts. Our debt's paid, Jessy,—ay, every penny o't—and there's siller in my pocket now to gie us a fresh start in life. But it's wae's me for that locket, Jessy, and for the pair sinfu' man that took it. He'll never thrive on ill-gotten guid! God's aboon a', and will show before a', that it's better to suffer than to sin!"

Stewart remained with the hospitable farmer for a while, until his strength was sufficiently restored for him to earn his own bread by labour. A situation was easily procured for a man so respectable and honest. Duncan had, indeed, to begin life again, and work hard for a scanty living; but he had a good character and a good conscience, and with the winter all his worst troubles passed away.

One day in early spring, Duncan and his wife were partaking together of their noonday meal in their humble home, when Jessy suddenly exclaimed: "Why, if there is not a carriage stopping at our gate, and there is a gentleman getting out of it. What can bring a stranger to this out-of-the-way place, I wonder, and what can he want with us?"

"He's a traveller, nae doubt, wha has lost his way, and has come to speir it," observed Duncan, rising as the stranger approached the cottage, and going to open the door.

The gentlemen entered, bowing courteously to Jessy as he crossed the threshold of her little abode.

"Do you remember me, my friends?" asked the stranger, glancing first at Duncan, then at his wife.

"I canna just say that I do, sir," said Duncan; and Jessy shook her head in reply.

"Do you remember this?" said the gentleman, as with a smile he drew forth a diamond locket.

Husband and wife uttered an exclamation at the same moment. Well they knew the appearance of the locket, but they had never expected to see it again.

"I have to thank you both for keeping this safely for me so long," said the stranger. "Having had my pocket picked of handkerchief and purse in a crowd shortly after leaving your shop, I made no doubt that the thief who had taken them had taken my locket also. As I was then on the point of starting for America, and was afraid of losing my passage by delay, I never returned to make what I deemed hopeless inquiries at the place where I had taken a cup of coffee."

"Ah, sir, I remember your face now," exclaimed Jessy, "though I never saw you but once."

"But how you recovered your locket at last passes my understanding, sir," cried the astonished Duncan; "or how you ever should find us out here."

"Or how you knew that we had kept the locket for you," added Jessy.

"That part of the story I had from the lips of the poor dying wretch who owned that he had stolen the locket from the faithful and honest woman who had preferred suffering hunger, cold and distressed, to taking what was not her own."

"Dying, sir! did you say *dying*!" cried Jessy.

Mr. Parr, such was the gentleman's name, took a seat which was offered to him, and then in few words gave an account to which Duncan and Jessy listened with keenest interest.

"I was not long ago in Quebec," said Mr. Parr, "and before embarking for England, visited the hospital there, in company with the chaplain of the place. As we were passing through one of the wards, the nurse addressed my companion."

"The poor fellow in yon bed," said she, "has been very anxious to speak to you, sir. I think that there is something on his mind. He has lately arrived from the old country; he'll never live to return to it."

"Following the chaplain, I walked up to the patient's bedside. What was my surprise when he drew forth a locket, which I instantly recognized as my own."

"Oh, sir," he gasped forth to the chaplain, "I want you to take charge of this; and when I'm dead, send it to England, to the honest pair from whom I stole it—I have never known peace from that hour!"

"Of course the unhappy man was questioned, and thus the whole story came out. He died, I trust, a penitent, but in great anguish both of body and mind. On coming to England," continued Mr. Parr, "my first care was to find you out; everything that I heard of you confirmed the account of poor Muir. Take now, with a clear conscience, that which you have merited so well"—as the gentleman spoke he laid on the table a purse heavy with gold; "receive with it my thanks for having preserved for me a locket containing hair which no money could ever have replaced, and may your child, as she grows up, learn by your noble example that whatever temptations may beset us, *it is better to suffer than to sin*!"

A. L. O. E.

REAL VALUE.



GROUP of happy young people sat round their school-room fire one winter afternoon, discussing some subject evidently of pleasing importance. It was the present each meant to give to their mother on her approaching birthday. They were the children of wealthy parents, with pocket money at command; and so the merits of books, bijouterie, and other pretty or useful articles, were considered, without much regard to the question of expense.

A girl of ten years old sat at work apart from the rest, and did not join in the conversation. She looked thoughtful and sad, and an attentive observer might have seen an occasional tear drop on her fingers, or hastily wiped from her eyes. In a few minutes the other children had for the present ended their deliberations, and ran off to some amusement downstairs.

"Are you coming, Emily?" said one of the party in a kind voice to the silent child.

"Yes, Clara, I shall come very soon."

But she only put down her work when they were gone, and leaned her head on her hand. A gentle touch behind roused her presently, and looking up she saw Miss Mortimer the governess standing by her side.

"Oh, Miss Mortimer, I beg pardon," said Emily, rising quickly, "I did not know you were in the room."

"I only came in now. But there is no need to beg pardon for being found at your work when the rest are at play. Only you seem to me neither busy nor merry. What is the matter—any bad news from home?"

"Oh, no; they are all well at home."

"Have the boys been teasing you?"

"No; they are very kind."

"Then are you ill, my dear—or what is the matter? Do tell me; it will do yourself good, and please me."

The words were gently yet firmly spoken, and Emily, after a moment's hesitation, gave way to undiagnosed weeping. Miss Mortimer stood quietly for a minute or two, then took her hand and said—

"Now, tell me."

"You will think me very foolish, but I cannot help it. They were all talking so happily about what they are to give aunt on her birthday next week, and I—I love her so much, and she is so kind to me—and I have *nothing* to give."

"My dear child, is that all? We shall surely be able to find a remedy for this trouble. In the first place, I am sure your aunt would wish no better return for her kindness than to see you the good diligent child which you generally are."

"Oh, I am not always good, I vex her and you sometimes. And I love her so—and I wish I could give her something like the others."

"But she knows you have no money. It is God who gives riches to some people, and takes them away from others. It is his will that your uncle and aunt should be rich, and your widowed mother poor."

Emily still looked as if she had got no comfort.

"If you really wish to have a birthday present for your aunt, just give what you *can*."

"But I can give nothing. I have no money."

"My child, you do not know how little the value of a present often depends upon what money it has cost."

Love makes the true value of what is meant to express love. It is quite right and proper that your cousins should lay out their pocket money in getting pretty gifts for their mother; but you must think of something different. Let us see." She was silent a minute, and then said, smiling, "For example, your bonnet was newly trimmed yesterday, and the strings, as is the fashion, are much longer than necessary. Let us cut off a bit from each end to make a pin-cushion."

"But they are all black, you know."

"Well, there is no better ground for coloured embroidery, and you embroider very nicely. I have plenty silks in my box. I shall make a design for you, and you may have a pretty house-wife ready in good time, by making the little sacrifice of wearing bonnet strings shorter than is fashionable."

"And will aunt care for it?"

"I am sure she will. You will not mind the short strings!"

"Oh, dear, no." Emily brightened up at once, and went to join her cousins in their games with a light heart and smiling face.

When the time came next day for the usual Bible lesson, Miss Mortimer said to the young people: "I have been thinking a good deal this morning about the real value of things. What do we mean when we say of any article, 'It is very valuable?'"

"We mean, of course," said one of the boys, "that it has cost a great deal of money, or would cost, if we were to sell it."

"That proves the value of one kind, no doubt. But what makes it cost so much? Think a little, and you will perceive that value is not dependent on size, or form, or colour, or material."

"Surely gold is always valuable?"

"It is the money standard in civilized countries, and a very costly material in itself. Yet a small old brass or copper coin, from its rarity, may be of ten times greater value than one of gold. And savages, in all uncivilized lands, willingly part with gold or gems for glass beads or bits of iron. We cannot at present go further into so wide a subject—I only wish to set you a-thinking upon it. But let us read a little from Scripture of God's standard of value—his estimate of things. Tell me, Clara, what our Lord tells us is of more value than the whole world?"

Clara replied: "'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'"

"Yes; each one of us then possesses a treasure in our immortal soul, which it would be worse than folly to part with were we to receive all the riches of earth in exchange. What a solemn thought! And yet for how little the salvation of the soul is often thrown away! Now read a passage giving Paul's opinion."

"But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ

Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ'" (Phil. iii. 7, 8).

"What sort of things do you suppose Paul refers to here?"

"Worldly things."

"Yes; the possessions, rank, accomplishments, esteem and admiration of his fellow-men, which he greatly prized in his unconverted days, but now looked upon rather as temptations and snares than advantages. It is true that riches and influence, such as Paul had probably enjoyed, *may* be applied to the noblest use in the cause of Christ; but if a choice must be made between the two, the believer now, like Paul of old, will consider 'the loss of all things' unworthy of thought or hesitation compared with what the loss of an interest in Christ would be. And what deep meaning is in those words of Jesus: 'That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God.' The expression has often seemed to me very remarkable, and it would be a good exercise for you to think out what things it may include. We may consider this together another day. Now let us see what our Lord spoke of as very precious in his sight. Do you remember the woman whom the disciples blamed for her offering, but to whom Jesus gave the blessed sentence of approval, 'She hath done what she could?'"

"Yes," said Clara; "but that was itself a very costly 'box of ointment.'"

"It was; and therefore a lesson for ourselves to grudge nothing in the cause of Christ; to be liberal in all our gifts for his service, as far as our circumstances allow. But at another time, what did he place in value above all the contributions of the rich to his treasury?"

"The widow's mites."

"Her 'two mites,' which make a farthing, were of more value in the eyes of the Lord than all the costly offerings of the rich. Why? Because he, who knew the secrets of all hearts, knew the real extent of the sacrifice she made; and above all, the motives, the feelings from which she acted. What then will still make any offering acceptable to our Lord?"

"When it comes from love," said Emily.

"Let us take comfort from that thought when we come in lowly faith before him. Let us not fear to say, with deep humility—

"Here is my heart; surely the gift, though poor,
My God will not despise;
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure
To meet his searching eyes.
Here is Love's offering to my king,
Which in glad sacrifice I bring—
Here is my heart!"

Miss Mortimer spoke with emotion, and her pupils listened with looks of serious attention. They well knew that their teacher's whole life was that of a humble, consistent Christian.

After a brief pause, she said: "And we feel the same ourselves, in regard to the gifts we prize most highly. *Love* is ever the true standard of value to a loving heart. It is right and natural for you to spend your money gladly in preparing elegant gifts for your mother on her birthday, yet what will make them in reality precious to her? Will it not be the affection they are intended to express? How little in comparison would she care for the same things, coming from indifferent strangers?"

"There is another light in which we may look at this subject. A thing which seems to us quite useless and worthless, or at least of very small worth, at one time, may be of the greatest value to us at another time, when we are in altered circumstances."

"Yes," said Edward; "I suppose men dying of thirst in the desert would give a camel's load of gold for a draught of pure water."

"Surely; illustrations of this kind might be multiplied without end. But a curious anecdote occurs to me just now, which I met with lately, and which will interest you. One evening, in the height of her prosperity as the wife of Napoleon, the Empress Josephine was amusing the young ladies of her court by showing them her jewels, the most splendid collection in Europe. As they looked, and admired, and asked questions about the givers, &c., Josephine suddenly said, 'Yes, my young friends, these are beautiful and costly jewels, but you need not envy what cannot of itself give real happiness. I shall no doubt very much surprise you when I tell you, that the gift of a pair of old coarse shoes once gave me greater pleasure than all these diamonds ever did.'"

"Old shoes! to an empress!" exclaimed Clara.

"Josephine, you know, had not always been an empress; on the contrary, she had gone through many misfortunes and privations in her earlier life. But her ladies were as much astonished as yourselves when she spoke of the old shoes. They begged for the whole story, and she willingly told it. Many years before, in very trying circumstances, she took a voyage to France from the West Indies, along with her only daughter, then a child, who afterwards became Queen of Holland. It was with difficulty that Josephine, then Madame Beauharnois, could provide the absolute necessities for the voyage; and, by some oversight, she had actually no change of shoes for little Hortense. The child, clever


and spirited, liked to be constantly upon deck, running and jumping about, singing Negro songs, and dancing as she had been used to see the Negroes dance in Martinique. The sailors were enchanted with her performances, and she became quite their favourite and companion, while her sorrowful mother was glad to see her find amusement for herself. But when about half over the passage, to the little dancer's consternation, her thin shoes gave way. She managed to conceal this at first, but one day, on coming down to the cabin, her mother observed that every step left a mark of blood. Much alarmed, she questioned and examined the reluctant child, and found her shoes quite worn into rags, and one foot much wounded by a nail. There seemed no prospect for poor Hortense but confinement to the small cabin, and both mother and child 'began to weep bitterly;' 'for,' said Josephine, 'I felt quite overcome at the idea of the sorrow my poor Hortense would suffer, as also at the danger to which her health might be exposed, by confinement to my miserable little cabin.' At this moment the old quartermaster looked in, and seeing their distress, bluntly asked the cause. Hortense, sobbing, explained it to him. 'Nonsense,' said the sailor, 'is that all? I have an old pair of shoes somewhere in my chest; I will go and seek them. You, madame, can cut them to the shape, and I'll splice them up again as well as need be. On board ship you must put up with many things, provided we have the necessary—that's the most principal.' Away he went, and presently returned with his *precious* gift; and before next day Hortense, with a safe though not elegant chaussure, was able to resume her favourite amusement again among her sailor friends. 'And so,' repeated the empress, as she finished the tale, 'never was a present more thankfully received, or more gratefully remembered. Only I have often reproached myself for not inquiring more of the name and history of our benefactor, that I might have done something for him when the means of helping others were in my power.'"

"That is worth hearing," said Edward.

"Yes; and worth thinking about. Whoever wishes to be really useful and helpful to others need never fear to want opportunity, in such an uncertain, changeable world as ours. Now I have given you some hints to think over, and we can discuss the subject further another time."

J. L. B.

THE STORY OF CHELONIS; OR, THE MEANING OF INTERCESSION.

" STORY, if you please, mamma," said little Maggie Dunsmore; "you promised to tell us a story, if we should be good till you came back; and please, mamma, let it be a nice story."

"But were you good all the time that I was away?" asked mamma.

"O yes, mamma, we were all good, very good, I am sure."

"Well, I scarcely think that it is the best sign of a good child, to be so sure of her own goodness. You know that a good man, Maggie, is ready rather to confess that he is very bad. Isn't he, dear?"

"But ma, you asked if we were good, and should I

not tell you the truth! You wouldn't like me to say that we were bad when we weren't."

"Clearly not, my dear; always tell the truth. I should be sorry to hear my little pets say that they were very bad, if they did not think it. Now, what story shall I tell you?"

"Any story you please, but let it be a very nice one, mamma."

"There are no stories so beautiful as the dear Bible stories; but you already know a little of the most of them, so I shall tell you to-day a nice story that I was reading this morning."

"Oh Willie, come here fast," cried Maggie, "for mamma is going to tell us a beautiful new story—and just now."

It was not many seconds till Willie was in the middle of the group; and then his mamma began.

"But I fear," she said, "that you will not remember the strange old names; let me see if you can. There was a lady, long ago, called Chelonis, and her husband's name was Cleombrotus, and her father was Leonidas, King of Sparta. Now, Jane, let me see if you remember the name of the king?"

"Leonidas," said modest little Jane.

"And he was king of — where was it, Willie?"

"King of Sparta," answered Willie.

"And what was the name of the lady, his daughter?"

"Oh, I remember that, it was Chelonis," said Maggie.

"Yes it was; and her husband's name was — what?"

But neither Maggie, nor Jane, nor Willie could tell.

"It was Cle-om-brot-us," suggested mamma.

"Oh yes, Cleombrotus, Cleombrotus, Cleombrotus," said they all in a breath, to fix it in their memories.

"Well, then, old King Leonidas had reason to fear that some of the great men in the state were plotting against him, so he fled for safety to a temple. His son-in-law—but what was his name?"

"Cleombrotus," said Maggie readily.

"Yes; Cleombrotus, caring nothing for his old father-in-law, seized on the throne, and became king in his stead. Now, how did his wife act, do you think? You remember that she was the daughter of the old king."

"Perhaps she lived in the palace as the new queen," suggested Maggie; "did she mamma?"

"No indeed," said mamma; "but she put off her fine dress, and clothed herself in mourning, as if something very dreadful had happened; and while her husband was enjoying his stolen honours, she went to her old father, to weep along with him, and to comfort him with her love."

"Good Chelonis, that was very nice; I like her for doing so," interjected Maggie, always ready to speak her mind.

"In a little while," continued mamma, "his old friends rallied round Leonidas, and he was able to resume his kingly power. When he left the temple to return to his old home, Cleombrotus, afraid lest he

should be put to death for his crime, fled from the throne to take shelter in the temple."

"And what did Chelonis do? I like to hear about her," asked Maggie.

"Yes; it is chiefly about Chelonis that I want to tell you," said mamma. "Well, then, she left her father, happy in the enjoyment of his old dignities, to seek her miserable husband in the temple. And so, when the old king came to upbraid his son-in-law with his treason, he found him sitting on the ground sorrowful and silent, with his wife sitting beside him, still dressed in the deepest mourning, and having her hair hanging in disorder round her shoulders, like a person in the extremity of despair."

"The wicked man, she should have left him alone, and never spoken to him again: I don't like him at all," said lively little Maggie.

"But you forget," said mamma, "that he was her husband, and that it was her duty and her pleasure to be with him, and to share his troubles. You know how dearly she must have loved both her father and her husband. So when her father was speaking so angrily, and her husband was sitting so silent, she looked up through her tears, and said, 'Father, I did not put on this mourning for my husband, but for you; and my sorrow began, not with weeping for my husband, but for you. My husband's conduct has been very bad, and you have reason to be very angry with him; but then you cannot punish him without punishing me also, for he and I are one. If, then, my father, you love me, and wish me to share your happiness now, as I have shared your sorrow, you must pardon my husband, for I cannot be happy until he is forgiven. And if my love to you in your sorrow has given you any comfort, let it plead for my husband; and if you now mean to give it a reward, let the reward be his life.' The old king was so moved with her affectionate words, that for the sake of his daughter he spared the life of her husband, though he gave him a milder punishment. Now, what do you think of Chelonis?"

"Oh, mamma, I like her very much," said Maggie; "don't you like her, Jane?"

"Well, my dears, I like her too," said mamma; "but while I was reading her story, I could not help thinking of another, and a far more beautiful story of love. I wonder if my little pets have any remembrance of the story that I mean. Have you Willie, or Jane, or Maggie?" But no one of them had had any thought suggested by the story.

"Does it not remind you," continued mamma, "of the wonderful love of the Lord Jesus, though it comes far, far behind it? You know that when we had rebelled against his Father, and had acted very wickedly indeed, He, the Holy One, took his Father's part; and all the time he was in the world among us wicked men, he took his Father's part. He laid down even his life to please his Heavenly Father. And now, when any sinner sees his guiltiness and his danger, and desires to

be forgiven, the great and good Lord Jesus can secure forgiveness for him. He can say 'My Father, this soul has sinned greatly against thee, and deserves nothing but thine anger for ever; but he has accepted me to be his Saviour, and now, I pray thee to forgive him all his sins for my sake. He is one of my sheep which I died for; and if thou wert to punish him now, it would be like punishing me. My Father, wilt thou not reward me for my obedience, by pardoning him for my sake, and by counting him to be one of thy children?' "

"And does the Lord Jesus say all this every time that a sinner is pardoned, mamma?"

"I do not mean you to think that he says these very words at all; I only wish you to understand that the nature of the great work of intercession is something of this kind."

"And is that the meaning of intercession? I never knew the meaning of it before," said Maggie.

"Yes, that is intercession," replied mamma. "When Chelonis asked her father to forgive her husband for her sake merely, that was intercession; and it is sufficiently like the glorious intercession of the great Lord Jesus, to help you to understand what is meant by the word."

Only, I wish you to remember that the love and the worthiness of the Lord Jesus are so far above all that the tongue of man could speak, or the heart of angel think, that there is a danger of degrading it by comparisons. You see that the fire is nearly out, for the weather is growing warm now, and I can see only one little spot of red coal in the grate. Now, if Willie will put his finger near enough to the coal, he will feel a little heat, quite enough indeed, to help a person to understand what heat means, if he happens not to know; but yet, no one would think of comparing that little spot of red coal with God's great blazing fire in the sky, which gives plenty of light and heat to many worlds. And there is a far greater difference between the warmest human love, and the holy love of Jesus, than there is between the little glowing cinder and the glorious sun. I have therefore told you this little story of Chelonis, not to compare her love with the love of the great Redeemer, but only wishing that you should understand what 'intercession' means.

"Now you may speak about it among yourselves for a little, and if you like, perhaps we may have another talk over it at some other time." J. D.

POOL OF THE VIRGIN.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

FOLLOWING our way down the Valley of the Kidron, we skirted the burial-ground of the Jews, passing a funeral group assembled around a newly-dug grave. This most melancholy cemetery is on the unenclosed and rugged slope of the valley, without a single tuft of verdure to relieve its aridity, or a tree to overshadow its crowded gravestones; yet no resting-place for their bones is so earnestly desired or so deeply venerated by the Jews as this—sunk, as it is, under the shadow of the Temple, which towers above the opposite steep slope of the valley, and besides traditionally regarded as the chosen seat of that judgment which the Lord will one day execute in behalf of his oppressed people.

A short distance beyond the burial-ground, we descended into the bed of the valley, and reached the Fountain of the Virgin, or of Siloam, so called from the village or collection of hovels of that name, perched picturesquely among the tombs and cliffs on the opposite side of the valley. The rays of the sun poured down into the arid valley, and were reflected from its heated sides with such fervency, that we were glad to descend the upper flight of steps which leads down to the fountain, and to seek shelter in the cool, moist shadow of its overhanging arch. This is one of the most striking bits—to use an artistic phrase—anywhere about the city, as the illustration will partly show. At the landing of the upper steps, worn by the footfall of ages, we find ourselves, as it were, at the mouth of a

mysterious-looking cavern, down into the jaws of which dives a second and much narrower flight of steps, overhung with rocky projections, at the foot of which is found the spring. The women from the neighbouring village, ascending and descending, poising their water-jars upon their erect and often graceful figures—with the groups of chance wayfarers, who come thither to seek refreshment for themselves and their horses, who are watered at a trough above—add highly to the picturesque character of the spot.

Though it is a well-known fact that the water of this fountain ebbs and flows, the reason of this has never been fully ascertained. It is supposed to be supplied by an underground passage from the Temple area above, and to be dependent on some cistern or spring, which may vary in the supply of water. That there is a channel cut in the rock from hence to the Pool of Siloam, was proved by the enterprise of Dr. Robinson and Smith, who entering alternately at both ends, sometimes walking upright, at others bending on their knees, and in some cases creeping prone like serpents, at length succeeded in threading its entire length. Dr. Robertson remarks, with evident reason, that the purpose of such a work seems incomprehensible, unless the advantages of a fortified city are taken into account. Yet it seems very doubtful whether a spot in the level valley was included within the wall, unless we identify this with the "Pool of Solomon," by which Josephus tells us the lane passed between Zion and the Temple.—*W. H. Bartlett*





NOTES INTRODUCTORY TO THE PSALTER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BINNIE, D.D., STIRLING.

No. 1.



AN intelligent reader, before sitting down to the study of a book, likes to know when it was written, who wrote it, and what was the writer's aim in giving it to the world. If the book happens to be not a single work, but a collection of many distinct writings, the reader is curious to know not only the names and story of the several writers, but the name and date of the compiler also, as well as the reasons which moved him and the principles by which he was guided in making the compilation. It is possible, indeed, to overrate the value of an acquaintance with particulars like these. Myriads of readers, old and young, have derived a world of delight and instruction from the *Pilgrim's Progress*, who knew nothing of John Bunyan, and could give no account of the literary history of his immortal dream. On the other hand, a pedant may possess a minute acquaintance with every item of information that has been preserved respecting Bunyan and his book, yet all the while be insensible to the beauty and the wisdom which have made it the delight of nations. Nevertheless it is undeniable that one who would thoroughly appreciate the *Pilgrim's Progress*, one who would enjoy it perfectly, and possess himself of its whole store of Christian thought, must know the singular story of the Bedford tinker and the remarkable circumstances in which his book originated.

That acquaintance with what may be styled their *Literary History*, which is so conducive to the perfect appreciation of other writings, is equally valuable in the case of the Holy Scriptures, and especially of the Book of Psalms, which is a complete literature in itself. The same caveat

must, indeed, be set down here which we have just noted in the case of Bunyan's allegory. If the peculiar treasures of the *Pilgrim's Progress* are inaccessible to the mere pedant, much more are those of the Divine Word. Beyond all doubt, the one thing which is of indispensable necessity to qualify a man for appreciating the psalms, is a mind in sympathy with the thoughts and sentiments they embalm. To the man whose heart has never been broken for sin or touched with the love of God and of Christ, the Psalter must always be a sealed book: he cannot unlock its treasures, he cannot taste its delights. The eye that has never been washed with the tears of unfeigned repentance and of spiritual gladness must ever be blind—blind as a mole's—to the heavenly glories of this book. Nevertheless it is undeniable that, in subordination to the supreme qualification of a godly heart, very great assistance to a thorough appreciation of the Psalter may be derived from a knowledge of facts pertaining to its literary history which do not present themselves to the unlearned reader.

The design, then, of these *Notes introductory to the Psalter* is, to put the reader in possession of the principal facts which have been ascertained respecting the literary history of this portion of the Word of God; those, for instance, which relate to the composition of the several psalms and the formation of the collection as a whole. As their title imports, they are meant to be an Introduction to this part of the Holy Scriptures;—not an exposition of particular psalms, but a help to the better understanding of all.

It will serve some useful ends if we begin with

the question, *What is a psalm?* What are the features which distinguish the compositions of which this book of Scripture is made up from those which are found in the other books? It is a question that cannot perhaps be better answered than by passing in review the several Titles which are found in the superscriptions which form an integral part of the sacred text. At all events the titles will throw much light on the nature and scope of the psalms.

1. They are sometimes designated *PRAYERS*. The term *Tephillah* or *Tephilloth* which is thus rendered by our translators occurs five times in the superscriptions. It is found in that of the ninetyeth—the oldest of all the psalms: "*A Prayer of Moses the man of God.*" It is found also in the hundred and second, which is one of the psalms of the Captivity. It occurs moreover in the note appended to the seventy-second Psalm: "*The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended.*" This is a note that will claim careful consideration when we come to speak of the Psalter as a whole. Meanwhile we simply remark, that it relates not so much to the particular psalm to which it is annexed as to the book or section of the Psalter which ends with that psalm—the second of the five books of which the whole is made up. This designation is mentioned first, not because of the frequency of its occurrence,—we shall see immediately that some others occur much more frequently,—but because it brings before us the first characteristic which it is important to keep in view. A psalm, whatever else there may be in it, is a Prayer; it is an utterance of the soul to God. It is not a soliloquy; much less is it the utterance of the soul's emotions for the satisfaction of a human auditory; it conducts us into the presence-chamber of the great King, and teaches us how to pour out our hearts before his throne. A psalm is the Church's response to those two primary articles of the faith, that *God is*, and that *he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him*. The psalms accordingly are pervaded everywhere with the consciousness of God. The most of us are so much accustomed to the use of them, so much accustomed also to other sacred lyrics written under their influence and imbued with their spirit, that we seldom give due heed to this quality; but it has never failed

to strike with astonishment serious persons who have read much in the hymns and poems of pagan nations. In these the gods are no doubt celebrated, their names come up often enough, but there is no reality about them; they are unsubstantial, airy nothings. It is the high prerogative of the psalms that they not only name the name of God, but bear us into his presence. They bring us face to face with our Maker and Judge, a personal God, who has an ear to hear us and a hand to help us, and of whom the weakest saint under heaven may say, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me."

2. The designation which occurs most frequently in the superscriptions is the one which all the modern versions render *PSALM*. It is of perpetual occurrence. According to our reckoning it stands at the head of no fewer than fifty-seven of the psalms; so that one cannot wonder that the word has come to be the current designation of the whole book. Although adopted into all the modern European languages it is properly a Greek word. When the Jews of Alexandria, in the third century before Christ, translated the Old Testament into the language which Alexander's conquests had made the common speech of the world, they chose this term *Psalmos*, which properly denotes a *strain of music*, to represent the *Mizmor* of the superscriptions; and their example has been followed by succeeding translators. Curiously enough, this Hebrew term *mizmor*, although of so frequent use in the superscriptions, is never found anywhere else,—a circumstance which has led some to conjecture that it was coined by David to describe his sacred lyrics. Its etymology is doubtful. Not to mention older Hebraists, Hengstenberg thinks it properly denotes a *poem artfully elaborated*; Delitzsch thinks it rather denotes the *musical accompaniment*;—Gesenius and Hupfeld have each set forth more than one interpretation in successive works. But amidst this variation, all the best authorities are agreed that the general idea which the term expresses is that of a *song wedded to an appropriate strain of music*.

This, then, is a second point to be noted in the psalms. They are prayers, as we have seen; but they are something more. There are elements essential to them which are not found in ordinary prayers.

A prayer is not a work of art. On the contrary, the more artless a prayer is, the more perfectly does it answer its end. Prayer is the simple, unadorned outpouring of the heart before God. The true idea of it is seen in the artless petition presented by a child at its father's knee. This is the conception of prayer taught by our Lord himself: "When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven." The true idea of a psalm takes in more than this. Every psalm is a prayer, but every prayer is not a psalm. To the production of the psalms there was required consummate art,—the art of the poet and the art of the musician. It is evident, from the memorials of the primitive times preserved in Genesis, that Music and Poetry, although they rank among the noblest of the arts, were among the first to be cultivated; and God has been pleased to sanctify them by assigning to them a place and a function in the ordinances of his worship. It is his will that we should worship him not only in the artless effusions of our hearts, but also in the musical recitation of poems which have been composed with care and educated taste.

3. The word *song* is another that occurs with great frequency. It stands for the Hebrew term *Shir*, which is found in the superscriptions of no fewer than thirty psalms. The fifteen "songs of degrees" may be referred to as the most remarkable of the class. Unlike the designation just explained, it is often found in the body of the psalms as well as in their superscriptions. The general idea expressed by *psalm* and *song* is the same;—what they suggest is a poem of the lyrical order—a poem framed to be sung rather than read. And here it may be remarked, that these two titles not only distinguish the psalms from prayers and from prose compositions generally, such as we possess in the Bible Histories and Epistles, but also from such poetical compositions as are found in Job and the Prophets. The poetry in these, with the exception of a few passages here and there, is of the didactic order, and was meant to be read, not sung. With respect to the title at present under consideration, it is to be observed that its signification does not coincide perfectly with that of the English word *song* or the *psalm* of the Bible. These terms are applied indifferently to plaintive

and joyous lyrics, whereas the *shir* or *song* of the superscriptions is appropriated exclusively to the latter class. Accordingly it is repeatedly employed in addition to the more general title of psalm. Thus Psalms lrv. and xcii. are, each of them, entitled *a psalm and song*: and they rank among the sunniest of the sacred lyrics. The fact that so many of the psalms are songs may suggest some profitable reflections. God has given his people cause to be glad. Does not the apostle Peter attribute to them a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory? Mr. Fearing was a good man, but he was not the true type of the Christian. His were not the kind of feelings which the psalms were meant to suggest and nourish. There are men and women, indubitably the children of God, who go mourning all their days; but the fact that so many of the psalms are songs would of itself suffice to show, were there no other proof, that such persons are living beneath their privilege, and ought to labour after a more joyous sense of the love and the grace of God. These songs are delivered by the Lord to his children that their joy may be full, and that they may be emboldened to give tuneful expression to it before his throne like the angels in heaven.

4. Psalm cxlv. is, in the superscription, entitled "*David's Tehillah*;"—that is to say, "*David's Psalm of Praise*." It is rather remarkable that this title, *Praise*, or *Psalm of Praise* (it is one word in the Hebrew), should be found only in a single superscription, for the word is of perpetual occurrence in the Psalter, and is more or less applicable to every one of the psalms. A vein of praise runs through all. It was, no doubt, a sense of this which led the Jews to fix on this title, rather than any of those before mentioned, as the fittest to describe the whole book. What the Greek translators, and the modern versions after them, call *The Psalter* or *Book of Psalms*, is denominated in the Hebrew Bible *Sepher Tehillim*—the Book of Praises. It is a beautiful title, and gives prominence to an aspect of the psalms as important as any other. They are not only prayers and songs, but *hymns* also; that is to say, they are songs which have for their chief scope the glory and praise of God. Like the golden censers in which the sons of Aaron burnt

fragrant incense in the Holy Place, they are the vessels in which our thanksgivings are to be offered before the throne of God. There is a passage in one of Augustine's popular discourses on the Psalms (it occurs in the introduction to the one that he preached, A.D. 411, on Psalm lxxii.) which strikingly brings out the combined force of the three titles just mentioned: "Psalms are the praises of God accompanied with song: psalms are songs containing the praise of God. If there be praise, but not of God, it is not a psalm. If there be praise, and praise of God, if it is not sung, it is not a psalm. To make a psalm there go these three—praise, God's praise, and song." Let it be remembered, then, that the Psalter is the Book of Praise. There are several psalms which, like the five with which the book concludes, begin and end with the word *Hallelujah*; and that inspiring word, *Praise ye the Lord*, is a kind of key-note to the whole book. The psalms are praises. We do not sing them aright unless we come before the Lord with grateful adoration, as men who feel themselves impelled to bless his holy name.

It may be remarked here that the three titles—*Psalm*, *Song*, and *Hymn* or *Praise*—are, in all likelihood, what the apostle has in his mind when he charges Christ's people to speak to themselves in *psalms and hymns and spiritual songs*, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord (Eph. v. 19; Col. iii. 16). The words, we may be sure, are not set down by the apostle at random; and the meaning appears to be, that we are to speak to ourselves, and to solace one another, with all the various sacred songs which the Holy Spirit provided of old for the comfort of the Church.

5. There is yet another epithet, of frequent occurrence in the superscriptions, which claims a moment's notice. We refer to the term *Maschil*, which is prefixed to thirteen psalms. Our translators have not ventured to do more, in the *text*, than simply print the word in English characters; in the *margin*, however, they render it "to give instruction." It would be going too far to affirm that this interpretation is subject to no doubt. Some good Hebraists take exception to it; so that, perhaps, our venerable translators did well to leave it untranslated in the text. Still,

the interpretation they have set down in the margin, as it is the most ancient, so it is sustained by the great preponderance of authority. It agrees remarkably with the contents of Psalm xxxii., which affords the earliest instance of its use; for that psalm is pre-eminently didactic—its scope is to instruct the convicted soul how to obtain peace with God and be compassed about with songs of deliverance. The title, although it is prefixed only to a few, is less or more applicable to all the psalms. It holds forth as one of the purposes they were designed to serve, the edification of souls in the truth and ways of the Lord. It is true, as we may afterwards have occasion to show, that there is very little *revelation*, strictly so called, in the psalms—little disclosure of new truth to the Church. The Psalter is rather the response of the Church to God's revelations elsewhere made, than itself the vehicle of those revelations. But it is a very instructive response. Many, many a time it has happened that the psalms learned by a child at his mother's knee have deposited in his heart the seeds of divine knowledge, and kept them alive till they have sprung up, long after, in a harvest of salvation. The psalms, then, besides being songs and hymns, are eminently fitted to give instruction.

It may not be unnecessary to add, that in thus commenting upon the designations of the psalms that are found in the prefixed titles, we by no means wish to convey the idea that they are all equally descriptive of every psalm. The way in which they are severally employed in the superscriptions very obviously implies the contrary. Still, it seemed expedient to gather them together inasmuch as they indicate the elements that principally enter into the psalms. Besides, although particular elements may preponderate, one in one psalm, another in another, there is not a psalm but contains something of each. There is not a psalm of instruction but contains something of praise and prayer; and the psalms of praise are psalms of instruction also.

One other remark under this head. The psalm differs from some other kinds of sacred song in these two particulars;—that it is in every instance the fruit of Supernatural Inspiration, and is in every instance designed for permanent use in the Public Worship of God. The former particular

requires no demonstration in this place. The manner in which our blessed Lord and the apostles cite and comment upon this portion of the Hebrew Scriptures clearly implies its supernatural inspiration and divine authority. The other particular is also capable of abundant verification. We find in the Bible other sacred songs besides the psalms: for instance, the song of Moses, the songs of Deborah and Hannah, the songs of Zacharias, and Mary, and Simeon. But it is obvious that these were, for the most part, meant to be sung only on the occasions which gave them birth—at least there is no evidence that they were made a part of the stated services of the public worship. It was otherwise with the psalms. No fewer than fifty-five of them are formally inscribed *To the Chief Musician*; that is, to the Leader of the Service of Song in the House of the Lord. They were, therefore, from the first, in constant use in the sanctuary. It is universally admitted that the Psalter was the one hymn-book of the Jewish Church under the Second Temple. It is true, some learned men like Hupfeld, while concurring in this admission, contend that many of the psalms must have been written originally without any view to the public use to which they were afterwards put. They ground this opinion on the consideration that some of the psalms—the fifty-first for example—are too personal to permit the thought that the writers ever could have designed them for other than private use. But this consideration, interesting and suggestive as it is, will not sustain the inference grounded upon it. The case of Cowper and his hymns is exactly in point. Not even the fifty-first Psalm is more intensely personal than one or two of those we owe to the bard of Olney; yet we know that the employment of the Olney Hymns in public worship took place within the poet's lifetime, and with his consent.

Dismissing these prefatory remarks on the characteristic qualities of the psalms, we proceed to unfold the History of Sacred Psalmody in the Hebrew Church. This will bring under our notice the greater part of the facts most important to be embraced in an introduction to the Psalter. In particular, it will bring before us the holy men of God who, during so many successive genera-

tions, were raised up in Israel, endowed by the Holy Spirit with appropriate gifts, and moved by his supernatural energy to warble the feelings of their hearts in imperishable songs. The names of the psalmists are not in all cases known to us; but enough respecting them is known to invest this part of our subject with undying interest. The field is an extensive one, and we must not attempt more than a rapid sketch.

The first lyric preserved in Scripture is Lamech's song, in the fourth of Genesis, addressed to his two wives, Adah and Zillah. It is very much the oldest lyric in existence in the world at this day. Lamech was of the seed of Cain; and his song, however interesting as a relic of antediluvian art, has no further relation to our present subject, for it was not sung in reverent worship of the living God. We do not possess a vestige of sacred song that is more ancient than the time of Moses. The poetry of the patriarchal blessings was didactic, not lyrical. Probably it would be unwarrantable to conclude from these facts that the antediluvian and patriarchal Church was never cheered with the melody of hymns. Whether it be true or not that poetry and song were first cultivated by the race of Cain, it is not likely that God suffered these arts to be appropriated exclusively to the solace of the world and the inflaming of earthly passions during the long centuries of the primeval dispensations. It may be confidently affirmed, that the first hymn we meet with in the Bible—the triumphal ode over Pharaoh and his host, which was sung by the tribes of Israel in responsive bands at the Red Sea—is a lyric which could not have been sung by a people unaccustomed to sacred music. How many communities are there at the present time sufficiently trained in music to attempt the conjoint chanting of so elaborate a song?

The song at the Red Sea sufficiently demonstrates that Moses, besides his other manifold endowments, was a poet of the highest order. This faculty was not permitted to slumber. His dying legacy to the tribes he had conducted out of Egypt was a song. It is of great length, occupying nearly all the thirty-second of Deuteronomy. The splendour of its imagery is only surpassed by that rare combination of tenderness and strength,

in virtue of which it still, after so many ages, stirs the blood of every reader. The man of God was enabled to foresee the temptations which were to befall the tribes in Canaan; and he knew that as they could not in those days possess copies of the law in their several dwellings, the hearing of it at the annual festivals would be but an ineffectual barrier against forgetfulness of the testimonies of God. To fortify and perpetuate the influence of the law, he was moved by the Spirit to compose a song which the people might bear in their memories, and teach to their children and children's children—a song which, being sung in the towns and villages and tents of Israel, from Lebanon to the wilderness, and from Bashan to the sea, might be an ever-present memorial of the Lord, of his terrible majesty, his unslumbering righteousness, his mighty acts in the redemption of his people.

During the period of the Judges we meet with two sacred lyrics of great power—the song of Deborah in the fifth of Judges, and the song of Hannah in the second of First Samuel; the latter, which has been aptly styled the *Magnificat* of the Old Testament Church, possesses a special interest for us at present, as having been written by the mother of the prophet whom God commissioned to call forth and consecrate “the son of Jesse, the anointed of the God of Jacob, and the sweet psalmist of Israel” (2 Sam. xxiii. 1). Respecting the song of Deborah, it may be mentioned that it is universally accepted as a genuine monument of the period of the Judges, being recognized as such even by those ruthless Rationalists who refuse to acknowledge the authenticity of the books of Moses; and that critics of every name are agreed in esteeming it one of the most perfect examples of lyrical poetry extant in any language.

Besides the religious interest that must always attach itself to the sacred lyrics which have come down from the early times of Moses and the Judges, they possess great literary and historical interest in connection with the subject of psalmody. They demonstrate that the Israelitish people in those primitive times, however rude their manner of life may have been, were no barbarians, as some have foolishly imagined. A poetical literature which included such songs as those of Deborah and Hannah, lyrics which, con-

sidered simply as works of art, have never been surpassed in their kind, could neither have been produced nor appreciated in a barbarous community.

It is more important, for our present purpose, to remark that in this early period of the Jewish history the first stone of the fair edifice of the Psalter was laid. One of the psalms has come down to us from the age of Moses, and from the pen of the great lawgiver himself. The ninetieth Psalm is entitled, “*A Prayer of Moses the man of God;*” and its contents are in remarkable harmony with this account of its authorship. It would not be correct to say that there is anything personal to Moses in the psalm, or anything pertaining exclusively to that generation. It contains nothing local or temporary. It is the first instalment of the inspired hymnology of the Catholic Church, and will never become obsolete or cease to be sung till the vicissitudes of time come to an end, and the songs of this lower sanctuary are swallowed up in the songs of the heavenly temple. Nevertheless it reflects a profitable light on the psalm to recollect the circumstances of its birth. It is the cry that arose from the congregation in the wilderness when they beheld their ranks melting away, in fulfilment of the oath of God that they should not enter into his rest. It can hardly be necessary to repeat the familiar story,—how, after God had brought his people out of Egypt, and given them the law in the wilderness of Sinai, and conducted them through the howling deserts of Paran to the border of Canaan, and shown them the pleasant southern hills of that land of ancient promise, their hearts fainted within them, they disbelieved his word, and refused to enter in: and how, for their unbelief, they were commanded to face the desert once more; not now to travel through it, but to spend in it their lives and leave their bones in its thirsty solitudes. It is to be remembered, that among the tribes there were many besides Caleb and Joshua who were Israelites indeed. Aaron, for instance, was a saint of God, although he was involved in the general penalty. There would be many, therefore, even of the generation that had come out of Egypt by Moses, and many more belonging to the generation which grew up in the wilderness, whose hearts were contrite

under God's mighty hand. To them the psalm was delivered, that in its plaintive measures they might utter their penitent grief in the ear of God. And it was carefully framed to be the expression of something better than a barren and hopeless sorrow. It opens grandly with the profession of a strong faith in the Lord as the dwelling-place of his people in all generations; and it closes with an importunate and hopeful prayer for the generation that was to come after and possess the promised inheritance:—

* Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place
In all generations.
Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.
Thou turnest man to destruction,
And sayest, Return, ye children of men. (Gen. III. 19.)

* For we are consumed by thine anger,
And by thy wrath are we troubled.
Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,
Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.
For all our days are passed away in thy wrath:
We spend our years as a tale that is told.

* Return, O Lord—how long?
And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.
O satisfy us early with thy mercy;
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.
Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us,
And the years wherein we have seen evil.
Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
And thy glory unto their children.
And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us:
And establish thou the work of our hands upon us;
Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."

Three thousand years and more have passed away since the congregation of Israel made the solitudes of the wilderness vocal with the plaintive music of this ninetieth Psalm. There is not another song now sung in any nation under heaven that possesses such a hoary antiquity. And yet there is about it the freshness of a perpetual youth. In what nation have God's people ceased to employ it? It forms a principal part of the English Order for the Burial of the Dead, and in all Christian nations is devoted to a similar use. Moreover, as each New Year comes round, bringing its train of saddening memories and summoning us to count our days, who does not turn to the Prayer of Moses for the most adequate expression of the thoughts and feelings awakened by the season? In the Protestant Churches of Hungary this psalm is sung every New Year's Day, and traces of the same usage will be found

in every Bible-reading country. It is a solemnizing and stimulating thought, that when we lift up our voices to God in this psalm we put ourselves into communion with the Church of all generations and of every nation, we yield our hearts to the guidance of a song given three and thirty centuries ago by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and which has been a fountain of pensive comfort to God's saints in all the hundred generations that have lived and died since its notes first awoke the echoes of the desert.

Professor Hengstenberg of Berlin, a learned and pious divine, who has perhaps done more than any other man of this age for the elucidation of the Psalms, has remarked that the concurrence of three conditions were requisite in order to an efflorescence of divine psalmody. They are in substance these: There is required, in the first place, a wide-spread *Revival of Religion* in the Church. A psalm is not the voice of a solitary individual—it is the voice of the Church; and a new song can only proceed from the bosom of a quickened Church. There must, in the second place, be found in the Church one or more individuals gifted with the *Poetical Faculty*; men of genius and of cultivated taste who can express the thoughts and feelings of the quickened Church in poetry and song. Lastly, there must be vouchsafed the *Supernatural Inspiration* of the Holy Spirit, elevating and controlling the exercise of the poet's genius, so that he may speak as one who is moved by the Holy Ghost. It is evident that these three conditions found place at the time of the sojourn of the tribes in the wilderness. How genuine and deep was the revival of religion in that age, appears from the terms of regretful affection with which it was commemorated long after: "I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown. Israel was holiness to the Lord, and the first fruits of his increase" (Jer. ii. 2, 3). The poetical faculty and the supernatural inspiration were both found in Moses, the man of God. We hope to be able to show, in the next paper, that the requisite conditions were still more remarkably found in the age of David—the golden age of Divine Psalmody.

THE WEDGE WITH A CRACK IN IT.



Of all mechanical appliances, the wedge seems the simplest and most paltry; and yet, in the hands of skill and strength, that simple-looking piece of rusty iron is an implement of extraordinary power. It can rend asunder the gnarled oak; it can splinter into fragments the rock that for centuries has stood the strokes of the thunderbolt; it can lift, as softly as a nurse lifts her sleeping infant, the mightiest of ships, to launch it on the ocean; nay, such is its enormous power, that it were rash to say what it is that skill cannot accomplish with it. But there is one point of essential importance in the formation of this simple but powerful instrument—it must be thoroughly compacted together, so that, under all circumstances of trial, its own cohesion shall be perfectly secure. If this be not the case, if there be anywhere a crack in it, the wedge is worthless; for when put to a severe test, instead of rending, it shall itself be rent asunder. Possibly the reader may have seen this done. Perhaps he has stood beside the workmen in the forest or the quarry, and has watched their work with interest, as they inserted, one after another, the well-compacted wedges into the narrow fissure, and drove them home by a series of hearty blows. Perhaps he may have noticed, on a particular wedge, the sharp sound of the stroke become dull and hollow; and the workmen, striking it now on this side, now on that, release it from the grasp of the stone or wood, no longer a single-edged bar of iron, but split nearly into two, having its prongs bent wide apart, and fit for nothing but to be cast aside as useless. My reader, that fractured wedge has a solemn lesson to you and me; let us humbly seek to learn it.

For are not we too, like wedges, poor and worthless-looking tools, to be used of God in rough and trying work, in a world where such work is needed? What instruments could be more insignificant, to appearance, than the Galilean fishermen whom Jesus sent forth to conquer the world in his name? And yet, despite the greatness of the work, and the weakness of the instruments, God accomplished with them all he purposed. And now, since they have passed away, that portion of the warfare and the service which was designed for us, has come in course; and we, in our day, are called on to be to God all that devoted saints have ever been to him in theirs. Happy is that servant who yields himself up to service, in perfect singleness of heart—a heart made *single*, because God has *united* it to fear his holy name. But alas for him who, like the wedge with the crack in it, goes to work, apparently for God, yet under the influence not of *one* great engrossing master-motive, but of *two*. The fiery trial is sure to manifest this secret double-mindedness, and to show that, whatever else he

may be, he is not one of the blessed men *in whose spirit there is no guile*. It is, above all else, this singleness of purpose which God demands in all his servants. He will work with the foolish things of this world, for it is his wisdom and not ours which is to direct the service; he will use the weak things of the world, for it is his strength and not ours that is to be displayed; but the instrument which he uses must be devoted and sincere, like a wedge thoroughly welded, which has no crack in its substance.

And no one that knows the plague of his own heart will be over-ready to confide in his sincerity. Conscious of inexpressible weakness he will cry to the Strong for strength. He will—

"Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
'I never will deny thee, Lord,'
But, 'Grant I never may.'"

It is only the trial that can manifest what we really are. The wedge in the workman's box seems as sound as any; even the microscope cannot detect a crack in it. And yet, beneath the welded surface, there may be an unsuspected fissure, which violent work will infallibly make manifest. And so, too, it may be, with ourselves. Among our fellows, and at ease, we may seem to be almost model saints; and yet extremity of trial may bring out what we are not at all prepared to suspect as being within. Untried faith is always unreliable; and creatures like us must, from first to last, build our confidence, not on our own faithfulness, but on God's grace; not on the assurance that we shall prove true to Jesus, but on the certainty that he shall prove true to us.

What a sad state of soul is this indecision arising from doubleness of mind; and yet how common is it. Discord is always distressing, but never so much so as when it is within one's own heart, and rends that heart in twain. To have the affections dragging their subject in one direction, and the conscience driving him in the opposite; to have the understanding pointing out the way to the better, while yet the will chooses the way to the worse, is as distressing a state as a man on earth can well be afflicted in. So distressing is it, that the sufferer is almost sure to seek escape through some dangerous self-deception, and thus to purchase a little ease with the risk of imperilling his safety. Oh, how much better were it to be a whole-hearted and decided Christian! In one sense it is easier far to be all for Christ, than to be partly for him and partly for the world. The single eye keeps the body full of light, and makes our path most plain; for in this case we have only *one* interest to consider, *one* will to serve, *one* Master to consult, *one* yoke to carry. This perfect rest of heart, arising from its being in harmony with God and with

itself, makes life a little heaven below. But, on the other hand, how intricate the path becomes—hard to find, and hard to walk in—when a man aims at attaining two things which are eternally irreconcilable, namely, God's service and his own fleshly pleasing. *No man can serve two masters.* The Holy Spirit does not comfort the sorrows of such a man, for God abhors lukewarmness. He has no comfort in his own soul, for its internal discords secure that, whoever may have the joy of victory, he shall get nothing but the sorrows of the battle. He has not even the loving sympathies of friends to comfort him. Listen to the groaning of one who, in his day, was but a cracked wedge: "How I am to be pitied!" says Erasmus; "the Lutherans attack me as a convicted papist, and the Catholics run me down as a friend of Luther."

And our service as well as our comfort depends on this single-hearted decision. Every true servant of God is conscious of this. His greatest felt hindrance lies in the hold that the creature still retains upon his heart. Says John McDonald of Calcutta, "I feel daily that if I would prosper in my work, I must throw myself more unreservedly on the Lord, and that I and the world must part." And Wilberforce, telling to others what God had taught himself through trying experience, says, "You cannot advance a single step till you are in some good measure possessed of this comparative indifference to the favour of men." With this singleness of heart no one can estimate how much God may bless the service of a man who has little else besides faith, and love, and this entire surrender. Neither present weakness, nor past guiltiness even, may be counted an insuperable hindrance to God's abundant use of us, if we only yield ourselves up in this way to him. But, while he condescends to employ instruments of every grade of feebleness and seeming incapacity, he never uses, at least as instruments of honour, the selfish, the slothful, the unbelieving, the undecided.

But we must be careful not to mistake the nature of this holy decision. It is something which goes far beyond mere wishing. Like good intentions, idle wishes may be said to pave the way to hell. Every one has abundance of them, till conscience be seared and the heart grow callous. It is not the *wish* but the *will* that is the helm which steers a man's course through life. Is that for God, my reader? or do you give the world the fruitful *will*, while you defile God's altar with the soaked offering of the fruitless *wish*? The will is the *man*; and the wish, if it proceed no further, is but a sign that the man is in discord with himself, that, even in serving the world, he is merely a cracked wedge. Then say not that *thou wishest*—so far well; but dost thou also go on to *will thy wishes*? Weakness luxuriates in wishing, but strength goes on to ripen the blossom into fruit. If we look at history, we shall find that men who merely *wished* have accomplished little in the world for God. He works with instruments whose forehead he makes like adamant, harder than

flint (Ezek. iii. 9). Ah, my brother, if we are to be as wedges to be used in doing God's work, we must be men who, when they see the right, not only wish it, but will it; men who lay a determined hand on the desired good, and say calmly to a frowning world, "In God's name, this is my duty, and by his authority I claim to do it;" and who then proceed to do it. Here lies the weightiest half of the successful servant's work, to keep his own heart at this pitch of devoted zeal, and with this attained all the rest is easy.

Now, my reader, do we purpose this—to be only, always, wholly for God? Do we will it? Do we surrender ourselves to him to work this spirit in us, and to maintain it in us? It is not asked whether we wish it—mere wishing is naught. Neither is it asked whether we have already attained all that we long for. But what is asked is, Do we, like Caleb, *will, will* to follow the Lord fully? Do we surrender ourselves to Jesus *the King*, as absolutely as to Jesus *the Priest*? Alas! there are many who, with Balaam, *wish* to die the death of the righteous, who yet, with Balaam, *will* to live the life of the rebel. Procrastination is rioting in the world; but what about its havoc in the church? Says an old writer, "We do not so much as purpose to do the will of God, till we purpose *to do it fully*."

But, not to leave this weighty point too hastily, we may add that *mere resolution* will not make a man like a sound wedge any more than *mere wishing* will do it. We need indeed to *will*, but we need something more. We need as well to have our darkened understandings enlightened by the spiritual apprehension of God's truth; we need to have our hearts' affections resting with sweet satisfaction on the person of Christ; we need to have the conscience and the will brought into a harmonious unity; in short, we need to have our self-discordant spirit brought into harmony—united and kept united—by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. This is that *wholeness* that constitutes *health*. This is the nearest approach which can be made on earth to that loving of God with *all* our heart, and with *all* our soul, and with *all* our mind, and with *all* our strength, which is both our first duty and our greatest privilege. Anything short of this may help to hide the crack, but it will never endure the fierce and fiery trial. "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever;" but all that is not of him shall prove like the morning cloud. A startling providence and a qualm of conscience may stir up a man to resolution; but, if there be no more, the resolution is sure to die along with the qualm that gave it birth. Nature and nature only is abiding; and it is nothing short of a new nature, harmonious and self-concordant, that is communicated in the second birth.

While it is true that all the Lord's servants are tested, some are set in positions of extraordinary responsibility and trial. Such have peculiar need of single-hearted decision, for, while they are set to face unusual dangers, there are unusual interests dependent on their faith—

fulness. They stand, as it were, at the very point of the wedge to a whole generation perhaps ; and what fearful mischief shall be done, if the single man in the front have in him an unnoticed flaw. Says one who is well acquainted with the lessons of history, "When a great revolution is to be accomplished, it is not so much by the crowd, however numerous, or the phalanx, however disciplined, that the movement of a whole nation is to be effected, as by the one man who alone advances with the might and confidence of a host." And why should we not, every one of us, cherish the feeling that we are each, to a greater extent than we suppose, entrusted with the welfare of our fellows ? It is a truth ; and it is a truth which, if realized, will greatly strengthen us, for—

"It is very good for strength
To know, that some one needs you to be strong."

And this feeling should be especially cherished by heads of families ; of each of whom, with some latitude, it may be said, that he stands to his little world at home almost as the Adam of his race, for by his standing the whole shall be likely to receive blessing, while by his fall the whole shall be injured.

There are many hindrances to this much needed decision of character, even when it is not due to manifest cowardice. Many a man fancies that his time is not yet come, and dawdles away actual life in useless plans about future living. This is a fatal mistake. Let the Christian live and work, not *in to-morrow*, but *to-day*. We are trained to work (any apprentice boy will tell us) by actual working ; and he that withholds his hand from doing what he can to-day, under the pretence of preparing to do something grand to-morrow, shall die, if he repent not, without ever doing anything at all. Let us do our humble best this hour, and then the next ; and we shall, by this very doing, learn to do the grand work grandly, if it ever come ; and if it come not, we shall find at last that we have done what God had meant that we should do. As Baxter says—"That man shall prove a useless drone that refuses God's service all his life, under pretence of preparing for it."

And there is also a certain sentimental generosity of sympathy, which greatly fosters a spirit of indecision. Many of us are in much danger from this quarter in the present day. To the hazy vision of such a man, all but the very broadest lines that mark off truth from error become invisible ; and he coquets with every class of thinkers, admiring here, and forbearing there, but in mortal conflict nowhere. All this feeds the luxurious dissipation of mind from which it flows ; and though the subject of it seems unable to feel hatred for anything, save only for the narrow-mindedness of the sectary, it would be a great advantage for him to get a little of the same sectary's narrowness of mind, if, along with it, he could procure also a little of the sectary's sharp decision.

"Whatever he believes—and it is much,
But no wise certain, now here, and now there—
He still has sympathies beyond his creed,
Diverting him from action."

Justice Blackstone, when dying, said earnestly to John Howard, "*Be firm in your own opinion.*" These words affected Howard greatly ; and he says of them, "They seem to me the most important direction for our conduct."

Feeble bodily health is another common occasion of indecision. Satan knows well where the weak man's weakness lies, and he applies his pressure at the weakest point. Let all who have feeble health note well the words of Dr. Payson, who knew perfectly, by experience, the danger he was speaking of. "A feeble, nervous man," he says, "must not deliberate, but act ; for his deliberation will not be worth a straw, but his activity may be, and probably will be, useful to himself and others." And noticeable, too, is the characteristic decision of Mr. Feeblemind, in the "Pilgrim's Progress." "Other brunts I also look for ; but this I am resolved on—to wit, to *run* when I can, to *go* when I cannot run, and to *creep* when I cannot go. As to the main, I thank him that loves me I am fixed ; my way is before me ; my mind is beyond the river that has no bridge, though I am, as you see, but of a *feeble mind*."

Christ demands hearty decision from all his servants. He that lays his hand on Christ's plough must press it deep into the soil with all his weight, and must keep his eyes simply for his work, else a careless look may spoil his furrow (Luke ix. 62). The master's word to the servant is, "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee" (Prov. iv. 25). In hastening for life out of Sodom, and still more so if one be trusted with leading others out of the doomed city, we must "remember Lot's wife," and cast no "longing, lingering look behind ;" for love lurks in the eye, and the half-burnt coals of worldly lusts, still lying in our hearts, are as inflammable as tinder. Therefore, let our motto be, "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. As being raised with Christ, let us set our affection* on things above" (Col. iii. 1, 2). If we keep steadily looking to heavenly things, their hold on us will become stronger ; while, if we turn frequently away to behold the earthly, heaven and its Lord shall become dimmer to our vision. It was by her looking that Eve was lost. Instead of fleeing from the tempter, she listened, and looked, and fell. Abraham did not look ; but when God commanded him to leave his native land, he left it, not knowing whither he went ; and when God commanded him to slay his son, he hastened to obey. Moses, too, was sound, though, on first attempting to begin his life-work, there appeared a little crack, which might have gone any length ; but he was sent aside to keep sheep in Midian for forty years, till the dangerous flaw of impetuous self-will was mended. And Gideon, too, is a noble specimen of a man that was true ; but his men were not, and so, out of two-and-thirty thousand *volunteers*,

* Not *affections*, as the word is frequently quoted, but *affection* ; that is, the one absorbing love of a heart that has been perfectly united.

only three hundred were, like sound and solid wedges, fit for trying work. All the rest were chipped and cracked, and wholly worthless for the work of God. Oh, how solemn is this! Do we, my brother, seek to serve God, not by constraint, but willingly? This is well; but we must ask ourselves another question. Are we like the two-and-twenty thousand who yielded to the first pressure of difficulty? or, if we be somewhat firmer, are we like the ten thousand who knelt down to lap? or are we like the forlorn hope, the little band of three hundred devoted men, whom alone the Lord selected for conflict and for victory? Alas, for the servant who, like King Saul, is a two-souled waverer, not drawn onwards in a plain path by the strong constraint of *one solitary life-mim*, but torn asunder by the conflicting force of *two*!

Hearty decision alone can prove a man to be really for God. No other man can have, or ought to have, the strengthening joy of this assurance, save the single-hearted and devoted. Others may covet this joy; but, even if they could have it, it would not do them good. Like the strong wine which strongly regales the wearied worker, it will only intoxicate the weak head of the sluggard who seeks merely to tittle with it. And perhaps, in our day, there is too much tampering with this strong wine; there is too eager a readiness to administer gospel-comfort to undecided souls, who wish for nothing of the gospel but its comfort, and who wish it to be such a comfort as will permit them to live in their present lukewarm state. Ah, there is no lack of comfort in God's house; but let us be careful to take it, or to give it only in the lawful way. Christ, who never turned from confessed weakness and sinfulness—Christ, who never broke a reed, even though it were sorely bruised, nor quenched the flax if there was in it fire enough to make it smoke—had yet small comfort to offer to the double-hearted and the undecided. He, who had kind words for the worst of men, had terrible words for such as they: "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple." The late Adolphe Modod says: "No human undertaking requires so much resolution as the fight of faith; and it is the secret sense of the mighty effort you have to make over yourself which keeps you in a state of indecision."

In our day, the grand test of faithfulness is not martyrdom, so much as practical separation to God in the cultivation of an unworldly spirit. At present, it is not life that we are called to lay down, but the selfish enjoyment of a perishing world. And, with brief intervals, this has been the trial of believers all along. Even in early days, as Tertullian tells us, more were deterred from professing Christianity by the fear of having to surrender pleasure, than by the fear of having to surrender life. But, indeed, we need not distinguish between the two temptations, for, at bottom, they are the same. It is *self* that makes life sweet; and it is *self*, too, that makes the world sweet; and it is the love

of this *same self* which, when cherished in competition with the love of Christ, divides the heart, and makes it like a cracked wedge. Ah, then, if we would be single-hearted, we must surrender this idol *self*, and have, "*I, but Christ.*"

Why is it that any of us is undecided; nay, why is it that any disciple falls short of the highest measure of hearty decision which is possible to man? Yes, why? We have every conceivable motive, we have every needful help. Every word in the Bible, every circumstance in the world, everything in ourselves, and everything in God—all are fitted to stir us up to the highest pitch of single-hearted resolution. An inconstant Christian is a greater marvel, in a world like this, than even a careless sinner. How can he be negligent, who has such motives for holy zeal? How can he be inconstant, in whom Christ, by his indwelling Spirit, is living over again, as it were, his devoted life on earth? With eternity and its tremendous issues a few paces in front of us—with God's glory, in some degree, committed to us—with precious souls entrusted to our agonising care—with the high example of Jesus set before us for our daily imitation—how can we be undecided? Ah, my brethren, it is because we walk so much by sight, and so little by faith; therefore do we allow ourselves thus to trifle with God, to forget our life-work, and to act in the battlefield, in front of God's determined foes, as if we wanted to be counted *neutrals* in the warfare. Let us have done with this for ever. "Oh, my friend," says the beloved Brainerd Taylor, "I am tired of *living by halves.*"

For, after all, the most important fact in connection with our present life is, not the amount of our active service, but the formation in us of a fitting character as servants. We shall have long eternity to work in, and to do our work under every favourable circumstance, when we shall see His face, and His servants shall serve Him. In the meantime, God is preparing his instruments for this great eternal service, and testing those who offer themselves to try whether they be fit for using. Therefore, while we are careful not to hinder God's present work on others *by means of us*, let us be still more concerned about his present work *upon ourselves*. The sum that may be made by our diligent trading with our entrusted talents is a weighty consideration; but still to us there is a weightier matter—that *we ourselves* turn out to be good and faithful servants, with the single eye and the united heart. Paul never forgot this for himself: "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that, by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." And he pressed the same single-hearted devotedness on others: "Thou, therefore, endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier."

JOHN BERRIDGE AND HIS MINISTRY;
OR, ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

(Continued.)

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE.

EVERY student of natural history knows well that some of God's creatures are wonderfully odd-looking and grotesque. There are birds, like the American toucan, with bills of such enormous size that we cannot understand how they are used. There are beasts, like the Mandril baboon, marked with such brilliant blue and red colours that we are fairly at a loss to explain their object. Yet they are all the work of an all-wise Creator. Our Father made them all. Not one of them could have been made better. Each and all, we need not doubt, is perfectly adapted for the place in creation which it was intended to fill.

Thoughts such as these come across my mind when I survey the character of John Berridge, vicar of Everton. Never, probably, did the grace of God dwell in a vessel of such singularly tempered clay. There was a strange vein of quaintness in his mental constitution, which seemed to crop out and bubble up on every occasion. He was continually saying odd things, and employing odd illustrations to convey his meaning. I do not for a moment think that he was an intentional "joker of jokes," or really wished to set people laughing; but his mind was so peculiarly compounded that he could not help putting things in a ludicrous way. It was in vain that his friends warned him of his besetting sin, and entreated him to lay it aside. The poor old evangelist acknowledged his infirmity, and pleaded that he was born with a fool's cap on, and that a fool's cap was not so easily put off as a night-cap. Hard as he strove to keep down his enemy, it was never completely subdued. "Odd things," he said, "break from me as abruptly as croaking from a raven." The habit of quaintness was bone of his bones and flesh of his flesh. It stuck to him as closely as his skin, and never left him until he was laid in the grave. Quaintly he thought and quaintly he

spoke, quaintly he preached and quaintly he wrote, quaint he lived and quaint he died. In this respect I fully concede he was a beacon to be avoided, and not an example to be followed.

While, however, I admit that Berridge was painfully quaint and odd, I do not at all admit the justice of Southey's remark, that he was "buffoon as well as fanatic." This judgment is unwarrantably severe. The twenty-six Outlines of Sermons, which his biographer has published, contain abundant proof that the Vicar of Everton never deliberately prepared buffoonery for the pulpit. On the contrary, with one or two trifling exceptions, there is a "conspicuous absence" of anything that could create a smile. The reader of these Outlines will find them very simple, very full of Scripture, very spiritual, and very evangelical. He will find in them, no doubt, nothing very deep or profound, nothing very striking or original; though he will always find man painted in his true colours and put in his right place, and Christ magnified, glorified, and exalted in every page. But if he expects to find anything ludicrous, jocose, or absurd, any quaint anecdotes, or ridiculous illustrations, he will be utterly and entirely disappointed. I should like those who decry poor Berridge as a mere pulpit jester, to read over, with attention, the hundred pages in which Whittingham has recorded the remains of the good man's preaching. If they do not alter their opinion very materially I shall be much surprised. They will probably agree with me that if the composer of such Outlines of Sermons was "a buffoon and a fanatic," it would do no harm to the Church of England if she had a few more such "buffoons and fanatics" among her clergy.

In justice to Berridge, I give it as my own deliberate opinion, that whatever quaintness there was in his sermons, was strictly confined to the

extemporaneous part of them, or to the illustrations which struck him on the spur of the moment. At any rate, there is little or no trace of it in his written Outlines. A man of great natural genius and a keen sense of the ludicrous, with his mind full of Aristophanes and Hudibras, like the old Fellow of Clare, might surely be lightly judged if he sometimes said odd things in his sermons. The excitement of seeing a great multitude hanging on his lips was doubtless great. The anxiety to say what would arrest and arouse was, doubtless, overwhelming. What wonder if he sometimes broke away from the outlines of his sermons, and said things in the heat of his zeal which in calmer moments he might condemn? One thing, at any rate, is very clear from the remains of his preaching, and that is, that he was a methodical preacher. If he did occasionally break over the fence, and let fall odd sayings, he managed to get back into the road, and was, sooner or later, in good order.

After all, I venture to think that men are often far too squeamish in their judgment of preachers. Great allowance ought always to be made for those who, like Berridge, are constantly preaching in rural districts to uneducated congregations. None but those who have preached for many years in such districts can have the least idea of the preacher's difficulty. There is a gulf between his mind and the minds of his hearers of which few have the smallest conception. How to get at their understandings, how to make them comprehend what we are saying, is the grand problem that has to be solved. Their standard of taste is not that of Oxford or Cambridge. Things that sound coarse and vulgar and unrefined to a trained ear, do not sound so to them. Their first and foremost want is to understand what the preacher is talking about; and he that can make poor farmers and labourers understand what he says is a preacher deserving of the highest praise. They care nothing for fine abstract ideas and rhetorical figures. They only care to hear what they can carry away. Now this, I suspect, was precisely the thing that Berridge never forgot. His grand aim was to make his hearers understand, and to attain that aim he sacrificed everything. If he made them smile, he also made them weep. If he excited them, he did not let them go to

sleep. If he broke the rules of taste, and made men laugh, he also succeeded in breaking hard hearts, and making them repent. All honour be to him for his boldness! Better a thousand times for men to smile and be converted, than to look stiff, and grave, and sleepy in their pews, and remain dead in trespasses and sins. I do not defend Berridge's escapades and transgressions of good taste. I do not recommend him as a model to young preachers. I only say that those who run him down and depreciate him because of his quaintness, would do well to remember that he did what many do not—he awakened and converted souls. Thousands of correct, and smooth, and prim, and proper clergymen are creeping through this world who never broke a canon of taste in the pulpit, never told an anecdote, never used a vulgar illustration, and never raised a smile. They have their reward! Their educated friends and relations admire them, and the world praises them. But they never prick a conscience, never frighten a sinner, never build up a saint, never pull down a single stone of the devil's kingdom—never save a soul. Give me the man who, like Berridge, may commit many mistakes, and offend many scrupulous ears, but yet reaches hearts, and helps to fill heaven.

Those who wish to form a correct idea of the singularly quaint workings of Berridge's mind, must turn from the Outlines of his Sermons to his other literary remains. These remains consist of a collection of hymns called "*Zion's Songs*," a prose work entitled "*The Christian World Unmasked*," and a selection of private letters to friends. The hymns I shall leave alone. The Vicar of Everton was no more a poet than Cicero or Julius Cæsar; and although the doctrine of his hymns is very sound, the poetry of them is very poor, while the ideas they occasionally present are painfully ludicrous. The "*Christian World Unmasked*" is a dialogue between two imaginary characters about the way of salvation, and contains much that is pointed and clear; but it is written throughout in such a very unrefined style, that it is not likely to be extensively useful. The letters to private friends are excellent, and are worth all the rest of Whittingham's volume put together. From these and the "*Christian World*" I will now select a few

specimens of Berridge's quaintness. I have spoken a good deal about it, and it is only just and fair to let the reader see what it was like.

Let us hear how Berridge speaks of human nature: "Nature lost her legs in Paradise, and has not found them since; nor has she any will to come to Jesus. The way is steep and narrow, full of self-denials, crowded up with stumbling-blocks: she cannot like it; and when she does come, it is with huge complaining. Moses is obliged to flog her tightly, and make her heart ache, before she casts a weeping look on Jesus. Once she doated on this Jewish lawgiver, was fairly wedded to him, and sought to please him by her works—and he seemed a kindly husband; but now, he grows so grim a tyrant, there is no bearing of him. When she takes a wrong step, his mouth is always full of cursing, and his resentment so implacable, no weeping will appease him, nor promise of amendment."*

Let us hear Berridge about the "Whole Duty of Man": "The 'Whole Duty of Man' was sent abroad with a good intent, but has failed of its purpose, as all such teaching ever will. Morality has not thriven since its publication; and never can thrive, unless founded wholly upon grace. The heathen, for want of this foundation, could do nothing. They spoke some noble truths, but spoke to men with withered hearts and loathing appetites. They were like way-posts, which show a road, but cannot help a cripple forward; and yet many of them preached higher morals than are often taught by their modern friends. In their way they were skilful fishermen, but fished without the gospel-bait, and could catch no fry. And after they had toiled long in vain, we take up their angle-rods, and dream of more success, though not possessed of half their skill. God has shown how little human wit and strength can do to compass reformation. Reason has explored the moral path, planted it with roses, and fenced it round with motives; but all in vain."†

Let us hear him again: "Men are rightly treated in the reading-desk, and called by their proper name of *miserable sinners*. But in the pulpit they are complimented on the dignity of their earthly, sensual, devilish natures, are flat-

tered with a princely will and power to save themselves, and ornamented with a lusty seam of merit. Justification by faith, the jewel of the Gospel covenant, the groundwork of the Reformation, the glory of the British Church, is now derided as a poor old beggarly element, which may suit a negro or a convict, but will not save a lofty scribe nor a lewd gentleman. And the covenant of grace, though executed legally by Jesus, purchased by his life and death, written and sealed with his blood, is deemed of no value, till ratified by Moses. Paul declares no other foundation can we lay beside that which is laid, Christ Jesus. But men are growing wise above that which is written, and will have two foundations for their hopes. These are, fancied merit, added to the meritorious life and death of Christ. If an angel should visit our earth, and proclaim such a kind of gospel as is often hawked from the press and pulpit, though he preached morality with most seraphic power, and till his wings dropped off, he would never turn one soul to God, nor produce a single grain of true morality, arising from the love of God, and aiming only at his glory."*

Let us hear him again: "Once I went to Jesus as a coxcomb, and gave myself fine airs, fancying, if He were something, so was I; if He had merit, so had I. I used him as a healthy man will use a walking-staff—lean an ounce upon it, and vapour with it in the air. But now He is my whole crutch; no foot can stir a step without him. He is my all, as he ought to be if he will become my Saviour, and bids me cast all my care on him. My heart can have no rest unless it leans upon him wholly; and then it feels his peace. But I am apt to leave my resting-place; and when I ramble from it, my breast will quickly brew up mischief. Some evil temper now begins to boil, or some care would fain perplex me, or some idol wants to please me, or some deadness or lightness creeps upon my spirit, and communion with my Saviour is withdrawn. When these thorns stick in my flesh, I do not try, as heretofore, to pick them out with my own needle; but I carry all my complaints to Jesus, casting every care on him. His office is to save, and mine to

* "Christian World," p. 292, Whittingham's Edition.

† "Christian World," p. 335.

* "Christian World," p. 341.

look to him for help. If evil tempers arise, I go to him as some demoniac. If deadness creeps upon me, I go a paralytic. If dissipation comes, I go a lunatic. If darkness clouds my face, I go a Bartimeus. And when I pray, I always go a leper, crying, as Isaiah did, Unclean, unclean." *

Let us hear what he says in a letter to John Newton, dated October 18, 1771: "The foulest stain and highest absurdity in our nature is pride. And yet this base hedgehog so rolls himself up in his bristly coat, we can seldom get a sight of his claws. It is the root of unbelief. Men cannot submit to the righteousness of Christ, and pride cleaves to them like a pitched shirt to the skin, or like leprosy to the wall. No sharp culture of ploughing and harrowing will clear the ground of it. The foul weed will be sure to spring up again with the next kindly rain. This diabolical sin has brought more scourges on my back than anything else; and it is of so insinuating a nature, that I know not how to part with it. I hate it, and love it; I quarrel with it, and embrace it; I dread it, and yet suffer it to lie in my bosom. It pleads a right, through the fall, to be a tenant for life; and has such a wonderful appetite, that it can feed kindly both on grace and garbage—will be as warm and snug in a cloister as a palace, and be as much delighted with a fine prayer as a foul oath."

Let us hear what he says in a letter to Samuel Wilkes, dated August 16, 1774: "Sitting closely on the bench is very sweet after a stormy voyage; but I fancy you will find it more difficult to walk closely with Jesus in a calm than a storm, in easy circumstances than in straits. A Christian never falls asleep in the fire or in the water, but grows drowsy in the sunshine. We love to nestle but cannot make a nest in a hard bed. God has given you good abilities. This, of course, will make you respected by men of business, and tempt you at times to admire yourself, and thus bring a smart rod upon your back. Sharp genius, like a sharp knife, often makes a wrong gash, and cuts a finger instead of food. We scarcely know how to turn our backs on admiration, though it comes from the vain world; yet a kick from the world does believers less harm than a kiss. I

apprehend a main part of your trial will lie here. When you are tempted to think gaudily of yourself, and spread your feathers like a peacock, remember that fine parts in themselves are like the fine wings of a butterfly, which garnish out the moth and grub beneath. Remember, too, that a fiend has sharper parts than the sharpest of us, and that one grain of godly grace is of more worth than a hundred thousand heads-ful of Attic wit, or of philosophic, theologic, or commercial science."

Let us hear what he writes to Lady Huntingdon about the marriage of ministers, on March 23, 1770: "Before I parted with honest G., I cautioned him much against petticoat snares. He has burnt his wings already. Sure he will not imitate a foolish gnat, and hover again about the candle? If he should fall into a sleeping-lap, like Samson, he will soon need a flannel night-cap, and a rusty chain to fix him down, like a chained Bible to the reading-desk. No trap so mischievous to the field-preacher as wedlock; and it is laid for him at every hedge corner. Matrimony has quite maimed poor Charles [Wealey], and might have spoiled John [Wealey] and George [Whitefield], if a wise Master had not graciously sent them a brace of ferrets. Dear George has now got his liberty again; and he will escape well if he is not caught by another tenter-hook. Eight or nine years ago, having been grievously tormented with house-keeping, I truly had thought of looking out for a Jezebel myself. But it seemed highly needful to ask advice of the Lord. So, kneeling down on my knees before a table, with a Bible between my hands, I besought the Lord to give me a direction." I may add that Jeremiah xvi. 2 settled the question, to Barridge's satisfaction, in the negative.

In another letter he says: "A man may be constitutionally meek as the lamb, constitutionally kind as the spaniel, constitutionally cheerful as the lark, and constitutionally modest as the owl; but these things are not sanctification. No sweet, humble, heavenly tempers, no sanctifying graces, are found but from the cross."

In another letter he says: "A Smithfield fire would unite the sheep of Christ, and frighten the goats away; but when the world ceases to per-

secute the flocks, they begin to fight each other. Indeed, the worst part of the sheep is in his head, which is not half so good as a calf's head; and with this they are ever butting at each other."

In another letter he says: "I told my brother Mr. Henry Venn he need not fear being hanged for sheep-stealing, while he only whistles the sheep into a better pasture, and meddles neither with the flock nor fleece. And I am sure he cannot sink much lower in credit; for he has lost his character right honestly by preaching law and gospel without mincing. The scoffing world makes no other distinction between him and me, than between Satan and Beelzebub. We have both got tufted horns and cloven feet; only I am thought the more impudent devil of the two."

I leave the subject of John Berridge's quaintness here. It would be easy to multiply quotations like those I have given; but I have probably said enough to give my readers some idea of the strange workings of the good Vicar of Everton's mind. I do not pretend to defend his odd sayings. I fully admit that they were calculated to interfere with his usefulness. But, once for all, I must request my readers not to judge them too severely, and, above all, to beware of setting down the eccentric author of them as a ranting fool. Berridge, we may depend on it, was nothing of the kind. Quaint as his sayings were, a Christian reader will seldom fail to discern in them a deep vein of common sense, shrewdness, and sagacity. Odd and unrefined as his illustrations often were, they were just the kind of thing that arrests and keeps up the attention of rural hearers. Let us grant that he erred in an excess of *quaintness*, but let us not forget that hundreds of preachers err in an excess of correct *dulness*, and never do good to a single soul.

I should be sorry to leave on any reader's mind the impression that quaintness was the only leading characteristic of the good Vicar of Everton. There were other prominent features in his character which were quite as remarkable as his quaintness, but which his detractors have found it convenient to forget. There were many grand and fine points about this old evangelist, which deserve to be had in remembrance, and which all who love pure and undefiled religion will know

how to appreciate. I will briefly mention a few of them, and then draw my account of him to a conclusion.

Berridge was a man of *deep humility*. That queen of all the graces, which adorned Whitefield and Grimshaw so remarkably, was a prominent feature in his character. No man could be more sensible of his infirmities than he was, and no one could speak of himself more disparagingly than he did. He says, in 1773: "Ten years ago, I hoped to be something long before this time, and seemed in a promising way; but a nearer view of the spiritual wickedness in my heart, and of the spiritual demands of God's law, has forced me daily to cry, 'O wretched man that I am! God be merciful to me a sinner!' I am now sinking from a poor something into a vile nothing; and wish to be nothing, that Christ may be all. I am creeping down the ladder from self-complacency to self-abhorrence; and the more I abhor myself, the more I must hate sin, which is the cause of that abhorrence."—"As the heart is more washed, we grow more sensible of its remaining defilement; just as we are more displeased with a single spot on a new coat, than with a hundred stains on an old one. The more wicked men grow, the less ashamed they are of themselves; and the more holy men grow, the more they learn to abhor themselves."

For another thing, Berridge was a man who *gloried in our Lord Jesus Christ*, and in all his preaching, speaking, and writing, delighted to make much of Him. He says, in one of his letters: "Once I was sensible of my lameness, but did not know that Christ was to be my whole strength as well as righteousness. I saw His blood could purge away the guilt of sin; but I thought I had some natural might against the power of sin. Accordingly, I laboured to cut away my own corruptions, and pray away my own will, but laboured in the fire. At length, God has shown me that John Berridge cannot drive the devil out of himself; but Jesus Christ, blessed be his name, must say to the Legion, 'Come out.' I see that faith alone can purify the heart as well as purify the conscience, and that Christ is worthy to be my all in everything, in wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

For another thing, Berridge was a man of *singular kindness and self-denial*. No man perhaps ever carried on Christ's work with more thoroughly disinterested views. Whether at home or abroad he was always giving, and never receiving, and went through all his immense labours gratuitously. Houses and barns were rented for preaching, lay-preachers maintained in all directions, and his own travelling expenses defrayed by himself. Whenever he preached in a cottage, he invariably left half-a-crown for the use of it; and during his itinerancy, he actually spent £500 in this way alone. Cases of distress and suffering always met with munificent help from him. His whole income, both private and professional, was annually spent in doing good, and even his family plate was sold to buy clothes for his itinerant preachers. As to his own habits at home, they were simple in the extreme. To one who came to supply his pulpit (the Hon. and Rev. W. Shirley), when absent from home, he wrote the following quaint intimation: "You must eat what is set before you, and be thankful. I get hot victuals but *once a week* for myself, viz., on Saturday; but, because you are an Honourable man, I have ordered two hot joints to be got each week for you. Use what I have just as your own. I make no feasts, but save all I can, to give all I can. I have never yet been worth a groat at the year's end, nor desire it." As to his fare abroad, when itinerating in the eastern counties, he says in another letter: "I fear my weekly circuit would not suit a London or Bath divine. Long rides, and miry roads, in sharp weather! Cold houses to sit in, with very moderate fuel, and three or four children roaring or rocking about you! Coarse food, and meagre liquor! Lumpy beds to lie on and too short for the feet, with stiff blankets like boards for a covering! Rise at five in the morning to preach; at seven, breakfast on poor tea; at eight, mount a horse with boots never cleaned, and then ride home praising God for all mercies!"

For another thing, Berridge was a man of uncommon *shrewdness, good sense, and sagacity*. Never was there a more complete mistake than to suppose that he, any more than Romaine, was a mere ranting, weak-headed fanatic. A careful perusal of his remains will show them to be re-

plete with deep, thoughtful, and far-sighted remarks. His criticism of Cowper's Poems, his letters about Lady Huntingdon's College at Trevecca, his well-balanced statements of some of the most disputed points in the Calvinistic controversy, and his sensible treatment of enthusiasts under his ministry, are excellent evidences of this feature in his character. I know few wiser and more comprehensive letters of advice to a young minister about a sermon than one (not dated) which Whittingham has inserted at the end of his collection. Among other things, he says: "When you open your commission, begin with laying open the innumerable corruptions of the hearts of your audience. Moses will lend you a knife, which may be often whetted at his grindstone. Lay open the universal sinfulness of men's natures, the darkness of the mind, the frowardness of the will, the fretfulness of the temper, and the earthliness and sensuality of the affections. Speak of the evil of sin in its nature, its rebellion against God as our Sovereign, ingratitude to God as our Lawgiver, and contempt both of his authority and love. Declare the evil of sin in its effects, bringing all our sicknesses, pains, and snares—all the evils we feel, and all the evils we fear."—"Lay open the spirituality of the law and its extent, reaching to every thought, word, and action, and declaring every transgression, whether by omission or commission, deserving of death. Declare man's utter helplessness to change his nature, or make his peace."—"When your hearers are deeply affected with these things, which is often seen by the hanging down of their heads, then preach Christ. Lay open the Saviour's almighty power to soften the hard heart and give it repentance, to bring pardon to the broken heart, a spirit of prayer to the prayerless heart, holiness to the filthy heart, and faith to the unbelieving heart. Let them know that all the treasures of grace are lodged in Jesus Christ for the use of the poor needy sinner, and that he is full of love as well as of power; turns no beggar from his gate, but receives all comers kindly; loves to bless them, and bestows all his blessings free. Here you must wave the gospel flag, and magnify the Saviour supremely. Speak it with a full mouth, that his blood can wash away the foulest sins, and his grace subdue the stoutest corruptions.

Entreat the people to seek his grace, to seek it directly, to seek it diligently, to seek it constantly; and acquaint them that all who thus seek shall assuredly find the salvation of God."

For another thing, Berridge was a man of *extraordinary courage and boldness*. He was one of those who could say with David: "I will speak of thy testimonies before kings, and not be ashamed." In doing his Master's business, and delivering his Master's message, he was never stopped for a moment by fear of personal danger or regard for the opinion of the world. Neither bishops, squires, nor parsons had any terrors for him. At an early period of his evangelical ministry he took his line, and from that line he never swerved. The occasion of his first resolving never to be afraid is strikingly described in the following anecdote, which I take from the "Churchman's Monthly Penny Magazine" for 1852:—

"In one of the villages in which he was known as a preacher of the new doctrines, which were then beginning to excite a great sensation in different spots in England, he was exposed, when passing through it, to the hootings and revilings of the mob to an extent which frequently chafed his excitable spirit. This village was composed nearly exclusively of a long, straggling street, and, as is to be seen in many similar hamlets in England and elsewhere, was surrounded on one side by a narrow lane, which, jutting off at one end, joined it again, by a much wider circuit than that made by the street, at the other. On one day in which Berridge was about to pass through this village, his spirit quailed within him, in anticipation of the rough reception he would certainly meet with from the bigoted inhabitants. He felt as if he could not encounter it, and accordingly turned into the narrow lane of which we have spoken just at the moment when a pig-driver of his acquaintance entered the street with his noisy charge. It was their hap, each pursuing his own course, to meet again at the farther end of the village, when the pig-driver, who not only knew Berridge, but knew his principles, and knew the truth, looked up in his face with a most peculiar expression, and said: '*So you are ashamed on't.*'"

"The saying went to his heart. 'Yes,' he said, 'I have been ashamed on't; I resolve, in the strength of God, to be ashamed of it no more, but henceforth to press after it, firm unto the end.' A resolution which, undertaken by a resolute mind in the fear of God, was, perhaps, never more faithfully carried out in the future progress of a long and devoted life."

Last, but not least, Berridge was a man of

deep *acquaintance with Christian experience and tender sympathy* with the people of God. Those who fancy that he was a rough, vulgar, ranting out-door preacher, always full of jests and jokes and high spirits, and always dwelling on elementary truths, know very little of the good man's character. Let them read the following letters carefully, and mark how the itinerant evangelist of Everton could write to his friends. The first of the three was written to a friend on the occasion of his wife's death, and will be found in Whittingham's volume. The other two have come to me from private hands, and have never been printed before:—

EVERTON, March 26, 1771.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Mr. W— informs me of the loss of your dear wife. You once knew she was mortal; but she has now put off mortality, and is become immortal. Can this grieve you? Oh, that I was where she now is!—

'Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet, to part no more.'

She was once a mourning sinner in the wilderness, but she is now a glorified saint in Zion; the Lord is become her everlasting light—the days of her mourning are ended. Does this trouble you?—She was once afflicted with bodily pains and weakness, encompassed with cares, and harassed with a crowd of anxious, needless fears; but she has now arrived at her Father's house, and Jesus has wiped away all tears from her eyes, and freed her in a moment from all pains, cares, fears, and wants. And shall this affect you?—You have not lost your wife; she has only left you for a few moments—left an earthly husband to visit a heavenly Father—and expects your arrival there soon, to join the hallelujah for redeeming love. Are you still weeping?—Fie upon you, brother!—weeping because your wife can weep no more! weeping because she is happy, because she is joined to that assembly where all are kings and priests! weeping because she is daily feasted with heavenly manna, and hourly drinking new wine in her Father's kingdom! weeping because she is now where you would be, and long to be eternally! weeping because she is singing, and singing sweet anthems to her God and your God!—O shameful weeping! Jesus has fetched your bride triumphantly home to his kingdom, to draw your soul more ardently thither; he has broken up a cistern to bring you nearer, and keep you closer to the fountain; has caused a moment's separation, to divorce your affections from the creature; and has torn a wedding-string from your heart, to set it a-bleeding more freely, and panting more vehemently for Jesus. Hereafter you will see how gracious the Lord has been, in calling a beloved wife home, in order to betroth the husband more effectually

to himself. Remember that the house of mourning becomes and befriends a sinner; that sorrow is a safe companion for a pilgrim, who walks much astray until his heart is well broken. May all your tears flow in a heavenly channel, and every sigh waft your soul to Jesus! May the God of all consolation comfort you through life, and in death afford you a triumphant entrance into his kingdom! So prays your friend and brother in the gospel of Christ, J. BERRIDGE."

"EVERTON, Sept. 14, 1773.

"DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter, and thank you for it. You want nothing but an opened eye to see the glory of Christ's redemption; and he must give it, and will bestow it, when it is most for his glory and your advantage. Had you Daniel's holiness, Paul's zeal, John's love, Magdalen's repentance (and I wish you had them all), yet altogether they would give you no title to a pardon. You must at last receive it as a *ruined sinner*, even as the Cross-thief received it.

"No graces or services of your own can give you a right to pardon; you must come to Jesus for it, weary and heavy-laden; and if you are afflicted for sin, and desirous of being delivered from its guilt and power, no past iniquities in your life, nor present corruptions of your heart, will be a bar to pardoning mercy. If we are truly seeking salvation by Jesus, we shall be disposed, as we are really bound, to seek after holiness.

"But remember, though holiness is the *walk* to heaven, Christ is the *way* to God; and when you seek for pardon, you must go wholly out of your walk, be it good or bad, and look only to Him who is the way. You must look to Him as a miserable sinner, justly condemned by his law, a proper brand for hell, and look to be plucked from the fire by rich and sovereign grace. You have just as much worthiness for a pardon as the Cross-thief had, which is none at all; and in your best estate you will never have any more. A pardon was freely given to him upon asking for it freely, and given instantly because no room was left for delays; and a pardon is as ready for you as for him, when you can ask for it, as he did, with self-loathing and condemnation; but the proper seasons of bestowing the pardon are kept in Jesus' own hand. He makes his mercy manifest to the heart when it will most glorify his grace and benefit the sinner. Only continue asking for mercy; and seek it only through the blood of the cross, without any eye to your own worthiness, and that blood in due time will be sprinkled on your conscience, and you shall cry, Abba, Father.

"Present my kindest love to my dear brother Mr. Romaine. The Lord continue his life and usefulness. Kind respects and Christian salutation to Mrs. Olney. Grace and peace be with both, and with your affectionate and obliged servant, J. BERRIDGE."

"EVERTON, Nov. 7, 1786.

"DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter, along with

your present. I thank you for the present, as being a token of your respect, and attended, I find, with your daily prayers for me, which I value more than human presents. The Lord bless you, and lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you a sweet enjoyment of his peace.

"I have hitherto found that Christian people who live in the dark, fearing and doubting, yet waiting on God, have usually a very happy death. They are kept humble, hungering and praying, and the Lord clears up their evidences at length in a last sickness, if not before, and they go off with hallelujahs.

"From what I know of you, and from the account you give of yourself, I have no doubt of the safety of your state: yet rest not here, but seek further. Two things should be carefully attended to by all upright people—one is the evidence of the Word, the other is the evidence or witness of the Spirit. The Word says: 'All that believe are justified from all things' (Acts xiii. 39). I ask, then, do you not place your whole dependence on Jesus Christ for salvation? Do you not heartily accept of Jesus Christ in all his offices, and are you not daily seeking to him to teach you and rule you as well as to pardon you? Then you are certainly a believer, and as such are justified in God's sight from all your sins, according to the plain declaration of God's Word. Let this encourage you to seek with confidence for the evidence of the Spirit, to proclaim that justification to your heart. The evidence of the Word is given to hold up the heart in a season of doubts and fears, and the evidence of the Spirit comes to scatter those fears. Remember also that salvation does not depend on the *strength* of faith, but the *reality* of it. In the gospels, Jesus often rebukes weak faith, but never rejects it. Weak faith brings but little comfort, yet is as much entitled to salvation as strong.

"I have had much of my nervous fever this summer; never once stirred out of my parish, and never further in it than to my church! Through mercy I am somewhat better; and when alone, with a Bible before me, am composed and comfortable, yet scarce able to bear visits, so weak are my spirits. . . . Give my love to Mr. G—, and tell him from first to last he has been the friend of my heart. I send my kind respects to your partner. Grace and peace be with you both, and with your affectionate servant, JOHN BERRIDGE."

I close my account of the good old Vicar of Everton with one remark. The man who could write such letters as these is not one who ought to be lightly esteemed. John Berridge is a minister who has never been rightly valued on account of his one besetting infirmity. The one "dead fly in his ointment" has made the Church ignore his many gifts and graces. Yet he was a man of whom the world was not worthy. Good judges

of men, such as John Thornton, Lady Huntingdon, Whitefield, Wesley, Owen, Fletcher, John Newton, Rowland Hill, Charles Simeon, Jones of Creaton, were all agreed about him, and all held him in honour. Let us reform our judgment of

the good man, and cast our prejudices aside. Whatever some may please to say, we may rest assured that there were few greater, better, holier, and more useful ministers a hundred years ago than old John Berridge.

THOUGHTS IN TRIAL.*

TRIAL FELT.

NOW, such long days (days of inability from illness to read or work) are long, bring what faith one can to make them be received without murmur. And it is quite one thing to have no will but God's about such little trials, and even to rejoice in them as sent by him in token of Fatherly love, and quite *another* not to feel them acutely. The flesh finds its weakness in such things. But I think that is the right way to receive them too—to be able to say, when facing the matter fairly, "Truly I would not have it otherwise," and yet to feel it so acutely as to require constantly to be going over the same ground, in order not to sink under the trial altogether.

There is a text in Job, which I often think of in connection with this subject, where the "hypocrites in heart" are spoken of condemningly, because "they cry not when He bindeth them." I like to feel that no *hard fortitude* is required of the chastened child, but that it ought to feel, and may cry, under the rod, without a single rebellious thought. Not that it is easy or possible to keep out every rebellious thought, but that *these only*, and not the feeling, or even the natural exhibitions of that feeling of grief and pain (within due limits, of course) are sin.

THE LESSON OF SICKNESS.

IN Mrs. Winslow's Letters, I have just read a remark, not the least uncommon, but to me unsatisfactory. It is to the effect, that, to a believer, the trial of sickness is not a mere blank, laying him aside from God's service. It is often, she says, the most useful, glorious, fruitful time of a believer's life; and then she proceeds to show the lessons one may learn, and the life of prayer one may lead.

Now, this is all very true. But it seems to me as if writers on sickness often assume that it is a time of great vigour of mind, and even prescribe exercises of spirit, which, in truth, require vigour of *body* almost

to perform aright or to any purpose. Also, they speak of learning patience, getting to know God in his dealings, and so on, as if these were things which we consciously employed ourselves in, like reading, or learning a language—instead of being lessons of experience, which we only find we *have learnt* on looking back on the time which has been fruitful of such, and which we have passed through simply as little children.

The great general lesson of sickness, I am persuaded, is to be *still*, and to receive it as the day's appointment, ready to do what He calls us to, under the conditions he has thus laid upon us—not to strive to do anything. But, if pain comes, be patient; if weakness, resign to it *just for the hour*. Don't take up the burden of the purpose of God in it, and whether we are fulfilling it. This is his "secret thing." The thing revealed, which is for us, is only the present hour with its strength or weakness, and the duty of the hour under the conditions in which God has placed us. How simple is this! Nor will the great aggregate lesson be the less fully and clearly learned, that we do not fret over every step towards it.

Patience, or to know God's love, are lessons far harder to learn than any language or science; and yet we set the perfect attainment of these before us, as if we expected that one, two, or ten lessons, would enable us to reach it: and we are humbled, distressed, discouraged, and even rebellious, that it is not so! And we do this most (and some speak and write as if it were right) when we are least able!

Nay, I will learn by the system of the Master. I will take my lesson day by day, and though it be to me uncounted up as to progress, I trust him that he leads me on, and that at last the language of Heaven will be fully learnt.

THE WORK PERFECTED.

HE cannot remove our trials until we have really learnt this lesson—unless in anger, to leave us to our ignorance and rebellion. The same love that kept me ill till I began to learn, may *lovingly* still keep me ill, to teach me thoroughly. Or he may graciously teach me himself quickly by his Spirit, and lead me up to work again, and to practise what I have learnt. Any way, it is *all love*. And that confidence is *perfect peace*.

Perhaps I feel now more than ever the joy it would

* From "Under the Shadow": Being additional Leaves from the Note-book of the late Mary B. M. Duncan, Author of "Bible Hours." London: James Nisbet & Co. Marked by all the freshness of thought, the deep spiritual insight, the practical wisdom, and the singular felicity of expression, by which the "Bible Hours" is distinguished.

be to be well. I rejoice in this pain. Chastening is not chastening while it is not felt. So I like to feel the pain, and realize that I am the object of the careful training, and the loving care of our Father. How sad it would be to be chastened, and to feel it only an *accidental* pain, and to recover, and never know the chastening or the lesson, or the hand that smote and healed!

LONGINGS FOR DELIVERANCE.

For myself, I have a very earnest hope that the change of climate will perhaps restore me to a measure of health again. I do not, however, allow myself to dwell on this. My trial has been sweet to me in many ways. And so late have I been in feeling its lessons, that I scarce dare think I have begun to learn them yet. And so I hope with trembling. For who would choose to stop short of the mark after running long and painfully? If I have yet lessons to learn by this cross, I would learn them without murmuring at its pressure. And truly it needs no *if*! When one feels how much one lacks, is it not the only way to put *our whole way* into his hands, that he may "work in us" that salvation which we cannot work out for ourselves? trying to have no wish of our own, but to take meekly what he gives with a thankful heart?

I do not attain this, however. For my wish is strong, and recurs often. But perhaps it is that it may be a little daily sacrifice to lay it down at his feet. Is it not a cheering view to take of wishes which we have, and which are not wishes in themselves *wrong*, to look on them as arising, not so much from *sin* in us, as from our humanity, and being rather permitted by God, than (as we are apt to think sometimes) suggested by Satan? So that we may have a little sacrifice, *not of merit*, but of love, to lay down day by day on the altar, while we say, "Thy will be done."

LIFE DESIRABLE.

We sometimes hear it said in regard to persons who suffer from prolonged illness, that with so much suffering life cannot be very desirable. This is a view I can never sympathize in; and it renders null for me many of the accepted books, hymns, &c., for the consolation of invalids.

My feeling is always that my lot is cast in large places, and my blessings so many that it would be in itself bitter to leave so fair a life. I feel, moreover, that my joys and my blessings are so great that I cannot dare to bring them into comparison with my much solaced sufferings—*themselves* the root of much of my blessing in sympathy and kindness. Heaven is lovely, and far beyond earth. Separation is short, even as a moment. The perfected body and soul will enjoy an inconceivable happiness in God, in the saints, in itself, in the loved ones who made earth so lovely, and,

above all, in Jesus. These are consolations so rich, that, when we fully realize them, we can say with St. Paul, "I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." But I have no satisfaction in the idea of the mere cessation of pain, purchased by a quitting of the scenes of duty and joy around me. And there rises in my mind a sort of repulsion to the comfort which carries in it this selfish element, of a paramount desire for ease at any cost. There is no submission in it—no belief in God's love in sending pain—no hope of its working righteousness—no acknowledgment of comforts received either from God or man. It is true impatience, true selfishness, aping resignation.

OUR DESERTS.

It is often remarked that we deserve none of all the mercies we daily receive. Now, this is in one sense perfectly true. But still Christ's own people can *claim* them. Those who are in Christ, who rely on God's word, and pray in all things according to it, can look for such blessings with confidence.

True—ourselves by ourselves—we deserve nothing but *Wrath*. But in *Christ* we are free from this condemnation. Oh, blessed thought, in *him* we *deserve* the treatment of sons and daughters of God—the promise of this life and of that which is to come!

It seems to me almost a magnifying of God's mercy at the expense of his justice and truth, to speak as we so often do, of his benefits as given to us, *who deserve nothing but punishment* at his hands. For though this is in itself true, it is but a half-truth; and the *whole truth* of our glorious position as children of God, and so receiving the portion of sons, is far more a matter of wonder and praise.

LITERAL INTERPRETATION OF THE PROMISES.

I LIKE to take the promises in their simple literal sense. Don't you think we sometimes look *too far* for our lessons, and fulfilment of Scripture, like long-sighted people, who can see the distant view, but can't read the book in their hand, or see the flowers at their feet? Ah, in many senses we need to pray, "Open thou mine eyes!"

I often think I miss the grander, larger views. But then the time for full sight is coming, when we shall know all. I don't think we should choose to miss a flower by the way. *Afterwards* comes the view of the path in its greatness, *now* in detail.

DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

I do not know what patients may be to their doctors. It must vary according to the individual characters and circumstances on both sides. And in every several case, perhaps, with more or less modification, the

patient is always No. 20, No. 110, or No. 9999, as it may be.

What I do know, and wish to express some thoughts on, is what the doctor is to his patient. For, on this point, I think there are sundry misconceptions, and much want of fixed idea altogether. I think it is nearly summed up in these two points—that *he is a man*, and *only a man*.

He is therefore *not infallible*. He is no doubt, by education and large experience, far better qualified to help us than we are to help ourselves. But when he has done his best, and brought his best powers to bear upon our case, he is but an agent in the hand of the Lord and Giver of life. He is not responsible for the success of his endeavours. He does what he can; and when he fails, he merits not our reproach, but our sympathy. The patient is not the only one disappointed. For, if the doctor is *only a man* in fallibility and knowledge, he is a man likewise in heart and purpose, and cannot fail in his efforts without keen disappointment. Let us add to this personal failure the suffering which a sensitive mind endures in the sight of pain and of sorrow, and, perhaps too often, a sense of injustice done him by the patient or his friends. And surely the remembrance of the fact, so practically ignored, that the doctor is *a man*, and *only a man*, will change much of what is now the bitter feeling of reproach, of which he is sometimes the innocent object, into sympathy, and the disappointment at the failure of his efforts into calm resignation to the will of God.

Again, does the doctor ever think how No. 9999 on his list of cases has but one visitor of any interest to vary the quiet solitude and dull routine of his sick-room? and that that one is himself? Does the doctor ever remember that he alone brings into many a sick-room an idea of the outer world of business and pleasure? Does he know how the mind, shut up to enforced silent meditation, dwells on the one visitant—his words, his character, his most trifling observation? Does he recollect that every meal, every returning time for rest, medicine, and refreshment, brings back to the isolated patient the one image—the doctor. He is the autocrat, he is the friend, he is the relief, he is the tyrant, he is the world, to the poor invalid. Does he know that his little word of sympathy is felt and thought of, and is a light in the darkness?—that his *forget* is felt also? Does he know how his five minutes' cheerful

conversation lets in the fresh air and light to the weary, panting spirit? And while it lets him see the true state of his patient, instead of the represented state, does he not know that it leaves a better, cheerier state behind, than has been there before his visit?

Again, does the doctor ever think how the patient's interest in him works? Does he remember (if he did, would it not cheer many a dreary and oppressed hour?) that a Christian must carry all his interests to the throne of grace—that he carries his desire for health there—and his anxiety that wisdom may be given to his doctor to understand and guide his case? If his patient is a true Christian, will he stop at this self-interested prayer? Does he not also carry his personal observations of his doctor there too—praying for his health, if he is sick—his comfort, if he seems in trouble—his usefulness and success in his work—his deliverance from his temptations—his spiritual life amidst a depressing, engrossing occupation—his reward, when relief attends his successful efforts for our aid?

Would not a remembrance of these things, on both sides, affect greatly the relation between Patient and Doctor?

"ALWAY READY."

I DID not know the doctors thought me so ill then. I did not feel as if I were so very ill. Perhaps it is a lesson to me not to trust to *feeling*—a warning to me that I am on the outskirts of the land of the living.

In the days of my childhood I used to have a vague idea of a line, a wall, or something, dividing county from county. Especially the expression "crossing the border," brought an undefined idea of an actual division of some kind. I don't know that this idea ever really forsook me, as an impression (of course, I knew it was only an impression), till the day I crossed the Border, and watched through miles of snowy, bleak hill-country, of which I scarce could tell whether it was England or Scotland, and certainly could not have told where the one ended and the other began. I have got into the "bleak hill-country" of invalid life. How doubly needful to be "alway ready," since I cannot tell where the line is which separates this from that which lies beyond! Yet it is difficult to shake off the old impression that we will *see the line*, and will have time to prepare to cross it.



ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA:

A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration.

A SEQUEL TO "THE DRAYTONS AND THE DAVENANTS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

VI.

LETTICE'S DIARY.

SEPTEMBER 1649, *Paris*.—"Put not your trust in princes."

The young king hath left for Jersey; whither further, time will show. Regret at his departure by this hollow French Court is scarce even feigned. Walter is gone to join the gallant Marquis of Montrose. And perilous as the enterprise is, it is a kind of relief to us; so far greater seem to us the perils of the king's idle court than those of the field.

We are not made to feel so very welcome here as to make our lives a festival. Cardinal Mazarin, who, with the Queen-Mother, ordereth all things (the king, Louis XIV., being but a boy of eleven or twelve years of age), lets it be seen but too plainly that they would not be sorry to see the young king, and even the Queen Henrietta herself (though a daughter of France), translated to any other asylum. His Majesty but lately dismissed some Commissioners from Scotland (where they had the grace to proclaim him in February). They were Covenanted persons, and made so much parley as to the conditions on which they would be subject to him, that it seemed as if their true purpose was but to make him subject to them. The negotiations were broken off all the more abruptly, in consequence of the over-zeal of some followers of the gallant Marquis of Montrose, who assassinated the Ambassador of the "Parliament" at the Hague. This deed made the Scottish Commissioners more stiff in their ways, so that their Commission ended in nothing. My father, with the most zealous of the king's followers, much misliketh these dealings with men "whose very Covenant (saith he) constitutes them rebels."

"If the Scottish people are happy enough to get their king back," he protests, "after basely selling his father (of sacred memory), they must take him as a king, not as a scholar or slave of their arrogant preachers. Otherwise, better remain king of his faithful exiles here, of loyal Jersey and the Isle of Man (which the noble Countess of Derby still holds for him), and bide his time."

For my father liketh not subtleties, and the double ways of Courts. The Marquis of Montrose (with his followers) he thinks well-nigh the only Scottish man worthy the name of loyal; he who writ on his master's death—

"I'll sing thine obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thine epitaph in blood and wounds."

October 15th.—Good Mr. Evelyn, who came to kiss the king and the queen's hand (an honour few covet now), hath brought us heavy tidings to-day of a dire massacre at Tredah in Ireland; the flower of the Marquis of Ormond's army cut off, and such a panic struck through the land, that one stronghold after another has yielded. It was Cromwell's doing. When will the awful career of this man of blood be brought to an end? Not a few among us think he must be master of some dread sorceries. How else should he cast his wicked spells around the good men who, alas! follow him?

Some even think there are mysterious allusions to him in the Book of the Revelations. Certain Greek figures there, which are also letters, being capable, if ingeniously taken to pieces and put together again, of being made to spell the number of his name, or the name of something belonging to him. Of this I cannot judge, not knowing Greek. And I think it scarce wise to build too much on it, because I understand these same

figures have been diversely applied before by various interpreters to their various enemies. And perhaps it is better (at least for people who do not know Greek) to wait until the prophecies are fulfilled before they thus interpret them. It would be a pity (if we should, after all, be mistaken) to find we had been misapplying the Holy Scriptures into a vocabulary for calling people ill names withal. That this terrible man is, however, indeed as a terrible "Beast," trampling on kings and peoples and nations, "dreadful and terrible and strong exceedingly, having iron teeth, devouring and breaking in pieces, and stamping the residue with his feet," no Royalist can doubt.

This loss of Tredah, good Mr. Evelyn saith, forerunneth the loss of all Ireland. His Majesty, when he heard of it, is reported to have said, "Then I must go and die there too." But these melancholic and heroical moods, my father saith, do not last long with His Majesty.

January 30th, 1650.—A day ever to be remembered with fasting, and weeping, and bitter lamentation.

So I wrote this morning, and just after, sweet Madame La Mothe came to bid me to a fête. She came into the room in a glow of kindly animation with the pleasure she hoped to give me, but started back appalled at my robe of deep mourning (which of late, at my father's wish, I had lightened), and the grave face which too unfeignedly accompanied it.

"My child," she said, "what new calamity? Thou shouldst have let thy mother's old friend share it."

"No new calamity, madame," I said; "or, at least, a calamity always new until it is expiated. This is the anniversary of the martyrdom."

"The fête of a martyr, my friend?" said she; "I thought your English Church had no martyrs, or, at least, no calendar. Besides, we keep our martyrs' days as festivals."

"Scarcely, madame," I said, "when only a year old. It is the day of the death of our martyred king."

"Ah, my child," she said, drawing a long breath. "Doubtless the death of the late king of England was a sad tragedy. All the Courts of Europe acknowledged it to be so. Most of them went into mourning, at the time."

But she was evidently much relieved.

"It matters not, my loyal child!" she said. "To-day you shall devote to your pious lamentations. I will defer the little fête I promised myself on your account till to-morrow."

And with an embrace she left me.

But I think scarcely anything before has made me feel so much what it is to be an exile. To her the sovereign for whom we have willingly sacrificed so much, and were ready to sacrifice all, is merely "the late king of England;" the anniversary of his martyrdom is no more than that of St. Pancras or St. Alban; and an ample lamentation for his death is a Court mourning!

My father commended me for my loyal black draperies. But when Barbe began and concluded our dinner with the meagre soup which I thought the only fare appropriate for such a day, he looked a little anxiously for something to follow; and when nothing came, and I reminded him what day it was, and asked him to finish with a grace, he said a little hastily,—

"The grace at the beginning is enough, I think, child, when the end follows so close upon it."

Then when Barbe had withdrawn, he went to the window looking into the court, and whistled a cavalier tune; and then, checking himself, threw himself into a chair, and murmured,—

"It has a fearful effect on an English gentleman's brain to be shut up for months in streets, like a London haberdasher. With such a life one might sink into anything in time; a Round-head—a Leveller—anything! No wonder the Parliament found their adherents in the towns."

Then moving uneasily again to the window, he said,—

"Lettice, can't you get some fellow to stop that doleful broken-nosed woman from everlastingly letting the water drop out of her pitcher? It is enough to drive a man crazy. It is like a perpetual rainy day, and takes away the only comfort one has left in this den of a place, which is the weather."

I persuaded him to listen to a little of the "Icon Basilike" to soothe him. But he even took exception to His Majesty's words. At length he cried,—

"Lettice, my child, prithee stop. It is very excellent, but it is very dismal. I suppose His

Majesty did write it all, poor gentleman, though how he could find it a comfort I cannot imagine. However, there is no saying what a man may be driven to comfort himself withal, if kept months together in one chamber. A day makes me feel like an idiot."

Then I took my embroidery, and sought to tempt him to converse.

But he only went from one melancholy topic to another—the assassination of Dr. Dorislaus at the Hague ("a disgrace to the good cause," he said); the folly of listening to Covenanting Scottish men; the incivilities of the cardinal and the French Court; the baseness of the Spanish Court in calling the young king the Prince of Wales, and scarce receiving his ambassadors except as private friends. The only topic which he seemed to dwell on with any satisfaction was the wickedness of Cromwell and the Ironsides, which he said was too bad to be tolerated long even in such a wretched place as Puritans and Papists had made of this world. But on this it gave me no delight to hear him expatiate, which he noticed with some irritation, saying,—

"Between your loyalty, and your objection to hear things said against the rebels, Lettice, and that confounded woman who can never get her pitcher emptied, and Cardinal Mazarin, it is really no easy thing for a man to keep up his spirits."

And he paced out of the room, leaving me alone. Thereupon, I went faithfully over the bitter steps of the dolorous way trodden by those royal feet so recently; the while I thought how good Mistress Dorothy was doubtless keeping a Puritan fast at Kidderminster on the same occasion; and my heart wandered involuntarily to other sorrows of a mournful way not yet finished, and I hugged my crosses until I felt rather like celebrating my own martyrdom as well as the king's. Thus I wept much, and was beginning to feel very wretched, and to hope I was the better for it, when my father returned.

His countenance was lightened, and he kissed me very kindly on the cheek.

"Poor pale child!" he said. "Well, it can't be helped. I hope the fasting does thee good. But it does me none. It makes me, not a saint, but a sour old curmudgeon; as I have proved pretty forcibly to thee, sweet heart. It never suited

me when things were cheerful. I always told your mother I could never take it up until she found some Protestant Pope who could grant dispensations when necessary. And now that everything is dismal, it is a great deal more than I can bear. So, my dear, I have told Barbe to bring me the remains of that venison pasty and a flask of Burgundy. And I feel better for the thought of it already. The times are altogether too melancholic for fasts, Lettice. Fasts are all very well for comfortable cardinals like this Mazarin, who know they can dine like princes to-morrow; but not for poor dogs of exiles, who may have to dine with Duke Humphrey any day without getting any benefit out of it for body or soul."

Barbe duly appeared with the pasty and the wine, and as I sat beside my father the words came to me, "*Be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance,*" and a chill seemed to pass away from my heart. I began to wonder whether, after all, I had been keeping the right kind of fast; and I said something cheerful to my father.

"Well, sweet heart," he replied, "the fast seems to do thee no harm. What wast thou doing while I was away?"

"Reading the Acts of the Martyrdom," I said. "Going over the king's parting with the royal children, and his walk from St. James's to Whitehall through the biting frost, and what he said to Bishop Juxon on the scaffold, and his taking off the George, and all."

"But, dear heart," said he, "that is all over! To whom dost think it does good for thee to cry over it all again? Not, of course, to the king, who is on the other side of it; nor to the queen; nor to the young king, who seems able enough to take consolation in one way or another. To whom, then? Because if it is only to thyself, it seems a great deal of pains to take. There are so many people suffering now, whom one might perhaps comfort by weeping with them, that life seems to me scarce long enough to weep for the sorrows of those who weep no more."

He spoke diffidently, as if on ground on which he felt his footing doubtful. And when for a while I did not reply, he rejoined,—

"Do not speak if it troubles thee, child. Never heed an old Cavalier's confused thoughts. I know

there are mysterious rites which only the initiated understand."

"Father," I said, drawing close to him, and sitting on a footstool at his feet. "I know no mysterious sanctuary which we cannot enter together. We will go everywhere together, will we not? I think your kind of fast seems the Bible kind. I am sure any fast which leaves the head bowed down like a bulrush, cannot be the right kind. And if we live till this day next year, I will try and find out some sorrowful people whom our sympathy might comfort, and our bread might feed. And that will, surely, not make either of us of a sad countenance."

He smiled, and began to tell me what he had seen in his absence. And as he kissed me to-night, he said,—

"Lettice, child, what didst thou mean by our going everywhere together? I am not such a heathen as to hinder thee from being as good as thou wilt. I lived too long with the sweetest saint on earth for that."

"I meant that we will both try to be as good as we can," I said.

"True, true," he said; "but a man's goodness is one thing, and a young maiden's another. A Cavalier's virtue is to be brave and loyal and true, generous to foes, faithful in friendship, and (as far as possible), in love, faithful to death to the king. For a few slips by the way, if these things are kept to in the main, it is to be hoped there is pardon from a merciful Heaven."

"And a young maiden's goodness?" I said.

He hesitated,—

"All this, of course, and something pure and tender, and gentle and heavenly, beside. Ask thine own heart, child!" he added; "what do I know of it?"

"All this, father," I said, "and no failures by the way? Is that the difference?"

"Nay, saucy child, never flatter thyself," he said. "Thou hast perplexed me too often by thy pretty poutings and elish tricks and wilful ways, that I should say that."

Then I ventured to say,—

"Are the Cavalier's slips by the way forgiven if they do not ask forgiveness, and do not try to mend?"

"Come, come, I am no father-confessor to meet

thy pretty casuistry," he said; and then gravely, "Many of us do ask forgiveness. God knows we need it. And when an honest man asks to be forgiven, no doubt he means to do better."

"Then where is the difference?" I said.

"Belike," he said thoughtfully, "belike there might be less! So, good-night, child! I trow thou never forgettest thy prayers. And I suppose there is something left in them of what thou wast wont to ask when I used to listen to thee a babe lisping at thy mother's knee: 'Pray God bless my dear father and mother and brothers, and make us all good, and take us to Thee when we die.' That prayer is answered, surely enough, for two of us. Try it still, child; try it still."

Words which made me go to rest with little temptation to be, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance.

April.—The gallant Marquis of Montrose has landed with foreign recruits in Caithness, to venture all for the king, in fair and open war. The king, meanwhile, has been entertaining Commissioners from the Covenanting party, who hate Montrose to the death; writing secretly to assure the marquis of his favour, and openly receiving the marquis's mortal enemies. My father is sick at heart, he and many other of the noblest of the Cavaliers, at these courtly double-dealings.

May.—My father came in to-day sorely dispirited.

"There," he exclaimed bitterly. "A letter from Walter. He is safe, poor boy, in some desert mountain or other, among the wild deer and wild men. But the best of us is gone; the only Scottish captain I would have cared to serve under, Montrose, defeated at Invercarron in the Highlands, his foreign hirelings a hundred of them killed, and the rest, with the Highlanders, scattered; the marquis himself taken by those 'loyal' Covenanters and hanged at Edinburgh!"

"He died the death of a hero," he pursued, after a pause; "it might be well if we were all with him, away from these fatal clever tricks of policy. The king's most faithful servant hanged at the Tolbooth, and the king going to Scotland hand in glove with the canting hypocrites who murdered him; making promises without stint, and meantime encouraging his old followers by

promising never to keep them! How can any man know what promises he *does* mean to keep? A curse on this hollow French Court, and all that comes of it! It would take little to drive many of us back to our English homes, to the farm and the chase, and let these Puritans and politicians hunt each other as they please."

"But the brave marquis?" I said, wishing to turn him from bitter thoughts on which I knew he would never act.

"Deserted by his men, changing clothes with a poor country fellow; taken in this disguise by the enemy, delivered up to General David Lesley, dragged about from town to town, and exhibited to the people in his mean dress, in the hope he would be insulted. But the poor common folk jeered him not—they pitied him; so that in this Lesley's malice was disappointed. Then taken in an open cart through Edinburgh, his arms tied to the sides of the cart, his hat taken off by the hangman, and so dragged in base triumph through the streets of the city. He gave the driver money for conducting what he called his triumphal car. Then persecuted and cursed in the form of prayers, by ministers and men calling themselves judges, for two days, and at last hanged on a gallows thirty feet high, with the book recording his deeds around his neck; a more honourable decoration, he said, than his Order of the Garter which he lost in his last battle. One thing only of the traitor's doom was spared him. They did not torture him, but hanged him till he was dead. His limbs were quartered. When they threatened him with that, he said he would be had flesh enough to be distributed through every town in Christendom, as a testimony of the cause for which he suffered. A brave end; no death on a victorious battle-field more worthy of a loyal gentleman!"

"But the king will never trust himself with Montrose's murderers?" I said.

"He will go with them immediately," was his reply, "accepting all their conditions, spite of all that Mr. Hyde and other counsellors, who love him and love truth, can say. Not one of his old friends and counsellors permitted to be with him, nor one who fought for his father against the Parliament, without taking the Covenant. And he is to take the Covenant himself. How is it

he cannot see (as Mr. Hyde says), that "to be a king but in name *in his own kingdom*, is a far lower degradation than to be a king but in name anywhere else?" How is it he cannot see, that promises made to be broken, ruin the soul in making and the cause in breaking? But it is all the Queen Mother's doing, and those hollow French Papistical ways. Tossed to and fro between Papists and Covenanters, what can a sanguine and good-natured young king of twenty do?"

Thus having relieved himself by some hearty abuse of the French politicians and the Scottish preachers, my father's loyalty began to blaze bright again, and he concluded,—

"And we shall have to go to him, and get him out of his Covenanting jailers' hands as best we may."

So His Majesty has landed in Cromarty, having to sign the Covenant before they would suffer him to tread on Scottish ground. He is being led about listening to sermons containing invectives on his father's tyranny, his mother's idolatry, and his own malignity; rebuked by preachers on their knees, in humble postures, but in very plain terms.

July.—A letter from Mistress Dorothy, full of hopeful expectation, rejoicing that the best hopes are entertained of His Majesty's salvation, temporal and eternal. She understands that he is desirous of being instructed in the ways of the Lord, listens with marvellous earnestness to gospel sermons in which he and his are not spared, and has already signed the Solemn League and Covenant. The only thing to be wished, saith she, is that the instructions could have preceded the signing. Marvellous, she thinks, are the ways of the Almighty; that "out of the ashes, as it were, of the late king, who, whatever his excellences, it could not be denied had prelatrical predilections and prejudices strongly opposed to the Covenant, should spring a young monarch of so docile a disposition and so hopeful a piety, for the everlasting sanctification and benediction of the three kingdoms."

My father gave a low significant whistle when I read him this passage.

"Poor Mistress Dorothy!" he said; "and poor young king!"

July 3.—Another letter from Mistress Dorothy,

in a strain unusual with her, speaking of increasing infirmity, and hinting that she may not be able to write often again to me. It is only me, saith she, to whom she does write. By my father's permission I have written to tell Olive.

August 14.—Oliver Cromwell is on his way to Scotland. There will be fighting. The king and the Covenanted Scottish Puritans against the Ironsides and the uncovenanted English Puritans! A strange jumble! My father is set on going, to take his share of the fighting. He is to leave me under the care of Madame la Mothe, who has designs of making me acquainted with some of her friends of Port Royal.

August 16.—My father has left to-day.

"Don't turn Puritan or Papist, Olive," he said, "and do not forget thy old father in thy prayers."

"Nor you me, father," I whispered, "in yours."

"The men the fighting, and the women the praying, is an old soldier's rule," he said.

"But not ours, father," I said, half afraid to say so. "There must be quiet times before the battles, and after them."

"Not very quiet," he said, "where Oliver is. However, there is always quiet enough for old Sir Jacob Astley's prayer—or the publican's;" he added, reverently.

And with a kiss, and a blessing in a faltering voice, he was gone.

Never so entirely bound to each other as the moment before parting; never so free from heart-barriers as when time and space are about to interpose their impenetrable barriers between us.

This feeling *must* be a promise, not a terrible mockery. Surely it must mean that the barriers are made of corruptible things, the bonds of the incorruptible.

VII.

OLIVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

When we came back to London from Netherby, my husband and I, Maidie and the babe and Annis Nye, on the 31st May 1650, the whole city was awake and astir with the triumphal welcome of Oliver Cromwell on his way home from the Irish war. In Hyde Park the Train-bands and salvoes of artillery; through the streets eager crowds thronging around him, shouting welcomes, as he rode to the royal lodgings the nation had

assigned him in "the Cockpit" at Whitehall, whither Mistress Cromwell and her daughters had moved (not very willingly, some said) a few weeks before.

In a short time Roger came into the house.

"At last the nation acknowledges him, Roger!" I said; "and now, we may trust, the wars are over, and we may begin to reap the fruit."

"Always hoping still, Olive!" he replied, with a quiet smile. "Always thinking we are getting out of the Book of Judges into the Book of Ruth; out of the 'Book of the wars of the Lord,' into the greetings of the reapers and the welcome of the gleaners. Not yet, I am afraid. The Scottish Covenanters are even now making ready to welcome their Stuart king; and that matter will have to be settled before there is peace."

"But, meantime," I said, "it must cheer the Lord-Lieutenant's heart to be thus received."

"I am not sure, Olive," he said. "I just heard that a person said to him, thinking to please him, 'What a crowd to see your lordship's triumph!' but that he replied, 'There would be a greater crowd to see me hanged.'"

"I do not believe that, Roger," said I. "I do not believe his is a heart not to be stirred by a people's welcome."

"Perhaps it *was* stirred, Olive; only a little more deeply than to a ripple of pleasure. Perhaps he thought of the poor peasants trying to till the Millennium in on the Surrey hills, and the poor soldiers trying to fight it in at Burford, and of the mutiny in Bishopsgate Street among his bravest troopers, and of the many who began the struggle at his side now in deadly opposition to him; and of that ancient crowd whose hosannas and palm-branches were so quickly changed."

"Roger," I said, "you and General Cromwell have been wanting *us* and *home*! It is not like you to look in this melancholic way on things."

And I took him into the nursery to see Maidie and the babe; a sight which, my husband used to say, I superstitiously thought a charm against well-nigh any despondencies.

Maidie had forgotten him, and went through a number of pretty, shy, feminine tricks, before she would be coaxed to come near him. The plain Ironsides' armour was not so attractive to her as

would have been the Cavalier plumes and tassels. Her approval, however, once won, she became completely at her ease, subjecting Roger entirely to her petty tyrannies, and making the room ring with her merry little voice; while the babe looked on, serious and amazed, expressing her sympathy in the festivities by senselessly crowing, and by vainly endeavouring to embrace her own rosy toes, as if she had been a benighted baby of the Dark Ages, instead of an enlightened infant of the Commonwealth.

So we talked no more politics that evening. And in the morning, Roger's views of the world seemed to me more hopeful. Indeed, there was work to be done, and so no more time for despondency; a bitter root which needs leisure to make it grow.

In June, General Cromwell was appointed Captain-General of the Forces instead of General Fairfax, and set off at once with his troops for Scotland, Roger and Job Forster among them.

My husband also accompanied them.

My father soon afterwards took Aunt Gretel to pay a visit they had been desiring to make to Germany ever since the Thirty Years' War had ended (in 1648); two years before.

Early in August, a letter came from Lettice Davenant, telling me that, from a letter she had received, she thought ill of Aunt Dorothy's health, and deemed that she stood in need of succour and sympathy, which, rigid to her vow, and all its consequences, she would never ask.

If this was true, there was no time to be lost. Nor was there anything to detain me from Aunt Dorothy. The old house at Netherby was, for the time, deserted, and London just then, in the sweet summer time, seemed to me a wilderness and solitary place.

Moreover, our departure was made all the easier, in that it gave me an opportunity of doing a kindness to one of my husband's prison friends, good Dr. Rich, an ancient clergyman whom Leonard had found in gaol on account of his having given aid to the Royalists, and to whom, being now liberated but deprived of his benefice, our house might offer a welcome asylum. Dr. Rich was a sober, devout, and learned gentleman; a man who dwelt much in the past, and was more

interested in the present as illustrating the past, than for its own sake.

Nothing gave him more satisfaction than tracing the pedigree of doctrines, heterodox or orthodox, to the primitive centuries, in which he assured us were to be found the parents, or the parallels, of all the heretics and sectaries of our own day, from the monks to the Quakers; including the Fifth Monarchy men, who, he declared, were nothing but a resuscitation of certain deluded persons called Chiliasts, who had been convincingly refuted by I know not how many Fathers.

Meantime (the fifth of the revenue of his benefice, allowed to deprived ministers by the Parliament, being but irregularly paid), Dr. Rich, Mistress Rich, and his eleven children found a parallel in their own circumstances to the primitive poverty of the earliest centuries too obvious to be pleasant; and it was a delight to be able to offer them a home under the guise of taking care of our house in our absence.

He was a man at all times pleasantly easy to practise upon with little friendly devices, having little more knowledge than the birds of the air as to the storehouse or barn whence his table was supplied, and being always diverted by a little subtlety from the perplexing cares of the present to the perplexed questions of a thousand years ago.

Accordingly, with little parley, or preparation, Dr. Rich and his family were lodged in our house, and we were ready to depart. If Aunt Dorothy's stronghold was to be entered, it must be by surprise or storm; surrender was not in her dictionary, much less entreaties for succour.

We set off, under the care of our serving-man, Annis and I with Maidie and the babe, our cavalcade consisting of three horses, one carrying Annis on a pillow behind the serving-man; the other (a sober old roadster) bearing the babes in panniers, and me enthroned between them; the third, a pack-horse, with our luggage and provender for the way.

This mode of travelling was neither swift nor exciting. It left me much leisure to meditate by what subtleties I might avoid encounters between Annis and Aunt Dorothy, should Aunt Dorothy be sufficiently well for her orthodoxy to be in full force.

To forewarn Annis was only to bring on the

conflict I dreaded, with more speed and certainty; to tell her a road was dangerous being the first step towards convincing her it was right.

To forewarn Aunt Dorothy, on the other hand, was equally perilous. So I came to the conclusion that I could only let things take their course.

For without Annis I could not have come at all. Her care of the babes was pleasant. Her quiet, firm will, her stillness, and her sweet even voice kept them serene. They were as content with her as with me. She seemed to grudge no weariness or toil for them, and her temper was never ruffled. Her dainty neatness and cleanliness were like perpetual fresh air around them; and, moreover, my heart was tender to the orphan maiden with a heart so womanly, and a belief so perilous, in the midst of a rude world, which might crush her delicate frame to dust, yet never bend her will a hair's breadth.

The points at which she and her sect came into antagonism with the rest of the world were scattered all over the surface of every-day social life; and to her every one of these became, when assailed, no mere outwork, but the very citadel of her most central convictions, in which, for the time, all the forces of her mind and heart were gathered, and which she could no more voluntarily yield than she could voluntarily cease to breathe.

It was a serious responsibility to have the charge of a person, every one of whose minutest convictions was to her essential as the distinctive conviction of each sect to its members, and whose convictions crossed those of the rest of the world, not only in what they profess in church on Sunday, but in what they practise at home every hour of every day.

Nor was this all. If Annis's resistance had been merely passive, there might still have been hope of escape.

But not only did all the world believe the Quakers wrong; they believed all the world wrong. Nor only this. They believed themselves commanded jointly and severally to set all the world right, a conviction which, under no conceivable form of government, is likely to lead to a tranquil life. We could never tell at what moment Annis might feel moved to tell any peaceful Presbyterian minister, in the gentlest tones, that he was "a minister of Antichrist;" or any strict Precisian

matron, who would no more have indulged in a feather than in an idol-feast, that she was "swallowed up with the false and heathen customs of the world," in calling a single person you; or in "idolatrously naming the second or third day after the hosts of heaven."

However, the duty had been assigned me by my husband, and was bound fast on me by the pity and love I felt for Annis. This did not hinder her being a far more anxious charge to me than my babes.

On one occasion, however, we owed a brotherly welcome to her.

We were benighted on the Surrey hills, to which we had turned aside with a view of lodging at a friend's house.

The babes began to mewl and be weary. The place was solitary, sandy, with sweeps of barren heath. It was St. George's Hill, and I began to recall wild stories of the poor peasants "called Saxons, but believing themselves Jews, and inheritors of the earth," who had tried to dig the wild moors into millennial fertility a few months before, and had threatened park palings;—so that I should have half feared to ask shelter had any human dwelling appeared. Yet to camp on the wilds, with two young fretting babes, even on an August night, was unwelcome.

As I was plodding on, seeking to soothe the infant in my arms, and singing soft songs to Maidie, a wild figure issued forth from a hollow tree, at sight of whom my heart stood still. He was clad in leather from top to toe.

But his carriage was grave, not like a plunderer, and he accosted me soberly, though without any titles (as Mistress or Madam), calling me "friend" and "thou."

At once Annis recognized him, calling him "George," and greeting him as one she honoured.

After a brief conference with her, he came and bade me be of good cheer, there were some of the Children of Light dwelling not far off, to whom he would take us for shelter.

In a few minutes we came to a humble cot in a hollow of the downs, where, without many words, we found kindness and hospitality worthy of any mansion; the good woman preparing food and fire, so that the babes were soon quiet and asleep, while far into the night they entertained

us with heavenly discourse, which was more restful than sleep. The goodman told us how, "when after Everard and Winstanley and their promised millennium had failed, he had gone back hopeless and dispirited to his old toils for a froward master, working early and late taking rest, knocked about by his master for an idle knave, jeered at by his mates for a lunatic, earning with all his toil scarce enough to still the hungry cries of his babes; the world, dark enough before, made dark as night by the putting out of the glory of the kingdom, which was so soon to have made it day. ("And," said the good-wife, with moist eyes, "too oft with a sour word from me.") How then, when he was feeling like one forsaken of God and man, George Fox, the man in leather, from among the woods where he passed much time in solitude with his Bible, but lately battered and bruised by a mob in a market-place, where he had exhorted the people against false weights, had come to him like Elijah from the wilderness, and had told him of the universal free grace of God to all mankind, of the *kingdom within*, and the Light within, and the Spirit within, and the one Priesthood of the Eternal Intercessor, and the way of stillness and simplicity by the rivers of the valleys, and the true language of Thou and Thee, and the sin of war, and of all false words and looks; and how, at last, looking for the Lord within his heart, he had found in Him both the kingdom and the garden, and rivers of water in a dry place."

After him spoke George Fox himself. He could not have been more than six-and-twenty; but I confess his discourse came to me with marvellous power.

The words were sometimes confused as if they were burst and shattered with the fulness of the thought within them. Something of the same kind we had noticed of old in Oliver Cromwell.

He seemed like one looking into depths into which he himself only saw a little way, and by glimpses; like one listening to a far-off voice, which reached his spirit but in broken cadences, and our spirits still more faintly, through the echo of his voice. Yet he inspired me with the conviction that *these depths exist*, and this music is going on; a conviction worth something.

He spoke somewhat of his early life—of his

father, Christopher Fox, a weaver of Drayton-in-the-Clay in Leicestershire, whom the neighbours called Righteous Christer; of his mother, an upright woman and "of the stock of the martyrs;" of the "gravity and staidness of mind" he had when very young. How he sought to act faithfully, inwardly to God and outwardly to man, and to keep to yea and nay in all things. And how men said, "If George says Verily, there is no altering him."

He felt himself "a stranger in the world," and when others were keeping Christmas with jollity he kept it by giving what he had to some poor widows whom he visited.

Yet in his youth "strong temptations came on him to despair." He went to various ministers (he called them "priests"). But none helped him. One "ancient priest" reasoning with him about the ground of his despair, bid him "take tobacco and sing psalms." But "tobacco he did not love, and psalms he was not in a state to sing."

When he was twenty-two (in 1645), as he approached the gate of Coventry, "a consideration arose in him that all Christians are believers, both Protestants and Papists," and that "if all were believers then they were all born of God, and passed from death to life, and that none were believers but such; and that being bred at Oxford or Cambridge was not enough to qualify men to be ministers of Christ."

The "darkness and covetousness of professors" troubled him sorely in London and elsewhere.

Then (said he), it was "opened in him," that "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands; but in people's hearts."

This seemed at first to him "a strange word," because both priests and people called their churches "holy ground" and "dreadful places," and temples of God.

He ceased to go near the priests, and wandered about night and day, in "the chase," in the open fields, and woods, and orchards with his Bible; until finding no help in man, at last he heard a voice which said, "*There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition.*" "*He on whom the sins of the whole had been laid; He who hath the key, and openeth the door of light and life.*" There were "two thirsts in him, after the

creature and after the Lord, the Creator." At length, "his thirst was stilled in God," his soul was "wrapped up in the love of God," and when storms came again, "his still, secret belief was stayed firm; and hope underneath held him as an anchor in the bottom of the sea, and anchored his immortal soul to Christ its Bishop, causing it to swim above the sea (the world), where all raging waves, foul weather, tempests, and temptations are."

He "found that his inward distresses had come from his selfish earthly will, which could not give up to the will of God," and that "the only true liberty is the liberty of subjection in the spirit to God;" and "his sorrows wore off, and he could have wept night and day with tears of joy to the Lord, in humility and brokenness of heart."

As I listened to him, my thoughts ebbed and flowed within me. At one time he seemed a daring self-willed youth, setting his judgment against the world; at another, as a simple lowly child who had *listened to God*, and must obey Him and none else; again, as one who might have been a poet, or a discoverer of great secrets of nature—so inward and penetrating seemed his glimpse into the heart of things; and again, as a reformer to break in pieces the empire of lies throughout the world.

"I saw," said he, "that there was an ocean of darkness and death; but *an infinite ocean of light and love which flowed over the ocean of darkness.*"

Again, "one morning as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me; but I sate still. And it was said, '*all things come by nature*;' and the elements and stars came over me, so that I was in a manner quite clouded with it. But as I sate still under it, and let it alone, a living hope arose in me, and a true voice, which said, *There is a living God who made all things.* And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and life rose over it all; my heart was glad, and I praised the living God. After some time I met with some people who had a notion that there is no God, but that all things come by nature. I had a dispute with them, and made some of them confess there is a living God. Then I saw it was good I had gone through that exercise."

His search into the reality of people's beliefs, led him among strange people, some who held that "women have no more soul than a goose," whom he answered in the words of Mary, "My soul doth magnify the Lord;" others (Ranters) whom he went to visit in prison, who blasphemously held themselves to be God.

"Now," said he, "after a time was I come up in spirit into the Paradise of God. All things were new; and all the creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter. The creation was opened unto me, and it was showed me how all things had their names given them according to their nature and virtue."

Again, "while I was in the Vale of Beaver, the Lord opened to me three things, in relation to those three great professions in the world, physic, divinity (so called), and law. He showed me that the physicians were out of the wisdom of God, by which the creatures were made, and so knew not their virtues; that the priests were out of the true faith which purifies and gives victory, and gives access to God; that the lawyers were out of the true equity. I felt the power of the Lord went forth unto all, by which all might be reformed; if they would bow to it. The priests might be brought to the true faith, which is the gift of God; the lawyers unto the true law, which brings to love one's neighbour as oneself, and lets man see if he wrongs his neighbour he wrongs himself; the physicians unto the wisdom of God, the Word of Wisdom, by which all things were made and are upheld. For as all believe in the light, and walk in the light, which Christ hath enlightened every man that cometh into the world withal, and so become Children of the Light and of the Day of Christ;—in His Day all things are seen, visible and invisible, by the divine light of Christ, the apiritual heavenly Man by whom all things were created."

Very strange words those seemed to me for so young a man. At first I felt disposed to turn from him as one full of an amazing self-conceit, lifting himself up above all in church and the world; but I remembered what my husband always said about trying to find the real meaning of all men. And as I sate still, and thought, a strange depth opened in those words. Something true, real, and eternal (I thought he meant), some

divine meaning lay at the root of all human works, and states, and callings. By this they stand, and live. By departing from this they become hollow, and at last crumble away; by returning to this they are reformed.

He spoke also of the whole of nature and history as being repeated in the wonderful world within us. How the spirit has its Egypt and its Sodom, and its wildernesses and its Red Sea; its Paradise and its mountains of the Lord's House; its Cains, and Esaus, and Judases. "Some men," said he, "have the nature of swine wallowing in the mire. Some the nature of dogs, to bite both the sheep and one another. Some of lions and of wolves, to tear, devour, and destroy; some of serpents, to sting, envenom, and poison; some of horses, to prance and vapour in their strength, and be swift in doing evil; some of tall sturdy oaks to flourish and spread in wisdom and strength. Thus the evil is one in all, but worketh many ways; therefore take heed of the enemy and keep in the faith of Christ."

These thoughts in him were no mere visionary meditations, revolving on themselves. The strange thing in him was the blending of far-reaching mystical thought with direct and most practical action.

"The Lord," said he, "commanded me to go abroad unto the world, which was like a briery thorny wilderness; and when I came in the Lord's mighty power with the word of life into the world, the world swelled and made a noise like the great raging waves of the sea. Priests and professors, magistrates and people, were all like a sea when I came to proclaim the day of the Lord among them, and to preach repentance to them."

His preaching places were no secluded chambers, or conventional religious assemblies, but the market-place, the "sitting of the justices to hire servants," schools, firesides, sea-shores where wreckers watched, and, at times, the very "steeple-houses" where the "false priests" seemed to him "a lump of clay set up in the pulpit above a dead fallow ground."

By preaching repentance he did not mean crying out in general that sin was evil. He meant, like him who preached in the Desert of old, pointing out to each man, and class of men, their particular sins, telling magistrates to judge

justly, tradesmen to have no false weights and measures, Cornish wreckers to save wrecked ships and shelter wrecked men, masters not to oppress servants, servants to serve honestly, soldiers to do violence to no man, excisemen to make no inequitable demands, "priests" to speak the truth.

And the results of his preaching were two-fold: everywhere priests, excisemen, soldiers, masters, tradesmen, and magistrates were enraged, seized him, beat and bruised and trampled on him, threw him into prisons; and everywhere some ministers, soldiers, tradesmen, and magistrates, and even his jailers, listened, gave up their false weights, or unjust dealings, and sought to live uprightly before God.

After this discourse there was silent prayer, and the good couple insisted on yielding up their own bed in the upper chamber to Annis and me, and the babes. But it was far on in the night before I could sleep. And in my sleep I had strange confused dreams of John the Baptist in the wilderness; of a madhouse, full of Quakers clothed in camels' hair with leathern girdles; and of the world shining in a wondrous light, neither of sun nor moon, which made it like Paradise.

In the morning the poor people of the house set us on our way with great loving-kindness, and I had much ado to make them take any recompense. And I have always been thankful that through this interview I learned to distinguish those whom many confound—the Ranters, Fifth Monarchy men, and other lawless fanatics—from the true Quakers, or (as they would be called) "Friends of truth."

After that we had no adventures until we reached Kidderminster.

Our way lay past many ruins of unroofed cottages, with their blackened walls deserted and bare; gardens of herbs running wild, and orchards still flourishing, and overhanging with pleasant fruit the open and broken casements of the charred and ruined homestead; here and there a stately castle or mansion battered and breached by cannon, while choice flowers still bloomed in patches on the trampled terraces or round the broken fountains, where fair hands had tended them.

In the heat of the day we rested. But wondrous pleasant were the sights we saw and the

sounds we heard as we journeyed through the land through those summer morns and eves; the pleasant old country, well-watered everywhere with broad still rivers among the meadows, and little talking brooks among the woods, orchards, and corn-fields; and soft waving sweeps of hill and valley, all smooth and green, as if the waters of the great sin-flood of old had never torn and convulsed them, but only gently heaved and rippled over them. And as we neared Kidderminster, far off on either side rose two ranges of hills, with blue peaks pointing to the sky like church-roofs, the Malverns and the hills of Wales.

Again and again, now, as I read godly Mr. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, pictures of what I saw on that journey in old England rise before me—the "river with the green trees on its banks;" the "meadow curiously beautified with lilies, and green all the year long;" the "tempting stile into By-path Meadow;" the "hills with gardens and orchards and fountains of waters;" the "delicate plain called Ease;" the valley of humiliation, "green through the summer; fat ground, consisting much in meadows," with its "pleasant air;" the "fruit-trees, with their mellow fruit, which shot over the garden walls;" the Delectable Mountains, not too high and savage for the shepherds to fold their flocks thereon. I can remember, also, many a Hill Difficulty, up which our horses slowly toiled, and Sloughs of Despond through which they struggled. But the "valley of the shadow of death" had nothing outward in that pleasant land to picture it. Out of the dark

and rugged depths of his own despair, John Bunyan created a landscape he never could have seen.

I was the sole observer of these things among our little band: the babe saw little but me; Maidie saw nothing of hills and woods, the wild roses and honeysuckles we gathered for her were the channels through which the beauty of the world stole into her heart, as it did, making her clap her hands and laugh with delight as we rode; the serving-man, being a Londoner, thought scorn of the woods and lanes as very barbarous and ill-made places compared with Cheapside with its wares and signs; and Annis, if she saw the outward world at all, beheld it but as the mystical mirror of the world within, the waters of quietness and trees of healing among which her spirit dwelt.

And so at last, on the seventh day after leaving home, we came to a valley on the slopes of which rise the houses of Kidderminster, on each side of the river Stour—"the church on the brow above the water," as they say the name signifies in the old tongues, British and Saxon, which were spoken when first men began to make houses there.

Rich old English names; every name (like the old minsters of our land) in itself a poem, with histories imbedded in every syllable!

Fondly we transfer the familiar old words to new places in this New World. But here alas, as yet, they are no living, growing words,—only poor pathetic relics or arbitrary symbols; at least, until generations to come shall have breathed into them the new significances of a new human history.

NOTES ON "ECCE DEUS."



THE publication of a stimulating and suggestive book is, in the present condition of the world, an event of considerably greater importance than many others which are likelier to be recorded in the standard histories of the period. In so far as its tendency is wholesome, the direct influence of such a book is sure to be great; and, even although it does, in some respects, run counter to cherished beliefs, the discussions which it provokes often issue simply in the clearing of the air, and in the firmer establishment than ever of the very faith which it seemed fitted to overthrow. These remarks apply, for instance, to such works as Renan's "Life of Jesus" and "Ecce Homo;" and they apply also—though the book is of a

very different stamp from these—to the treatise which has recently been given to the world under the title of "Ecce Deus."* We have no intention, of course, of "reviewing" that work here; but it is such a remarkable production that we must take some notice of its contents, and as our comments will necessarily be of a very slight description—taking the shape of hints and queries rather than of criticism—we present them simply under the name of *Notes*.

The book does not profess to be a formal answer to "Ecce Homo," but the writing of it was suggested by the publication of that work; and, while one entire

chapter is devoted to a controversial discussion of its principles, the whole treatise has the flavour of a *Reply*. The very plan of "Ecce Homo" is, so far, followed; though, at the very outset, some of the glaring defects in that plan are pointed out. It is well shown, for example, that no biographer of Christ can consistently avoid dealing with the history of his origin. To begin an examination of his career at a point so far forward in his life as the time when he had already attained a "popular" and "promising" position, is to leave in the mist what, apart from his supernatural birth, it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to explain; *for how did he attain to that position?* One theory—the theory of the Scriptures—is, that he was, in a pre-eminent sense, the Son of God; and the author of "Ecce Deus," in his first chapter, entitled "The Holy Thing," faces that theory, and proves that it is consistent with all that is afterwards said about his words and works. "Are there any traces," he asks, "of duality in Christ's life and teaching? anything that would confirm his claim to have descended from heaven? On the very face of the life there are many such traces; and, in a more subtle and incidental way, there are hints and testimonies which should be scrutinized and estimated." "It cannot be an easy task hypocritically to represent God upon the earth, without now and again letting the mask slip aside. How can the finite carry the Infinite, when the Infinite is at war with him? Christ must be more than a good man, or worse than the worst man. If he be not God, he is the Devil."

Two remarkable chapters—the next in his table of contents—are devoted to "The Written Word;" and here, of the Gospels, he truly says: "While this Christian document is before us, we are not called upon to write a life of Christ, but to interpret a life that is written, or to show cause for rejecting the document." But while recognizing his soundness so far, we are constrained to add, that he speaks of and interprets Scripture in a way which is not a little fitted to arouse misgivings. Some of his principles are these: "Christ set up the human parent as the best representative of the Divine Father, and thereby devoted the Parental Spirit into an interpreter of divine things." "We are not living under a dispensation of the book, but under the dispensation of the Spirit." "There is all the difference between the Christianity of the apostolic day, and the developed Christian idea of the present time, that there is between an acorn and an oak." "Writing is a human contrivance, but thinking is a divine operation. The scribe for the child—the Spirit for man." The tendency of all this, when read in the light of the context, is to diminish confidence in the breadth, manifoldness, and suitableness to all time, of the written Word. He has no doubt about the Scriptures being from God: "We know they are inspired, *because they are inspiring*." But they are certainly, in his eyes, rather helps for the Church in its infancy, than an inexhaustible storehouse for it, even when it has reached its

highest development. The great fact of the Spirit's operation is not one of which we would lightly lose sight. How much the life and success of the Church depend on the gift of that promise of the Father, is matter of history. But, unless we are to enter by-and-by on a dispensation which is wholly supernatural, we have no hope of the future becoming brighter, when the Church's hold on the objective Book of Revelation grows slacker, and it trusts everything to what it may suppose to be light from a higher source. One certain result of such a lessened respect for the Bible will always be a questionable freedom in the interpretation of its contents; and we are sorry to see this proved and illustrated in the volume before us. Applying his principle, that the Paternal Spirit is to be the interpreter of divine things, the author of "Ecce Deus" rejects the commonly-received doctrine of predestination. An earthly father would never do what that dogma ascribes to God; therefore the dogma itself is not to be believed! This style of reasoning is unsafe enough; but it is even less unwarrantable than the obviously false gloss which a desire to support his own theories leads him to put upon Christ's words. When Jesus told his hearers that they would not come to him unless his Father drew them, the statement, we are told, was equivalent to this: "I am so unlike what all men have expected, and I have commenced my work in so unlikely a manner, that no man can possibly come unto such a poor, friendless, homeless man, except my Father draw him. I present no external charms; I can appeal to no sordid motives: if any man, therefore, feels the slightest drawing to me, he may regard the inclination as divinely inspired, for no man cometh unto such a person as I am, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." Now we may confidently appeal to all who remember the words of Christ which are here referred to, and the connection in which they occur, and ask if this reading does not utterly emasculate them. It may serve the writer's purpose to represent that to be a manifestation of profound humility, which looks far more like an assertion of power and authority; but he would undoubtedly have been less disposed to follow his fancy in, obedience to his wishes, if he had had that deep veneration for the Word which springs from the conviction that, as long as human nature remains what it is, it will never be set aside or superseded. Our space will not permit a fuller reference to these two chapters; but we desire to note here, that there is very much in them that is extremely unsatisfactory.

"The Inauguration" of Christ into his office by baptism and temptation, forms the subject of the two succeeding chapters. In this place, the author assumes, that not until that event occurred, did Jesus become fully conscious of his Messiahship. His principal reason for thinking so is, that we have, in the tremendous intensity of Christ's life during his ministry, the only satisfying explanation which can be given of *its brevity*; and that it began to run then with such added momentum, because it was at that period that he first ade-

quately realized the nature of his mission. We know so little of the mutual relations of the divine and human in the person of the Redeemer, that we shrink from asserting what may or may not be true in connection with the great mystery. At the same time, it seems to us that far too little stress is laid upon the memorable saying of our Lord, addressed to his mother when he was but twelve years old, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" and that the writer appears almost to forget that the Man Christ Jesus did not wear himself down by anxiety and work, but, so far as one can gather in the very prime and vigour of his days, was put to a violent death by the hands of men. Although, then, the remarks made about the consuming intensity of our Lord's life are very striking, we must note here, as in other places, a straining after the ingenious and original, at the risk of sacrificing what is solid and rational.

In the picture of the temptation, as drawn by the author of "Ecce Homo," no Devil appears; but by the author of "Ecce Deus," the existence of a living tempter is unhesitatingly assumed as one of those facts which have just as good a historic basis as a thousand others which we never dream of disputing. "With a Socinian creed, the Devil adopted a Socinian policy. He assailed the man—he aimed no weapon at the God." And Christ, too, "combated the diabolic spirit as a man: nowhere did he launch the lightnings of his proper divinity in reply, but ever made the simple answer of a man who had read the revelation of God. Other courses were open to him. He could have recalled the tempter's own memories of heaven, the ancient sentence, the terrible deposition; the indwelling God might have shone through the human eyes, and abashed the tempter by the light from which he had been expelled; yet all this side of defence is untouched, and the tempted man shelters himself behind the rampart of the written Word."

Having now followed Christ into the period of his public ministry, our attention is next directed to the character and significance of "His mighty works." And, first of all, the author expresses himself almost in angry terms against those who have denied the credibility of miracles. "Miracles," says he, "can be difficult of credence only according to the low spiritual altitude from which they are viewed. As wonder is a sign of ignorance, so unbelief is a sign of incompleteness." Whether his theory about them be solid or fanciful is, however, another question. Referring to the belief of the Hindu Yogis, that when a vital union has been effected between the spirit in the body and the spirit in nature, mastery is gained by individual men over life, and space, and matter, he asserts that there is a good deal more in this than our modern notions are prepared to allow. "What the Yogi sought to effect, was a union between spirit and spirit; and this was precisely what Christ sought to effect when he demanded faith as the condition of miraculous healing.

When this union was complete, the working of miracles was as natural and easy as breathing." And, of course, after a statement like this, we are quite prepared to hear the opinion expressed, that "there is nothing in the nature of things to prevent miracles being wrought to-day as well as they were ever wrought."

It would be profitless to raise any discussion on this; but it is interesting to note, that having occasion to speak in this strong way of the power of faith, the author is led to deliver himself of the following weighty and suggestive remarks:—"There can be no doubt that the faith of the world has gone down; and, in part, this may be accounted for by the intellectual transition through which we are being driven by revived and ambitious science. We have come upon an era which has hardly time to pause and add results; information is arriving so quickly, the messengers throng upon each other so tumultuously, that most of men have taken upon themselves the duties of recorders; and if sometimes they are a little heedless of the punctuation, and by mistaking a comma for a full stop they do now and again speak too soon, the impatience or the precipitancy is not difficult of explanation. In fact, it is a hint that *men are longing for the end*. The great suffering human world feels that its day must be approaching sunset. It has been a long, troubled, changeful day, and men are now sighing for release and rest. . . . It is a mistake to imagine that faith has anything to fear from science. Wherever science stops, faith must begin. Science has, in many things, altered the standpoint or extended the domain of faith, but has never rendered faith unnecessary. It has enlarged the faith of childhood into the faith of manhood; but every hint of light which it has discovered has pointed out a great gloom beyond." There are several other most striking sentences in this chapter, which we should have gladly quoted, but this our space will not allow. But one other we must give. "Reason is an instrument; understanding is a result. In proportion as reason is educated, a prudent hesitation marks all its processes. Philosophy is more tolerant than ignorance. He who knows most of the strength of the human mind, knows most of its weakness. Truth has nothing to fear from rationalism, but from irrationalism. The era of reason is preliminary to the age of understanding."

The next chapter, which treats of "The Calling of Man," illustrates in a very forcible way what an intelligent reader will soon discover to be one of the prominent features in this book—its amazing inequalities. While it abounds in thoughts bearing the stamp of originality, and contains many more quotable passages than "Ecce Homo" itself, it shows every now and then signs of feebleness, which are perfectly inexplicable. We offer no remark upon the first part of the chapter, in which the general nature of the call is discussed; but no one can overlook the nonsense talked in connection with the conversion of women. "It is remarkable," the author says, "that Christ is never said to have called a woman

to follow him as he called the disciples; and quite as remarkable that, so far as the evidence goes, no woman ever spoke a word against him. . . . It seems as though he had assumed that the womanly side of human nature would not require any calling. . . . Men required to be called, women only to be attracted. Women had but to see him in order to claim him as the fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. . . . It is hardly to be wondered at that millions of Christians even now feel that heaven itself requires the distinctive presence of the womanly element, and express the feeling by addressing Mary as the Mother of God. If Protestantism were less technical and more human, it would hesitate before condemning the feeling which dictates this startling appellation." All this is extremely complimentary to the sex, which is assumed to have escaped the worst evils of the Fall; but is there anything beyond a merely fanciful foundation for the statements we have given? Christ did not address the formal "follow me" to any woman, because it was obviously no design of his to employ women as apostles or evangelists; but it will require more than the imagination of a theorist to convince us that women were not included in the invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We recognize no such radical distinction between the natures of the two sexes as to incline us to admit that one of them did not need the effectual call of the gospel. But this is not the only instance in which the author provokes inquiry as to his views of the relation in which the human race as such stands to God. "It is now taught," says he, "that children have to be converted; but Christ taught that men were to become converted, and to be like little children—a direct inversion of narrow theological Churchmanship. It is declared that children are born corrupt; but where is Christ's authority for saying so? Christ said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" Probably the epithet that can be most appropriately applied to this reasoning is *puerile*. Surely the author of "Ecce Deus" might have taken it for granted that even the narrowest theological Churchman is acquainted with the words of Jesus which he quotes, and does not regard them as so manifestly conclusive on the side in connection with which they are used. The fact, that men require to become like little children,—in simplicity, for example, and teachableness,—does not prove that children themselves have not a nature requiring transformation; and certainly there are many ways of defining the kingdom of heaven without involving any denial of a fact, to which history and observation testify as emphatically as Scripture, that every descendant of Adam is essentially and from the first corrupt. When a now deceased statesman proclaimed his belief that all were born good, and that education was the only thing that made a difference between man and man, the country was half amazed and half amused at the utterance; but here is very much the same doctrine emanating from a much higher source. And that we are labouring under no mistake as to his

meaning, is clearly shown by what is said in the succeeding chapter. He there speaks, in so many words, of original sin, and expressly affirms that Christ taught it; but his idea of what that evil is, is a good deal different from that which is commonly received among us. The truth, he says, may be brought home in two very different ways. Theologians seek to do so by abusing human nature; and under this method human nature is apt to rebel. But the other mode is totally unlike this: "A man, for example, heartily accepts Jesus Christ, studies him with most passionate devotion, and grows daily more like him in all purity, gentleness, and self-oblivion. From this altitude he looks back upon his former self; he compares the human nature with which he started with the human nature he has attained, and involuntarily, by the sheer necessity of the contrast, he says, 'I was born in sin and shapen in iniquity.'" Now, at a first glance, there might seem little to object in this; but an illustration is added to make the meaning more luminous, and by its light we have no difficulty in gathering what, in the opinion of the writer, the moral character of man really is. He likens man in the two stages of his being to a tree, which is bare in April, but clothed with leaves and fruit in July. The April tree has something in its ignorance to say for itself. It has roots and branches; it rejoices in the light, and is refreshed by the dew; and while the wind rocks it, many a bird twitters on its boughs. But when summer comes, such a change for the better occurs in its condition, that it blushes to think that it had ever boasted in the spring. "I feel," says the now umbrageous tree, "as if I had been born again." And "this parable," affirms the author of "Ecce Deus," "is broad enough to cover this bewildering, and at times horrifying, doctrine of hereditary depravity."

There is, in fact, according to this writer, no such thing as hereditary depravity at all. Men at their birth have great defects. As compared with what they become under the transforming influence of the love of Christ, they are as trees in spring to trees in autumn. But the idea of anything like sinful corruption in the nature to begin with, this is not admitted for a moment; and hence the doctrine is consistently taught that it is *not* necessary for every man to be "born again." Christ did not use such words to the common multitude, but specially to a master in Israel. He never used them again, so far as we can learn from the narrative; yet, because he used them in such an exceptional case, thousands of preachers perplex promiscuous congregations with them every Sunday." These opinions are propounded in that part of the work before us which has an immediate bearing on the exercise of the Christian ministry; and many, we fear, will not feel disposed to think of it the more hopefully that it thus sets itself so directly, and yet so feebly, to undermine the evangelical belief regarding regeneration and original sin.

In the ninth chapter, which treats of "the Church," there is scarcely anything to notice. The principal ob-

ject of it is to show that a common creed is of no importance, and that the only real bond of Christian brotherhood is love to its living founder. "To be a Christian it is not necessary to be a theologian." "Christ seldom made inquiry into the opinions of his disciples, but he never failed to keep them up to a large-hearted practice." "Christ is in all the denominations where he is loved. The Romanist feels that he needs the crucifix, the penance, the Virgin Mary, the intermediate fire,—let him have them; he will be saved not by the alloy but by the fine gold." "If a man has not accepted a sect, it is often contended that he has not entered the church." We are little inclined to remark particularly upon this just because it is so commonplace, and because, to speak plainly, so much of it is so utterly absurd. If it is of such small importance what a man believes or thinks, why should the author of "Ecce Deus" have put himself to the trouble of writing this treatise? Let each man enjoy his own creed, if he likes, in peace. But he will answer, perhaps, heresies become innocuous only when they are combined with a personal love to Christ. Very well. But who is Christ? We must have our "opinions" about him also; and the fact that most serious questions are capable of being raised in that connection is but too clearly shown by the publication of that long series of biographical reviews of which "Ecce Deus" itself is the very latest. One tends to get out of patience with men who talk intolerantly of the uselessness of creeds, while they are themselves seeking by every argument they can think of to establish a new creed of their own on the ruin of all others that have gone before it. No doubt there is an important sense in which it is true that mere soundness in the faith is of little or no value. A man may

know and receive every dogma of orthodoxy and yet possess no vitalizing faith in Jesus Christ. But it is simple nonsense to say that our opinions about the most momentous of all subjects have so little effect upon our lives that it is scarcely worth our while to trouble ourselves to correct a friend even if he should happen to be wrong; and it is especially foolish to insist upon the great and urgent duty of loving Christ, before you have given to those whom you address some valid grounds on which, in your judgment, this love can be justly claimed. "To be a Christian," we are told, "it is not necessary to be a theologian." No, it is not—if a technical sense is put upon the term; if "a theologian" means a learned man acquainted with the discussions and opinions of the schools. But if the term signifies less than this—if it is intended to teach that a man does not need to have any theological opinions in order to be a Christian, then we say that no more indefensible position could be taken up. No man can love a name or an abstraction. In order to love Christ he must know him; know something about his person, history, character, and work; and the kind of regard which he will show to him must ever vary according to the nature of the belief which he came to have with respect to the dignity of his origin or the purpose of his mission. It is surely important, for example, that he should come to a definite opinion upon this point—whether he is to be loved as a man, or worshipped as a God. One who has some adequate knowledge of Christ's history, and some distinct views of the nature of his mission, is a theologian—and in this sense it is necessary to be a theologian in order to be a Christian. But we must postpone the remainder of these notes till another occasion.

Sketches of Church History.

III.—CHECKERED SCENES.

"Yet say, what evil hath he done, what sin of deepest hue?
A blameless faith was all the crime that Christian old man knew.
And where his precious blood was spilt, even from that barren soil,
There sprang a stem, whose vigorous bough soon overspread the land;
O'er distant isles its shadow fell, nor knew its roots decay,
E'en when the Roman Cæsar's throne and empire passed away."

IT is pleasant to emerge from the twilight which surrounds the history of the Church in her very infancy into somewhat clearer light, and to be able now and then to lay hold of the thread of an individual life, in order to string upon it those pearls of fact in which the wealth of the historian mainly consists.

The amiable Nerva was succeeded on the im-

perial throne by Trajan, whom secular history describes as one of the ablest and best of the Roman emperors. Indeed, for ages afterwards men were accustomed to pray for a new emperor, "that he might be more fortunate than Augustus, and better than Trajan." But he does not appear to so much advantage in the annals of the Church as in those of the State. Anxious to uphold the ancient institutions, and to restore as

far as possible the ancient virtues of the Roman people, Trajan was not disposed to look with favour upon a new religion, unrecognized by the laws of the State, and calculated to break down and to destroy an exclusive national spirit.

Yet, for the first signal act of cruelty committed against a Christian in the reign of Trajan, the emperor himself was in no way responsible. The aged Bishop of Jerusalem, Simeon, the brother of James the Just, had ruled the Church in that city and its neighbourhood during more than forty years of conflict and danger. He had earnestly contended for the faith once delivered to the saints against various sects of the Gnostic heretics, at that time often called *Docetæ*, because they maintained that our Lord's body was only a shadow or phantom. It is said that some of these heretics were cruel and treacherous enough to accuse him to the Roman Proconsul Atticus, as not only a member of the house of David, but also the ringleader of the sect of the Christians. This double accusation alarmed the proconsul, who not unnaturally suspected the Jewish Christians, thus united under a leader of their only royal house, of some design against the Roman government. The venerable bishop was accordingly apprehended by his orders, and after having endured the torture for three days in succession with a firmness that amazed all who beheld it, he was at last crucified, at the age of one hundred and twenty years. The legend that his accusers were themselves afterwards put to death by the proconsul, as being also of the family of David, is not worthy of credit; yet it is easy to understand how it arose out of the instinctive feeling that a crime so base as theirs would hardly be left without a mark of God's retributive justice, even in this life. It is said that a man named Thebuthis wished to succeed the martyred Simeon as bishop of Jerusalem; but being unable to attain his object, tried to distinguish himself and to embarrass his more successful rival by teaching some new form of heresy. But, strong as the passion for ruling may be in the human heart, it is still difficult to understand how any one, not actuated by a disinterested love of souls, could have "desired the office of a bishop" in those days, and as it was then understood. Seven names are preserved as those of the

bishops of Jerusalem who followed Simeon, in such rapid succession that we are led to suppose the lives of some of them at least must have been cut short by martyrdom.

One of the early acts of Trajan's government, though not directed against the Christians, necessarily operated to their disadvantage. This was an edict for the suppression of political guilds or clubs, and other secret associations which had been, or were likely to become, the centres of treasonable practices against the State. The brotherly communion of the Christians, too often forced by the hostility of their countrymen to maintain itself in secret, would probably lead to their assemblies being classed amongst such associations. And as by this time popular prejudice and hatred had begun to invent strange calumnies against believers, accusing them even of practising grossly immoral rites, and of feeding upon human flesh in their secret meetings, it is easy to see that in many places advantage would be taken of the emperor's edict to oppress and punish them.

It was about this period that one of the most remarkable, if not one of the most interesting characters that early Christian history offers to our notice, became a sufferer for his faith. Euodias, whom the Apostle Peter is said to have appointed to superintend the Church of Antioch, was succeeded in his office of bishop by Ignatius, who is said to have been a disciple of St. John, and personally acquainted, moreover, with the apostles Peter and Paul. There is a legend that he was the little child whom the Saviour took in his arms and set in the midst of the disciples as an example of humility; but the pretty story lacks evidence, and seems improbable. It is generally believed, however, that Ignatius ruled the Church of Antioch, with zeal and wisdom, for nearly fifty years. It appears that upon the occasion of one of Trajan's visits to that city (it is uncertain which), he came into his presence of his own accord, for the purpose of pleading the cause of his suffering brethren. It is scarcely to be regretted that the best critics are now of opinion that part at least of the so-called "Acts of Ignatius" must be regarded as spurious, since the language attributed to the Christian bishop in his interview with the emperor seems scarcely

consistent with the meekness of wisdom, and lacks the simple dignity which lends such a charm to some of the best authenticated stories of martyrdom. Most writers are agreed, however, that Trajan sentenced Ignatius "to be carried bound to great Rome, there to be thrown to wild beasts, for the amusement of the people." According to this sentence, the martyr was led, under a guard of ten soldiers, over sea and land, from Antioch to Rome. At several places along the route the bishops and clergy of the Christian Churches came forth to visit their revered and suffering brother, and either to comfort him, or to receive advice and encouragement from his lips. This was especially the case at Smyrna, where he was received with peculiar affection by Polycarp, the bishop, of whom we shall have more to say by-and-by. He also found opportunity to write to the different Asiatic Churches several letters, which have been the occasion of a great deal of controversy among the learned. It may be sufficient to say here, that of the seven epistles commonly received as those of Ignatius, three are almost certainly genuine, and the others perhaps are so; but all may have undergone more or less interpolation in later times. They contain many plain testimonies to the truths of the gospel, and especially to the reality of our Lord's manhood and the events of his life. They are also full of practical exhortations; amongst which the duty of the Churches to obey and support their respective bishops occupies a large, some would say too large a space.

But the most remarkable of the epistles of Ignatius is that sent to the Church of Rome by some Ephesians who were travelling to the city by a shorter route than that which the martyr was obliged to take. Ignatius seemed to think it probable that the Roman Christians might intercede for his life, and even that they might obtain their request; and he wrote with extreme earnestness to dissuade them from making the attempt. "I am," he says, "the wheat of God; let me be ground by the teeth of beasts, that I may become the pure bread of Christ. Rather do you encourage the beasts that they may become my tomb, and leave nothing of my body, so that when dead I may not be troublesome to any

one." And again: "Now I begin to be a disciple. Nothing, whether of things visible or invisible, excites my affection, as long as I can gain Christ,—whether fire, or the cross, the assaults of wild beasts, the tearing asunder of my bones, the breaking of my limbs, the bruising of my whole body; let the tortures of the devil all assail me, if I do but gain Christ Jesus. All the ends of the world, and the kingdoms of it, will profit me nothing. It is better for me to die for Jesus Christ than to reign over the ends of the earth. Him I seek who died for us. Him I desire who rose again for us. He is my gain laid up for me."

Do not our hearts burn within us as we read these lofty words? This picture of the Christian warrior, eager for the conflict, despising the cross, and springing forward to grasp the crown of victory—is it not sublime in our eyes? Assuredly; yet it is no wrong to the memory of the honoured martyr of Antioch to say that there have been grander and higher, because simpler and lowlier, manifestations of Christian heroism. His Lord himself did not despise the cross; he endured it. And the best and bravest of his Lord's servants in all ages have not usually sought death, or dared suffering, under the influence of any unnatural excitement or insensibility. They have rather prayed, like Him, that the cup might pass; they have often sought deliverance, and always accepted it, when they could do so lawfully; and when they could *not*, they have gone through the fiery trial feeling deeply, perhaps suffering keenly, but "strengthened with all might according to his glorious power." In the rapture of Ignatius we seem to discern the first traces of that excessive value for martyrdom which afterwards became a real source of injury to the Church. But his mistake—if we call it so—was a rare and lofty one. Would that the temper of mind in which alone it could be possible, was oftener to be found amongst us.

At last the martyr landed in Italy, at Porto, near Ostia. His keepers hurried him on, fearing that he might not arrive before the conclusion of the games, during which it was intended he should suffer. On his way to Rome he was met by some of the brethren from that city, to whom he renewed his entreaties that they would not try to rob him of his crown. He united with them in

prayer for the universal Church; and then accomplished the brief remainder of his journey, reaching Rome in time to finish his course in the Amphitheatre on the last day of the great heathen festival of the Sigillaria. It was noted that, according to his own wish, after the lions had done their work only a few bones remained, which the disciples reverently gathered up, and sent to Antioch, where they were received with great honour.

If the epistles of Ignatius be accepted as genuine, we may consider them the earliest Christian writings (not included in the canon of Scripture) which have come down to us, except the letter of Clement to the Church at Corinth, usually called the First Epistle of St. Clement. This Clement is said to have been the same that St. Paul, writing from Rome to the Philippians, mentions with honour as his fellow-labourer, and one of those whose names are written in the book of life. He succeeded Linus in the superintendence of the Roman Church, but nothing more is known of his history. His epistle was addressed to the Christians of Corinth, on the occasion of some very bitter dissensions amongst them, and abounds with the warmest exhortations to peace and unity. Several other writings are ascribed to him; but they were probably the productions of a later age, and some of them were evidently the work of heretics.

It is uncertain whether the martyrdom of Ignatius took place a few years before or a few years after the celebrated correspondence of Trajan with the younger Pliny. Pliny was governor of Bithynia, in Asia Minor, a province where the Christians were very numerous. For a heathen, he was singularly amiable and upright, and a lover of justice. He felt himself much perplexed by the novel circumstances with which he had to deal: there were brought before his tribunal a multitude of persons, of both sexes, and of all ages, accused of holding an "illicit" religion, and of refusing to take part in the customary sacrifices to the gods. The governor examined them repeatedly, dismissed those who were willing to offer sacrifice, and of the rest, put a few to death, and reserved others, who were Roman citizens, to be sent to the capital. "For," he says, "I have no doubt that, whatever they might

confess, wilfulness and inflexible obstinacy ought to be punished." But he also took considerable pains to inform himself upon the character of the faith they professed. He questioned some who had once been Christians, but who had apostatized many years before, probably during Domitian's persecution; nor did any scruple of humanity prevent his applying the torture to two maidens, who acted as deaconesses in the church. But he discovered nothing to the discredit, either of the new religion or of its adherents. He only learned that the Christians were accustomed to meet on certain days before dawn, and to sing together "a hymn to Christ as God;" which is supposed by some to have contained the germ of our magnificent "Te Deum Laudamus." They also bound themselves by a solemn vow or sacrament—probably that of baptism—to abstain not only from gross vices, but also from fraud and dishonesty of every kind. And instead of the licentious orgies of which pagan prejudice accused them, they were wont to unite in a simple and temperate meal—the *agape*, or love-feast, with which the administration of the eucharist was connected. Pliny, in a candid and impartial manner, narrates these things to the emperor, and begs to receive certain directions as to how he ought to proceed in future in the matter. Trajan in his reply approves of the measures the governor had taken, and then adds, that the Christians ought not to be sought for, but that if, being accused, they persevere in avowing their faith, they must be put to death. Those who abjured Christianity should in all cases be pardoned; and no anonymous accusations should be received against any.

It cannot be said that Pliny and Trajan showed themselves wilfully cruel or unjust. They only acted like men of the world, as the world then was, and like Roman statesmen. All that they desired was, that this new faith should not make itself troublesome to the State; further than this they had no interest in it, and no concern with it. But it was their principle, that in certain outward acts all good citizens ought to conform to the authorized religion, just in the same manner that they paid taxes and tribute. Nor could they understand the right of any man, upon any pretext whatever, to set up his individual will in

opposition to the law of his country. All this seems not unnatural, even to us. And yet they must have been guilty, and that of something far worse than an error of judgment, in thus ranging themselves on the side of darkness against light. Perhaps their guilt consisted in this, that while they saw the peaceable fruits of righteousness which the new religion brought forth, they neither recognized, as they should have done, their worth and beauty; nor were led by them, as they might have been, to a more thoughtful examination of the doctrines that produced them. They cared for none of these things; the "virtue" in which they made their boast had nothing in common with the meekness of Christ, nor were they amongst the "poor in spirit," of whom is the kingdom of heaven.

The result of this correspondence told, on the whole, unfavourably upon the condition of the Christians. For it distinctly marked the profession of the faith as a crime in itself, punishable by the laws. Nor did as much advantage as might have been expected result from the discouragement given to informers, seeing the followers of Christ were so frequently accused in popular tumults, or clamoured for by the mob at the heathen festivals.

Trajan was succeeded, in A.D. 116, by the able and energetic, but vain and capricious, Hadrian. The new emperor regarded Christianity with contempt, but he was no persecutor. The acts of violence committed against the Christians during his reign were without his sanction; and, on the whole, their condition was improved.

In one province of the empire, indeed, they were exposed to severe sufferings; but this was from a cause purely local. The calamities of the unhappy Jewish nation did not end even with the destruction of their holy city. The fires of that fierce national spirit, which nothing could extinguish, still continued to smoulder amongst the ashes of its desolation; and the attempt of Hadrian to settle a Roman colony on the site of the beloved Jerusalem fanned them at length into a flame. The Jews asserted their independence, and rose in arms against the Roman power under a leader who professed to be the promised Messiah. This "false Christ," who was in truth only a cruel and unprincipled military adventurer,

assumed the lofty name of Barchochabas, or the "son of a star," and prevailed upon large numbers of the unconverted Jews to acknowledge and support his claims. A bloody conflict with the Roman power was the result; and the Christian Church was soon called upon to bear her characteristic part—that of suffering. The Jewish Christians could not acknowledge the false Christ; and for this reason those of their number that fell into his hands were put to death with dreadful tortures. Judas, the last Jewish bishop of Jerusalem, is said to have perished in this manner, along with many of his flock. At length the rebellion was crushed out by the strong hand of Roman power; and additional humiliations and sufferings were inflicted on the unfortunate race amongst whom it had arisen. Meanwhile the Christians of Jewish origin, as if to separate themselves in a more decided manner from their unbelieving countrymen, chose a Gentile for their bishop, and conformed for the most part to Gentile customs. Those of their number who still insisted upon continuing the observances of the Jewish law withdrew to Pella and other places, where many of them became adherents of the Ebionite heresy, whilst those who remained sound in the faith were usually termed Nazarenes by their brethren.

About this period the humanity of a heathen governor was the means of procuring the emperor's interference in behalf of the Christians. In many parts of Asia Minor they continued exposed to the vindictive hatred of the multitude; and they suffered severely, both from popular tumults, and from the accusations of malicious or covetous informers. At length the proconsul of the province, Serennius Gracianus—whose name, for this act at least, deserves to be remembered—represented, in a memorial to the emperor, the atrocities to which these innocent persons were exposed. A rescript addressed to his successor (his own term of office having expired) was the result of this appeal. The emperor ordered that the Christians should on no account be sacrificed to popular clamour; but that, if accused of any offence against the laws, they should be duly tried and punished. This rescript, otherwise so favourable to their cause, had one cardinal defect. It omitted to define whether or not the profession of Christianity was *in itself* an offence against

the laws ; and it is easy to understand what a wide margin was thus left, either for the clemency or the cruelty of individual magistrates or governors. Still, it protected the Christians against the particular form of persecution from which at that period they had most to dread ; and moreover instances were not wanting where the humanity of Roman magistrates led them to put the most liberal interpretation on the law. One such magistrate, who was noted for the general severity of his administration, when a Christian was dragged before his tribunal by his fellow-citizens, dismissed the case at once, saying that it would be contrary to good order to yield to the clamour of the multitude. Another took advantage of some informality in the written accusation which was presented to him against a Christian, to tear the document in pieces and to let the accused go free.

It is evident from all this, however, that even during the reigns of those emperors who were not personally disposed to oppress the Christians, they remained very much at the mercy of their heathen fellow-countrymen. Nor could this state of things be permanently or securely remedied so long as Christianity remained an *illicit* religion. Its position as such began about this time to lead men of piety and learning in the Christian communion to address *Apologies* for their faith to the ruling powers of the State. And this enables us to perceive in what sense the often condemned expression, "Apology for the Christian religion," was once justly and appositely used. With the testimony of Scripture and reason on his side, the Christian might fearlessly *vindicate* his faith before the world ; but he felt bound to *apologize* for it before the representatives of that law by which it was still unrecognized, and because unrecognized, disallowed.

The first Christian apologist was an Athenian named Quadratus. He had been an evangelist, or missionary, and had signalized himself by his zeal and success in that honourable calling. He was also reported to possess a considerable measure of those supernatural gifts which were now being gradually withdrawn from the Church, but which, in accordance with their original design, were probably still bestowed upon those whose office it was to be the first heralds of the gospel

to heathen communities. However this may be, Quadratus had returned to his native city (of which some say he was afterwards bishop) before A.D. 125, when the Emperor Hadrian visited it for the purpose of being initiated into the celebrated Eleusinian mysteries. Some ill-disposed persons thought this a favourable opportunity for attempting to gratify their hatred of the Christians ; and Quadratus, in order to defeat their malice, addressed an apology for the faith to the emperor himself. It is to be regretted that this work is lost ; one passage, however, which is preserved by Eusebius, may be worth quoting, as an interesting instance of the manner in which our Lord's miracles were regarded and appealed to at that early day. "The deeds of our Saviour," says this first of Christian apologists, "were always before you, for they were true miracles ; those that were healed, those that were raised from the dead, who were seen not only when healed and when raised, but were always present. They remained living a long time, not only whilst our Lord was upon earth, but likewise when he had left the earth, so that some of them have also lived to our own times." The quiet words, so calm and temperate in their full conviction of indisputable facts, are valuable, as coming from a man who might easily have seen and spoken with those who had known Lazarus, or the daughter of Jairus, or the widow's son of Nain, in the flesh.

About the same time another Athenian, a converted philosopher named Aristides, also presented an apology to the emperor. Both his work and that of Quadratus were well received ; the condition of the Christians was, on the whole, improved ; and this improvement continued during the peaceful and prosperous reign of Hadrian's successor, Antoninus Pius. Antoninus was a mild and equitable prince ; and his unwillingness to see any class of his subjects oppressed led him to issue another rescript in favour of the Christians, addressed to the magistrates of several of the cities of Greece.

During the reign of this emperor there stepped forward into the rank of the Christian apologists a very noble and interesting character. Justin, usually called "Martyr," was a native of Flavia Neapolis, a Grecian colony, established on the

site of the ancient Sichem, in Samaria. Naturally of a thoughtful and inquiring mind, he was early led to feel dissatisfied with Paganism, and to long for some solid foundation upon which to build his religious belief. Above all things, it was his desire to know God. For he had become conscious of that "infinite gulf" in the soul, which "cannot be filled except by an infinite and immutable object—that is, by God himself."

While thus feeling after the Author of his being, if haply he might find Him, he applied for assistance to the most celebrated teachers of each of the systems of philosophy popular at that time. "The knowledge of God is by no means necessary, and has no practical use," said the Stoic. "You must make yourself acquainted with all the sciences—with music, astronomy, and geometry—before I can impart it to you," said the Pythagorean. "But what will you pay me if I undertake to teach you?" asked the Peripatetic philosopher, manifesting at the same time such unseemly eagerness about the answer to his question, that Justin was convinced that he at least could not possibly possess the true knowledge of God.

At length the inquirer betook himself to Platonism, which certainly offered many points of attraction to a thoughtful and speculative mind. Still, though engaged and interested, he was not satisfied: God was leading the blind by a way that he knew not, and would not suffer him to rest content in any system that was not the Truth. According to his own account, he was walking one day by the sea-shore, absorbed in meditation, when he was accosted by an aged man of venerable appearance, who, after some conversation, told him that the philosophy to which he had hitherto devoted his attention was useless, and earnestly exhorted him to study instead the sacred books of the Old and New Testaments. "And above all things," added his instructor, "pray that the gates of light may be opened to you; for they are not discernible, except God and his Christ enable a man to understand."

Justin acted upon this advice, and was led to embrace the faith of Christ with his whole heart. "In the end," he says himself, "I found the Divine Scriptures to be the only sure philosophy."

His own soul being thus set free from the anguish of doubt and perplexity, he had henceforward no object in life but to commend to others the Truth he himself esteemed so precious. With this aim he travelled over sea and land; and now in Asia, now in Egypt, now in Italy, sought to propagate the faith he loved. That he might obtain a more favourable hearing for his doctrines, he retained the *pallium*, or long mantle, worn by the heathen philosophers. Thus attired, he was wont to frequent the public walks of the cities where he sojourned. Here strangers would often salute him with the usual "Good-morrow, philosopher!" and pass on. But it frequently happened that one or another would linger near him, and, attracted by the hope of learning something from a philosopher, make a courteous remark leading to further conversation. Justin never failed to improve the opportunities thus afforded him; and in this way he won many converts to the faith of Christ. At last he settled in Rome, where, though it does not appear that he entered the Christian ministry, he became eminent as a Christian teacher. His influence amongst the learned and intelligent was considerable; and was probably increased by the partiality, which he retained to the last, for Plato and the other Greek philosophers. He addressed an eloquent apology for the Christian faith to Antoninus Pius and his sons; and was, besides, the author of several works in which Christianity is defended against Pagans, Jews, and Heretics.

Whilst Justin was thus engaged both with tongue and pen in the propagation and defence of the faith, Antoninus Pius was removed by death (A.D. 161), and was succeeded on the imperial throne by his adopted son, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Here the story of Justin must be for the present interrupted, as the bloody and eventful reign of Marcus Aurelius deserves separate consideration. Happy were those Christians who, in the more peaceful times of his immediate predecessors, so kept their loins girt about, and their lights burning, as to be ready for the Master's summons, in whatever form it might come, and able to say calmly, with one perhaps the noblest of them all, "The will of the Lord be done!"

THE STORY OF A HUGUENOT GALLEY-SLAVE.*

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

IN the year 1651, the greatest and weakest of Bourbon princes ascended the French throne, and the double regency of Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin terminated. On Mazarin's death the young king devoted himself as sedulously to business and the acquisition of information as he had formerly done to pleasure only, and showed himself to possess a singular power of king-craft. His court soon became a model for all the courts of Europe, in its elaborate etiquette and splendour, and was adorned by a perfect galaxy of statesmen, generals, ecclesiastics, and men of literature and science, who made the dignity and greatness of their king the object of their exertions. But above the clangour of military glory, and the siren music of courtly gaieties, the still small voice of Calvinistic Protestantism occasionally made itself heard; and we may believe that the independent religious attitude assumed by the peaceable and industrious Huguenots was very galling to this haughty and despotic sovereign. His *animus* against them was announced in these words: "My grandfather loved the Huguenots without fearing them; my father feared without loving them; I neither fear nor love them." It was not till 1685 that he proved that he both hated and feared them, by his Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

For nearly ninety years the Protestants of France had enjoyed the same privileges as are now possessed by Romanists among ourselves—liberty of conscience and worship, equal rights before the law, and absolute security to person and property. Under this system of toleration they had not only become envied for their wealth, as well as respected for their industry throughout the country, but had risen to some of the highest positions at court, and in the army and navy. In spite of Louis the Fourteenth's dramatic declaration that he neither feared nor loved them, there is no doubt that even early in his reign he took umbrage not only at the broader and more liberal political views which have ever been allied with Calvinistic reformed opinion, but at the influential position which the Huguenots occupied in his dominions. In many cities the great industries were almost monopolies in their hands; and "as prosperous as a Huguenot," had become a proverb.

Upon this large and prosperous population, among

which the happiest homes of France were to be found, the royal decree of October 22nd, 1685, fell like a thunderbolt. As the bad news travelled through the land, breaking up the quiet of peaceful villages, all Huguenot faces gathered blackness. By some of the more enlightened Protestants, whose business brought them into connection with Paris, or whose rank into contact with the court, the temper of the king and his advisers was well known, and among such there was a degree of preparedness for the withdrawal of their privileges, though not for the severity of the laws which were to be enacted against them. The majority, however, were living under the Edict of Nantes with as perfect a consciousness of security as the Romanists of this country happily possess under the Emancipation Act. To them the memories of St. Bartholomew had become but a glorious heritage, and the edict of Henry of Navarre was in their view irrevocable.

To the stupefaction of horror and surprise which was the first consequence of the decree of October 22nd, succeeded anxious questionings as to its practical bearing upon the position of the adherents of the reformed faith. Unfortunately, the longer the matter was looked at, the blacker it became; and the fierce brevity of the king's edict rendered it apparent to the slowest capacity that, from thenceforth, for all Huguenots, without distinction of birth, sex, or age, there were but three alternatives: apostasy, persecution unto death, or a hazardous flight from the kingdom. The main provisions of the decree were these: The Reformed clergy were to leave France within fifteen days, on pain of the galleys. All Protestant worship, whether public or private, was interdicted, and the churches were to be levelled with the ground. The Protestant schools were to be closed, and all children born after the date of the Revocation were to be baptized by the parish priests, and brought up Roman Catholics. Refugees were enjoined to return and abjure their faith within four months, under pain of outlawry and confiscation of property. All Protestants who attempted to escape from the kingdom were to be condemned to the galleys for life. Adults who had been brought up in the reformed faith were to remain, "*until it should please God to enlighten them.*"

Almost before the edict had had time to penetrate the distant provinces, its oppressive enactments were put in force. The king cried "Havoc," and in a few days "the dogs of war" were let slip throughout his dominions. Great was the exultation of the priests, who for ninety years had been interdicted from following their favourite pastime; and great the joy of the soldiers, who from that day revelled in the license of war without

* "The Autobiography of a French Protestant condemned to the Gallies for the sake of his religion. Translated from the French. Religious Tract Society, London." This volume was translated into English, and published at the Hague as early as 1768, by "James Willington," who was no other than Oliver Goldsmith. It was forgotten, and might not have been reprinted, even in the original, but for the glowing eulogy pronounced upon it by M. Michélet in his work on "The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes."

war's risks. The last clause of the decree, "*Until it shall please God to enlighten them*," was speedily rendered intelligible by its translation into those atrocious "*Dragonnades*," which filled every province of France with terror, and have covered with an everlasting infamy the name of Louis XIV. A brutal soldiery, subject to no check or restraint, but rather stimulated to the greatest excesses by the exhortations of the priesthood and the known temper of the court, were quartered in overwhelming numbers on the homes of the Huguenots, and "enlightened" the helpless recusants by pillage, torture, and outrage, from which neither age nor sex was spared. Then began that exodus which enriched Holland, Switzerland, Germany, England, and the colonies of North America, as much as it impoverished France. The "*Dragonnades*" only left a choice between apostasy and flight; and probably not fewer than 250,000 Huguenots chose the last, and made good their escape to foreign lands. Some of these fugitives bribed with their whole fortunes the guards who lined the frontier; others crept through forests under cover of the night, or paid large sums to guides (who as often betrayed as helped them) to conduct them by unwatched and intricate passes. Some concealed themselves on board ships, among bales of goods, or in empty casks; and a large number ventured out to sea in open boats, in the desperate hope of being picked up by some friendly vessel. But the king and his co-persecutors, as time went on, redoubled their efforts to deprive the persecuted of the poor alternative of escape. The guards on the frontiers were doubled; the peasants were commanded, under pain of penalties, to aid in the capture of "runaways;" assisting or abetting the escape of a Huguenot was made a capital offence; the country districts were scoured by soldiers night and day in search of fugitives; the innkeepers in the frontier towns were forbidden to receive strangers without a permit from the governor; and, to crown all, any person found on, or attempting to cross the frontier without a passport, was to be condemned to the *galleys for life*. Of the vast number of Huguenots residing in France in 1685, three of the noblest Frenchmen of that era, with great difficulty, and only on account of long and splendid services rendered to the king and nation, obtained leave to remain in the country without molestation: Marshal Schomberg, the Marquis de Ruigny, and Admiral Duquesne, the founder of the French navy. The last, a veteran eighty years of age, when tormented by the king in person to abjure his faith, pointed to his hoary hairs and said: "For sixty years I have rendered unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; still let me render unto God the things which are God's." But in default of services which claimed recognition even from this relentless sovereign, the laws which enforced "enlightenment" on those who remained, and the penalty of the galleys on those who escaped, were carried out without mercy. Within a year from the date of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 600 Protestant gentlemen were slaves in the galleys at Marseilles, 600

at Toulon, and a proportionate number at the other ports; and among these many were of noble birth: two were Chevaliers of the order of St. Louis, while some, like Louis de Marolles, were eminent for learning or science.

The annals of this "noble army of martyrs" are few; and possibly, while our hearts are thrilled by narratives of men and women sent to heaven from the stake and the rack, we fail to recognize the heroic capacity of Christian endurance which, without the elevating consciousness of martyrdom, and the speedy prospect of the martyr's crown, enabled men to "die daily" in the French galleys in cold, heat, hunger, chains, scourging, the bastinado, fighting in unrighteous causes, and the companionship of the vilest criminals by day and by night, ere they died, once for all, of excessive labour and ill-usage.

The war which was terminated by the peace of Ryswick had given to those Huguenots who had neither escaped nor apostatized, a brief and partial respite; for, as the king required all his troops upon the frontier, there was a temporary cessation of the "*Dragonnades*." No sooner was peace concluded and the dragoons at leisure, than the Jesuits indemnified themselves for the repose they had been compelled to give to the Protestants during the war, by inaugurating a pitiless persecution throughout France. In 1699 the Duke de la Force requested permission of the king to withdraw from court, and retire for a time to his estates in Perigord, "in order to convert the Huguenots;" and permission being readily granted, he went to his castle of La Force, three miles from the small town of Bergerac, accompanied by four Jesuits, a few guards, and some servants. His missionary efforts began the day after his arrival; and on that and many days to come, men, women, and children were dragged from their homes, and made to suffer, in his presence, the most horrible tortures, from which some were set free only by death. Others, in their agonies, abjured their religion, and were then compelled to take an oath to remain inviolably attached to the Romish faith.

The town of Bergerac was at this time free from persecution, though the indiscretion of one of its citizens—a crazy advocate, named Grenier—nearly drew down upon it the duke's indignation. While he was formally receiving the homage and congratulations of the monks and priests of the neighbourhood, Grenier wished to range himself among the flatterers, and requested an audience, with the intention of making a speech. The audience was granted, and the duke received him, seated in his chair of state, with his four Jesuits by his side. "Monseigneur," said Grenier, making a profound obeisance, "your grandfather was a great warrior; your father was a great saint; and you, Monseigneur, are a great huntsman." The duke interrupted him, to ask how he knew that he was a great huntsman; for, in truth, he had no passion for any chase but that of heretics. "I judge of it," replied

Grenier, pointing to the four Jesuits, "by your four bloodhounds, who never quit you." As Grenier professed the Reformed faith, there was a great clamour raised for vengeance on him and on the town of Bergerac, but it was delayed for a time.

The duke's missionary enterprise was so successful, that, to show his gratification with the result, he celebrated public rejoicings at the castle and village of La Force, and made a bonfire of a magnificent library, composed of the pious books of the Reformed religion, collected by his godly ancestors. Shortly afterwards he returned to Paris, and received the congratulations of the king and court upon his zeal and success. In another year he obtained permission to return to Perigord, and convert the Huguenots in the royal towns of that province. This was a more serious undertaking than proselytizing among his wretched vassals; and he equipped himself accordingly, for, in addition to his four "bloodhounds," he obtained the services of a regiment of dragoons. These booted and spurred missionaries were more successful than the Jesuits. They were allowed full license, and not interdicted from the practice of any cruelty; so, under their auspices, many of the wretched Huguenots attended mass, abjured their faith publicly, and took an oath to Romanism, filled with imprecations against the Reformed faith.

In the quiet thriving town of Bergerac resided a burgher family, of the name of Marteilhe. The head of it was engaged in a prosperous business, and, being a Huguenot and a God-fearing man, brought up his children in the fear of God, and gave no offence in anything. During the sixteen years which had elapsed between the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the "*Dragonnade*" in Perigord, three boys and a girl had been born to him; all of whom, contrary to the royal decree, had been baptized into the Reformed faith, and carefully instructed, not only in its tenets, but in the errors of the Romish Church. They were living quietly, with scarcely a thought of danger, when the storm of persecution broke upon Bergerac. Twenty-two dragoons were quartered in Marteilhe's house, to begin with. This failing to convert him, he was thrown into prison at Perigueux, by order of the duke. John, the eldest son, a lad of sixteen, escaped, and hid himself. Then the Jesuits swooped down upon the family, seized the three younger children, and placed them in convents. The mother failed in an attempt to escape, and, after being tortured by the dragoons, was dragged before the duke, who, by further tortures and terrible threats, forced her to sign his formulary. She wrote her name, protesting, and weeping bitterly; and added afterwards these words, "(La) Force made me do it," which she persistently refused to erase. We wonder less at the weakness which recanted, than at the strength which enabled the poor timid woman to protest even in her weakness. So she returned to her desolate hearth, where, in place of tones of manly tenderness and the sweet lisp of children's voices, there was the coarse

boisterousness of twenty-two brutal dragoons. Round that fireside, or indeed round any other, the Marteilhe family never met again.

In the middle of October 1700, Jean Marteilhe and Daniel Le Gras, a friend of his, the son of a barber at Bergerac, contrived to slip through the soldiers, who guarded all the approaches to the town; and, after walking all night through the woods, found themselves in the morning at Mezidon, a small town twelve miles from Bergerac. Here these two boys—the eldest of whom was not turned seventeen—took the resolution of braving all risks in order to leave France; and, after imploring the divine guidance and protection, they made a solemn vow to God, and a compact with each other, that whatever were the result of their present enterprise, they would remain faithful confessors of the Reformed faith, even at the risk of the galleys or death. Through many years of suffering, through evil report and good report, this early vow was kept. Having resolved upon this course, they set off cheerfully to walk the six hundred miles of highway which they must travel before they could reach the Netherlands, with ten pistoles in their joint purse. They reached Paris without misadventure, on November 10th; and, as persecution had brought about its usual result of sifting the Church visible, and binding the members of the Church invisible together, they were hospitably received by a Protestant, and obtained from him directions for their journey as far as Mezières—a garrison town on the borders of the Forest of Ardennes, close to the Meuse, the frontier of the Spanish Netherlands. Carefully husbanding their meagre funds, ten days after leaving Paris they found themselves, at four o'clock in the afternoon, on the summit of a small hill, from which they had an excellent view of the whole town of Mezières, and the approaches to it. Hitherto, since leaving Bergerac, their journey had been free from peril, for the strength of the Government was spent in guarding the roads across the frontier; but the fugitives had been warned by their friend in Paris that their risks would begin at Mezières, because the guard at the gates stopped all persons suspected of being strangers, and that the absence of a passport involved the extreme penalty of the law.

From the top of the hill, then, these lads surveyed the goal of their journey of six hundred miles. Two miles from the spot on which they stood was liberty of conscience and person; between them and it the risk of the galleys for life. No wonder that fear predominated over hope! Throughout this singular narrative, it is apparent that *espionage* and terrorism had taught the Huguenots a caution not usual among people in happier circumstances, and that the wisdom of the serpent was more valued than the harmlessness of the dove. We marvel at the precocious intelligence which the hard times had developed in Jean and his companion, at an age at which cricket and other exercises, rather of muscle than brain, usually monopolize the energies.

The first illustration of this precocity is to be met with at Mezières. As the youths looked upon the town, they perceived that the only entrance from their side was by a long bridge which led up to the gate, and on which many of the citizens were walking, tempted by the fineness of the afternoon. To put on all their clean shirts at once, and stuff the knapsacks which had contained them into their pockets, to clean their shoes and comb their hair, was the work of a few minutes; and, flattering themselves that they were completely divested of the appearance of travellers, they came down from the hill, and sauntered up and down with the citizens on the bridge, carolling love-ditties as they went, till the drum beat for closing the gates. The stratagem was successful; and, after passing through the gate unchallenged by the guard, they gave way to transports of joy and gratitude.

The city gate was now shut, and, contrary to their hopes, they were compelled to lodge for the night at an inn, where they heard a dialogue between the landlord and his wife which made them shudder. Soon afterwards the landlord asked them civilly if they had a permit from the governor, to which they returned a bold negative; but added, that they were well provided with papers, including a passport enabling them to enter the frontier towns. He then urged them to accompany him to the governor, and show their passports; but they pleaded fatigue, and promised to go with him in the morning. His anxiety about the affair was in consequence of a clause in the royal edict, under which innkeepers who took in strangers devoid of permit or passport were to be fined a thousand crowns. The host gave his guests a good supper and a good bed; but they, now fairly entangled in the meshes of the great net spread for the destruction of Protestants, never attempted to sleep, but occupied the first part of the night with fruitless counsels, which consisted mainly in devising answers wherewith to deceive the governor. Failing to invent anything likely to serve their purpose, and seeing no way out of their dilemma but prison and the galleys, they spent the remaining dark hours in prayers that God would protect them in their extremity, and, whatever their fate might be, would grant them firmness and constancy to confess worthily the truth of the gospel. The dawn of day found them upon their knees. The weakness and inexperience which led these youths to give false replies concerning their passport, contrast most touchingly with the strength in which, with the galleys looming in their view, they encouraged each other to continue steadfast confessors of Christ's name and doctrine. They rose up from their knees in the gray morning to practise another deception, having made up their minds to leave their lodging clandestinely. They went to the landlord's room, and told him that, as they had to go to the governor with him, they would like breakfast at once, so that they might proceed on their journey from the governor's house. He approved of their plan, and told the servant to prepare breakfast

while he dressed himself. The half-sleeping cook took down the shutters, opened the kitchen door, and proceeded to fry some sausages. No sooner was he absorbed with this occupation, than the lads slipped through the open door, and departed without paying their reckoning. Marteilhe, apparently feeling that this proceeding required an apology, says that "the trick seemed absolutely necessary;" but afterwards, in narrating certain deceptions and inventions practised at Marienberg, he writes sadly: "Alas, that we were weak and foolish enough not to tell the whole truth! For this may God pardon us; for, to be faithful followers of the Christian religion, we ought never to lie."

The sleepy sentinel at the city gate let them pass unchallenged, which seemed like a divine interposition in their favour, and in half an hour they were breakfasting in Charleville, a small unwall'd town within gunshot of Mezières. This perilous adventure was but at the beginning of the gauntlet of difficulties they had to run before they could reach Charleroi, the nearest town at which there was a Dutch garrison.

Somewhat refreshed by their breakfast, and very grateful for their deliverance, they entered the Forest of Ardennes. At that date this was the finest forest in Europe, covering an immense extent of country, and sheltering in its dense recesses troops of ravenous beasts and a few desperate and outlawed men. So numerous and intricate were the paths which crossed the more frequented parts of the forest, that travellers who neglected to take guides often lost their way, and perished miserably. Superstition added its mysterious terrors to the woods of Ardennes. The peasants had seen satyrs and dryads holding revelry with the rude gods of old Gaul; and there were stories told in spasmodic whispers of shapes which now and then were seen, which suggested the belief that in the deepest recesses of the forest was one of the gates of the bottomless pit. As if these terrors were not enough to cool the courage of the fugitives, there was a hard frost during the night which they spent at Mezières, which had turned every twig of every tree into coral, and long icicles hung from every branch motionless in the still morning air. This transformation of the dark forest into a weird and glittering fairy scene, rendered it yet more terrible; and the youths lingered at its entrance, in a state of mingled fear and embarrassment, till they met a peasant, who warned them of many other dangers, and advised them to leave the Ardennes, and journey to Charleroi by the small town of Couvé. They took his advice, and it led them straight into a narrow gorge guarded by a company of French soldiers, who stopped all strangers without passports, and took them to prison at Rocroy. At the moment in which the fugitives unawares entered this trap, the rain came down in such torrents that the sentinel on duty took shelter in the guard-house. So they escaped this peril; and hungry, footsore, weary, and wet to the skin, they entered Couvé, and went to an inn to dry themselves and get something to eat. Had

they only known that Couvé was not in France, but in the territory of the Prince de Liège, their escape would have been complete; but, as Jean wrote afterwards, it was God's will that they should remain in ignorance, in order to try their faith by thirteen years of misery in dungeons and galleys.

The tale of their capture is a sad one. Strange to say, their observance of a polite French custom was the cause of their ruin. The landlord of the inn gave them beer in a pot with two handles, upon which they asked for glasses. On this the landlord remarked that they must be Frenchmen, for the custom of Germans was to drink out of the pot. This speech was overheard by a gamekeeper of the Prince de Liège, who at once offered to lay a wager that the lads did not carry rosaries in their pockets. Le Gras, who was taking snuff, coolly tapped his snuff-box, and declared that it was his rosary—a misplaced piece of bravado, which cost them dear. The gamekeeper, now convinced that they were Huguenots, took measures to secure their arrest if they re-entered French territory.

They had been directed, on leaving Couvé, to take the road to the left, which would have brought them in safety to Charleroi; but seeing a man on horseback coming towards them, they were seized with a panic, turned back, and took the fatal road which led to Marienberg, a town on French territory. They had not yet tasted food at the inn to which they betook themselves, when they were seized upon by eight soldiers with fixed bayonets, headed by the treacherous gamekeeper of Couvé, and dragged before the governor. Here, again, they were weak enough to prevaricate, and told him that they were hair-dressers' apprentices, making the circuit of France. His valet, himself a barber, on examining Le Gras, was convinced that such was their business, and they would have been set at liberty had not the governor bethought himself of asking of what religion they were. On this point their consciences, sometimes rather too elastic, never allowed them to disguise the truth, and they boldly answered that they were of the Reformed faith. The next moment, in reply to another question, they weakly denied that they had any intention of leaving the country. So true was Marteilhe's remark on this very interview: "Human nature never performs a good work perfectly."

They were then committed to prison, but were encouraged to hope that they would be liberated in two or three days. The gamekeeper received neither his reward as informer, or the usual perquisite of the property found on the prisoners, but was dismissed by the governor with the threat of a sound thrashing, and banished by the Prince de Liège for the miserable part he had played. The major of the prison, touched by the extreme youth and great misfortunes of the fugitives, treated them with much kindness. When, weeping bitterly, they pleaded to be removed from a dungeon fitted only for criminals condemned to the axe or the wheel, he replied: "These are my orders, my children;

but I will take care that you don't sleep here." He went to the governor, and reported that he had only found one pistole upon the prisoners, a proof, among many others, that they had no intention of leaving France; therefore he requested that they might be set at liberty. Unfortunately, the courier for Paris had left an hour before, bearing despatches containing information of the detention of the two youths, so they could not be released without an order from the court; but permission was granted for their removal from the dungeon to the jailer's room, where they had full liberty under the care of a corporal and sentinel, and were supplied with food from the major's table. It is interesting to observe, throughout this narrative, the great kindness which was constantly shown to Marteilhe, even by those engaged in carrying out the orders of the court; and the simple, grateful way in which he always relates these mitigations of his lot, speaks very favourably for himself, and conveys the impression that his tenacious adherence to his religious principles was combined with something peculiarly gentle and attractive.

Before many days had elapsed, De la Vrillière, the minister of state, ignoring the favourable tenor of the *procès-verbal*, ordered the governor to prosecute the fugitives, and condemn them to the galleys for being found on the frontier without a passport. Meanwhile, the curé of Marienberg was to endeavour to bring them into the pale of the Romish Church; and in case of his success, they were to be set at liberty by favour of the court. The friendly major, having read them the instructions, added these words: "I shall give you no advice; your faith and your conscience must decide you. All I can say is, your abjuration will at once open your prison doors, and that unless you make it, you will certainly go to the galleys." To this Marteilhe replied: "We place our whole confidence in God, and resign ourselves to his holy will, not expecting any human help; and by God's grace, which we shall never cease to implore, we will never deny the divine and true doctrines of our holy religion." He added, that the major must not believe that it was through obstinacy or insatiation that they continued steadfast, but from a conviction of the truths of their own religion, and the errors of the Romish faith, in which they had been carefully instructed by their parents. They thanked the major for all his goodness to them, and he departed, after embracing them tenderly, weeping bitterly, and they saw his face no more, though he continued to send their meals from his own table. It was well for Marteilhe that he counted the cost of this his first answer, for it involved him in a "great fight of afflictions."

The curé visited them daily for some time, and then finding himself worsted in argument, he tried what temptation would do. One day a radiant vision appeared within the prison walls; a young and beautiful girl, whose soft musical voice, speaking words of tender commiseration, sounded in Marteilhe's ears like an echo from that peaceful home at Bergerac which he was

never to see again. But the curé had miscalculated the power which the fascinations of his niece could exercise over settled religious convictions. He promised her in marriage to Marteilhe, with a large dowry, if he would conform to her religion; but the young Huguenot, who had an intense aversion to priests and their families, rejected his offer with a most unseemly degree of contempt, whereby he sealed his doom, for the curé, in a violent rage, went immediately to the governor and told him that he had no longer any hope of the prisoners, for they were reprobates under the influence of the devil! On his deposition they underwent a private judicial examination, and were sentenced to the galleys for life, "for being of the pretended Reformed religion, and intending to escape from the kingdom." The judge, against their will, appealed for them to the Parliament of Tournay, to which place they were conveyed; and their actual sufferings began.

As convicts, all indulgences were withdrawn from them, chains were put upon their hands, and bound together with cords which cut into their flesh, and, closely guarded by four archers, they travelled to Tournay by Mauberge and Valenciennes. Every evening they were placed in frightful dungeons, without even straw to lie upon, and nothing better than water and black bread for their sustenance. Ragged, dirty, forlorn, and penniless, they were thrown into the Parliament prison, into which no charitable person ever entered. Here they remained for six weeks in an underground cell, and soon became so weak and emaciated that they were hardly able to rise from the damp straw, swarming with vermin, which served them for a bed. A small quantity of coarse rye bread was daily thrown to them through a hole in the door, much as if they had been dogs. In this extremity they sold their coats, waistcoats, and all their shirts but one, for a little more food. The curé occasionally came to mock them, asking them if they were not tired of martyrdom, and telling them that their deliverance depended upon their renunciation of the errors of Calvin. But at last, on Marteilhe's seventeenth birthday, a change came. Early in the morning the jailer threw a broom through the door, and told them to sweep out their dungeon, for two Huguenot gentlemen were coming to keep them company. After an exciting interval, the sound of many footsteps was heard, the cell door opened, and several soldiers armed with swords and muskets led in two young gentlemen, attired from head to foot in velvet and lace, whom they announced as the Marquis de Rivasson, and the Chevalier Sorbier. Under these noble names the prisoners recognized, with amazement, two old school-fellows, sons of well-to-do citizens of Bergerac, with whom they had been very intimate. These self-styled noblemen could hardly believe that the heaps of rags which rose from the filthy straw to greet them were their old Perigord friends; but on hearing the patois they embraced them affectionately, and all shed abundance of tears. It was a very affecting interview.

These gentlemen asked the two heroic boys, who were reduced to an extremity of physical weakness, for something to eat, for they were hungry. Marteilhe gave them the wretched morsel of bread intended for the whole day, and a pitcher of water. "Good God!" they cried, "shall we be treated in this manner? and cannot we, by payment, have something to eat and drink?" "Certainly," replied Jean, "for money; but there is the difficulty; we have not seen a coin for nearly three months." "Oh, oh!" said they, "if we can have what we want for money, it's all right;" and cutting open their belts, nearly 400 louis d'or fell out. Jean confessed naively that he never felt greater joy than the sight of this gold caused him, for he foresaw that they should eat a good meal, and no longer languish in hunger. So Rivasson gave Jean a coin, and by dint of shouting and knocking they succeeded in bringing the jailer to the door, and told him they had money and wanted food. "Very well, gentlemen," said he; "what would you like to have? soup and boiled beef?" "Yea, yea; a good thick soup, and a ten-pound loaf, and some beer." "You shall have it all in an hour," he said. "In an hour!" exclaimed Jean; "what a long time!" at which the new-comers laughed loudly, in happy ignorance of such wolfish craving. At last the long-desired hour arrived, and the jailer brought some thick cabbage-soup, a dish of *bowilli*, and the loaf, of which good things Rivasson and Sorbier ate very sparingly; but Marteilhe fell upon them so ravenously as to bring on a severe attack of illness, of which he would have died but for the apothecary's prompt remedies. On recovering, he told the new-comers of the bad luck which had reduced them to that miserable condition, upon which they began to weep and bemoan their weakness, confessing that they had resolved to abjure their religion to save themselves from the galleys. "What an example, gentlemen, do you bring us here!" exclaimed Marteilhe. "We should rather wish never to have seen you than to find you holding sentiments so opposite to the faith in which your parents have instructed you. Do you not tremble for fear of the just judgments of God, who declares that those who know their Master's will and do it not shall be beaten with more stripes than those who are ignorant?" "What would you have us do?" they replied. "We cannot make up our minds to go to the galleys. You are very fortunate in having courage to do so, and we praise you for it; but speak no more about it, our resolution is taken." Shortly afterwards, Rivasson and Sorbier made a public recantation, but were condemned to the galleys for attempting to escape from France, and then abjured their abjuration. Owing to the erroneous belief that they belonged to two of the noblest families of France, the Jesuits moved heaven and earth to obtain the king's pardon on condition of a second recantation, but for many months he was inexorable, and at last their release was obtained from him only at the earnest intercession of Mme. de Maintenon, who procured along with it a commission in the army for each

of the apostates. They were both killed at the battle of Hekeru, two years after the steadfastness of their former companions had been rewarded with the galleys. To Marteilhe apostasy appeared "the most atrocious of all crimes against God's divinity." It does not appear that it ever occurred to him as an alternative in his own case.

Though the weakness of these wealthy fugitives was a source of unceasing sorrow to their more steadfast friends, their arrival procured for them many material comforts. They were removed to better quarters in the town prison, where they received much kindness both from Romanists and Protestants. Here they were visited once, and no more, by the bishop's chaplain, a good old priest, who told them that he was sent by the bishop "to convert them to the Christian religion." They replied that they were "Christians both by baptism and by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." "What?" said he; "you are Christians! and what are your names?" taking his tablets on which their names were written out of his pocket, thinking he had made a mistake. When they told him their Christian names and surnames he said: "It is you indeed to whom I am sent, but you are not what I thought, for you say you are Christians, and his lordship sent me to convert you to Christianity. Repeat to me the articles of your faith." They repeated the Apostles' Creed. "What!" cried he; "you believe that, and I too; his lordship the bishop has been trying to make an April fool of me"—for that day was in fact April 1, 1701. The good priest took leave of them very quickly, much mortified that the bishop should have played such a trick on a man of his age and character. It is obvious that one of the alleviations of Marteilhe's lot was his keen sense of the ludicrous, which enabled him to find a certain amount of interest and enjoyment under almost all circumstances.

At the end of April 1701, Marteilhe and his companion were tried by the Parliament, acquitted of all attention to leave France (a result brought about by the cleverness of Le Gras), and two hours after their

return to prison the jailer rushed breathlessly into their room to congratulate them on the prospect of their speedy release. Crowds of their friends also came to congratulate them, and during the fortnight which elapsed before the final order for their liberation could be received from the minister of state, their room was filled from morning to night by persons bringing offers of aid to them in their future career. It was a strange change from the wretched dungeon in the Parliament prison to a light airy room, with the prospect of speedy freedom; and we can imagine what visions of the future danced before the eyes of these youthful confessors when they heard that the expected courier had arrived from Paris, and they were summoned before a full assembly of the Parliament.

The President asked them if they could read, and on their replying in the affirmative, he handed them the following note of the minister of state:—

"GENTLEMEN,—Jean Marteilhe, Daniel le Gras, having been found on the frontier without passports, His Majesty decides that they shall be condemned to the galleys.—I am, Gentlemen, &c.,

"THE MARQUIS DE LA VEILLIÈRE."

"Here, my friends," said the president, "is your sentence, which has emanated from the court and not from us; we wash our hands of it. We pity you, and we wish you the mercy of God and of the king."

So in the sunny month of May, when Nature was putting on her festal robes, and the birds were singing in the thickening foliage, these two human lives were blighted, and on their spring-time fell an untimely winter. For them no buds of promise should hereafter bloom; for them no honourable career, no household ties, no voice of wife or child. "Condemned to the galleys!" Was it possible for them to be faithful unto death? Could the pierced hand, which, far off in the misty distance, held forth the crown of life, sustain them through the coming years of martyrdom?

J. L. B.

WINTER THOUGHTS.

BY the fireside we were sitting, Alice, golden-haired, and I,
While the short November gloaming hid a dark and sullen sky.

Sweetest time for happy fancies! but for me, alas, to-night
Hope can weave no fairy visions in the glowing embers' light;

For my thoughts still sadly linger o'er the dying winter day;
And the mournful wind still sobbing for the summer passed away,

Only seems the faintest echo of my heart's deep wail of pain
For the hopes which ne'er shall waken, though the spring will come again;

For the failure of fair promise, o'er which burning tears were shed,
And the dreary hopeless blankness left by joys for ever fled.

Oh, the agony of parting! weary nights of hopes and fears;
Now to us a life-long sorrow—God has wiped away *their* tears.

"Ah, my happy little Alice! yet for you no shadows rise;
Pleasant thoughts I see reflected, by the fire-light, in
your eyes.

Are you dreaming of the spring-time, when larks sing
and violets blow?"

"Nay," with upturned face she answered; "I am thinking
of the snow."

Simple words of childish prattle, heaven-sent and not
in vain;
For they fell upon my spirit like the sweet sleep after
pain.

Earth I see all white and radiant, e'en in winter drear
and cold,
Glittering in her bridal garments,—hill and valley, tree
and wold;

Busy street and quiet churchyard, where the angels all
the night,
Soft as fondest mother's fingers, spread the snowy
covering white.

And all Nature seems to whisper, as she basks in
Heaven's own smile,
The glad word of cheering promise: "Only for a little
while."

But our hearts are ever failing; they are weak, so weak,
O Lord!

And we cannot rest in quiet, trusting only to thy word.

For the winter-time is dreary, and our hearts make
bitter moan;

One by one our dear ones leave us, till we are all alone;

And, alas, Faith's lamp burns dimly in our darkness and
our fears,

And we cannot trace thy footprints for our own fast
falling tears.

But the longest night soon passes; and one morning we
shall rise,

With the light of Resurrection dazzling our poor earth-
blind eyes.

Oh, the rapture of that moment! strife all over, victory
won,

Rest for toil, and bliss for sorrow, sin and care for ever
done!

Hush, we may not dare to enter; Christ is there, 'tis
all we know;

And he says our own shall greet us, clad in raiment
white as snow. R.

MY ALPINE FRIEND.

TRANSLATION (ABRIDGED) FROM QUELLWASSER, ETC.

IF you knew Hans, you would think as little
about the discomforts around him as you do
of the dirty mould in which the beautiful hyacinth at your window is planted.
Hans is like the Alpine rose (rhododendron?), with its
tough roots and stalk, and rough leaves, but delicate
blossoms, which will only open on the pure heights far
above the city's smoke and heavy atmosphere.

Hans is but a young peasant of twenty-four years old,
tall, and thin, and muscular, his black hair overshadowing
his dark eyebrows, and deepening the brown colour of
his face, with blouse and short leather trousers, which
match his complexion. But look at the whole figure
and countenance together! Hardly among princes have
I ever seen such an open, self-possessed, manly bearing.
For Hans inherits the starry heavens above, the glaciers
and waterfalls thundering into the valleys around, the
rising and setting sun, the majestic storm-clouds beneath
his feet;—Hans inherits himself; he is the slave of
no man on earth; he feels that he is the property of
God alone. Were you to ask him to whom he belonged,
his answer would be, "I am a child of God." Yes, Hans
is right; the seal of adoption is impressed on his forehead.
Although so tall, and bony, and dark, and already
twenty-four years of age, yet the expression of his brown

face is one of child-like, playful innocence, and his large
dark intelligent eyes look straight into yours, free of all
disturbance or suspicion. They have reminded me of
the dark night-violet, or the eyes of the gazelle. "The
light of the body is the eye; if thine eye be single, thy
whole body shall be full of light." I first clearly understood
those words of our Lord when I met with Hans....

Now let me tell you more about Hans. We often sat
together, in the morning sunshine, on the roof of the
chalet. You smile, my reader! Yes, it is true; on the
Alps all things are quite different from those in the city,
and so I must explain how I came to be *upon the roof*.
It is terribly cold in the mornings on the mountains;
and so I would keep close to the fire in the kitchen
(which was also the sitting-room); but there the smoke
was distressing, and as soon as the sun began to have
power I was glad to go out into the open air. I might as
well have sat down in the drinking-trough as among the
thick grass drenched with dew. But Hans would help
me to climb up to the roof, which was well warmed and
dried by the smoke; and there I sat comfortably in the
sunshine, with the mountains before me, and the valleys
and its villages below. Whenever Hans had an hour to
spare, which was generally before noon, we sat together

on the roof; and such times were to me sources of pure enjoyment, for which I shall ever thank God.

"What are you at home?" said Hans to me one morning.

"I am a doctor," I replied, curious to see what he would think of it.

"A doctor!" said he; "well, I wish you had come a week sooner, for one of the cows was so ill, and our cow-doctor is getting old, and not willing to come up here; he only sent us some medicine."

"I am not a cattle-doctor," I answered; but now I felt embarrassed. I knew best myself what I was *not*, and Hans begged me to explain what I was, if I were not a cattle-doctor. I could only tell him that I was a man who had studied a great deal, and wished to find out the truth upon all subjects.

I cannot say how ashamed I felt to say all this to Hans, though in general quite accustomed to hear myself called a learned doctor ("einen Gelehrten").

"Now," said Hans, delighted, "that is all right; then you can tell me everything which I have so long desired to know."

But it soon appeared that I could tell Hans wonderfully little of what he wished to know. The simple herdsmen made me quickly sensible of how little I knew myself. . . .

Would you know why I felt this so specially with Hans? Because he seemed to walk with God, as if almost, like Moses, "seeing Him who is invisible." Heaven seemed as near him as the mountains were. He lived by faith in his Father in heaven, and in the Son of God, who had loved him, and given himself for him. His faith was strong, fresh, and lively, as all nature around. But the Alpine meadows are constantly watered and refreshed. The sun melts the glaciers, and refreshing streams flow out of their depths; the nightly dews, the passing storm-clouds, all water and revive the flowery grass. And so it is with Hans. There are three fountains from which his heart is, as it were, continually fertilized. The first is the Word of God, like dew from heaven falling daily on his soul; the second is Nature, ever reminding him of God; and the third is the intercourse of daily life.

On a shelf in his little cabin I saw a much worn New Testament.

"My mother gave me that book," he said one day to me, "and she made me promise to read it every day."

"And do you do so always, Hans?"

"Always now," said he; "but there was a time when I did not, for I had become thoughtless and careless. One Sunday I went to see my mother in the town, and then she asked me if I read my Testament every day, and I felt myself blush, though I tried to deceive her. Then she began to weep, and said to me, 'You will repent one day, Hans, that you have not obeyed your mother, when I lie in the churchyard, and you stand beside my grave.' When I went up the mountain again, it was

constantly coming before me, as if my good mother were dead, and I beside her grave; and then, again, as if I saw her sitting on the roof of a tree weeping; and I felt so heavy and sad, that at length I began myself to weep. At first I tried to throw the blame on Fritz (the goat-herd), who always laughed when he saw me reading the Bible; but then I felt quite ashamed to think that I would obey a fellow like him rather than my pious mother. Since that time I read diligently every day in the holy book."

"Well, and what does Fritz say?"

"Nothing at all now," answered Hans; "when, the next Monday, he wished to mock me out of my reading, I threw him out of the hut into the mud. Since then I have had peace. He had tried besides to lead me into all sort of wickedness; but now he lets me alone. If he speaks of anything that is wrong, I merely ask whether he will choose to be quiet, or get himself turned out of the house."

We were sitting on the roof, and Hans looked inquiringly at me. "Do not you do the same thing at home?" he asked; "if any one speaks before you of what is wicked, what would make your mother sad?"

Then in my heart I abhorred the cowardice which we in the cities often feel when we do not venture to put a stop to wicked language, as Hans does. Yes, my reader! has not your mother (like my own, now resting in the grave) tried to sow much good seed in your heart, and besought you never to *listen* to the seducer? and how have you and I sometimes acted?

As Hans on the mountain is so far removed from all the senseless, stupid talking and old wives' stories of the city, as he has so few earthly concerns to think of, therefore, perhaps, the sacred histories of Scripture are so deeply fixed in his mind, and have so impressed his imagination, that all things which happened so many centuries ago come before him as if they had occurred last week; as if he had himself been present; as if he had himself known the Lord, the apostles, the high priests and scribes, the poor sinners and sufferers, Herod and Pontius Pilate. It is a pleasure, indeed, to converse with a Christian of this description.

So, with a faith which removes mountains, or rather carries him beyond his own mountains into the Holy Land, Hans walks ever with the Lord, like the disciples of old, and spreads all his own thoughts, words, and actions before Him. Yes, even more—and that is the quaintessence of all Christian life—he seeks, so far as he can, to live on his own spot of earth as Christ would have lived. And therefore this lowly peasant has so high a consciousness of his own calling, that he would despise becoming the servant of sin. . . .

"Which of the apostles is your favourite, Hans?" I asked him once as we sat on the roof.

"Well," he replied, "I cannot easily say; at times I have loved John best; but then I have felt such compassion for Peter. If I had been with the Lord, I should have done just as Peter did. I should have cut

off the ears of the high-priest's servant on the Mount of Olives, or perhaps his whole head."

"And should you have sworn, before the servants in the hall, that you did not know the Lord?"

"Oh!" said Hans, "do not speak of that; it has grieved me so much! If I had been there, he would never have done it. I would have said to him, 'Simon, be ashamed of yourself; you are lying!' and if the priest's servants had fallen upon us, we could have defended ourselves; or at the worst we would have got safe to heaven. But Simon repented, he wept bitterly, and the Lord Jesus forgave him, as my mother has sometimes forgiven me. Once I silenced Fritz completely about Peter. When we were speaking of him one day, Fritz laughed mockingly, saying, 'A fine apostle truly, who said he did not know his master.' But I gave him a good answer: 'You are a mean fellow,' I said; 'you speak against Peter, and yet you are doing every day what he did, and you have never repented of it. In whose name were you baptized, Fritz? And what promise did you make at your confirmation? Did you not promise that as long as you lived you would serve the Lord Jesus? and see! you are doing exactly the opposite of what he commands. You are denying him every day.' Then Fritz made a wry face, and went out of doors."

When I was alone, and thought over this conversation with Hans, I felt deeply how many among us resemble Fritz, doubting and cavilling over the word of God, and in our own life denying the Lord every day. Ah, my readers, what poor Christians most of us are! undecided, inconsistent, lukewarm, even if the true kernel of grace be within us, which God alone knows. Let us pray to him to be "salted with salt." Then I thought how much salt there is which has lost its savour, and that hence comes the evil in many of our congregations. There are many pastors so tiresome or weak that they resemble the sand in the glass on my writing-table, which could give no flavour to my soup were it thrown among it. And they are treated as such. We shake the sand off our paper, when the ink is dried, on to the ground, and think no more about it. We may see the same in many of our city cemeteries. There lie the ministers buried; the crosses on their graves are fallen down; the weeds have grown up; no grateful hand plants flowers there, or lays down a wreath on Easter day. I have asked old people who had known such or such a pastor, about him, and all the answer I got was, "He was a kind gentleman, and troubled nobody." All this came to my mind on the Alps, and I prayed to God that the salt among us might not lose its savour.

Let me tell you more of Hans. I have said that there were three fountains from which his heart is watered. One is the Word of God; we have seen something of this already. The second is Nature. I wish, from the bottom of my heart, that all my German countrymen looked upon nature as Hans does. In the first place, he knows that he is not like his own cattle;

that he has a spiritual being totally distinct from and superior to theirs. This is more than many in Germany know. When I said so to Hans, he looked at me first with an incredulous smile. But when I assured him that I really knew such persons—doctors, and tradesmen, and labourers—who believed in earnest that they themselves were but a somewhat superior race to animals, as the horse is superior to the sow, then Hans said,—

"So! that is good! they must have gone far indeed to learn that!"

But when he saw how sad I looked, he continued,—

"You should not go down again among those people. If you like, you can remain here with me, and Fritz can go away. Then you could keep the goats, and I would carry the cheeses for you into the town, and give you my bed, and the best of all I have."

"I thank you, Hans!" I said; "but I am not sad on my own account, only I grieve for the poor men who think so meanly of themselves."

"The devil himself must have been the schoolmaster," said Hans, "who taught such things to them."

"Yes, doubtless," I replied. "You know that he said to Eve, 'Ye shall be as gods; and now he says, 'Ye shall be as horses and mules! In this way he leads as he pleases those foolish men, who will not hear the Word of God, which tells them, 'Thou art a man, neither a beast nor a god.'"

"I have nothing to say to them," said Hans. "I should be ashamed of the very thought of calling the he-goat my brother. But I love all men, even Fritz. He is a man, and has an immortal soul; and I can talk with him, and when he is not very perverse there is some good in him. Besides, he may become better, but the cattle always remain as they are. When I look round on them, and see them so dull and clumsy, always think that the good God has made them so that I might feel the difference between myself and them, and thank him that I am not a ram or a bullock." (I recollected, as he spoke, that the great Augustine once thanked God in the same way.)

"What do you think, Hans, of the lovely flowers which grow here on the mountain?"

"Oh," said Hans, and his dark countenance lighted up, "I think, when I look at them, since our Father in heaven has made such beautiful things, he must be very good, and since he gives them to me, he must love me, and I always think that he is proving me, to see if I love him and remember him. My mother does so. When I go down to the town on Sunday, I take a bunch of flowers for her, and then she says, 'You have been thinking of me, Hans,' and she puts them in fresh water, and when she looks at them she thinks in return of me. It is the same with God and ourselves. He sends the flowers to me that I may know he is thinking of me; and I look at them and think of him, and place them in my hat, that he may see how much I value them."

What would you more! Hans looks upon his flowers, as the bride does on those sent to her by her bridegroom. . . . Many a rich merchant or baron has an expensive garden, and, as is the fashion, gets the Alpine violet (*Cyclamen*) brought down from the mountains and planted in it; but he never, all the year through, thinks of the good God—only of how his guests and lady visitors will praise his fine taste, as if he himself had made the flowers. . . .

I must now speak of the third source from which the heart of Hans is refreshed. It is his daily life. Many persons are senseless enough to suppose that "life" must mean only a lively and brilliant scene, on festival days or court days, or where constant company is entertained and expected. Come, I shall tell you of "life" 6000 feet above the sea-level, in a hut where there is not one comfortable apartment. It is of small importance *where* a man lives, compared with *how*. Hans is the governor (*Statthalter*) on the Alp. How that came to pass, I may tell you another time. His duties lie in small compass; so much the better, they are all plain, and he can fulfil them all. The cow-herd Sepp is his special friend.

"Sepp," said Hans to me, "is a true friend; I am always happy when he comes home. He is much wiser than myself, and I always think he has found in the Bible the things he says to me. My mother values him highly, and has made a blouse and braces for him. She often says, 'Sepp is like a father to you; trust completely to him.' She is right, Sepp wishes my true good. See," he continued, "I will give you an example. My mother asked me not to smoke tobacco; she begged me to refuse it for her sake. But Fritz was always tempting me to smoke. When Sepp saw this, he forbade me to do it. Then I thought to myself, What! shall I be under orders to the cow-herd! and so I smoked on. Then, for several days, Sepp did not say a word to me. This I could not stand, and I asked him why he never spoke to me now? Then he said, 'I cannot speak to a man who has no love for his mother; for whoever disobeys his parents must be a wicked person.' So saying, he went out to drive the cows. But the whole day I was longing to run after him, and tell him that he might speak to me again. So I threw away the tobacco, and broke my pipe, and went to meet Sepp in the evening, and told him what I had done. He said no more about it, except that this was just what he had hoped for."

Hans had to go into the hut to cook our dinner. I remained alone on the roof, and thought much on the subject of true friendship. . . .

Let me describe an evening on the Alp. Already the valley, with its villages, lies in deep shade; the weary children in the cottages are asleep and dreaming; the little birds in the dark pine wood are asleep also, and

perhaps dream, like the children. But with us on the mountain it is still clear daylight. We are active men there; we have been up since three in the morning, and are still fresh. Now Sepp brings the cows home, and milks them in the sunshine. Yonder come the goats in long single file, for Master Fritz has called them. They gather round the chalet, and are milked also. A young kid runs in at the door and peeps at Hans, who is making a fire to cook our supper. The blue smoke rises through the roof into the clear air above. The pigs have been fed, they are lain down and quiet. The young horses still graze, casting long shadows on the golden-green meadow. Now Hans comes out and washes the pan in the spring. We shall have a good supper to-night,—some new meal has come from the town.

The cattle are all cared for and sent to rest, supper is ready, we all gather within, and Hans sets the pan of rich cream-porridge on the table. We take our spoons and eat, while the golden reflection from the Kitzteinhorn lights up our quiet evening meal. The pan is soon empty; for Hans is a good cook, and we were very hungry. A large wooden vessel of sweet milk is also handed round, and we all drink of it heartily. We place our spoons again on the shelf at the wall, return thanks to God, and Hans stirs the fire.

But look from the door without. How the glaciers yonder, and the bare rock-peaks nearer us, are flooded over with the warm rosy light! They stand like glowing altars, kindled, O God! for thine evening sacrifice.

Now the glow has passed away, and they are changed into violet-blue, and in the vault of heaven above them one star begins to shine.

"We must stop work now," said Hans; "that star is the call to prayer and to sleep."

And we all stood together, Hans and I, and Sepp and Fritz, and the boy, at the lowly door of the chalet, and looked up to heaven, and sang as best we could:—

"Praise ye the Lord! Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord. Blessed be the name of the Lord, from this time forth and for evermore. From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised. The Lord is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens. Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high, who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven and in the earth?"

"Praise ye the Lord! Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord. Blessed be the name of the Lord, from this time forth and for evermore! Amen."

Then we lay down among the hay, and slept, feeling near to him who kept watch above, and "made us dwell in safety."

WONDERS OF DAY AND NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LANGE.

"O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all."—Ps. civ. 24.



O wide, so richly stored,
Thy universe, O Lord!
We need a double view,
Each night and morning new.

Behold the sun arise—
What glories meet our eyes!
Around, on either hand,
What forms of beauty stand!

This wondrous earth of ours,
Its forests and its flowers,
The rivers rushing free,
The mountains and the sea,—

We say, with one accord,
Great are thy works, O Lord!
Who can the whole explore,
Or trace from shore to shore?

Now comes the silent night—
One scene is lost to sight;
Another, strange and new,
Shines in the vault of blue.

Star rises after star,
Worlds gleaming from afar!
We cry, with one accord,
Great are thy works, O Lord!

And filled with deep amaze,
In silence still we gaze,
Bewildered by the thought
Of all our God hath wrought.

Oh, when the soul would soar,
These regions to explore,
Amid the starry host
How thought itself is lost!

Yet mindless, unimpressed,
How many near us rest,
Within the misty round
In which themselves are found!

But we, with glad accord,
Extol thy name, O Lord!
And trace below, above,
Thy wisdom and thy love.

H. L. L.

LET HIM THAT HEARETH SAY, COME.



It was somewhere in the spring of 186—, after many months of trial, both personal and relative, I found myself adding to my prayers the unwonted petition, "Lord, give me work to do for thee." It was *unwonted*; for, for years I had had special work, clearly defined: but it had been taken from me, and God's own Spirit, who had more work waiting to be done, indited this petition.

My health not being very strong, I was urged to visit some friends in the south—"change of air and scene" being usually recommended to those who are weakly, and thought generally to work wonders;—whether always efficacious, I know not; but certainly, in my case, the soft genial air of the south of England, weeks of unbroken fine weather, with the new, interesting scenes to which I was introduced, greatly tended to restore tone and elasticity to both mind and body. Nor need the cure be ascribed to novelty alone. There was a pleasantness in the sight of the highly-cultivated country, with its waving fields of grain quite ripe to the harvest, and a cheeriness about its snug farm-houses,

indicating a large amount of social comfort, grateful and invigorating to one whose horizon had for months been bounded by the walls of a sick-room, and whose mind had been strung to painful tension by watching suffering it was *almost impossible* to relieve.

The day after my arrival at C— was Sunday. I do not remember anything of the morning service in the pretty country church, which stood half-embosomed in trees, just at the other side of the hedge which bounds the rectory lawn. What hallowed memories cluster round that little church at C—! Close under the vestry window is the recently-made grave of one who was related to me, not only by the ties of kindred, but by the far more enduring ties of Christian fellowship. Sadly we mourn the vacant place on earth; yet with our grief is mingled a chastened joy, when we remember that the happy spirit, on escaping from the frail tabernacle, entered into the presence of its beloved Saviour, rejoicing to have a crown to cast at his feet, and even now, with joyful hallelujahs, is proclaiming him to be "worthy to receive honour, and glory, and blessing."

How calming and peaceful was the evening service!—the crowded congregation seeming to drink in the Word of Life, which, with all earnestness, was pressed on their acceptance. On reaching the outer porch, when the service was over, I was joined by the rector, who asked was I too tired to accompany him to the house of a prisoner, to whom he wished to introduce me? Being answered in the negative, after disposing of our books he led me down a pretty rural lane, which soon brought us to a comfortable-looking farmhouse, on a somewhat large scale. We were led into the kitchen, where, on one side of the fire, sat the farmer, a slight, sickly-looking man; and, opposite to him, his wife, a comely English matron. They received us with courtesy; and, by dint of great attention and a little imagination, I was able to keep up a conversation with the woman, whose peculiar dialect was new to me. The farmer was left to my companion; for not only was his voice weak and indistinct, owing to an affection of the chest from which he was suffering, but he was deaf also, and could only be made to hear by an effort on the part of the speaker. Before we left, he was told that I would come to see him often; and his courteous assurance that he “would be glad to see me,” was itself an encouragement.

On our way to the rectory, in the sweet stillness of that lovely Sabbath evening, Mr. H—— told me much of the poor man we had just been visiting. “In all probability,” he said, “he has not many months to live; and yet his heart is entirely given to the world—his carts, his horses, his farm, are his *all*. I have spoken solemnly to him, but in vain; yet the same truths, coming from other lips, may be differently received. Perhaps I have been too hard upon him; you will speak gently to him. Oh, I tremble to think of his danger!—he has been a wicked, a *very* wicked man. His wife is a Christian woman; but, for months together, she has been prevented coming to church by her infuriated husband, who says that, as he is *sure* to go to hell, he may be as wicked as he pleases. Do what you can for him: I am very anxious about that man’s soul.”

Here was work—work which I could not think it my duty to cast aside. Yet how solemn, to be deputed to bring the gospel before a soul standing apparently on the very confines of eternity!—that gospel which must prove either a “savour of life unto life, or death unto death.”

Yet, withal, there was a ray of hope gleaming through the darkness; for his wife was a Christian woman, and who could tell how she had wrestled in prayer for the salvation of her husband’s soul? Who could put a limit to the long-suffering grace of Him who is the “Hearer of prayer?” This poor dying sinner was still the subject of prayer—was the object of tender interest to his pastor, who, like the first preachers of the gospel, was a “father of men;” and, in the providence of God, he was once again to have pressed on his acceptance that gospel which is the “*power of God unto salvation*.”

Yes, there was room for hope; but, so solemn was the work, that it could only be undertaken in a spirit of earnest prayer, and only as God gave success could we hope to prosper. In what Mr. H—— had said there was even an indication of the means that must be used to melt the great barrier which had risen up in Orell’s heart against the offer of reconciliation held out to him. The fear of eternal judgment had but strengthened that barrier; nothing, *nothing* but “the exceeding love of God in Christ Jesus,” could melt and subdue it. The Sun of Righteousness must shine; and then, *then only*, the ice would melt.

Next day I made my way to Orell’s house. He was in bed, and his wife had gone to market; so I must wait. A little longer space was given for preparation, before entering on this great work. On Tuesday I went again: he was still in bed. His days were indeed more nearly numbered than Mr. H—— had thought. The Sunday I had first seen him was the last day he was ever up.

His wife showed me upstairs to a tidy room, large and airy, with an extensive view of pretty country to be seen from the window. The sick man, with oppressed breathing and bad cough, seemed scarcely to notice my entrance. After a few inquiries as to his health, I leaned over, and, raising my voice, that not a word might be lost, said, “I have brought you good news.” He raised his eyes with an inquiring look. “The best news that you could hear.” Still his eyes asked an explanation.

“God so *LOVED the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.*” *God’s love!* Yes; that seemed a new theme. He listened attentively to many similar texts; and when, shortly after, I took my leave, his parting words, “I hope you will come soon again,” caused my heart to rise in gratitude to the Giver of all good. The message had been heard—listened to—and would be gladly heard again.

Every day that it was possible, I sat for a few minutes besides Orell’s sick-bed, the love of God in Christ, and salvation his *free gift* to sinners, being always the theme of our conversation. The poor invalid listened with a degree of attention amounting to interest; and the request that I would “come again soon,” “come every day,” increasing, as it did, each time in earnestness, made me hope that the blessed message was being received into the heart. This was the only reason that could have made him desire to see me, for I never took any little dainty, so acceptable to the sick, with me. Only when unable to visit, were some grapes from the rectory green-house left at the door. Owing to the desire of my friends to show me as much as possible of the country, many pleasant excursions were planned, which the lovely weather enabled us to enjoy to the utmost. On such occasions Orell was not visited, as we started early and came back late; but, on going to his house next day, his wife was sure to greet me with the

words, "Oh, I'm glad to see you ; he was expecting you all day yesterday, and would not be satisfied when you didn't come."

His kind friend, the rector, often visited him, and continually heard from me the particulars of my visits. Every hopeful incident was related, and Mr. H—— patiently listened to all, though he did not draw from it the same degree of comfort that I did ; and our interviews on this subject generally closed with a warning to me not to be too sanguine.

I believe I was not so much *sanguine*, as *hopeful*—hopeful, *because* "God willeth not that any should perish ;" "He will have all men to be saved." He lets the words stand for our encouragement : "My word shall not return to me void, but shall accomplish that which I shall please, and prosper in the thing whereto I send it ;" and many were the prayers now ascending to his throne, that he would bless his own holy word to the salvation of Orell's soul. *Therefore I had hope.*

Naturally, Orell's mind was ignorant of spiritual things ; and as his weakness was so great that any visit paid to him must be short, we tried to meet his case by printing, in large type, on separate pieces of paper, some of those beautiful gospel texts which lead the awakened soul to Christ, and give such comfort to those who believe them : "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin ;" "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out ;" and that king of texts, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." These, with other similar texts, and that beautiful little hymn, "Just as I am," &c., were placed on the coverlet, so that he might at any time read them as he pleased. About this time his sleep, as well as his appetite, seemed to fail him. He dozed a little through the night, but never had a sound sleep. One night, as his wife was watching beside him, she saw his lips moving, and bent over him to hear what he wanted. The words she caught were, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." This continued at intervals till morning. Was it not the Holy Spirit who was leading the sin-stricken soul to the only true Physician ? And who ever yet perished at the foot of the Cross ?

So passed ten days. I had finished reading to Orell the sufferings and death of our Saviour ; and shortly after, as I was about to take my leave, he begged I would come to see him next day. The answer was given in the affirmative, with the usual reservation, "If I can." But so earnestly was the request repeated, that I said I would, *if it were possible*. I did not then know that an excursion was being planned for the next day, to a place of much historical and antiquarian interest, many miles distant, which none of the party at the rectory—now consisting of several guests—had ever visited. Nor was there time for an early call upon Orell ; as, immediately after breakfast, the waggonette drove up to the door, and it was somewhat of a scramble

to collect the necessary accompaniments of a day's excursion, before our impatient driver called out that it was time to be off.

A delightful day it was, as far as pleasant companions, lovely scenery, and perfect weather could make it so ; but, through the whole, there lay on my heart the remembrance of my unfulfilled promise to Orell. During the afternoon, as the horses were resting at a pretty village, Mr. H—— and I, leaving the rest of the party indoors, wandered away down one of those pretty rural lanes, so characteristic of English country scenery. Our conversation turned on Orell, and I mentioned my disappointment at not having seen him.

"I saw him before we started," said Mr. H——.

This gave me real relief, but not so the answer to my question : "How is he ?"

"Very ill ; not likely to last long."

I could only hope, if we returned in time, that I might still keep my promise to the sick man ; and to my delight, on our return to the rectory, there was sufficient daylight to make it quite possible. I was about to start, when my hostess, likely guessing my intention, addressed me with the words :

"We are such a hungry party, that a comfortable tea will be ready in less than five minutes."

Seeing me hesitate, she added, "If you go, you will keep us all waiting : we shall not sit down to table without you."

It was now inclination *versus* politeness, but as most of the party were my seniors, I could not think it right to keep them waiting. With a sigh I prepared for the coming meal, but, once at table, found I was quite as hungry as my companions, and the shades of night were unmistakably closing round us, before we were ready to rise from the table. I could only say to myself "*to-morrow*," when I felt a hand gently laid on my shoulder, and Mr. H—— asked, "Will you come with me ?"

Joyfully I assented, for well I knew where he was going. We were soon on our way, and walked in silence to Orell's house. His wife met us in tears. "Oh, sir, he is very bad ; I'm afraid he's dying ; he has lost his speech, too ! Oh, he's going to be taken from me !" Silently we followed her to the sick-room, and but too plainly saw the end was close at hand. The dying man had indeed lost the power of speech, but was still perfectly conscious. In the deepening dusk I stood at the foot of the bed, while my companion went up to the sick man's side, and in solemn voice, and few words, asked him some heart-searching questions. As he was unable to speak, he put up his hand, as directed, in token of assent. Then we knelt down, and very soothing was it to me to hear his minister commit the soul of the dying sinner—once so far from God, now reconciled through the blood of Christ—even as a little lamb into the keeping of the Good Shepherd, to hear it safely through the dark passage, into the heavenly pastures, whence there shall be no more going out.

It was a deeply solemn scene, and if tears were shed, they were tears of grateful joy.

As we rose from our knees, Mr. H— shook hands with Orell, and greatly was I astonished, as the room was all but dark, to see the apparently almost unconscious man stretch out his hand toward me; and when I came near, he grasped mine warmly. Another moment and we were gone. We had seen Orell for the last time!

As the next morning dawned, his spirit returned to God who gave it; was, I firmly believe, added to the number of those who, through eternity, shall ascribe their redemption to Him who "bought them with his blood."

A week later, as, from the rectory garden, we heard the words of the minister when the body was being committed to the grave, we felt that, for this brother, plucked, almost at the last hour, as a brand from the burning, we might, without presumption, look "with sure and certain hope" for a "resurrection unto eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

A visit to the widow elicited many gratifying incidents. His last powers of speech had been employed in asking pardon from his wife for his unchristian conduct, and in exhorting his sons not to follow their father's ungodly conduct, but to serve God, giving him their hearts now in the time of health and strength, and to be dutiful children to their surviving parent.

There are still many who, like Orell, need to be pulled, as it were, out of the jaws of the devouring lion. Oh, that all those who have themselves learned to know the preciousness of Jesus as their Saviour, might be very earnest in seeking to bring other perishing sinners to him. Precious are the words of encouragement in Holy Writ to those who try to turn a sinner from the error of his ways. True, man's voice can only pierce the ear, and reach the understanding. God alone can touch the heart; but there is a divine, a mighty power in the name of *Jesus*; it has pleased God to make "*Christ crucified*" both the power of God and the wisdom of God."

Let all who have themselves responded to the invitation of Christ, seek to make the fullness and freeness of that invitation more widely known, taking courage from the thought that he who died to save sinners willeth not that any should perish, but is even now "WAITING TO BE GRACIOUS."

"Hell's eternal gulf is yawning,

And souls are perishing in hopeless sin,—
Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open,—
Go to the banished ones, and fetch them in!

"Go with the name of *Jesus* to the dying.

And speak that name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary,
Canst thou not watch with me one little hour?"

BIRTH-DAY MUSINGS.

WRITTEN BY A MERCHANT (LATELY DECEASED, AT THE AGE OF 80), ON ENTERING HIS 80TH YEAR.



WHILST Time, with steady finger, points
To the last moment nigh,
Courage, my soul, thy Saviour's near—
He woos thee from on high.

No mean inheritance is that
His blood hath bought for thee;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And shall endure for aye.

There, in the heaven of heavens enthroned,
Christ's glory thou shalt see;
That orb of heavenly light shall then
Unclouded ever be.

On Tabor Mount his glory shone,
As heaven's resplendent light;
'Twas but the hidings of his face,
Suited to mortal sight.

No eye of man, whilst here below,
Can his full glory see;
The eye of Faith, now fixed on him,
For this prepared must be.

A period comes, when Time no more
Shall mark the transient year;
When earth shall at his presence flee,
And Christ as Judge appear.

No cloudy form shall then him veil;
We'll see him face to face,
To fix the happiness or woe
Of the whole human race.

Oh, may this Heaven-appointed scene
Aye in my memory be;
Give me to act as one that is
Born for eternity.

Oh, give the humble, contrite heart,
So sensitively true
To all the movements of thy grace,
The heart that's formed anew.

Ye harrowing cares, henceforth be gone,
Ye mar the peace of man;
Ye shroud the Sun of Righteousness,
And dim fair Mercy's plan.

Oh, come, thou Holy Spirit, come,
Shed forth thy quickening ray;
Come, as the dew distilled from heaven,
To cheer my onward way.

How changed the world, when age has shed
His light on years now gone;
Unfolds the truth of human life,
Not fancy's vision.

Then joys seem sorrows, once most gay,
To cheat the youthful mind;

And sorrows are the cooling streams
That leave their bliss behind.

Grant, when at length the time shall come,
Known only to the Lord,
When earth's vain glory all eclipsed,
I stand at Jordan's ford,—

May Israel's Shepherd meet me there,
And, with his staff and rod,
Conduct me to his fold on high,
To be for aye with God!

The Children's Treasury.

THE PRISONER AND THE PEACH.

BY A. L. O. E.

BE off with you; a prison-door is no place for a child like you! What are you after ringing the bell? You may well start at the sound. That there is a place you'll find it hard to get into, but much harder to get out of, I take it!"

So spake one of the soldiers of Francis, late King of Naples, to a timid little Italian girl, who had ventured to ring the bell at the door of the prison in the town of Gaeta. The child shuddered at the heavy clang of the bell, which sounded to her like a knell, and she was alarmed at being addressed by the soldier. This was the first time that poor Marina had ever ventured alone so far from her home, and never before had the child gone near that terrible prison. Very dreadful to her looked the thick massive door, studded with great iron nails. It needed all the love for a father which warmed her young heart, to give her courage to pull the bell.

The soldier laughed as he walked away, and Marina stood alone by the terrible door, longing, yet almost dreading, to see it unclosed. The great door was not opened at all, but a little door was opened close by it, and a stern-looking man, with a thick black beard, and with a heavy bunch of keys hanging at his girdle, looked out on the child who stood trembling without in the gray light of morning.

"What do you want?" he asked gruffly.

"I want to see Signor Martini, the jailer; I've a letter for him from his sister."

"I'm Jacobo Martini," said the man, and he took the letter from the trembling hand of Marina, tore it open, and read it.

While he read, the Italian child was silently praying: "O Lord, touch his heart, make him merciful, make him take me to my poor father!"

"So you're the child of Marco Colletti," said the jailer, crunching up the letter in his hand after he had read it; "child of the man who was idiot enough to get himself shut up here, just because he would read the Bible with his friends in spite of all the friars and monks, instead of minding his business, and not troubling his head with matters that did not concern him."

"The Bible *does* concern every one," thought the child; "and it is a great shame that any good Christian should be put in prison for reading it, when the Lord himself said, *Search the Scriptures.*" But little Marina did not venture to utter aloud what she thought.

"My sister prays and entreats me to let you pay a visit to your father in prison," continued the jailer; "but I can't do it, 'tis clear against rules, so you'd better be off as fast as you came. I would not let any one visit Colletti's cell to please twenty sisters, if I had them."

Marina clasped her little hands in earnest entreaty. "Oh, Signor," she cried, "my poor mother is so ill; she has scarcely risen from her bed since father was dragged off to prison: if she have not news of him her heart will break!" The dark eyes of the Italian child were brimming over with tears.

"To ruin a man, and put him in chains, and break his wife's heart, is pretty sharp punishment for the crime of reading a book," muttered Martini, who was by no means so hard as he seemed, and who felt an interest in the prisoner, who never murmured, but who bore all his trials with manly patience. Martini glanced up through her tears at the black-bearded man, and fancied that she saw in his rough face something like pity; it gave her courage to plead yet more earnestly still.

"Oh, think what you would feel were you in the place of my good innocent father, if you were shut up in a dismal cell, away from every one whom you loved, and if you had a little girl, one poor little girl, who came begging and praying just to see you"—Marina could not finish her sentence, she was fairly sobbing aloud.

"I have a little girl, and about your age," said the jailer; "she's dear to me as a vein of my heart." He glanced from one side to another, to see that none of the soldiers were near. "Dry your tears, little one, and come in; I cannot take you to your father's cell, for there's always a guard in the corridor, but I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll give you a sight of Marco Colletti through the bars of his window, from another in the corner of the court. You may go home to your sick mother and tell her you've seen him, but you must promise not to call out to him, for walls have ears, and you might get us both into a scrape."

Thankfully Marina promised to be silent, and eagerly she entered the prison through the little door, which Martini closed and locked behind her.

Even in a climate so warm as that of Italy, there was something chilling in the long dreary paved passages, dimly lighted, through which Marina followed the jailer. Every window seemed barred, every door iron-studded, and the echo of Martini's heavy footsteps sounded hollow and dreary. While the poor child, with a sinking heart, is traversing the prison, I will tell how Colletti came to be shut up in this gloomy abode.

About eighteen months before this time, Mrs. Fairley, an English lady, came to Gaeta on account of her state of health. She was so weak and fragile as to be unable even to walk across the street, and the doctors had sent her to pass the winter in warm, bright Italy, as the only chance of saving her life. Every day a wheeled chair was hired for Mrs. Fairley to take the air in without fatigue. As Marco Colletti had a very good chair, and was one of the most respectable men in Gaeta, he was always employed to draw the Signora (that is the Italian name for lady), where the fresh pure air could fan her pallid cheeks.

Marco observed that the invalid generally carried with her a book, not very large, but thick, in which she frequently read when he stopped for some minutes to rest; but he did not at first know that it was an Italian Bible, as he never had seen one before except the great one in church, which was only opened by the priest.

Marco became much interested in the Signora, she was so gentle and patient. Pain and sickness never drew a murmur from her lips. She was ever cheerful, and thankful for the smallest kindness. On her part, Mrs. Fairley much liked Colletti, who did all in his power to make her comfortable, carefully arranging her cushions, and avoiding every stone in the road that might cause a jolt to the lady.

Mrs. Fairley had thanked the Italian one day for bringing her a glass of water, when Marco Colletti re-

plied: "I would do anything for the Signora, she is so good! I cannot think how the Signora is so patient."

"I learn from this book to *let patience have her perfect work*," said the lady, resting her thin hand on the Bible; "all that can make us true servants of God, and all that can make us happy for ever, is to be found in this blessed volume."

Mrs. Fairley had often wished to speak on the subject of religion to her faithful Italian, but she had never till then had the courage to do so. In dear happy England every respectable family has its Bible, and even the children are taught to read God's Word; alas, they too often read it heedlessly, they do not value the treasure; like light and air, it is a blessing so common that they forget to be thankful for it. But very different was the case in the kingdom of Naples a few years ago; rich strangers from other countries might indeed have their Bibles with them, but the Book of God was carefully kept back from the poor ignorant natives of the land.

That was the first time that Mrs. Fairley had spoken to Marco of the Scriptures, but it was by no means the last. He heard her read the wonderful truths of the gospel, how the Saviour left heaven and died upon earth to give free and full salvation to all who truly believe. He learned how those who believe in the Lord will try to keep all his commandments, and, safe in his love, need fear neither the hour of death nor the day of judgment.

Mrs. Fairley's health was greatly restored by her stay at Gaeta. On the day that she left it she offered a piece of gold as a parting present to Marco Colletti, who had served her so long and well. The lady wondered to see the Italian hesitate, as if he hardly liked to accept the money.

"Ah! Signora," he faltered, drawing back his hand, "if I might venture to say it, there is something that I should value far more than gold," and Marco glanced at the Italian Bible which lay on the lady's knee.

The eyes of Mrs. Fairley sparkled; she knew not till then what deep root the Word had taken in the heart of poor Marco. Yet the lady hesitated, and said gravely to the Italian, "I should be afraid to leave this book with you, lest it should get you into trouble."

"Signora," cried Colletti eagerly, "if that be your only reason from withholding it from one who would dearly prize it, give it to me; I will joyfully bear any risk that I may possess the words of eternal life!"

So Marco Colletti had the Bible, and in his home it did not lie dusty, unopened, neglected, as in too many in England; he read it, his wife read it, and they taught their little Marina to love it. Secretly, indeed, they read, but never a day passed without some precious verse being learned by heart. Then Marco could not help wishing that some of his neighbours and friends might share his treasure: he quietly spoke now to one, now to another, till at last a little band of hearers gathered in his cottage every night to listen to the message of salvation which Marco read from his Bible.

This came at last to the ears of the king's confessor. One day Marco's family, when quietly seated at dinner, were startled by the entrance of a party of soldiers, come to arrest the man who had dared to read the Bible to his neighbours. In vain were the tears and entreaties of his wife and Marina; Marco was carried off to prison, and none of his family permitted to see him, till the jailer, as the reader already has heard, touched with pity at the sorrow of the child, allowed her to have a distant glimpse of her father through the bars of his cell.

Oh, how Marina longed for the prisoner to rise and come to the grating where she could see him; how sorely tempted she was to break her promise and call out the dear name "father." Once only Marco passed before his window for a moment, and then Marina's eyes were so dim with tears on hearing the clank of his chain as he moved, that she could scarcely distinguish his face. Gladly would she have stood watching for hours, but the jailer would wait no longer. "Now you must go back," he said; "I have risked too much already."

"Oh, Signor, I thank you from my heart!" cried Marina; "and God will bless you for your kindness. Will you do one thing—one little thing more?" Marina drew out a single ripe peach. "I cannot go to my father, but you see him every day. Oh, give him but this one peach from his child; it is the first that has ripened on our wall."

The jailer smiled, took the peach, and promised that the prisoner should have it. He then hurried back the unwilling Marina through the gloomy passages, and let her out at the little door. "There's not many a one," he gruffly observed, "that has made so short a stay in this prison."

Little had poor Marco Colletti guessed that his child was so near him, when he sat stern and sad in his cell, with his clasped hands resting on his knee. As week after week, and even months rolled on, it seemed to Marco as if all the world had forgotten him; and, like many others when in long trouble, he was tempted to feel as if God had forgotten him too. Marco had at first been brave and hopeful, but his health and spirits were now beginning to fail. He longed to be a free man once more, to throw away his chain, to be again in his home, and look upon beloved faces. Sadly he recalled every event of the last day that he had spent with his family.

"Ah!" sighed the poor prisoner, "how well I remember that bright April morn, when I stood with my little darling in that garden which I never again may tread! The pink blossoms were dropping from the peach-tree

on the wall. 'Alas, that such pretty flowers should fade away!' said my Marina. I told my child that something better would come—that the little hard green balls left behind would swell and grow, and ripen and sweeten, till at last fine peaches would hang where the lovely blossoms had been. But my child was not satisfied yet. 'I wish,' said Marina, 'that the peaches would come all in a day; it is so wearisome to wait for months!' I told her—ah, I need my own lesson now—that God's time is the best time in this as in everything else, and that we must learn, like the English Signora, to *let patience have her perfect work*. Would that I had patience now given to me to bear this dreary confinement! All my blossoms of joy have long since gone, and I grow weary of waiting for the fruit."

A heavy sigh escaped from poor Marco Colletti; he pressed his hand over his eyes. Just then the jailer's heavy tread was heard in the passage, followed by the grating of the key in the lock, and Jacobo Martini entered the cell.

"Here's something to add to your prison fare," said the jailer, good humouredly. "A child of yours was hanging about the door this morning, and she asked me to give you this;" and the rough but kind-hearted man held out to the prisoner little Marina's ripe peach.

With what delight did the father receive the simple gift of his child! It was not merely that the cool juicy peach was itself delicious to one long kept upon bread and water; nor was it merely because it came as a token of love. The sweet peach preached a lesson to Marco of patient waiting upon God. The Lord in his own good time *had* ripened the peach, changed the sour into sweet, and the hard into soft; and so, in his own good time, would he change sorrow into joy for those who, trusting in him, *let patience have her perfect work*.

Marco's happy hour of deliverance was near. The troops of the King of Italy took the town of Gaeta, and set the prisoners free! Great joy and thanksgiving were in the home of Marco. The husband embraced the wife, the father the child; they might all now be happy together, and read God's Word without fear.

Marco had kept the stone of his peach, and the day after his liberation he planted it in his garden.

"Ah, but we shall have so very long to wait before a peach-tree grows from that stone!" cried Marina.

"We have learned how to wait," said her smiling father. "That which springs from the stone of the peach which gave me such joy in my prison, will always serve to remind us to *let patience have her perfect work*."



CHILDLIKE TRUST, OR, LITTLE SUSAN AND THE BRAMBLES.

A TRUE INCIDENT.



ONE beautiful afternoon in the autumn of 1852, a stranger might have been seen strolling along the seashore at D—.

Presently, for the better enjoyment of the view, he took the upper path leading above the cliffs which form the chief attraction of that part of the coast. The path is in itself a picturesque one, sloping banks of brushwood descending to the sands, every here and there broken in upon by rugged cliffs.

As Mr. C— walked slowly along, gazing on the sunset tints, already beginning to shed a glory over both sea and land, he was startled by the sound of many merry little voices, which made him aware of two facts—that he was not alone; and that what had seemed to him a mere bank of tangled brushwood, was that child's paradise, a thicket of bramble bushes laden with their deep purple fruit. He stood for a little watching the children, as they rushed fearlessly into the thick tangle to secure the prize. But the time passed more quickly than he thought of, and to shorten his walk he descended one of the sloping banks, intending to return by the sands.

Passing along rather in haste, his ear caught a sound of lamentation, which contrasted strangely with the ringing laughter which he had just been listening to; it seemed the sobbing of a little breaking heart. Mr. C— hastened to the rock from which the sound came, and found a child sitting there in an agony of weeping. At first she seemed afraid of him; but when he spoke kindly, and asked her to tell him what was the matter that he might help her, she managed to sob out, amidst her tears,—

"Oh, sir, they have all got tinnies but me!"

Her deeply-stained mouth and pinafore proved that

she had done her best to have a share of the spoil; but, as she said, every time she slipped her foot the berries fell.

Mr. C— bade her dry her eyes now and go home, but meet him the following evening at the same rock, and she should have a little pitcher like the rest. With a look of wonderful delight, she dropped a curtsy and ran away.

Reaching her mother's cottage, she ran in breathless to tell her story. She, poor woman, lay in bed, weary with sickness and want, and listened to her little Susan with a smile at her eagerness and impatience for tomorrow to come.

"That was very kind, Susan," she said; "but you don't know the gentleman."

"Oh, no," said Susan; "but he promised it, mother, and I'm sure he will do it."

Next evening, when the happy hour came, she ran away full of joyful expectation. "My trusting child!" was her mother's thought; "she can believe the word of a stranger, while I, I have doubted the love that I have so long tried and so often proved."

When Susan returned to spread her treasures before her, it was exclaiming, "Oh, mother, I have got more than he promised; he has given me both a basket and a tinny!" and that night the simple trust of her child brought new light to this mother's heart, so that she who had begun the day in the mist of unbelief and doubt, could rest at last on the promise, "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."

X. X.

A PASSING MEMORY.



ARE thoughts which softly come to us,

We scarce know how or why—

Are they echoes of the whispered words

Of angels passing by?

For by no effort of the will,

Or link which we can trace;

Memories awake, as flowers spring up,

In some unlooked-for place.

Even thus to-day in crowded hall,

And 'mid a stranger throng,

I thought upon a gentle child

Heaven's company among;

One of a group of little ones,

Who, every Sabbath day,

Gathered around me whilst they learnt

With lisping tongue to pray.

It was the briefest, simplest prayer,

Repeated o'er and o'er,—

"Oh, suffer me to come to thee,

Lord Jesus!" nothing more.

And Ellis never of it tired:

All else I tried to teach,

Wearied her baby mind, or seemed

Too far beyond its reach;

Save "Glory, glory!" One short hymn,
One prayer was all she knew;
Learnt line by line, from week to week,
The cold drear winter through.

But when the hawthorn bloomed, disease
Brought death to many a home,
And Ellie was not,—for her Lord
Had suffered her to come.

The one brief prayer was on her lips
When fever dimmed her eye;
But "glory" was her last sweet word
Ere she was called to die.

Years have passed on since she was laid
Beneath the grassy sod,
And many another little one
Been called to dwell with God.

So long forgotten! oh, 'tis strange
How I recall her now,
The earnest, upward, trustful glance,
The childish lip and brow:

The very tones of her sweet voice,
Of "glory, glory," singing—
The baby hands before me raised,
A snowdrop offering bringing!

Strange to recall in storied hall
And 'mid a brilliant throng,
The little lowly cottage child
Who hath been gone so long.

Oh, can it be she loves me still!
And so she hovered by,
Until the gleam of her white robe
Awoke this memory.

J. T.

ANCIENT JEWISH CHAMBER—DAMASCUS GATE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

"**E**VERY traveller," remarks Dr. Robinson, "has probably observed the large ancient hewn stones which lie just in the inside of that gate toward the east. In looking at them one day, and passing round them, we were surprised to find there a square dark room adjacent to the wall, the sides of which are entirely composed of stone having precisely the character of those still seen at the corners of the Temple area,—large, bevelled, with the whole surface hewn smooth, and thus exhibiting an earlier and more careful style of architecture than those remaining in the tower of Hippicus. Connected with this room, on the west side, is a winding staircase leading to the top of the wall, the sides of which are of the same character. Following out this discovery, we found upon the western side of the gate, though further from it, another room of precisely the same kind, corresponding in all respects to that upon the eastern side, except that it had been much more injured in building the present wall, and is in part broke away. Of the stones, one measured 7½ feet long by 3½ feet high, and another

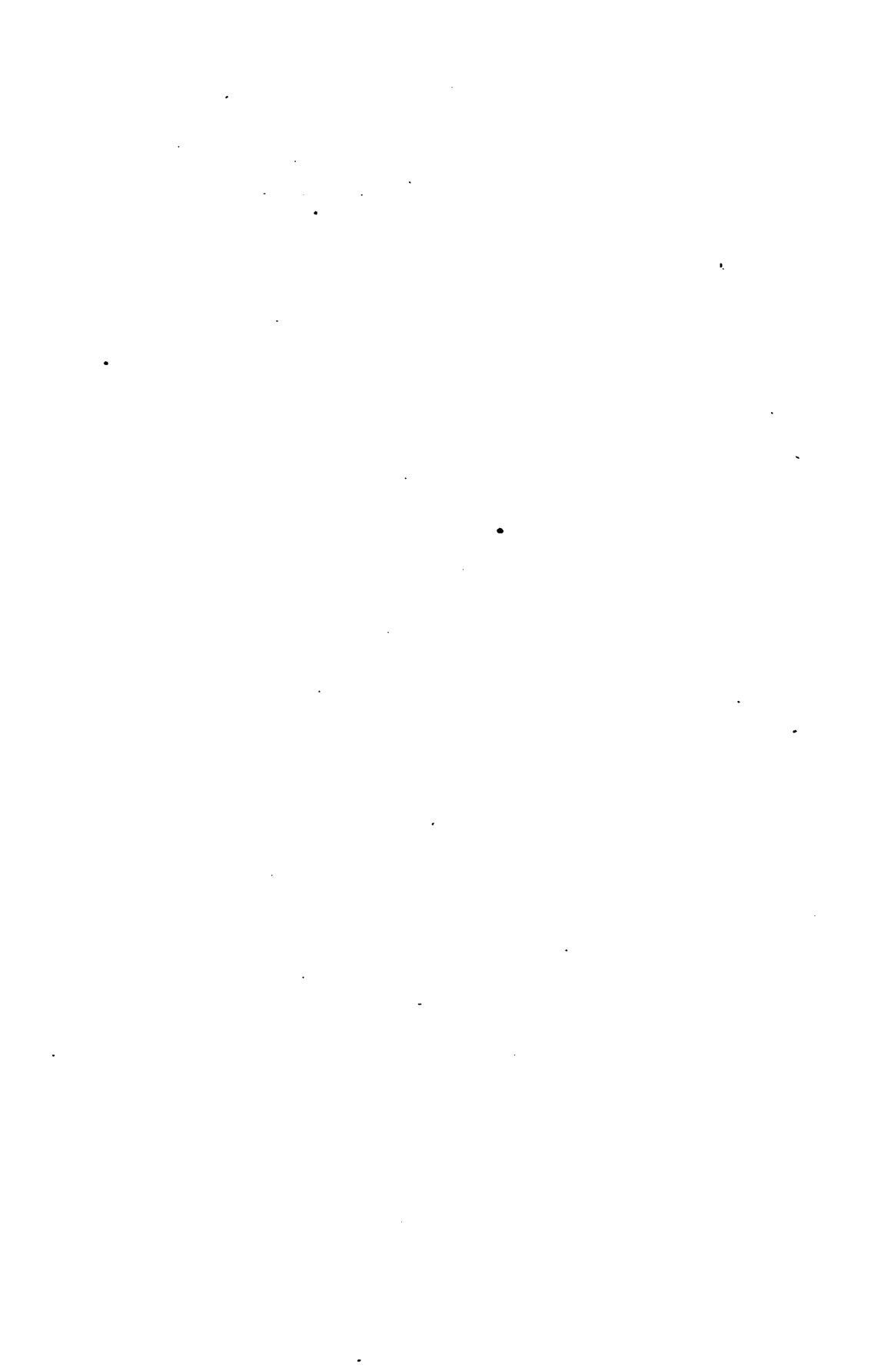
6½ feet long by a like height. Some of them are much disintegrated and decayed, but they all seem to be lying in their original places, as if they had never been disturbed nor moved from the spot where they were first fitted to each other. The only satisfactory conjecture which I can form respecting these structures is, that they were ancient towers of a date anterior to the time of Herod, and probably the guard-houses of an ancient gate upon this spot. This gate could have belonged only to the second wall."

In a note, Dr. Robinson admits that it is possible, though not probable, that they might have been rebuilt by Adrian, from old materials. The annexed view will enable the reader to form his own conclusion on this point. The stones at all events are the same as those of the Temple enclosure; and if not in their original position, testify, at the least, to the existence of massive edifices near the spot, of which they are the remains; most probably belonging, as Dr. Robinson supposes, to the second wall.



ANCIENT JEWISH CHAMBER - DAMASCUS GATE

• **Figure 1**





ARTHUR ERSKINE'S EXPERIENCES.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

I.—SCOTLAND AFTER THE REFORMATION.

"Where is the land with milk and honey flowing,
The promise of our God, our fancy's theme?
Here, over shattered walls, dank weeds are growing,
And blood and fire have run in mingled stream;
Like oaks and cedars, all around
The giant corpses strew the ground,
And haughty Jericho's cloud-piercing wall
Lies where it sank at Joshua's trampet call."

KEBLE.

IN the history of churches, as in that of nations, we often find that an age of conflict succeeds an age of suffering. In one generation, those who hold the truth in the love of it are called to manifest that love at the stake or on the scaffold; in the next, or perhaps in a much shorter period, they are summoned instead to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints with hand, or tongue, or pen, as the case may be. Nor is it so easy as it might appear at first sight, to determine whether the hardest task is that assigned to the sufferers or to the combatants. Each have their peculiar difficulties; the martyrs wrestle with the keener agony, the warriors of the faith with the greater doubt and perplexity. For the ways of God are wonderful; and it is most true that he usually "stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind." In times of bitter outward suffering, whether to individuals or to churches, we often recognize a blessed fulfilment of the promise, "Though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers: and thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it." The martyr's path may lead him over the grave of all his heart holds dear, and every footprint may be marked with blood; but the path itself generally lies clear enough before him—

straight, though rough and narrow, and reaching on to the very gate of the city of habitations, whose golden portals are opening to receive him: while the warrior often has to force his way where "the ranks are rolled in vapour, and the winds are laid with sound," amidst darkness and confusion, and a thousand terrible possibilities of mistake. His prayer, like that of Ajax, may well be for light. And greater need still has he for the grace which alone can enable him to walk straight amidst crooked ways, uncorrupt amidst corruption, and to live and work in the world, for it and with it, and yet not of it.

Both the faithful sufferer and the faithful soldier have their record on high; both also ought to have their record here below. But more of fame, at least of earthly fame, usually falls to the lot of the warrior, particularly if he be even partially successful. Those great names in the church's history which are also great even in the world's estimation, usually belong to this class. But if the warriors have more renown amongst us, the martyrs have deeper, tenderer, and holier love. The former may indeed be "familiar in our ears as household words;" but the latter are rather "named softly, as the household names of those whom God hath taken." For suffering, when sanctified, always brightens and purifies, whilst fighting too often defiles and disturbs. They who have walked in the furnace with the Son of Man come forth scatheless—not a hair of their head singed, neither has the smell of fire passed upon their garments—while the poor wrestlers frequently emerge from their conflict soiled with the dust of the arena, and disfigured with blood and wounds. And yet, perhaps, the grace of God has been working all the time as mightily in them as in the others.

At the great crisis of the Reformation, Scotland had but few martyrs, thanks to the good providence of God and the manly courage of her own sons, who soon let their rulers know that they would not endure those scenes which, at that time, were acted freely in so many other countries of Europe. It is true that a century later "the clouds returned after the rain;" but the second era of martyrs for conscience' sake falls not within our province. But if there was a lesser measure of suffering, there was a double portion of conflict—conflict always hard, often perplexing, sometimes desperate. After the year 1560, when the Protestant religion was by law established, the "congregation" of Christ's believing people in Scotland might well have realized the experience of the church of the wilderness, as, under the guidance of their dauntless leader, they began their bloody campaign in the land of Canaan. Was this indeed the promised home of peace and plenty—was this the land flowing with milk and honey, where every man should sit under his own vine and fig-tree, none making him afraid? Instead of anticipated rest and ease, they saw before them labours more arduous, and conflicts perhaps more terrible, than anything they had hitherto undergone. And well might their hearts have failed within them, but that it was then their leader beheld in vision the Angel of the covenant, the Captain of the hosts of the Lord, with the sword of victory unsheathed in his hand; and that it was then he heard the voice saying unto him, "Be strong and of good courage, be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

Those who were the true life of Scotland, who preserved her, morally and spiritually, from corruption, and made her a name and a power amongst the nations of the earth, were obliged, during the troublous years which succeeded 1560, to contend against foes of a two-fold character. One of these was that anti-Christian system from whose grasp they had just rescued their country. Rome came again among them, in the person of a young and beautiful woman; even of her whose name has come down to us radiant with every hue of romance, and fragrant with the perfumes of song and story—the beauti-

ful Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland. Of course there were many to rally round the old faith, once a rallying point was given them in the court; and foreign influence was ready to aid them. For it must not be supposed that the principles of reform had made their way through the whole nation, though they had with marvellous power seized on its force, its fire, its true vitality, and made these all their own. Between the minority that remained from real conviction attached to Popery, and the classes whose interest it was to restore it, between French intrigues and French gold, and the personal fascinations of the marvellously fair and gifted young Queen, there was enough in Scotland yet to make a struggle for the Mass, and to palliate the strong measures for its suppression, which were sometimes dictated almost as much by the fears as by the principles of the reformers.

But to keep Popery at arm's length was scarcely the greatest or the hardest work these truly brave and noble men had to do. They found a nation rude, wild, and barbarous; a land full of violence, "blood touching blood." They found a people sunk in the depths of moral degradation, only perhaps a little less degraded generally than the class who professed to teach them the way to heaven. What the priests were shall not here be told; but it may be truly said that the nobles and gentry were, with few exceptions, fierce, cruel, rapacious; and the common people—the "miserable poor folk"—were despised, and oppressed, in fact, "trodden under foot, like the mire of the streets," to an extent that our modern habits of thought render it difficult for us even to understand.

But, as it has been well said by a great living writer, "the poor clay which, a generation earlier, the haughty baron would have trodden into slime, had been heated red hot in the furnace of a new faith. . . . Scottish Protestantism was shaped by Knox into a creed for the people—a creed in which the Ten Commandments were more important than the sciences, and the Bible than all the literature of the world." To this, however, there might be added, what the future of Scotland has proved, that the sciences have a marvellous propensity to follow in the wake of the Ten Commandments; and that, by some

law of attraction, "all the literature of the world" is apt to crystallize about the Bible.

There happened, in fact, in the nation (represented by the earnest part of it), something very analogous to what takes place in the individual soul when the word of God reaches to its depths with transforming power. There was a real regeneration, a vast moral change from darkness to light, from evil to good. "Lo, here a nation born in one day, yea, moulded into one congregation, and sealed, as in a fountain, with a solemn oath and covenant!" cried a Scotchman of a later age with natural enthusiasm. But still, as often happens in the individual, the struggle with remaining evil was long and hard, and the victory over it, though real, was only partial. It does not surprise us that years after the Reformation the ministers complained, with more force than elegance, of "ugly heaps of sin lying in every nook and part" of the land, or that the records of the time bear lamentable evidence of the truth of their statement; but it *does* surprise us that out of the Scotland they and their fathers knew came the Scotland we know to-day.

Do we ask who did this work? One noble and venerable name springs in answer to almost every lip. But without detracting an iota from the praise due to one of the most heroic leaders who ever fought the battles of the Lord, it is still necessary to remember that the general is not the army. John Knox, and others who went before or accompanied him, sowed the good seed in the rugged hearts of his countrymen; and the result was, that through the length and breadth of the land—in the laird's castle, the tradesman's booth, and the cottar's hut—men and women were truly turned "from the power of Satan unto God." These ordinary commonplace people "sprang suddenly into consciousness with spiritual convictions, for which they were prepared to live and die. The fear of God in them left no room for the fear of any other thing." And it was chiefly *their* determined opposition to, and their fiery indignation against, murder and abominable wickedness in high places, that cost Mary Stuart her crown, but saved Scotland, and perhaps England too, from evils as much worse than tumult and civil

war as the stillness of death is worse than the troubled excitement of fever.

It is the obscure lives of a few of these ordinary men and women we desire to trace; in order to learn, if we can, what they were, and what they did and suffered, and to glean, if we may, some instruction from their conflicts and victories—perhaps also from their mistakes and failures.

II.—A WOFUL INSTANCE OF PROTESTANT INTOLERANCE.

"What's done we partly may compute,
But not what's been realized."

BURNS.

It has been often said by enemies, and sometimes by friends, that the Reformers were in heart as bitter persecutors as the staunchest supporters of the hierarchy they sought to overthrow. Without accepting the truth of this representation, we cannot pretend to deny that they did not in the least understand the principle of toleration. It is a striking instance of this that the Scotch Reformers, as soon as they became powerful in the state, placed upon the statute-book of the realm a law forbidding "The Idolatry of the Mass," and denouncing against any Catholic priest who should dare to celebrate the highest rites of his church the penalty of—*death*.

We are quite prepared for the cry of virtuous indignation with which every modern reader will hail this tremendous proof of their bigotry and cruelty. Still it may be pleaded, in mitigation of the censure, that though they annexed the penalty of death to an overt act, they did not make strict inquisition into the private views of individuals, and consign them to the scaffold and the stake if the results proved unsatisfactory. At the very worst, it was rather a different thing to threaten a priest with the gibbet for saying Mass in public, and to break into a private house at midnight, and drag men, women, and children to the stake for reading a chapter in the New Testament.

But, after all, the really important question is, not what they threatened, but what they did. Were they, in practice, better or worse than their theories? We shall see.

The most flagrant instance of religious perse-

cution that can be laid to the charge of the Scottish Reformers, was that which occasioned the scene that took place in Edinburgh on Easter Monday 1565. We invite the reader to be present at that scene, asking him to remember, ere he pronounces too severe a judgment upon the cruelties sanctioned by John Knox and his adherents, that they had seen their personal friends, including some of the noblest and holiest men of the day, burned to ashes at the stake, by the power of which Sir James Carvet happened to be the unlucky representative.

The streets of old Edinburgh were alive with citizens in their holiday costume. But the throng, considerable everywhere, grew dense in the High Street, and in the front of the Cathedral of St. Giles, which the day before had echoed to the thunders of Knox's eloquence. And around the ancient city Cross the throng became a rabble, composed for the most part of idle street boys, apprentices, and "childer," or journeymen of the crafts, who, with rough jokes and shouts of derision, were throwing mud or "Easter eggs" at some unfortunate victim bound—after the fashion of the times—to the cross as to a pillory. The "doomster," or city hangman, in his motley dress, guarded the prisoner, who was attired in the full canonicals of a priest of the Church of Rome, and held unwillingly in his bound hand the chalice to which members of that communion attach such mysterious sacredness.

Two persons stood together upon the steps of a wynd in the High Street, nearly facing the cross: an old man in the dress of an Edinburgh tradesman, and a very handsome lad, of gentlemanly appearance, about sixteen years of age. They had an excellent view of the whole scene; and, to judge by their faces, they were regarding it with very different feelings. The old man's thin lips were pressed together with evident satisfaction; and there was a flash like that of steel in his keen, clear blue eye at every shout that rent the air, expressing, sometimes in words not refined enough for the modern ear, unlimited abhorrence of Popery and Papists. But the youth's cheek was flushed, and his large dark eye gleamed with indignant fire. His lips were parted, as if to utter a cry, and his hands and feet moved impatiently, as though he could scarcely refrain

from rushing in amongst the crowd, to chastise the ringleaders of the cruel sport.

"Yon's a sorry scene," he said at last, speaking rather to himself than to his companion.

"Weel, I hae seen better—and I hae seen waur," was the cautious answer.

"Worse shall I never see!" cried the boy, as the flush mounted to his forehead, and its blue veins swelled and throbbed with passion.

"Fair and saft, my bonny boy; fair and saft," replied the old man with a grim smile. "Gin they tak' the puir priest to the Castle Hill, and gar him burn to ashes in a muckle fire, ye might chance to think *that* a waur sight."

"But they will not—they dare not; who dreams of such a thing!" said the boy in tones of mingled fear and anger, and fixing his eyes inquiringly on the old man's face.

The latter was in no haste to reply, seeming rather to enjoy his apprehensions. "That they daurna, I dinna think," he said at last. "Sin' they hae the Law o' God and the common sense o' the realm on their side, they daur do what they list; and e'en the bonny Queen hersel maun haud her tongue and thole it. And it's no that strange to dream o' sic' a thing, least of a' to a man like me, wha was at St. Andrews seven years ago, when the bluidy Papists burned Sir Walter Mill, an auld man o' four-score and twa years."

"But he was a heretic!"

The tradesman smiled scornfully. "Sae the priests said, but they couldna prove it. And though they burned him, they couldna burn his words, as a' Scotland kens the noo, God be thankit! Ony gait, *their* day is by, sae let them e'en haud their tongues, and tak what they gie'd ither folk."

"But sir, really—"

"Dinna fear, laddie. We'll no burn the man. We're ower mercifu' for thae cruel Papist fashions. But a' the folk say he suld be hangit."

"Cruel!" cried the youth indignantly. "To doom a man to die for doing his duty! To send a priest to the gibbet for offering up the holy sacrifice to save his own soul and the souls of other men! And—oh, shame, shame on you, for cowards!" he added, stamping with rage, as some more than usually bitter insult from the crowd

reached his ears. "To use so an unarmed, defenceless man, bound and guarded!"

"I'm no for saying it's just the best kind o' sport for a set o' giddy, thoughtless callants," the old man admitted candidly. "Do ye mark yon laddie wi' the yellow hair and the sleeves o' his wlie-coat turned back? He's my 'prentice, Jock Fleming, the ne'er-do-weel."

The youth's eye followed the direction of the old man's, just in time to see the "yellow-haired laddie" indicated as Jock Fleming fling a stone with deliberate aim at the unfortunate priest. It struck him on the forehead, and drew blood.

"This is too much," cried the young stranger, adding an oath by that very Mass on account of which Sir James Carvet was being so roughly handled.

"Young man, swear not at all, but especially—" Here, however, the admonition came to a sudden close. For the speaker became aware that he to whom it was addressed had not heard a single word of it. He had rushed, unarmed as he was, into the midst of the excited crowd, and was struggling with all his might to reach the foot of the cross, with the evident idea of extending some sort of protection to the sufferer upon it. He was partially successful; he gained and mounted the stone steps, and from this vantage ground struck down with his clenched hand several arms that were raised with missiles. But he only exposed himself to a hundred eager assailants, many of them armed with clubs and stones. With a spirit that would have done credit to a better cause, he maintained the unequal struggle, rage and desperation supplying the lack of strength and of weapons, until at last—bruised, bleeding, and scarcely able to see or stand—he was dragged forcibly from the scene of conflict. It was not too soon; he grew very faint, and would have fallen to the ground, had he not been supported on one side by his former acquaintance, and on the other by the now subdued and penitent Jock Fleming.

He was soon seated in a comfortable parlour, where his new friend administered to him, first a cup of strong waters, and then a severe rebuke for his folly in meddling with what was none of his business. "How do ye think to win through the world ava'," he asked, "gin ye maun hae yer

head broken for ilka knave that's set on the cross, that gait!"

But the boy only said in a bewildered tone, "Where am I?"

"In the Canongate, wi' Allan Durie, goldsmith."

The youth half raised himself and looked about him, but said nothing.

"Sin' I hae tald my name, it's like I may think it time to speir after yours."

"My name is Arthur Erskine."

"Erskine! A guid name, nae better in a' Scotland. Are ye sib to the Laird o' Dune?" And he looked with some curiosity at the youth, whose dress, a neat though simple doublet of fine blue cloth, as well as everything in his countenance and manner, betokened gentle blood and breeding.

"I am no kinsman of the Laird of Dune's. My uncle is the captain of the Queen's Guard."

This mention of Arthur Erskine, captain of the Queen's Guard, whom Knox calls the "maist-pestilent Papist in all the realm," was by no means acceptable to a thorough Protestant like honest Allan Durie.

"Then ye'll be was to hear yer uncle's awa' at Stirling wi' the Queen," he said celdly.

"Not I. I have never spoken with my uncle. We are unfriends. He quarrelled with my father years ago."

"Like enoo', gin yer father's as fond of a fray as yersel."

"My father is dead."

"Weel, that's some excuse for ye, puir misleard callant. But I'm fear't, though ye mislike Arthur Erskine's person, ye dinna mislike his Papistry."

"I am a Catholic. But my father was—one of yours."

"And whaur do ye bide the noo?"

"I am but just come to town. I am quite a stranger. Can you direct me to a good hostelry?" And as if he took the question for a hint to be gone, the boy started to his feet.

"Sit ye down, lad, sit ye down. Ye're no fit for mair travelling the day. Gin ye were the Paip himsel, ye'd be free a' the same to the meal o' meat and the night's lodging wi' Allan Durie, seeing ye're lane and fremyt in this muckle toun."

"Thank you, sir," said the lad a little doubtfully, but with more gentleness than he had spoken before. Then his host, with blunt but real kindness, insisted on applying some simple remedies to the worst of his many bruises. The boy consented unwillingly, though not ungratefully; and Allan Durie was a little impressed by the discovery of a cambric shirt, carefully adorned with handsome "pearling."

He wisely forbore further questions for the present however, saying merely, "We're gaun to tak our *four-hours*, and I'm thinking ye'll no be the waur for a willy-waucht o' guid ale."

As Arthur did not decline, his host led the way into another room, where bread, cheese, and beer were laid on the table, ready for the slight afternoon meal of which the Edinburgh citizens were wont to partake. They were soon joined by the tradesman's wife, a respectable elderly woman, who seemed in feeble health, and by a very pretty fair-haired girl, scarcely past the years of childhood.

Jock Fleming waited on the party with a countenance that expressed decorous humility, mingled with a little awe, whenever his master's eye was upon him; but when safely stationed behind his chair, he ventured to direct towards Arthur glances and gestures expressive of his desire for a renewal of the morning's conflict.

But Arthur was too ill and weary to care, or almost to notice what passed around him. That day and the three preceding ones he had travelled far on foot (making, we grieve to say, no day of rest of the Sabbath); he had allowed himself but little food, and the injuries he had just received told severely on a frame weakened by un wonted toil and privation. He could not eat; his head ached violently, and he began at last to feel uncertain where he was and what he was doing.

"Duncan has no come ben yet?" asked Durie of his apprentice.

"Na, maister. I heard him say he was gaun to walk to the top o' Arthur's Seat."

"And why could ye no gang wi' him, ye ne'er-do-weel? It wad hae been a mickle better for ye than daffing and fechtin' and thrawing stanes wi' a' the idle callants in the toun."

"Maister John Knox tald us in his sermon yestreen that we suld pit down the idolatry o' the

Mass wi' a' our might," answered Fleming demurely.

"Whisht, whisht, ye graceless loon," said his master angrily. "Ye ken ye think a hantle mair of a bit of a ploy than ye do o' pitting down the Mass, or o' setting up the true Evangel either. And ye'll no mend till God gies ye his guid grace. But ony gait, speak the truth, mon, and dinna add sin to sin by telling sic lees and clashaes. Maister Arthur" (this was said with a little hesitation), "will ye no eat anything?"

Arthur declined, and Durie looked, not without compassion, on his pale face.

"Ye'er oner forefoughten, pair lad," he said; and then, after a short whispered consultation with the guid-wife, he added, "Come wi' me." Arthur obeyed, and, much to his satisfaction, soon found a comfortable bed at his disposal; nor did he lose any time in availing himself of its accommodation. Then, in utter weariness, he composed himself to sleep, making no doubt that sleep would come to him as soon as called for. Never before, in his short life, had he known the fatigue that prevents instead of ensuring slumber. He was doomed to know it now, to his cost. His temples throbbed, his brain turned round, and the more weary he felt the more impossible it seemed to keep still. He tossed from side to side, trying every position in turn, and thinking every new one more painful than the last. The daylight streaming in at the little window irritated him unaccountably. How came it that he was lying there like a sluggard in full daylight, idle, lonely, and miserable? And perhaps the very ship he was on his way to seek might be sailing from Leith that afternoon. Perhaps—but there was no use troubling himself about these things now. He seemed to care for nothing; not even for the delight—once so eagerly anticipated, so impatiently longed for—of standing on the deck of some gallant ship, and gazing across the blue waves on the receding shores of Scotland, his father's land, but not *his*—oh, never his! He wanted nothing now but rest; he desired nothing but to shut out past, present, and future from his aching senses, and to sleep.

But though the daylight faded, and the stars shone in through his window, he could not sleep. Back upon his bewildered brain came the scene

of the morning in all its confusion, and more than all its horrors. If he closed his eyes, the pale terrified face of the unhappy priest came before him with the distinctness of reality. If, in some moment when he did not expect it, sleep at last drew near him, it was scared away by the shouts of the mob still ringing in his ears. Over and over did he repeat the cruel words, "A' the folk say he suld be hangit;" and the idea took complete possession of his mind, and haunted and tortured him as it certainly would not have done at any other time. Those were not days when people expended a great deal of thought or feeling upon the taking away of one human life, in the course of justice or injustice, as it might be. And if disposed for mournful thoughts that night, Arthur Erskine had causes of grief and fear far nearer and more pressing than the execution of a man whom he had seen that morning for the first time. He himself was an orphan, and by his own rash act friendless and almost a second time fatherless; for he was a fugitive from the home where for years he had received protection, shelter, and even indulgent kindness. He had left behind him the one person in the world who loved him deeply—his only sister—and left her without a parting word or sign, in utter ignorance of his fate and his movements. He might have thought over these things with much pain, and perhaps with some advantage; yet, strange to say, they did not at all weigh upon his spirit—they scarcely even entered his mind that night. If this seems unaccountable, it was not more so than things which occur every day in our own experience. How often, in some great crisis of our lives, when strangers suppose us entirely occupied with the important events that are giving their colour to our whole existence, the mind refuses to be controlled, and slips away to some mere trifle, fastening upon that, and turning to it again and again with a pertinacity that astonishes ourselves. And this is the more likely to occur when fatigue or illness has brought us into that condition in which the body obtains the mastery over the mind, and uses it, as revolted servants generally do, in very tyrannical fashion. It was rather the sign of a fevered body than of a particularly tender heart, that Arthur Erskine could see nothing that night but the gibbet erected for

Sir James Carvet, or the face of the priest himself in every imaginable stage of his mortal conflict and agony. Still it was terrible, and it was sickening! Then he thought of those that had decreed and would inflict the doom, and his young blood boiled with indignation. Cowards, heretics, robbers of churches!—dregs of the people, that had forced their way into power by open rebellion, and the defying of all lawful authority! And now, to such a height had their insolence arisen, that heretics, forsooth, whose own lives were forfeit to the church's law, could dare to punish the ministers of that church herself with death. What doom did they deserve for such temerity, and what should they receive when the church had her own again in the realm?

He was just considering this point, when the sound of voices from beneath reminded him that he was himself in the house of a heretic. He had been present too often at "family exercise," not to recognize at once the solemn measured tones of the master of the house, as he read aloud the words of Scripture truth. But in his present mood, such sounds only added to his irritation; and he stopped his ears that he might not be troubled with them. As he remained thus motionless for some little time, he at last dropped asleep; but only to dream that they were burning the priest alive, and that he was standing gazing at the fire, unable either to stir from the spot or to raise the indignant cry that trembled on his lips.

He woke with a start, to find that there was light in the room, though of a less ominous character than that of which he had been dreaming. Allan Durie stood beside the bed, with a "crusie," or small oil-lamp, in his hand.

"I'm fear't ye're no resting weel," he said, with a degree of compassion that the worn and fevered look of the fair young face before him was well calculated to excite.

Arthur sprang up. "Oh, sir," he cried eagerly, "tell me if they are going to take Sir James Carvet's life to-morrow!"

"Hoot awa', laddie!" replied Durie, with some surprise, and perhaps a little disappointment; "is that a' ye has got to think of? Dinna fash yersel for him. He's as free as you or I the nicht. He paid his wyte at the cross to-day."

"But ye said, the doom"—

"The doom he suld bear is unco clear. But, God be thankit, the powers that be, gin they can punish, can *pardon* too."

"And Maister John Knox?"

Allan Durie could scarcely forbear a smile at the evident terror with which his beloved and respected minister was regarded by this young Catholic.

"Maister John desires the bluid o' nae man," he answered; "but that the Word o' God may spread and grow, and a' false doctrine be pit awa' frae this realm o' Scotland. Whilk God grant in his ain guid time. Sae it seems to him and to the lave that you puir misleard loon has had enoo' to thole, and is like to be the wiser in time to come." Honest Allan Durie hesitated for a moment, then added candidly: "And tho' I ken unco weel what some folk 'll say thereanent, for my ain part I'm blythe they hae forgien the puir fule. Guid nicht, laddie; gang to sleep, like a guid bairn, and anither time let the priests and the 'prentice boys fecht their ain battles."

And so Allan Durie went his way. He was by nature a hard man; not dishonest, though apt to get and keep, and slow to part with money, but very likely to prove ungenerous, unsympathizing, and even unmerciful. Not in vain, however, had his soul been taken up from the round of its common thoughts and interests, and translated into a new and loftier sphere. Not in vain had he listened to the powerful voice of John Knox, reasoning of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come; and not only trembled, but also believed—believed first in these solemn realities of the unseen world, and then in One who could clothe his sinful nature in that righteousness, make him partaker of that temperance, and deliver him from the fearful condemnation of that judgment to come. And he believed also that He who could do this loved him—even *him*, Allan Durie—with a personal, intense, and infinite love; a love that, as it had known no beginning, would know no end through the countless ages of eternity. This thought it was that pierced through the thick crust of his hardened worldly heart; so shattering it, that never again could its fragments re-unite, and be what they had been before. In every sense of the word,

his soul was redeemed; it was redeemed from low and sordid aims, from selfishness, covetousness, and baseness, and it was rendered capable of high and holy thoughts and heavenly aspirations. For even the commonest clay, in the true Artist's hand, can be moulded into a vessel of honour meet for the Master's use.

But of course the hard man was sometimes a hard man still, even in spite of all. And there were many influences at work to harden him, and very few to soften him; none, perhaps, if we except what he had in his own household, save the one great love that had become the key-note of his whole being. It was unfortunate, moreover, that the circumstances of the time, acting upon the common evils of our nature, should often tend to make that very love to Him whom he had not seen, a pretext for the hatred of his brother whom he had seen. Allan Durie, a true member of the Church militant here on earth, believed devoutly that the chief business of that Church was to fight manfully against Popery and Papists. He was in some danger of confining his study of Scripture mainly to certain historical parts of the Old Testament, and of making a wrong application even of these. He might have been waging vigorous warfare against imaginary Philistines and Amalekites in the shape of Papists, while the true Philistines, under the homely forms of selfishness and covetousness, were laying waste his borders unchallenged and unproved.

Yet though he was not always or altogether free from such mistakes, in the main he was delivered from them. Because the love he bore to Him who so loved him was real, it could not but work effectually in his heart, producing some degree of gentleness towards all, and this in opposition even to his own theories. But for the softening influence of that love, Allan Durie would never have taken a stranger and a Papist home to his house, have given him food and shelter, and freely devoted to his use the best bed the house contained. Furthermore, had he not been reading that night at his "family exercise" certain well-known exhortations of his Lord's, commonly called the Sermon on the Mount, it is by no means likely that he would have rejoiced at the escape of the "mass-monger" with so light a punishment for his horrible impiety.

Let us take them, then, as they were, these poor rude Scotchmen of the sixteenth century; let us own, if we will, that they considered the Mass idolatry; let us even confess, with shame and sorrow, that they were so benighted as to think that the idolater ought "to die the death;" and that, moreover, being people peculiarly ready to translate thought into action, and rendered by centuries of barbarism reckless of human life, they proceeded so far on the road to slaying an idolater as to put him in the pillory, and insult and abuse him;—only let us think, on the other hand, what they did *not* do. It is not recorded that a *single priest* suffered the extreme penalty of the law for the crime of saying Mass in Scotland.

At this very time, after torrents of innocent blood had been shed, and unnumbered victims had been sacrificed at the stake and the gibbet, the most Catholic King was at last prevailed upon to extend his royal clemency to his Flemish subjects, who differed from him in religious belief. The result was a certain famous "Edict of *Moderation*," in which it was mercifully provided that obstinate heretics were only to be strangled, in-

stead of burned alive; and that, under specified circumstances, those who renounced their faith might actually be permitted to live. This was a marvellous improvement upon preceding edicts, though it is to be feared the people were scarcely grateful enough for the clemency of their rulers, since they styled the "moderation" the "murderation." But let us put the cruelties of Protestantism in one scale, and the tender mercies of Popery in the other, and not refuse the lessons taught by the result.

This much, at least, is evident: Take a living fear of God, such as the Bible teaches, and implant it in the heart of the commonest individual, or in the midst of the rudest and fiercest nation, and a real change is wrought. Not only is there imparted a wonderful strength to do and to suffer, of which our enemies themselves are judges, but the nature that is strengthened is also gradually but actually humanized, softened, and refined. Eventually, though it may be by slow degrees, and after long delays, it will be seen by all that "the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

D. A.

(To be continued.)

"MY CRY."

PSALM lxi. 1.

HEAR my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed." These are the fervent words of David; and how forcibly they teach us the character of true prayer. It is a *cry*. It is the utterance of a heart overwhelmed by pressing dangers, and constrained, in its conscious impotence, to lift its earnest cry for help to a trusted and almighty Helper. We have prayer set before us in Holy Scripture under a variety of aspects, and it would be profitable to gather up any portion of the light that is shed on it; but, for the present, we purpose merely to glance at the subject for a little as presented to us under the emphatic word—a cry.

How much does this word indicate in regard to the extremity to which the crying one is reduced! A drowning man, about to perish, cries for help; and so too does the traveller assailed by ferocious beasts, or ferocious men. But a sensible man will never cry unless he be in extremity of need. And oh, my reader, no words whatever can overstate the urgent need of an immortal soul, like yours or mine, set amid circumstances

like ours. Unless God help us, we shall surely be swallowed up; and it is only those who are blinded by their unbelief that can refrain from continual crying. The word also indicates brevity. A cry is always brief. Not, indeed, that true prayer is always short, or ought invariably to be so; but that the kind of prayer described as a cry, in which the soul is wound up to the highest possible strain of tension, naturally expresses itself in brief, vehement utterances, that may be repeated, but scarcely prolonged. And what strong words does Scripture use, in setting before us the intensity of a believer's desires in prayer, an intensity derived from the felt extremity of his need. David calls his prayer "my roaring" (Ps. xxii. 1); in this describing also the experience of a greater than himself. "My groaning," he calls it again in Ps. xxxviii. 9. "The Lord hath heard *thy affliction*," said the angel to Hagar (Gen. xvi. 11), meaning by this her prayer. In Ps. cii. 20, it is called the *groaning of prisoners*. In all this, it is scarcely needful to remark, the reference is not to the vehemence of the sound, but to the earnestness of the desire. Such desire will indeed be likely to express itself audibly, and

in tones that indicate the deepest feeling; but still, it is the heart, and not the lips, that makes the loud outcry in the ears of God. We must not, however, confound this "groaning," "roaring," or "strong crying," with the wail of unbelieving wretchedness, which, even when it howls upon its bed, does not cry unto God with its heart (see Hos. vii. 14). The gracious God is as little honoured by the despairing misery of unbelief, as he is by the defiant prayerlessness of the perfectly careless. No; since God is seated on his throne, let us be careful to draw near with holy awe; but, since that throne is a throne of grace, let us be equally careful to draw near with holy boldness.

A cry contrasts too with the "secret speech" of Isaiah xxvi. 16, margin. The true cry has in it nothing of the craft of the cunning orator. It is as artless as the weeping of a new-born babe. Now, how much seeming prayer is made prayerless by its very oratory—by its being worked up into anything rather than a cry. The real power of prayer lies, not in its wordy eloquence, but in hearty faith and fervent desire. Jacob at Peniel "had power with God; yea, he had power over the angel, and prevailed" (Hos. xii. 3, 4). Wondrous conflict, and still more wondrous victory! And wherein lay the creature's power thus to prevail over the Omnipotent? Only in his *cry*; the very expression of helpless weakness; for it is added, "*he wept and made supplication.*"

In the words of the psalm quoted, my prayer is called, my cry. Yea, it is mine. Though the Holy Ghost has inspired it, yet I have adopted it, and it is *my* cry. He showed me my infinite need, and in some degree I have seen it; he set before me the preciousness of the boon, and I have eagerly desired it. He taught me to understand the grace of the Father's heart, and the power of the Saviour's name; and, apprehending these, my longing heart cannot help lifting up its earnest desires in a believing cry. But while it is truly *my* cry, let me never forget that it is also the Holy Spirit's cry; nay, that I cry at all, only because God hath sent the Spirit of his Son into my heart, to cry within me. Apart from him, I could not so much as desire spiritual things. Moved by my earthly spirit, I would set my heart on things unfit for me; and, when I asked at all, I would ask for what my Saviour never would have asked in my behalf. Nay more, even yet, unless I be careful to "pray in the spirit," my selfish and carnal heart shall still have a share in inditing my prayers; and, misled by it, I shall ask for fancied blessings, which my great Intercessor may possibly be asking his Father to keep from me. How needful, then, in order to prevent such sad disharmony, that I walk in the spirit, and pray in the spirit.

To dwell a little longer on this weighty point; true prayer is *his* cry, and it is also *mine*. "The Holy Spirit helpeth our infirmities." He joins his strength to our weakness, he quickens our torpor of death by his energy of life; and, though he does not groan instead of us, he

helps us to groan, and thus groaneth in us. The word rendered "helpeth our infirmities," is a very expressive one. It indicates that he does not take the business out of our hands, to do it alone by himself, but that he stirs us up to do all that we can, while he secretly ministers all the strength that is needed for the doing of it. In this respect, his work is wholly unlike the work of Christ. In bearing our guilt, Jesus took the whole work into his own hands, and "*by himself* purged our sins" (Heb. i. 3). The Holy Spirit's work, on the other hand, while equally one of mere grace, is done in co-operation with our doing; not apart from us, but within us. He helps us to work out our own salvation, while it is he that worketh in us, both to will and to do. So, then, if I am not working, neither is God working in me; if I am not crying, neither is the Holy Ghost crying in me. For though the Spirit helpeth our infirmities, he is only a helper; and the proof, that he is working in us, lies in the fact that we are ourselves stirred up to work. While, then, the grace of the Holy Spirit takes away all ground for human glorying, it does not, in the faintest degree, affect the urgent need of human activity and earnestness. The Holy Spirit will not pray *for* us, but he will *help us* to pray. He will not wrestle for us with our foes, but he will help the tried disciple in his conflict with sore temptation; and if the man be only faithful, his divine helper will add to the impotence of the creature the conquering energy of Almighty grace. Let us never then abuse the truth about this second greatest gift of God, the grace of his Holy Spirit, into an excuse for sinful sloth, but let us find in it our most powerful motive for continuing instant in prayer. For how shall God refuse to hear the cry that is not only *our* cry, but *his own*?

It is this "crying" that constitutes true prayer; it is this crying that Satan fears and hates. Though

"Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees,"

it is only when that saint is *crying*. As for lifeless, formal praying, Satan will rather help than hinder it. It is one of the most destructive means of self-deception; and when coupled, as it is sure to be, with a worldly life, it greatly hinders the blessing of all around.

Now, is it not matter for confession and deep humiliation, that this very character of *crying* which constitutes true prayer, is the one quality which many of our prayers are most deficient in? They confess, they adore, they entreat; they have in them all that they should have, saving the one thing—they do not cry. The heart has often in it no fervent desires for what the voluble lips may seem to be earnestly entreating; and it is to be feared that, not unfrequently, an instant answer, according to the very letter of his unearthly breathings, would be deemed, by the praying man, a great affliction. And even when the matter is far from being so bad as this, does not the fact that we really procure so little, in answer to our prayers, from a God

who is so infinitely ready to bestow—does not this sufficiently demonstrate, that much of our praying, even when it is not wholly lifeless, is nevertheless very feeble—in other words, that it lacks the "cry?" It does not "groan," nor "roar;" and is not like the pleadings of men who are "at their wit's end," and who "then cry unto the Lord in their trouble" (Ps. cvii. 27, 28). So far from this, the offerer frequently is unable to remember to-day what he specially prayed for yesterday; and he goes on his way, having his conscience pacified by the performance of a service, while his heart troubles him with no tormenting hunger-pangs for the return of the blessing. "How canst thou expect," said Cyprian long ago, "that God will hear thee when thou wilt not hear thyself?" Oh, for the abiding power of a lively faith, that will make all our prayers living prayers!

The word "cry" implies also a considerable degree of ignorance regarding the way in which help may be given us. Indeed, it is merely an expression of extreme need, and of earnest desire for help; while it leaves the form in which the help shall come, to the choice of him who helps us. The infant cries; but while it knows not the meaning of its own cry, its mother does; and, understanding the whole case, she hastens in her love to meet it. And the believer cries; but while he too comprehends little better than the infant does the character of his wants, or the deep meaning of the glorious words he utters, his Father knows the whole—knows his need, and what he really asks for; and in his love he often gives rather according to the need than according to the literal meaning of a cry, which the crying one scarcely understands himself. For it often happens, that though we ask earnestly for something on which our hearts are set, yet, at bottom, our real desires fix not so much on that thing, as on the results which we expect to follow from our having it. Now, God may see that these results can be attained more easily, and more safely, without the boon than with it, and so he gives us the desired results in some other way. In doing this, he has really granted our heart's true cry, though, in our childish ignorance of the meaning of our own cry, we may dream that he has refused it. For what are all the prayers of God's children, so far as they are helped of the Holy Spirit to pray, but this: "Father, glorify thy name?" And what are all his answers to our prayers but this: "I have both glorified it, and I will glorify it again?"

Seeing then that the efficacy of a cry does not, in any degree, depend on any excellency of the crying one, but wholly on the loving-kindness of him who hears, let answered prayer always lead us to glory in the Lord, but never in ourselves. The mother's careful attention to the cry of her child is a proof of her own maternal love, but is no proof at all of the special goodness of the child. Let us give, then, no heed to Satan when he strives to puff us up through the great mercy of answered prayer. He succeeded in doing so with good King Hezekiah (2 Chron. xxxii. 24, 25), and he will do

his best to persuade us to set a high value on our own prayers. Value! Why, if there be anything that is, more than another, a matter of mere grace, it is prayer, and the mercy bestowed on it. The very desire to get is the gift of the Holy Spirit. The words in which it prays are his suggestions; the plea it urges, the mercy it appeals to—everything, from the first wish to the final answer, it owes to God. What, then, is ours? Nothing certainly to glory in, but much to be ashamed of; that we have so often stifled the divine promptings, and that with so many helps and encouragements to pray, we have nevertheless contrived to get so little.

Much of God's present dealing with us is designed to train us to cry. Possibly many of our straits and difficulties have scarcely any other end to serve, than to cast us upon God, and keep us crying. In this way we are taught how very weak we are, and how very gracious he is; we are trained to lean on him, and to rejoice in him, and to walk with him; and, as all this is perfectly essential to our spiritual life, our heavenly Father puts us into circumstances where our necessities do not permit us to be long out of his presence. Therefore, my afflicted brother, whose incessant troubles, crowding one on the heels of another, allow thee no rest, rather be encouraged than downcast on account of them, for God is dealing with thee in a way of special mercy. He wishes thee to rest in his bosom; and to constrain thee to this, he is spoiling thy rest everywhere else. While others visit him with more or less frequency, he will have thee to take up thine abode in the secret place of the Most High; and so long as thou dwellest there, as in a city of refuge, the prowling crowds of earthly troubles shall not come nigh thee to harm thee. Philip Melancthon had not the physical constitution that is connected with animal courage, and, as a consequence, was continually harassed with needless terrors. When reproved for this, and exhorted to cast aside his groundless timidity, he replied, "No, I cannot do without it, for it is my best help to prayer. If I were at ease, I am afraid that I would pray but little; but my fears and terrors torment me, except when, in God's presence, I am casting them all by faith upon him."

In all ages God's servants have been crying souls, and the strongest servants have been known by the strength of their cries. The Model Servant, in the days of his flesh, cried with strong crying and tears (Heb. v. 7). Jacob cried, and Moses. Samuel and David were both eminent for crying. Hezekiah cried, and wept sore. Ezra was a crying man, and so was Daniel. Peter, too, and Paul, were trained to cry. Who can tell how much we owe, at this hour, to the midnight crying of the old Scotch Reformer, when his burdened soul could only vent itself in brief, spasmodic groanings, "O God, give me Scotland, or I die?" And who among us has not hung with awe over the recorded wrestling of Luther at Worms? a prayer—like those of Moses in Exodus xxxii. 32, and Paul in Romans ix. 3—not to be understood save by those who have, in some degree, been plunged

into such depths, and, out of these depths, have cried unto God. "O God! O God! . . . O God! do thou help me against all the wisdom of the world! Do this; thou shouldest do this . . . Thou alone . . . for this is not my work, but thine. I have nothing to do here—nothing to contend for with these great ones of the world. . . . But the cause is thine. O Lord, help me! . . . O God! my God! hearest thou me not? . . . My God, art thou dead? No! thou canst not die. Thou hidest thyself only. . . . Thou hast chosen me for this work. I know it well. Act then, O God. . . . Stand at my side, for the sake of thy well-beloved, Jesus Christ." My brother, God has given to you and to me our life-work, as well as to Luther—a work that should be as weighty to us as his was to him. Has our fear of failure in it ever sent us to our knees, to groan, and weep, and cry, after a fashion akin to this?

And when is it that we are to cry to God? Nay, rather, when is it that we are to refrain? We are to cry, and to faint not in our crying (Luke xviii. 1). God's elect are characterized by this, that they "cry unto Him day and night." Even the promises of God, graciously given to comfort us, are not meant to suppress, but to excite, our further crying. On the other hand, there can be no case beyond hope of help from crying. If ever a man would have been warranted to despair of God's help through prayer, surely it was Jonah in the whale's belly. Seized in the very act of committing most heinous sin—cast away into circumstances of extremity, in God's manifest anger—he might well have felt as if he were beyond the reach of mercy. But, no; Jonah had the heart to cry, and God had the heart to hear his cry. Oh, thou afflicted, Jonah-like soul, overwhelmed with the double load of conscious sin, and of sharp chastisement on account of it, not knowing whither to turn, turn to God. He is expecting thee to come; He is waiting to hear thine outcry. Nay, do not feel, in thy despondency, as if the distance to heaven were impassable by backslidden feet like thine, for he himself passes over the entire distance: "He looketh down from the height of his sanctuary, to hear thy groaning" (Ps. cii. 19, 20). In truth, we are never, even at our worst, beyond the help of God; nor are we ever, even at our best, above the urgent need of his grace; so that, in one important sense, our best and our worst are much alike to God, and, were our faith not so feeble, they would be more nearly alike to us.

Let us never speak or think of hindrances to prayer. There are no real hindrances, except our own unbelieving hearts. The very circumstances which the slothful soul makes into hindrances, the lively soul uses as helps. If a robber were trying to stifle the outcry of his victim, the very attempt would excite to the utmost vehemence of crying. Let Satan's opposition to our praying have the same effect with us; let it deepen our sense of danger, and provoke to a more importunate cry. Thus did the rebuke of the crowd affect blind Bartimeus, when they bid him hold his peace; but he only *cried*

the more a great deal. When it was suggested to Luther in prayer that God was far away in heaven, and did not hear his words, "Very well," said he, "I will only need to cry the louder."

Satan is ever very busy in regard to the prayers of believers. As the Holy Spirit helps us to pray, so the enemy expends his strength in hindering our prayers—seeking either to keep us from crying, or, if he fail in this, to spoil our cry. With unwearied activity, he assails us through our numberless points of contact with earthly things, and tries to get us sucked into a perfect whirlpool of cares about lawful matters, so that the distracted heart shall not have leisure for quiet prayer. On no side, perhaps, does he so successfully attack believers as on the side of worldly cares; craftily persuading us to burden our hearts with them, under the name of *duties*, till, like Martha, ever cumbered, and careful, and troubled, we have neither heart nor time for Mary-like sitting at the feet of Jesus. Let us get rid of all our cares, by casting them on him who truly careth for the least of them; and, as for daily *duties*, let us look on them only as the service which he has appointed us, and let us make out of them constant errands to his throne of grace. Even then Satan will follow us, and often disturb us with hosts of idle thoughts; and this sometimes with such a vehemence, that only they that have had experience of it can understand the sorrow. On the other hand, if we have had any little measure of liveliness in prayer, he will try to spoil the whole by insinuations that tend to pride, as if we were less dependent, or less unworthy beggars, because our begging had been sincere, or, in some little measure, successful. Nay, more; he will even contrive to thrust his tongue into our very prayers, and set us on asking for ourselves the materials for our own ruin. But God will guard us against Satan's wishes, even though we be foolishly persuaded to endorse them. We need, therefore, to trust him with their supervision, as we trust him with their answers; for oft-times he might say to us, "Ye know not what ye ask."

In a world like this it is quite unsafe to go forward, for a single hour, without having grace in such activity as shall vent itself in constant crying. Medical men tell us that the feeble habit of body, indicated by the soft, languid pulse, is peculiarly subject to the evil influence of infectious disease. Whether the case be so or not in bodily disease, it is so in spiritual. The listless feebleness of spirit, indicated by the fact, that it does not, cannot raise its earnest cry, lays it open to all the contagions of evil that constantly surround us. Ah! we have need to keep ourselves at the crying pitch of faith; for none, but souls with such a healthy tone, is safe to "walk the hospitals" amid the frightful influences that everywhere abound.

Let us, then, cherish unbounded faith in prayer—that is, *faith in God*. If we have little faith in its efficacy, we will be little engaged in it; we shall ask but little, and get but little. Let no philosophizings of vain

man shake, in the least, our most assured confidence in the living God, who bids us call him, "Thou that hearest prayer." Laws of nature! Yes; but there are spiritual laws as well as material; and one of them is this: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." If men appeal to their statistics and registers of facts, let our trusting hearts fall back on God's exceeding great and precious promises, and on *his* authentic register of facts. When they speculate and argue, let us seek with greater simplicity to believe. For our God is *the living God*, who "rideth upon the heaven in our help," and who, if he do not work a miracle to deliver us, will no less deliver us by his providence without the miracle. Blessed is he who is no orphan, though he dwells in an orphan world, but who has the God that made the heaven and earth for his covenant Father.

Oh, that every one of us had a higher estimate of the privilege and blessedness of prayer! How many, like the dying Sutcliffe, say at the end of life, "I wish I had prayed more." Let us try to make the same discovery while it may be practically of use to us; and, realizing how much our service is one of prayer, let us reserve for it our best strength. How sadly do many of us fritter away energies which, if expended in this direction, would produce most blessed fruits—in God's name glorified, our fellows benefited, and ourselves enriched. In needless controversies, for instance, how much heat of zeal is wasted, when the profitless wrestling with men might be happily exchanged for profitable wrestling with God! And when we do cry, how often is it for some poor gourd, which is not worth the cost of a single wish! God has set apart for us far better gifts than these; yea, he lifts his very choicest mercies in his hands, ready to bestow them on us, so soon as we truly set our hearts on having them. Alas! our desires are too often strong for things in regard to which they ought to be dead and buried; while they are "ready to die" where they ought to be most vehement and all-consuming.

The coming song of praise, even the everlasting song, depends upon, and shall be proportioned to, the present cry. They are inseparably connected, as the blossom and the ripened fruit. The joyous praises there can be reached only through the weeping prayer here. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." To refuse, then, the weeping and the crying now, is simply to lose the resulting rapture. If, when Christ is bidding us, we pour into the water-pots little of the water of our tears, we shall draw correspondingly little of the wine of gladness; for the water is the measure of the coming wine, neither more nor less. Hannah's triumphant song in 1st Samuel, chapter 2, was the outcome of her most sorrowful cry in chapter 1, when her grief made Eli suspect her of drunkenness. Had she not then wept, she

would not now have had such a song to sing. Oh, what a loss are tearless and lifeless prayers, robbing us of the sure fruits of rapturous praises! Let us stir ourselves up to cry; and, if we must needs begin so low, let us begin with a loud outcry for help to cry, and God shall soon "turn for us our mourning into dancing; he shall put off our sackcloth, and gird us with gladness." Old Frazer of Brea bears witness that it is never vain to call on God. He says: "Ever since I remember, proportionable to my diligence in seeking was my finding; nor made I any extraordinary mint to seek God, but I found something extraordinary."

And, to encourage our faith in crying, let us, above all, keep before our hearts the preciousness of the Name which we urge as our only plea. Our space now permits no more than a reference to this point; but it is the Alpha and the Omega of the whole matter. Our cry, because of the Name which it pleads, comes up with welcome before God, "*even into his ears.*" It is a joy for Him to hear it. "We have an Advocate with the Father;" and, for advocate, One who, though he was the Father's fellow, laid down his all, and even his life also, at his Father's bidding, in order to provide a righteous way for the ascent of our cry to God, and the descent of all his grace to us. Methinks that such an Advocate, and such a plea, would be sure to prevail with a neutral, or even with the most reluctant; how, then, can they possibly fail with a willing Father, who has a Father's heart and a Father's joy in giving to his children?

And if the reader be one who never cries to God—at least with the heart—let us remind him that his sins are crying loud enough, if he himself be silent. Like Abel's blood, like Sodom's guilt, his sins are lifting up their cry for vengeance on him, and are filling the ear of One who only delayeth for a little while to answer their cry. And if thou continue impenitent, the very Mercy, which now beseecheth for thee a brief respite, shall join her cry to the cry of thy sins, and injured, insulted Law and Mercy shall fill heaven and earth with their united outcry against thee. Ah! it is time for thee to begin thy cry: let the angels have it to say of thee, within the hour, "Behold he prayeth!"

And there is another voice loudly crying beside thee. Jesus lifteth up his earnest call of warning and of mercy. "Doth not Wisdom cry?" and her word is, "Unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men." With all the urgency that the word implies, he crieth, *crieth* unto thee. Oh, give instant heed to him, lest it should come to pass, that, as he cried, and you would not hear, so you too shall cry, and he will not hear. Answer his cry with thine, and thou shalt soon have to say, with a joy hitherto unknown, "O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me."

NOTES INTRODUCTORY TO THE PSALTER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BINNIE, D.D., STIRLING.

No. II.—DAVID, THE ANOINTED OF THE GOD OF JACOB, AND THE SWEET PSALMIST OF ISRAEL.



THE history of the Bible Psalmody begins with the Forty Years' Sojourn of the tribes in the wilderness. The superscription of the Ninetieth Psalm describes it as "a Prayer of Moses the Man of God;" and I may add, in justification of our unhesitating acceptance of the information thus given, that it would be hard to name one sober critic, whatever the view he may take regarding the authority of the superscriptions generally, who does not admit that, in this instance at least, the information is reliable, and that we have before us in this psalm a genuine memorial of the wilderness, the tuneful prayer of the Church when she went after God "in a land that was not sown," and humbled herself under his mighty hand. Moses, then, was the first of the psalmists. But it was long ere another stone was built on the foundation he laid. For nearly four hundred years, the Prayer of Moses stood alone in its kind. During the times of Joshua and the Judges, the harp of Prophecy was not altogether mute; but those stormy centuries have bequeathed to us no psalm. Moses remained the only psalmist till David.

But if the efflorescence of sacred song was long delayed, it came, at length, with a sudden and magnificent outburst; insomuch that, ere David was gathered to his fathers, the Church was in possession of nearly two-thirds of the lyrical treasures laid up in the Psalter. The half of the psalms, or thereby, are believed to have been written by David himself; and there were other pens besides his employed in the same work during the later years of his life. This is offered, for the present, only as an approximate estimate. There is still a good deal of obscurity, and consequent difference of opinion, on several points necessary to be determined before the precise number of the Davidic psalms can be ascertained; and the subject is so full of interest, that we must revert to it hereafter. Meanwhile the ap-

proximate estimate is sufficient to show that the reign of David was, beyond all controversy, the Augustan age of sacred psalmody. It is plain, therefore, that however deep the interest attaching to the history of the one psalm of Moses, and deep and various as is the interest attaching to the history of the fifty or sixty that were written between the time of Solomon and the cessation of prophecy, the age which we are principally concerned to study, with a view to the history of the psalms, is the age of King David.

The Spirit and Providence of God had been making preparation for the great outburst of sacred song long before David was born at Bethlehem. The Lord never works by unpremeditated and extemporised strokes of power; least of all, in the production of those fruits of his wisdom and love which are the enduring possession of his Church. Long before April clothes the trees in their gay and hopeful livery of blossoms, there are hidden motions under the bark, and the tender buds are being silently prepared to unfold when their full time is come. So was it with the Psalms of David. Their history, if it is to be worthy of the name, must not commence with the day when the first of them flowed from David's pen, but must take note of the steps of God's providence and grace in raising up so great a psalmist in Israel.

Foremost among the influences which prepared the way for the golden age of psalmody, we must make mention of the religious Revival with which the Lord blessed Israel towards the close of the period of the Judges. It is unnecessary to repeat here the story of Samuel, whom God honoured to be the principal instrument in that revival: how he was raised up in a godly house belonging to the tribe of Levi; how his mother, in particular, was eminent not only for piety but for spiritual gifts, being, like Deborah, a prophetess, and the writer of one of the few sacred

lyrics which broke the silence of the long period between Moses and David; how, after years of childless wedded life, she asked a son from the Lord, and received Samuel as God's answer to her prayer; how from his mother's womb the Lord separated the child to be his servant; how, as he grew up, "the Lord was with him, and did let none of his words fall to the ground: and all Israel from Dan even to Beersheba knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord" (1 Sam. iii. 19, 20); how, with a disinterested zeal, which no man could impeach, he from the first devoted his life to the nation and church of Israel, judging all the tribes, and labouring, as none of the Judges who preceded him had done, to instruct the people in the law of Moses, and so to imbue them with the knowledge and fear of the living God. It is more necessary, in relation to the present subject, to observe that Samuel, no doubt by divine direction, took steps to multiply and prolong the benefits of his personal service by means of a remarkable Institution, the first mention of which in the sacred history occurs in connection with his name. I refer to the famous Schools of the Prophets. It is possible some institution of the kind may have existed from the age of Moses; more probably Samuel was the Founder. It is certain, at least, that it was in Samuel's hands that the prophetic schools became institutions of far-reaching influence, and rose to the honourable place within the Hebrew commonwealth which they seem henceforth to have occupied till the captivity. It would be a grave error to imagine that the design of them was to furnish the Church with a succession of prophets; for it was essential to the prophetic office that each individual invested with it should have received his call and commission from God's own hand. No rule was laid down for the calling of prophets, simply because God reserved this to himself as his exclusive prerogative. What, then, were the prophetic schools? They were a kind of College, or Theological Hall (if so modern a phrase may be allowed), into which the prophet invited such young men as seemed to be qualified by their gifts and piety to act as prophets in Israel, if the Lord should ever be pleased to call them by his Spirit into that office. The principal study, we

may be sure, would be the Law of Moses, which was now, after the lapse of four hundred years, a somewhat ancient document; and we know for certain that, in addition to that supremely important study, the arts of Music and Poetry were assiduously cultivated. It may well be believed that from his childhood Hannah's son would be no stranger to arts in which she was herself so eminent.

The earliest notice of the Company of the Prophets is that which relates how Saul met them coming down from the hill of God, on the day that Samuel anointed him king; and it describes them as coming down from the High Place with a psaltery, and a tabret, and a pipe, and a harp, before them, and prophesying as they went (1 Sam. x. 5); all which sufficiently attests the assiduity with which the company had been trained in sacred music and song. It is worthy of remark, that the prophesying of these "sons of the prophets" is so described as to prove that the singing or chanting which greeted the newly-anointed king on his homeward journey was, on this occasion, prompted and sustained by a supernatural motion of the Holy Spirit. They spoke and sung as men who were swayed by a divine and irresistible energy; for the same motion of the Spirit came on Saul, and he prophesied also. It was a supernatural or miraculous motion of the Spirit quite similar to that which came down on the disciples to signalize the Mission of the Comforter on the day of Pentecost. It differed from that great New Testament miracle only in this respect, that the sons of the prophets were moved to utter their hearts in *song*, whereas the disciples at Pentecost uttered theirs in *foreign tongues*. This miraculous quality of the prophesying of Samuel's disciples is important to be noted; for it was a kind of seal affixed by God himself on the newly-founded Institution—a sign from heaven by which the Lord gave testimony to the school, and declared that his blessing rested upon it. We might say of Samuel, what the Epistle to the Hebrews says of the apostles, that God bare witness to him "with gifts of the Holy Ghost" (Heb. ii. 4).

It has not yet been ascertained what hill of southern Palestine was the Ramah of Samuel's residence and of the Prophetic School. Dean

Stanley enumerates as many as eight localities, on behalf of which claims have been urged. Of these, *four* have respectively received the suffrages of such high authorities as Dr. Robinson, Van de Velde, Gesenius, and Mr. Finn, the English consul at Jerusalem; and it is remarkable that the four eminences fixed upon by these careful scholars and investigators are all situated within a few miles of Bethlehem—some of them in its immediate neighbourhood. We may be very sure that such an institution as Samuel's College would have a powerful attraction for the godly among its Bethlehemite neighbours; and that such a youth as David, the son of such a man as Jesse, would be no stranger among the sons of the prophets. This supposition is confirmed by the fact, that David had attained so great skill in sacred minstrelsy ere his boyhood was well past, that his fame had reached the court of Saul, and he was spoken of to the king as the fittest person to play before him when the evil spirit from God darkened his mind. A further confirmation is found in the circumstance, that some years later, when he fled from Saul's envious javelin, he betook himself to the *Naioth*, or Cottages, at Ramah, where the sons of the prophets dwelt in company with the venerable Man of God whom Providence had appointed over them as their father (1 Sam. xix. 18). It is unlikely that David, on the occasion of that first danger, would have thought of Ramah, if he had been a stranger either to the place or its inmates.

Whatever may be thought of the conjecture that David resorted in his youth to the School of the Prophets, it is certain that he was anything but a novice in the peculiar exercises of the school when persecution constrained him to seek safety within its walls. He was descended from a family of great distinction in Israel. He was of the tribe of Judah, on which God had, from the first, set a note of pre-eminence above the rest; and Nahshon, who was Prince of the tribe in the wilderness, was his ancestor. After examining the several notices of the family that occur in the Scriptures from first to last, one is struck with the fact that its distinction in the nation was anything but factitious—anything but the sort of distinction that mere Heraldry can bestow. It rested on a basis of truth. God raised the

family to its predicted and predestinated distinction, by bestowing upon it a rich dower of diversified intellectual ability. The catalogue of eminent men whom it furnished to church and commonwealth would be a long and brilliant one; and many facts concur to show that the general mental power which characterized the family for centuries, and was transmitted like an heirloom from father to son, never shone out with more lustre than in Jesse and his immediate descendants. Thus it is remarkable that David's most distinguished generals—Joab, Abishai, Amasa—were found in the circle of his near kinsmen.

In David himself the hereditary ability was associated with the poetical faculty in its highest form. No competent critic has ever affected to deny that the son of Jesse was a poet born, and a poet of the first rank. And the family into which he was born—was it not an admirable nursery for the man who was to be, not the song-writer of his country merely, but the Psalmist of God's Israel? I have just referred to the *force of mind* which perpetually showed itself in the line of our Lord's ancestry: let the reader turn to the Genealogy in the first chapter of Matthew, or to the other version of it in the third of Luke, and he will find that, all along the line from Adam and Abraham to Mary and Joseph, *true godliness* also can be traced, with only an occasional intermission. If I do not greatly err, a perception of God's mercy in this particular contributed to swell the flood of tender thankfulness which filled the heart of the Blessed among women; for in her song, among the other instances of the Lord's kindness calling for notice in connection with the circumstances of the Incarnation, she tells how "his mercy is on them that fear him, from generation to generation" (Luke i. 50). It is certain that during the stormy times of the Judges, the family at Bethlehem was eminent among those which remained faithful to the Lord. The delightful picture of domestic piety that imparts such a charm to the book of Ruth, is a memorial of the manners prevalent among David's immediate ancestors, and of the benign and heavenly influences that blessed his infancy and boyhood. I do not suppose that the Twenty-third Psalm was written in the psalmist's childhood; but it is at least a reminiscence of it, and

brings vividly before us the scenes and the feelings which his memory recalled when it reverted to the golden morning of his life. We have good reason to believe that the regenerating hallowing grace of God's free Spirit accompanied—if indeed it did not anticipate—the teaching and godly nurture he received from his parents. There is not the faintest trace of his having passed through such a crisis as we see in the lives of Moses and Paul. I am much inclined to think that his was a case of infant regeneration—certainly it was a case of early piety. Touching proof of this is found in the Seventy-first Psalm. That psalm, I am aware, is anonymous, and is, therefore, by many recent critics referred to some later writer; but I am satisfied that Venema and Hengstenberg have adduced sufficient reasons for retaining the opinion of Calvin and the older expositors, that the psalm is from David's pen, and is the plaintive song of his old age. It shows us the soul of the aged saint darkened by the remembrance of his great transgression, and by the swarm of sorrows with which that sin filled all his later years. But he finds comfort in reverting to the happy days of his childhood, and especially to the irrevocable trust which he was then enabled to repose in God. The thoughts and feelings expressed remind one of those which invest with such a solemn tender interest the Second Epistle to Timothy—the epistle which embalms the dying thoughts of the great apostle. Like Paul, David takes a retrospect of the Lord's dealings with him from the beginning; and, in effect, declares, with the dying apostle: "I am not ashamed; for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day" (2 Tim. i. 12). Only, there is this notable difference between the two, that while Paul gathered confirmation of his faith from the experience of a thirty years' walk with his Lord, David's experience stretched over a tract of more than twice so many years; for it began with his childhood. Let us hear the confession of his faith:—

"Is there, O Lord, do I put my trust:
Let me never be put to confusion.
For thou art my Hope:
O Lord God, thou art my trust from my youth.
Cast me not off in the time of old age;
Forsake me not when my strength faileth.

O God, thou hast taught me from my youth:
And hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works.
Now also, when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not;
Until I have showed thy strength unto this generation,
And thy power to every one that is to come.
Thou, which hast showed me great and sore troubles,
Shalt quicken me again,
And shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth.
My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee;
And my soul which thou hast redeemed.
My tongue also shall talk of thy righteousness all the day long:
For they are confounded, for they are brought unto shame,
that seek my hurt."

It is evident, then, that in David there was a remarkable concurrence of circumstances favourable to the production of sacred psalmody. He was raised up at a time when the Lord had visited his people and vouchsafed a copious effusion of the Holy Spirit; so that there were in Israel a numerous people, God's "hidden ones," in whose name a psalmist might sing. David himself knew the Lord from his childhood. The poetical faculty with which his nature was so richly endowed he had been in a position to cultivate, having had access to instruction in the law of the Lord and in the arts of music and poetry. For, as Augustine, who was himself an adept in music, remarks in his *City of God*, "David was a man erudite in song, a man who loved musical harmony, not for the sensible delight merely, but of set purpose and from a principle of faith" (lib. xvii. c. 14). It remains to be added that David afterwards enjoyed the supernatural motions of the Holy Spirit. He was a PROPHET. He is expressly so designated in Peter's Pentecostal sermon (Acts ii. 30). From the day that Samuel sent for him to the field and anointed him in his father's house at Bethlehem, the Spirit of the Lord came upon him; and this not only to endow him with counsel and might with a view to the kingdom, but also, and in the first instance, to enable him to set forth the praises of God in song. The courtier who first mentioned his name to Saul did not speak of him as a mere harper or minstrel, but as a man of valour and prudence, of whom it could be said, "the LORD is with him." When it is remembered that Saul's distemper was not a mere case of natural melancholy, but was the effect of "an evil spirit from God upon him," it will readily be believed that the relief ministered to him by David was something more than the soothing effect of sweet music, that it was the effect rather of David's wise and kindly use of a *spiritual gift*, a gift of

sacred song with which he was endowed by the good Spirit of God, who had departed from Saul and rested on him. It was the motion of this Holy Spirit, acting upon and by means of rare natural endowments and cultivated skill, which thenceforward impelled and enabled David to indite psalms. Hence the combination of titles by which the royal prophet describes his high place and function in his "Last Words," 2 Sam. xxiii. 1—"The Man who was raised up on high, the Anointed of the God of Jacob, and the sweet Psalmist of Israel." The combination implies, and was doubtless intended to suggest, that David was raised up on high and anointed by the God of Jacob, in order that he might be the sweet psalmist of the Church. He was a Prophet not a whit behind the very chiefest of the prophets; and it is the constant testimony of the Apostles, and of the Lord Jesus himself, that it was "in the Spirit," that is, as one who was moved by the Holy Ghost, that he indited his hymns and songs.

The most of the qualifications hitherto enumerated, and especially the one last named, were essential to the very office of a psalmist, and were found in others besides David. But the son of Jesse possessed some besides that were peculiar to himself. It has been remarked, and I think with truth, that he is the only psalmist whose *personal history* comes up very prominently in the psalter. Every reader of the Bible knows that marked references to the more remarkable passages in David's life occur in places without number. There are psalms not a few which it is impossible to read without remembering that they are his. This is to be accounted for by adverting to David's singular position in Israel. He was the King, the man after God's own heart, the "representative man" (if I may use such a phrase here) of the Hebrew nation and church; inasmuch that when he expressed his personal experience and diversified feelings in song, he produced psalms that were felt by the whole people to be exactly suited to express their feelings also before God. His psalms were from the first "the Psalms of Israel." This we may remark, in passing, is one of the points in respect to which David was a type of our Blessed Lord. For we know that Christ, although he was in the form of God, con-

descended to be made like unto the brethren whom he came to redeem; submitted himself to a condition in which he knew that he should, though without sin, be in all points tempted even as we are; condescended to be so perfectly made like unto his brethren, that in addressing the Father he could employ, and did employ, the very words of David and of the Church in the Book of Psalms. It is impossible to do full justice to David and his psalms without bearing in mind his singular position as the man who was thus raised up on high. He was not a private individual. He was "the Anointed One of the God of Jacob," the head or chief of the people of the Lord; and so was both entitled to speak in their name and moved by the Holy Spirit to do so.

To qualify David to be "*the Psalmist of Israel*" in this high and honourable sense, to qualify him to write hymns in which there should be a living, warm, true expression of the very thoughts and inmost feelings of God's Israel, his experience required to be, beyond example, intense and diversified. It is well known that a poet cannot give vivid expression to feelings to which he is himself an entire stranger. Among uninspired hymns those only succeed in rooting themselves in the minds and hearts of God's people which (like Luther's famous Paraphrase of the Forty-sixth Psalm, and the best of Cowper's hymns) embalm the actual feelings of a believing soul in some season of high emotion. The Pilgrim's Progress (which is a poem too) owes as much of its fascination to the wonderfully varied experience of its author as to his matchless genius; for it has been long known that the characters and scenes in the allegory are the reflection or idealised reproduction of characters Bunyan had known and scenes he had passed through in his time. With respect to this qualification, the fact that they enjoyed the inspiration of the Spirit did not alter the case of the sacred writers, at least of the psalmists. It belongs to the very idea of a psalm that it be the expression of the genuine feelings of the psalmist. God may, in a few exceptional instances, have employed the tongue of an ungodly man in the utterance of a prophecy or the revelation of a doctrine; but it may be affirmed with all confidence that he never, in a single instance, employed in the composition of a psalm any man whose

heart was dead to the sentiments expressed. There was a Balaam among the prophets, a Judas among the apostles; but there was no Balaam or Judas among the psalmists. There was required, therefore, in the man who was to be by way of eminence "the Psalmist of Israel," a saint of manifold experience.

And such a man was David. Into his single life were crowded the vicissitudes of many. His boyhood acquainted him with the deep-flowing, tranquil joys of a godly and well-ordered home (a better home than his manhood or old age ever knew); it acquainted him also with the hardships and the pleasures of country life among the pastoral expanses of southern Palestine. After he was anointed by Samuel, Providence called him to ply the minstrel's art before Saul, and initiated him into the life of a court. Having returned home, he received a second and more brilliant introduction to the court in consequence of the victory over Goliath. Thereafter, for a succession of years, his life was spent amidst continual perils and trials. Persecuted by Saul, he had bitter experience of the worst vices of the ungodly in Israel; he was thrown for a time into the company of outlaws, and was obliged, more than once, to reside for a season among the idolatrous heathen, being driven forth, as he complained, from the heritage of the Lord. Nor did his trials cease when Saul's death on the field of Gilboa opened his way to the throne. Israel in his reign was a figure of the Church militant; he ruled, but it was in the midst of his enemies. First he had the Philistines to make head against and drive back to their maritime plain. Then he had to confront a succession of formidable coalitions among the principal nations to the east and north—the Ammonites, the Moabites, the Syrians—so that years were spent in wars which taxed his utmost energies and the resources of the kingdom. At length victory crowned his arms on every side, so that his sway extended from the Euphrates to the river of Egypt. This might have brought him peace, but he forfeited it by presumptuous sin. The evening of his life, which had held out the promise of a serene, unclouded sky, was vexed with storms more terrible than all that went before. The transgression of a thoughtless, unguarded day planted in his house

a root of bitterness which troubled all his years. Incest and Murder showed their frightful visage in the palace. One son after another rose in rebellions against him, which were only quenched in their blood. His heart—a heart that beat with an intensity of natural affection never surpassed—was broken with anguish, and his gray hairs were brought down with sorrow to the grave.

I do not think it needful to spend many words in vindicating David's character from the reproaches with which some have been pleased to load it. The fact is significant (I believe it to be a fact), that the quarters whence these reproaches come are not those in which the highest ideal of moral excellence prevails. It is not men of high-souled rectitude, of tender conscience, of holy life, who find it difficult to understand how David should have been an eminent saint for all his sins. It is men like Paine and Voltaire, profane men, who do not even profess to aim at any high standard of character. It is they who are scandalized at David, and who can see nothing but whining hypocrisy in his psalms. On the other hand, it is a fact that the psalms written on occasion of David's great fall have gone home to the hearts of the best and holiest men that ever walked the earth. No sermon of Augustine's betrays more tender emotion, more deep and thrilling sympathy with his subject, than the one he preached to the people of Carthage on the Fifty-first Psalm. We may depend upon it that a psalm that for ages has thus found its way to men's hearts must have come from the heart.

One who would appreciate the character of the Psalmist must remember that he was a man of prodigious energy. What he did, he did with his might. It is to be remembered, moreover, that he was a king, an Oriental king, to whom law and universal custom permitted polygamy, and who was thus put in the way of being tempted by the foul sin which was the death of his domestic peace. Nor ought it to be forgotten that the sacred history has narrated David's fall with a judicial severity full of the terror of the Lord. The chapter which records his offence sets down every hateful feature in it with an unextenuating, inexorable circumstantiality unparalleled in all biography, and, to a thoughtful reader, suggestive

of the indictment that might be preferred against a criminal at the bar of the Most High. These considerations are not adduced to cloak David's transgression. Its enormity is undeniable, and is denied by none. He sank to a depth of guilt into which few of God's children have ever been permitted to fall. It is to be remarked, however, that this very fact contributed to fit him to be the Psalmist of God's Israel. It was not in spite of his fall, but because of it that God made choice of him to be the spokesman of the Church in penitential song. The Church is not a company of angels, but of ransomed men; of men who were sinners, who are often sinning still. David well knew that the record of his fall and his forgiveness would furnish to sin-stricken souls in after-times a strength of encouragement which nothing else could yield. In crying for mercy, this was the plea he urged, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation;—then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee" (Ps. li. 12, 13). Being forgiven, he felt, like the converted persecutor of the Church, that his God had furnished in him "a pattern to them which should hereafter believe in him to life everlasting." How wonderfully has this anticipation been realized! It is a merciful provision that, however profound may be the depths into which a man may be cast by his sins, he will find that the Psalmist has been there before him, and has furnished him with words in which "out of the depths" he may cry to the Lord. There is not a poor Publican in all God's temple who, as he smites on his breast and cries, "God be merciful to me a sinner," does not find on turning to the Book of Psalms that the mercy of God has there provided for him songs that express every feeling of his convicted soul—songs, too, originally written by as great a sinner as himself, in the agony of his repentance. Till the judgment-day it will never be known how many souls, who would otherwise have cast themselves down in despair, have been encouraged by David's example and assisted by his psalms to embrace the promise and to hope in the mercy of God.

We have not exhausted the catalogue of David's qualifications to be the Psalmist of Israel. We have said nothing yet of his remarkable love for

the tabernacle and the solemn worship there offered. This was one of the strongly marked features of his character. It impressed all who knew him, and, when he was gathered to his fathers, the generation that came after continued to speak with affection of "David and all his afflictions," all his anxious labours for the House of God—how he lamented for the ark of God all the years it lay neglected at Kirjath-jearim—how he coveted its presence in his own city, as the fairest jewel in his diadem—how he pitched for it a Tabernacle and desired to build for it a Temple. If David ever had a ruling passion it was his zeal, his consuming zeal for the House of God. He could say with rare truth "the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." How strongly is this expressed in the Twenty-seventh Psalm:—

"One thing have I desired of the LORD,
That will I seek after;
That I may dwell in the house of the LORD
All the days of my life,
To behold the beauty of the LORD,
And to enquire in his temple.
For he shall hide me in his pavilion
In the time of trouble:
In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me
He shall set me up upon a rock."

In David's position, and with his love for the Tabernacle Service, an uninspired poet would, to a certainty, have so framed his hymns that, however suitable to the typical dispensation, they would have become obsolete when the Temple was finally given to the flames, and a system of simple and spiritual ordinances finally supplanted the cumbrous ritual in which the fathers of the Old Testament had worshipped God. But David "spake as he was moved by the Holy Ghost;" and, accordingly, in his character of Psalmist, we may say of him, with Augustine, that "although he lived under the Old Testament he was not a man of the Old Testament" (*Expositio Epistolæ ad Galatas*, sect. 43). He seized on the spiritual elements and aspects of the Tabernacle Service and wove these alone into the fabric of his songs; so that when "the things that might be shaken" were removed, the psalms were found to belong to "the things which could not be shaken," and remained fixed in the worship of the Catholic Church.

The most important, in some respects, of all David's qualifications remains yet to be noticed. "He was a prophet, and knew that God had

sworn with an oath to him, that of the fruit of his loins, according to the flesh, he would raise up Christ to sit on his throne" (Acts ii. 30). Through Nathan he learned that the Promised Seed, the Hope of Israel, was to be born of his family and to be the heir of his throne. He was thus taught to regard himself as a man who had been raised up to foreshadow his Lord, and his kingdom as one that was not only to foreshadow but to be merged into the kingdom of that divine Son. Thus he was put in a position to write not

only psalms that were strictly prophetic of Christ, but a multitude of others which, although in some sense applicable to himself and his people, looked beyond him and them to the Person and Kingdom of the Son.

I hope to be able in another Paper to indicate—at least in a general way—the psalms we owe to the successive periods in David's life, as well as to notice the contributions to the Psalter which we owe to him in part, although they may have been written by other pens.

Sketches of Church History.

IV.—STARS IN THE FIRMAMENT.

"The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done,
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

MORRIGMONT.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS ascended the imperial throne in the year of our Lord 161. It might have been thought that the Christians, who had derived such marked benefit from the mildness of his predecessor, would have been still further indebted to him: for he bore the character of a just, a generous, and above all a philosophic prince. Neither through the bloodthirsty cruelty which delights in the infliction of pain for its own sake, nor through the fanaticism of ignorance, could he become a persecutor. Yet history witnesses that he became the most merciless persecutor of the Christians who up to that period had occupied the imperial throne, Nero alone excepted. And even in the reign of Nero, the chief if not the entire weight of the persecution appears to have fallen on the Christians in the capital, while in that of his philosophic successor, the iron hand of tyranny reached to the remotest provinces of the empire.

Nor can it be pleaded, in the defence of Aurelius, that the oppression of the Christians was carried on without his knowledge or approbation. His own character, and that of his government, would in any case render such a supposition extremely unlikely; and, moreover, we have only too certain proof that he regarded the followers of Christ with personal dislike and contempt. He was himself sincerely attached to the worship of the gods of his fathers, he was remarkable for *piety*, in the Pagan sense of the word. But his philosophy was perhaps even more hostile to the spirit

of Christianity than his superstition. He was a Stoic, a disciple of the proudest sect of the old philosophy, "a Pharisee of the Pharisees" after the heathen fashion. The deification of human reason, the self-exaltation and self-reliance even to the uttermost, which Stoicism inculcated, were in truth diametrically opposed to the spirit of the gospel. As a Stoic philosopher, therefore, Marcus Aurelius despised the Christians, while as a Roman statesman he felt the full influence of those motives which led his predecessors to punish the adherents of a "private superstition" unrecognized by the laws.

Many public calamities also occurred throughout the empire during this reign. The superstitious and ignorant multitude, who naturally regarded famines, pestilences, and earthquakes as visitations from their gods, were wont to imagine that these were occasioned by the impiety of the Christians, and to clamour for their punishment as the surest means of removing them. Thus, according to Augustine, it had passed into a proverb in North Africa, "If there is no rain, blame the Christians." And in the case before us it is probable that the emperor himself shared this belief with the lowest of his subjects.

It is natural to suppose that the persecution first began to be felt in the capital. It will be remembered that Justin had established himself there; and was diligently employed in instructing all who came to him in the Christian faith. Several members of the Church having been apprehended and put to death for confess-

ing Christ, he was moved to write another defence of the faith, addressed to the Emperor Aurelius. In this, his second Apology, he complains of the insidious arts of one Crescens, a cynic philosopher, and a violent enemy of the Christians. Crescens seems to have been a man of very infamous character, to whom the holiness of the Christian religion was peculiarly abhorrent. Justin certainly did not spare him; he hesitated not to accuse him directly of the grossest ignorance and dishonesty. But he was quite conscious of the peril to which this plain dealing exposed him; for he concluded his narrative of several martyrs who had recently suffered, with these remarkable words, "I also expect to be waylaid by some one of those whom I have named, and to be put to the rack, even by Crescens himself, that unphilosophical and vain-glorious opponent." Justin might well call it "unphilosophical" to resort to such measures for the confutation of an opponent. He was not however disappointed in his expectation of martyrdom; for he was arrested shortly afterwards, probably at the instigation of Crescens. Being brought with several others before the Roman Prefect Rufinus—himself a philosopher, and the former preceptor of the emperor—he witnessed a good confession, professing his firm belief in Christ and his joyful expectation of eternal life. "Do you think," asked Rufinus, "that you shall go to heaven and receive a reward?" "I not only think so," replied the martyr, "but I *know* it, and have a certainty of it which excludes all doubt." As he steadfastly refused to sacrifice, he was condemned, together with his companions, to be scourged and afterwards beheaded; thus earning the glorious title of "Martyr," which usually accompanies his name.

Justin was probably the most learned and able of any who, since the generation of the apostles had passed away, espoused the Christian faith. And it has been noticed as remarkable that the first Christian philosopher was "informed against by one of his brethren, condemned by another, and suffered by the authority of an emperor who gloried more in the philosophic than in the imperial name." So little did the philosophy of the old world dispose men to look with a favourable eye upon Christianity.

Besides the two "Apologies," Justin left behind him several other works, of which the most remarkable is the "Dialogue with Trypho, a Jew," in which he relates something of his history and religious experience. He makes in it a very plain confession of the deity of Christ; and it may perhaps also be mentioned that he quotes the Revelation of St. John, and expressly ascribes it to the pen of the apostle whose name it bears. One of his disciples, an Assyrian named Tatian, and formerly a teacher of Greek philosophy and literature, rose to some eminence as a Christian author and apologist. When deprived however of the instruction and guidance of his distinguished master, he unhappily fell away from the faith, and became the founder of one of the numerous sects of the Gnostic type, called the Encratites.

Passing from Italy to Greece, we find that Publius, Bishop of Athens, suffered martyrdom at this period. His flock were probably much cast down and discouraged by the loss of their chief pastor, for many of them were induced to abandon their faith, and Dionysius, Bishop of Corinth, addressed to them a letter of affectionate remonstrance and encouragement to stand firm. Nor was his exhortation in vain; for their courage revived, and they chose as their bishop, in the room of the martyred Publius, Quadratus, who was most likely the excellent evangelist already mentioned, though this is not certain. Dionysius also wrote letters to several other churches, but they have not been preserved.

The persecution seems to have raged fiercely in several of the cities of Asia Minor. Papias, Bishop of Hierapolis in Phrygia, was amongst those who fell victims to its violence. In the year 163, he suffered martyrdom at Pergamos, having been brought thither for that purpose from his own city. He was one of the few immediate disciples of the first evangelists who, up to this period, still remained to the Church. His fidelity to his Master's cause was proved both by his life and his death; but it was not combined either with a sound judgment or an enlarged understanding. He wrote a book professing to record anecdotes and discourses of our Lord and his apostles; but most of these are pronounced "rather too fabulous" even by Eusebius, who certainly cannot be accused of erring upon the side of incredulity. Only a few fragments of the work have come down to us; if we had the whole, it is possible we might be able to sift out here and there a shining grain of gold from amidst the sand.

But a far more interesting character than Papias now claims our attention. It is one indeed that stands alone in the history of the century, and perhaps in that of the early Christian Church. Amongst the epistles to the seven churches in Asia recorded for our instruction in the opening chapters of the Apocalypse, there are only two in which all is commendation and promise, unalloyed by a word of rebuke or censure. One of these—the warmest in its approval—is addressed to "the angel of the church of Smyrna." Whether or not we are prepared to endorse the very probable opinion that the "angel" of the church was no other than its presiding minister, few will deny that the flock generally reflects in the main the character of the pastor. It has been usually supposed that, even at that early period, the presiding pastor or bishop of the church of Smyrna was Polycarp, a disciple of St. John. There seemed to rest on him, in no ordinary degree, the spirit of that beloved and loving apostle from whose lips he had learned the words of truth; if indeed we should not rather say that he, as well as his teacher, had drunk very deeply from the fountain of life and love which is in Christ Jesus. We find in the character of Polycarp the same combination of zeal and tenderness that we noticed in that of John; we find also a beautiful harmony between the different graces of the Spirit, an

absence of any one-sidedness or irregularity in their development, which, we say it with reverence, reminds us of Him of whom the "*fine flour*" of the meat-offering formed the fitting type, because, as it has been well remarked, "in him there was no unevenness; every grace was in its perfectness, none in excess, none out of place, none wanting."

Of the early life of Polycarp scarcely anything is known. It is said that he was sold as a slave in his childhood, though probably not before he had learned the truth that makes the spirit free; and that he was purchased by a noble lady, who educated and freed him, and at last made him heir to all her property. This he expended entirely in works of charity and mercy. He devoted himself to the service of the church of Smyrna, of which he became a deacon and a catechist; and at length, upon the death of Bucolus, the bishop, he was appointed to succeed him by his former teacher, the Apostle John.

We have seen that he was the intimate friend of Ignatius, and that one of the epistles of that eminent martyr was addressed to him. He himself wrote several letters of advice and exhortation, both to churches and individuals. Only one has come down to us, that addressed to the Philippians, and which was probably sent to them with the epistles of Ignatius. It is full of earnest admonitions and exhortations to steadfastness in the faith, and diligence in all Christian duties.

Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, of whom hereafter we shall have more to say, was the disciple of Polycarp in his boyhood, and retained his love and reverence for him to the close of his life. In a letter to one Florinus, who had lapsed into some heresy, he dwells with peculiar affection on the memory of the lessons they had both received from this venerated teacher. "I can tell also," he says, "the very place where the blessed Polycarp was accustomed to sit and discourse; and also his entrances, his walks, the complexion of his life, and the form of his body, and his conversations with the people, and his familiar intercourse with John, as he was accustomed to tell, as also his familiarity with those that had seen the Lord." Irenæus reminds Florinus that although at that time he "moved in great splendour at court," yet that he strove by every means in his power to win the regard of the humble Christian pastor. But he adds, that if the "blessed and apostolic presbyter" could have heard the opinions to which his former disciple was now giving utterance, "he would have exclaimed and stopped his ears, and, according to his custom, would have said: 'Oh, good God, to what times hast thou reserved me that I should tolerate such things!'"

During the reign of Antoninus Pius, Polycarp journeyed from Smyrna to Rome, upon a mission of some importance to the peace of the Church. A dispute had unhappily arisen between the Eastern and Western churches upon the time for observing the festival of

Easter. The Asiatic churches were in the habit of celebrating the Paschal Supper at the same time that the Jews ate the Passover—upon the fourteenth day of the month Abib; and hence they were called Quartodecimians. Three days afterwards, whatever day of the week it might chance to be, they commemorated the Resurrection. On the other hand, the Western churches would neither interrupt the fast of the "holy week," nor keep the resurrection festival on any day except the first. Consequently, they always commemorated the Resurrection on a Sunday, and held the Paschal Supper on its eve. They claimed for their practice the authority of St. Peter and St. Paul; whilst the Asiatics derived theirs from St. John and St. Philip. We shall meet this frivolous controversy again and again in the history of the Church, and we shall not always find it treated with the wise moderation shown by Polycarp, and by his friend Anicetus, who was Bishop of Rome at that time.

Anicetus was the seventh bishop who had occupied that position in the capital of the world since Polycarp had been made overseer of the flock in Smyrna. But it was the lovely and venerable character of the Asiatic bishop that attracted the reverence of Anicetus, quite as much as his great age or his long tenure of office. When they partook of the Lord's Supper together in the largest Christian church in Rome, the Western bishop gracefully yielded the place of honour to his friend, requesting him to consecrate the elements. The question of the observance of Easter was discussed very temperately, and in the spirit of Christian love; and both parties agreed to differ, and to concede to other churches the same liberty in these matters that they claimed for themselves. It is recorded further, that during his stay at Rome Polycarp was particularly useful in reclaiming many members of the Church who had fallen into the delusions of Gnosticism.

Upon one occasion he was met by Marcion, an Asiatic, who was the founder of a Gnostic sect. "Oh, Polycarp, acknowledge us!" said the heretic. "Acknowledge thee!" replied the disciple of St. John. "I acknowledge thee as the first-born of Satan." It should be explained that "I acknowledge thee" was equivalent to "I salute thee as a brother," and that it was a form of greeting used by the Christians amongst themselves upon solemn occasions, such as after the celebration of the Lord's Supper.

Probably not long after the return of Polycarp from Rome, Antoninus Pius was succeeded by Marcus Aurelius. Smyrna soon became the scene of a furious persecution. A very interesting letter from the Church of Smyrna to that of Philomelium relates what followed. The heroic constancy shown by many of his flock was an eloquent tribute to the character of their pastor. Several persons endured the most cruel tortures with wonderful firmness. Amongst these honourable mention is made of Germanicus, a noble youth, whom the proconsul, moved by compassion, earnestly desired to

save. But at length, after having withstood every inducement and persuasion to deny his Lord, he was exposed to the wild beasts, and died triumphantly.

One painful instance of apostasy, indeed, there was. Under the influence of a species of fanaticism, a Phrygian named Quintus, who had recently come from his native country, presented himself before the tribunal, appearing eager for martyrdom. But the result proved a solemn warning to all who were disposed to run where they were not called, or to dare in their own strength that for which the grace of the Lord Jesus could alone enable them : for, on being shown the wild beasts and the instruments of torture, Quintus was overcome with fear, and denied his faith.

Very different was the conduct of the venerable bishop. He had borne himself throughout the persecution with undaunted courage ; but when at length the heathen clamoured for his blood, as the ringleader of the "Atheists," his flock persuaded him to withdraw from their midst, for a little while, in accordance with the spirit of our Lord's command, "When they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another." He retired therefore to a farm-house a short distance from the town, where he continued night and day in earnest prayer for the restoration of peace to the churches. As, however, the search after him grew hotter every day, the love of the brethren again prevailed on him to exchange his retreat for another. Here he was at last discovered, through one of his servants, whom the heathen seized, and forced by torture to guide them to his retreat. When the soldiers who were sent to apprehend him arrived, it was evening, and the aged bishop was resting in an upper room. It was thought that he might still have escaped, as there was easy access to the flat Eastern roof of a neighbouring house ; but he believed his hour was come, and said calmly and joyfully, "The will of the Lord be done!" He went himself to meet the soldiers, who were not unimpressed by his great age and his dignified and venerable appearance. Having ordered those who were in the house to set food before them, he courteously invited them to eat and drink, requesting at the same time that they would grant him the favour of one hour's delay, that he might pray undisturbed. "But his fulness of heart carried him through two whole hours." He prayed standing, as the usual manner of the Christians then was, making mention of all whom he had ever known, whether small or great, and pleading earnestly for the Catholic Church throughout the world. Even the rude soldiers who heard him were amazed, and most of them began to regret the errand on which they had been sent. But at last the time was come for their return to the city with their prisoner. They were met on the way by the Irenarch, or chief officer of the police, with his father. These took Polycarp into their chariot, and kindly and respectfully urged him to comply with the demands of the multitude, and save his life. "What harm can there be," asked they, "in saying *Lord*

Cæsar, and scattering a few grains of incense before his image?"

Polycarp was silent at first ; but when they continued to press him, he said gently, "I will not do as you wish."

Then they grew angry and reviled him, and at last thrust him out of the chariot with such violence that he fell, and was severely hurt. But he uttered no complaint, and went on his way to the city as cheerfully as though nothing had happened.

On his arrival there, he was led to the theatre, which was filled with a furious multitude, clamouring for his blood. The proconsul, who evidently did not share the feelings of the crowd, sought to persuade him to have pity on his great age, and to escape his doom by denying the faith. "Swear by the genius of Cæsar," he said. "Repent, and say, *Take away the Atheists*." It will be remembered that the Christians were at that time usually called *atheists*.

But the martyr changed the curse into a prayer. He gazed with deep compassion upon the furious crowd; then waving his hand over them, and raising his eyes to heaven, he said earnestly, "Take away the *atheists*!"

"Swear, then," said the proconsul, "and I will release thee. Blaspheme Christ."

"Eighty and six years have I served him, and he hath never wronged me. How then can I blaspheme my King, who hath saved me?" was the sublime reply.

"But, at least," said the governor, who was still anxious to save him, "swear by the genius of Cæsar."

"I am a Christian," answered Polycarp ; "and if you desire to know what our doctrine is, appoint me a time to explain it, and hear me."

"Only persuade the people," said the proconsul, again showing how willingly he himself would have spared him.

But Polycarp replied, "I have given a reason unto you, as we are taught by God to honour the magistrates and powers appointed of him. But I do not think it proper to make my defence unto these."

"I have wild beasts ; I will cast you to them," the proconsul threatened.

"Call them," answered the martyr.

"Since you despise the beasts, I will have you burned with fire."

"You threaten me with fire, which burns for a moment ; but you know not of the judgment to come, and the eternal fire prepared for the wicked."

Seeing that further remonstrance would be useless, the proconsul sent a herald into the midst of the theatre to make proclamation : "Polycarp confesses that he is a Christian."

This was to pronounce his sentence of death. A cry of rage broke from the assembled multitude : "This is the father of the Christians, the destroyer of our gods ; he that teaches men not to sacrifice or to worship !" And they demanded, with loud shouts, that a lion should be let loose upon him.

That could not be, however, as the proper officer declared that the time for these shows was already past. It was then decided that he should be burnt alive; and fuel for the purpose was soon collected, the unbelieving Jews being foremost in the cruel work.

When the pile was ready, the martyr unfastened his girdle, and took off his upper garments. Then stooping down, he unloosed his shoes; and the narrator adds, with the minuteness of touch that betrays a loving hand, that he had not been wont for a long time to do so for himself, as the brethren used to contend together for the honour of rendering him these little services. The executioners then approached, and were about to fasten him to the stake, as was customary, with iron cramps or nails.

But he said, "Let me remain thus. He who gives me strength to sustain the fire, will enable me to stand in it unmoved without your nails."

Being bound to the stake, he folded his hands and prayed, saying, "Father of thy well-beloved and blessed Son, Jesus Christ, through whom we have received the knowledge of thee! God of angels and powers, and all creation, and all the family of the righteous, that live before thee! I bless thee that thou hast thought me worthy of this hour, to have a share in the number of the martyrs and in the cup of Christ, unto the resurrection of eternal life, both of the soul and body, in the incorruptible joy of the Holy Spirit. Among whom may I be received in thy sight as an acceptable sacrifice, as thou, the faithful and true God, hast prepared, hast revealed and fulfilled. Wherefore, for this and for all things I praise thee, I bless thee, I glorify thee, through the eternal High-priest, Jesus Christ, thy well-beloved Son, through whom glory be to thee, with him in the Holy Ghost, both now and ever. Amen."

When his prayer was finished, the executioners set fire to the pile. The flames rose around him; but the Christians believed that they would not touch his body. At least their operation was too slow to please the multitude, who, far less accomplished in the arts of cruelty than the persecutors of later ages, desired one of the executioners to finish the work with his sword. He did so; and in a moment the martyr's spirit passed into the presence of the Lord he had loved so long, and served so faithfully. What would we give to follow him in thought, even for one instant, there? Surely of him, if ever of any, it might be safely guessed that he

"Scarcely heard the chant of seraphs o'er him breaking.

Scarcely felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted; "

but heard only the welcome of his "King who had saved him," felt only the joy of being with him where he is for evermore.

The sorrowing Christians would fain have rescued his remains from the pile, that they might weep over them and show them honour; but the malice of the Jews deprived them of this consolation. Some of these enemies of the faith went to the proconsul and persuaded him not to give up the body to the Christians, "lest," as

they said, "they should abandon the worship of the crucified, and begin to worship this one." "Not knowing, however," adds the writer of the epistle from which the whole account is taken, "that we can never abandon Christ, who suffered for the salvation of those who are being saved from all the world, nor even worship any other. For him we worship as the Son of God; but the martyrs we deservedly love as the disciples and imitators of our Lord, on account of their exceeding love to their King and Master."

At length, however, after the flesh had been consumed to ashes, the disciples were permitted to gather the bones, which they reverently buried. It became their custom to assemble every year at the spot where they were laid, not to weep and lament, but to hold a festival of solemn thanksgiving. In their happy and simple faith they were wont to call the day of a martyr's death his "birth-day," and to celebrate it, as such, "with joy and gladness, both in commemoration of those who finished their contest before, and to exercise and prepare those that shall hereafter." So truly did they reckon that the sufferings of this present time were not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed.

It is added that twelve brethren from Philadelphia suffered martyrdom at the same time as Polycarp; but that he "is mentioned alone by all, and spoken of even by the Gentiles * in every place."

Nor was his dying prayer for the peace of the Church unanswered; for his death appears to have put a stop to the persecution in his native city and its neighbourhood. Smyrna for the present vanishes from our view; but the eventful history of the reign of Marcus Aurelius is not finished, for we have still to trace the blood-stained record of the churches of Gaul. Yet we pause here, that no "cloud of witnesses," however honoured or holy, may arise before the mind to dim the impression of that one grand and solitary figure.

Polycarp of Smyrna may indeed be accepted by us as the representative martyr of early Christian times. In him the dignity, the simplicity, the gentleness, the moderation, which in a greater or less degree appear to have usually characterized these first sufferers for Christ, were admirably illustrated and expressed. No doubt, many records of faith and patience that we would have prized have perished, and many martyr names that we would have venerated are written nowhere except in the Lamb's Book of Life; but all the more do we rejoice that there has been preserved to us, in the annals of the second century, one story so complete and well authenticated, one name so cherished and illustrious. And it is a blessed thought that "a great multitude whom no man can number," shall come from every clime and every age, to inherit, along with him to whom, in all probability, the words were first addressed, the precious promise of the Saviour, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

D. A.

* I'agana.

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA:

A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration.

A SEQUEL TO "THE DRAYTONS AND THE DAVENANTS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

VIII.

OLIVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

IT was evening when we entered the old town of Kidderminster. As we rode along the street to Aunt Dorothy's house, many of the casements were open to let in the cool summer evening air; and from one and another, as we passed, rose the music of the psalm sung at the family-worship, the voices of the little ones softly blending with the deeper tones of the father and mother, or the trembling treble of age.

It was a heavenly welcome; and, by an irresistible impulse, I dismounted, for, wearied as I was with the journey, I felt it a kind of irreverence not to walk. It was like going up the aisle of a great church. The whole town seemed a house of prayer.

None of these sweet musical sounds, however, came out of Aunt Dorothy's windows as, at length, we stopped at her door; although the casements were open. But, as we paused before trying to enter, I heard the cadences of a soft voice reading in an upper chamber. I tried the latch, found it open, and, softly mounting the stairs, through a bed-room door, which stood slightly ajar, I saw a grave man, habited like a minister, with a broad collar, and closely-fitting cap on his head, sitting at a table with an open Bible before him. By his side stood a little serving-maiden, whom at that moment he was questioning in simple language, in a calm, persuasive voice and with a remarkably clear utterance, while she answered without fear. His form was slight, and his gait slightly stooping; his face worn and grave, yet not unfrequently "tending to a smile," and always lighted up by his dark,

keen, observant eyes. This, I felt, could be no other than Mr. Baxter. Altogether the face made me think of portraits of saintly monks, worn with fasting and prayer, save that the eyes were quick and piercing rather than contemplative; as if he saw, not dreams and visions of Christendom in general, but just the little bit of it he had to do with at the moment, in the person of Aunt Dorothy's little maid. When the little maid had answered, he turned with a look of approval to some one out of sight, whom I knew must be Aunt Dorothy. Judging from the fact of the catechizing being held in her chamber, that she would be equal to seeing me, and that therefore I had better appear in an ordinary way, I crept softly down-stairs again, and knocked at the house-door.

Aunt Dorothy was much moved at my coming; although in words she only vouchsafed a grave remonstrance. And I was no less moved to see how feeble and shrunken she looked. She had been much enfeebled by an attack of low fever; and although professing to make little of it, like most people unaccustomed to illness she believed herself much worse than she really was, and had, dear soul, gone in spirit pathetically through her own funeral, with the effect so solemn an event might be hoped to have on the hearts of her misguided kinsmen and kinswomen.

"Olive, my dear," she said to me, on the morning after our arrival, after directing me where to find her will, and a letter she had written, "thou wilt find I have not forgotten thy babes, nor indeed any of my kindred, unnatural as no doubt they think me. I wish the letter to be given to your father at once, immediately after all is over. My example and arguments have had little weight; but it may be otherwise then. I have

no physician but good Mr. Baxter, who is physician both for body and soul to his people. He hath endeavoured to re-assure me; but I know what that means. And yesterday he gave me his 'Saint's Rest,' which, of course, is only a considerate way of preparing me for the end."

All through that week Aunt Dorothy continued marvellously meek and gentle, her grave eyes moistening tenderly as she looked on the babes. She commended Annis as a maiden of a modest countenance and lowly carriage. (I had not ventured to inform her of Annis's peculiar belief.) She spoke tenderly of every one, and agreed as far as possible with everything; which last symptom I did feel alarming.

The kindness and sympathy of the neighbours were so great, that it seemed to me their evening psalm was only the musical Amen to the psalm they had lived all day. One brought us possets, another dainty meats, another confections for the babes; others would watch in the sick-chamber at night; another sent for the babes to play with her own, to keep the house quiet. If we gave thanks, they said Mr. Baxter "thought nothing of godliness which did not show itself in goodness." Another told us how Aunt Dorothy had been borne on their hearts at the Thursday prayer-meeting at Mr. Baxter's; and more than one came to "repeat to us Mr. Baxter's last Sunday sermon;" repeating Mr. Baxter's sermon (he only preached one on Sunday) being a great ordinance at Kidderminster. Never before did I understand so fully what the meaning of the word church is, or the meaning of the word pastor. Before I came to Kidderminster I had thought of Mr. Baxter as a godly man, rather fond of debate, and very unjust to Oliver Cromwell (as I still hold him to have been). After staying there that week, I learned that if the joys of fighting (syllogistically) were his favourite recreation (which, in spite of all his protestations, I think they were, for a true Ironside's soul dwelt in that slight and suffering body); his work was teaching little children, seeking the lost, bringing back the wandering, supporting the weak,—all that is meant by being "shepherd" and "ensample" to the flock; going before them in every good and generous work, going after them into every depth of misery, if only he could bring them home.

As I sat by the window of the sick-chamber where I could see Mr. Baxter's house on the opposite side of the street, with the people going in to consult him, the poor patients sometimes waiting by twenty at a time at his door, and a pleasant stir of welcome all down the street when his "thin and lean and weak" figure passed out and along, Aunt Dorothy loved to discourse to me of him. She told me how in his childhood he had lived in a village called Eaton Constantine, near the Wrekin Hill, in a rustical region, where Ave Marys still lingered with paternosters in the peasants' prayers; where the clergyman, being about eighty years of age, with failing eye-sight, and having two churches, twenty miles distant, under his charge, used to say the Common Prayer without book; and got "one year a thresher, or common day-labourer, another a tailor, and after that a kinsman of his, who was a stage-player and gamester, to read the psalms and chapters." Mr. Baxter's father, "having been addicted to gaming, had entangled his freehold estate; but it pleased God to instruct and change him by the bare reading of the Scriptures in private, without either preaching or godly company, or any other books, so that his serious speeches of God and the life to come very early possessed his son with a fear of sinning." For reading the Scripture on the Sundays, when others were dancing, by royal order, round the May-pole, he was called a "Puritan."

Good books were the means of Richard Baxter's early teaching, though when his "sincere conversion" began he was never able to say. One of these books (to Aunt Dorothy's perplexity) was by a Jesuit; another was "Sibbes' Bruised Reed," brought by a poor pedler and ballad-seller to the door; another was a "little piece" of Mr. Perkin's works, which a servant in the house had. For all that while (Mr. Baxter had told her) neither he nor his father had acquaintance with any that "had understanding in matters of religion, nor ever heard any pray extempore." Their prayers were chiefly the Confession in the Prayer-book, and one of Bradford, the martyr's, prayers.

But Mr. Baxter deemed his own sicknesses and infirmities to have been among the chief means of grace to him. "The calls of approaching death on one side, and the questioning of a doubtful conscience on the other hand, kept his soul awake."

His doubts were many; for instance, "whether a base fear did not move him more than a son's love to God," and "because his grief and humiliation were no greater;" until, at last, he understood that "*God breaketh not all men's hearts alike*; that the change of our heart from sin to God is true repentance; and that he that had rather leave his sin than have leave to keep it, and that had rather be the most holy, than *have leave* to be unholy or *less* holy, is neither without repentance nor the love of God."

His diseases were more than his doubts, and his physicians more (and belike more dangerous) than his diseases. He had thirty-six physicians, by whose orders he took drugs without number, which, said he, "God thought not fit to make successful;" whereupon at last he forsook the physicians altogether. Under which circumstances he had doubtless reason to count it among his mercies (as he did) that he was never overwhelmed with "real melancholy." "For years," as he said, "rarely a quarter of an hour's ease, yet (through God's mercy) never an hour's melancholy, nor many hours in the week disabled from work."

Mr. Baxter's being so much indebted to good books as his teachers and comforters, was perhaps partly the reason why he wrote so many. Of his "Saints' Rest" he himself said: "Whilst I was in health I had not the least thought of writing books, or of serving God in any more public way than preaching; but when I was weakened with great bleeding, and left solitary in my chamber at Sir John Cook's in Derbyshire, without any acquaintance but my servant about me, and sentenced to death by the physicians, I began to contemplate more seriously on the everlasting rest which I believed myself to be on the borders of." He originally intended it to be no more than the length of one or two sermons; but the weakness being long continued, the book was enlarged. The first and last parts being for his own use were written first, and then the second and third. It was written with no books at hand but a Bible and a Concordance, and he found that "the transcript of the heart hath the greatest force on the hearts of others;" and for the good he had heard that multitudes have received by that writing, he humbly thanked "Him that compelled him to it."

A history which interested me much; for I delight to think of books I love as growing in this and that unexpected way from little unnoticed seeds, like living creatures, not as constructed deliberately from outside, like a thing made by hands. Doth not John Milton say that a good book is "the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life; so that he who destroys a good book commits not so much a murder as a massacre, and slays an immortality rather than a life."

Much also Aunt Dorothy had to say of Mr. Baxter's good works; how out of his narrow income he contrived to send promising young men to the university, and to relieve the destitute without stint, "having ever more to give," he said, "as he gave more;" how he had been the physician of his people, fighting against their sicknesses as well as their sins; how the old were moved by him, who had never been moved before, and little children were stirred by his eloquent entreaties, and trained by his patient teaching, so that they brought the light of love and godliness into many a home which before had been all darkness.

She said Mr. Baxter was wont humbly to attribute the wonderful efficacy of his ministry to many causes rather than to any peculiar power in his words; to the following among others:—

1. That "the people had never had any awakening ministry before, and therefore were not sermon-proof."
2. The infirmity of his health. That "as he had naturally a familiar, moving voice, and doing all in bodily weakness as a dying man, his soul was more easily brought to seriousness, and to preach as a dying man to dying men."
3. That many of the bitter enemies to godliness, "in their very hatred of Puritans," had gone into the king's armies, and "were quickly killed."
4. The change made in public affairs by the success of the wars; "which (said Mr. Baxter), however it was done, and though much corrupted by the usurpers, yet removed many impediments to men's salvation. Before, godliness was the way to shame and ruin; but though Cromwell gave liberty to all sects, and did not set up any party alone, by force, yet this much gave abundant

advantage to the gospel; especially considering that godliness now had countenance and reputation also as well as liberty; and such liberty (even under a usurper) as never before since the gospel came into the land did it possess. And" (said he) "much as I have written against licentiousness in religion, and the power of the magistrate in it, yet, in comparison of the rest of the world, I think that land happy that hath but *bare liberty to be as good as they are willing to be, and toleration for truth to bear down her adversaries.*"

5. Another advantage was the zeal, diligence, the holy, humble, blameless lives, and the Christian concord of the religious sort.

6. The private meetings for prayer, repetitions, and asking questions, and his personal intercourse with every family apart.

7. Being able to give his writings, and especially a Bible, to every family that had none.

8. That the trade of the weaving of Kidderminster stuffs enabled them to set a Bible on the loom before them, wherewith to edify one another while at their work. For (thought Mr. Baxter) "freeholders and tradesmen are the strength of religion and civility in the land, and gentlemen (*idle men*, I think he meant) and beggars the strength of iniquity."

9. His own single life, "enabling him the easilier to take his people for his children."

10. That God made great use of sickness to do good to many: and then of Mr. Baxter's practice of physic; at once recovering their health and moving their souls.

11. The quality of the wicked people of the place, who, "being chiefly drunkards, would roar and rave in the streets like stark madmen, and so make that sin abhorred."

12. The assistance of good ministers around.

To these things, and such as these, said Aunt Dorothy, Mr. Baxter loved to attribute those conversions which "at first he used to count up as jewels, but of which afterwards he could not keep any number."

All this made me greatly desire the time when I might hear Mr. Baxter preach; and, at last, on the second Sunday after our arrival, Aunt Dorothy insisted on my going to church.

The only perplexity was Annis Nye. However, I trusted that Aunt Dorothy's subdued

frame of mind, and Annis's being busy with the babes or in the kitchen, would avert a collision.

The sermon went far to explain to me Kidderminster and Mr. Baxter. But no written words will ever explain to those who did not hear them what his sermons were.

The pulpit was at once Mr. Baxter's hearth, his throne, and his true battle-field: the central hearth at which the piety of every fireside in Kidderminster was weekly enkindled; the throne from which the hearts of men and women, old men and little children, were awayed; the battle-field where he fought, not so much against sectaries and misbeliefs, but against sin and unbelief. He was at home there, close to every heart there; yet at home as a father among his children. All that he was, turn by turn, through the week—pleading, teaching, exhorting, consoling, from house to house—he was in the pulpit altogether; but with the difference between glow and flame, between speech and song; between a man calmly using his faculties one by one and a man with his whole soul awake and on fire, and concentrated into one burning desire to save men and make them holy; with a message to deliver, which he knew could do both. His eye enkindled, his face illumined, his whole emaciated frame quivering with emotion as he leant over the pulpit, and spoke to every heart in the church.

"Though we speak not unto you as men would do that had seen heaven and hell, and were themselves perfectly awake," he said. But it seemed to me as if he *had* seen heaven and hell (or rather *felt* them); and as if, while I listened to him, for the first time in my life, my soul was "perfectly awake" all through.

And of all this, the next generation, and those who never heard him in this, will know nothing! Instead, they will have one hundred and sixty little books and treatises, out of which they may vainly strive to piece together what Mr. Baxter was during those fourteen most fruitful years of his ministry at Kidderminster. But even if they could put the fragments together right, they would only have created an image of clay. And most likely they will piece them together wrong (as I did before I knew him). And then they will wonder at the clumsy image, and wonder what gentlemen of the neighbourhood, trained in

universities, in courts, and in armies, and at the same time the poor weavers of Kidderminster, and the nailers of Dudley, who clustered round the doors and windows when he preached, could find in his words so beautiful and so moving.

Most words, written or spoken, are perhaps more spoken to one generation than men like to think. If the next generation read them, it is not so much as living words to move themselves, but as lifeless effigies of what moved their fathers. But with great orators this must be especially the case, and with great preachers more perhaps than with other orators. Nor need they complain. Their words reach far enough, moving hearts whose repentings move the angels in the presence of God. They live long enough: on high, in the deathless souls they awaken; on earth, in the undying influence from heart to heart, from age to age, of the holy lives they inspire.

The large old church was thronged to the extremity of the five new galleries which had been built since Mr. Baxter preached, to accommodate the congregation.

When he ceased speaking, there was a long hush, as of reluctance to supersede the last tones of that persuasive voice by any other sound.

And as the congregation gently dispersed, that sacred hush seemed on them still. They were treasuring up the words wherewith they would strengthen themselves and each other during the week; the housewife keeping them in her heart like a song from heaven; the weaver, as he worked with his open Bible before him on the loom, seeing them shine on its verses like the fingers of a discriminating sunbeam.

As I came home, I remember feeling not so much as if I had been in a church where something good had been said, as in a battle-field where something great had been done. Death-blows had been given to cherished sins; angels of hell had been despoiled of their false "armour of light," and compelled to appear in their own hideous shrunken shapes; hidden faults had been dragged from their ambush in the heart, and smitten; the joints of armour, deemed impervious, had been pierced at a venture; the powers of darkness had been defeated by being detected; the powers of light had been aroused, refreshed, arrayed in order of battle, and sent on their war-

fare, strengthened and cheered, as the Ironsides by the voice of Oliver. A battle had been fought, and a campaign set in order, and the combatants inspired for fresh conflicts. As those living words echoed in my heart, all the conflicts of armies and politicians seemed mere shadowy repetitions (like the battles in the Elysian shades) of that eternal essential conflict between good and evil waged unceasingly within and around us.

I remember that Aunt Dorothy's first words to me, when I returned, sounded as if they came up to me on a sunny height, from a strange voice in some dim region far below.

She said,—

"Olive, dear heart, it rejoices me that you have such a discerning young woman to serve you. She is, I deny not, a trifle rustical, and needs instruction as to gestures and forms of address, but, at least, she is able to perceive how sadly poor General Cromwell has been seduced from the ways of humility and uprightness, and has failed in protecting the people of God."

Nevertheless, these words were not without something consolatory in them for me. Much as Aunt Dorothy and Annis had, belike, misunderstood one another as to what they meant by the "people of God" whom the Captain-General failed to protect, it was evident they were still so far on friendly relations with each other. And it was also plain to me that Aunt Dorothy's militant faculty (and therefore she herself) was recovering.

A very opportune improvement. For on the following day came letters from Roger and Job Forster announcing the battle of Dunbar, which those who fought it looked on as an act of the great warfare between good and evil, as truly as any of Mr. Baxter's preachings. In which belief Aunt Dorothy and Mr. Baxter agreed with them; but not as to the sides on which the combatants were ranged.

IX.

THE first letter from Dunbar was from Roger, dated September 2nd:—

"A word to thee, Olive, my sister, by the post who is to carry letters for the Lord-General. Ill news travel fast, and if such have reached thee, before these, I would have thee know, though

our case is low enough, our hearts are not daunted.

"I write in my tent on my knee—wind and rain driving across this wild tongue of land, dashing the waves against the rocks, whistling through the long grasses of the marshes, as in the sedges by old Netherby Mere. Nothing to do but to keep our powder dry, if we can, and pray.

"The enemy think us caught in a worse Pound than my Lord Essex at Fowey. Even the General thinks little less than a miracle can save us. But maybe the miracle is wrought already in the courage of our men, without a grain of earthly food to sustain it; the miracles of the New Covenant being, for the most part, inward.

"For months we have been watching them up and down the hills and the shores round Edinburgh, yet never able to tempt them to a battle. And now they deem us trapped and doomed, which may work to better purpose on them than our challenges. To all appearance their boasts are justified.

"The ships we hasted into this 'trap' to meet (sorely needing fresh victuals), are nowhere in sight. Through his knowledge of the country, the enemy has possessed himself of all the passes between us and England. His army is on the hill above us, twenty-three thousand strong, with veteran generals, threatening to sweep down, and with 'one shower, wash us out of the country.'

"We with but eleven thousand to meet them. Many of ours lying sick in the town of Dunbar.

"In all Scotland not another stronghold is ours.

"Among them is the shout of a king, 'a Covenantant king;' whatever strength may lie in that! Many of their soldiers godly men and brave.

"I think we shall not be suffered to dishonour the good cause or the General by lack of courage. But victory is not in our hands. And what may be in God's, I am no prophet to tell.

"Between us and England an army twice our number. Between England and the old tyranny, as we deem, nothing but Oliver and his eleven thousand. A thought to nerve heart and hand.

"We are sensible of our disadvantages,' as the General saith. 'But not a few of us stand in this trust, that because of their numbers—

because of their confidence—because of our weakness—because of our strait, we are in the Mount, and in the Mount the Lord will be seen; and that He will find out a way of deliverance and salvation for us.'

"The sea and the waves roaring, but as yet, God be praised, no man's heart failing him for fear. Farewell! Whatever comes to-morrow I would have thee know we are not dismayed to-day."

And, enclosed, a few lines from my husband:—

"This campaign has been one of more occupation for the leech than the soldier," he wrote. "The wild weather, and food not of the best or most plentiful, with lying out on the wet moors, always restlessly on the watch for battles which never came, have shattered the troops more than many a hard fight. Sickness is on all sides. The Captain-General saith the men fall sick beyond imagination. He himself has not escaped. The foe I fight with has left me little intermission. The prospect of a battle, such as hangs over us in the thousands gathering on Doon Hill through the day, and now ready to sweep down the slopes, seems proving already to some a better physic than any of mine. A wound is doubled when the spirit is wounded, and half healed when the spirit is cheered.

"Never fear for me, dear heart; I know I am where my task is set. And I keep as well as men for the most part do who have plenty to do and hope in doing it."

"Ah," sighed Aunt Dorothy, "snared in their own net at last! Did not Mr. Baxter write to the well-disposed in the sectarian army, warning them of the sin of going to war against the godly in Scotland; 'for which, O blindness!' quoth he, 'they thought me an uncharitable censurer.' Remarkable providence!" she concluded; "to have actually run of their own free will into a place which seems as if it had been ordained from the beginning to be just such a trap."

"Had we not better wait till we see whether they get out, Aunt Dorothy?" said I.

"Get out?" child, said she, fierily; "I think better of them, with all their transgressions, than to believe they are bad enough to be suffered to prosper in their evil ways! Mr. Cromwell

himself was, or seemed to be, in the Covenant once."

But that very evening flew through the land the news of Dunbar victory: these letters having been delayed by coming round through London. The Scottish forces were totally routed. As Mr. Baxter said, "Their foot taken, their horse pursued to Edinburgh; when, if they would only have let Oliver's weakened and ragged army go, or cautiously followed them, it would have kept their peace and broken his honour."

For neither Mr. Baxter nor Aunt Dorothy thought it at all a "remarkable providence" that Oliver and his army had thus escaped. It was plain, on the contrary, she thought, to all right-thinking people, that their successes, so far from proving them right, only proved that they had gone too far wrong to be corrected.

A few days afterwards arrived a letter, sent me by Rachel Forster from Job.

It began:—

"See Psalm 107. (*O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise him all ye people.*

*"For his merciful kindness is great towards us; and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord.")** We sang it on the battlefield yesterday. The shortest psalm that is. Made on purpose, belike, for such a service and such a congregation. For we had no time for more. We sang it, Oliver and the foremost of us, on the halt, before the rest came up for the chase. The music rolled up grand, like the sea, from the hollow of the brook against the hill of Doon. We had cause to sing it, and the whole land hath cause. Never better. Do thou sing it, dear heart, at Netherby, and let Mistress Olive sing it, and the babes listen, and Mistress Annis (if she will unlearn her perverse ways); 'old men and children, young men and maidens.' For their 'covenant with death' is broken. The snare is broken, and we are delivered. And not we and

England only, but all the godly throughout the three kingdoms; if they will but see. Surely they must see; kirk-ministers and all, 'spite (as the General saith) of all their sullenness at God's providences, and their envy at Eldad and Medad and the Lord's people who prophecy; their envy (saith he) at instruments, because things did not work forth their platform, and the great God did not come down to their thoughts.'

"They hung above us on the hill of Doon, twenty-three thousand strong, all through the night. A wild night it was; the waves roaring, the cold rain driving across the tongue of land where they thought us trapped. But we prayed, and watched, and kept our powder dry, which was as much as we could do. We had some scant shelter under tents and walls. They, poor souls, had none; and before dawn they put out all their matches but two to a company, and lay down under the corn-shocks. Oliver did not wait for them to burst on us; nor for the morning to break. We did not wait for his word to be on the alert. A company of us were in prayer at three o'clock, with a poor cornet (one of the Eldads and Medads), when Major Hodgson rode past and stopped to join, and found strength in it, as the day proved.

"We were to have charged before they woke. But there were delays in getting all the men forward. So before we had gathered we heard the enemy's trumpets wake up one by one in the dark, along the hill-side. Then the moon broke from a cloud, and, with the first ray of dawn, made light enough to see where we were going, when at last all the men came up, and the trumpets pealed out all along our line with the English battle-shout, and the great guns.

"Their cry and ours met: '*The Covenant!*' and '*The Lord of Hosts!*' And with it we and they met, met and closed in death-grapple for three-quarters of an hour; company to company, man to man. Once we were pressed back across the brook in the hollow, their horse charging desperately. No hearing the winds and waves roar then. Then we charged back, horse and foot,—such a charge (many say) as they never saw—back again across the hollow of the brook. That charge was never returned. We heard Oliver's voice, '*They run, I profess they run!*' And

* In Mr. Ross's version—

"O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nations that be;
Likewise, ye people, all accord
His name to magnify.
For great to upward ever are
His loving-kindnesses;
His truth endures for evermore,
The Lord O do ye bless."

then the sun broke across the field, and with it again Oliver's voice, '*Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered.*'

"And scattered they were. Three thousand dead in the hollow of the brook. (Three thousand whose hands we would fain have held as brothers. God knows how Oliver entreated them sore, and how they gave us hatred for our love.) Ten thousand prisoners. The rest flying right and left through the land. An army gone in an hour.

"An army of brave Scottish men, godly men many of them doubtless; ministers there in store to bless them (no Eldads and Medads, but covenanted kirk-ministers), all swept away like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor

"Will they not yet see? Not our courage did it; they were brave as we. Not our numbers; theirs doubled ours. Not our field; they chose it. The passes of the hills were theirs. What then? Can any fail to see? The *lie* that is among them makes them weak, the false oaths to a false Covenant sworn at their command, against his will and conscience, by the poor, false, young Stuart king. The difference is the difference in our battle-cries. '*The Covenant*,' good once (far be it from us to speak scorn of it), good twice, but not good always; strong against one evil yesterday, not strong against all evil for ever. And '*The Lord of Hosts*,' Almighty against all evil for ever. Not His own Covenant even, as far as it is but written in stone; much less *theirs*, though signed with their blood; not His own Covenant, though 'confirmed by an oath,' so much as *Himself* living to confirm the oath.

"As the Lord-General saith, 'What He hath done, what He is to us in Christ, is the root of our comfort; in this is stability; in us is weakness. Faith as an act yields not perfect peace; but only as it carries into Him who is our perfect peace. Rest we here, and here only.'"

"Truly soldiers have cause to sing the 109th Psalm who have such a General to lead and speak to them; although, in the eyes of the kirk,

* "What God hath done, what He is to us in Christ, is the root of our comfort; and this is stability; in us is weakness. Acts of obedience are not perfect, and, therefore, yield not perfect peace. Faith as an act yields it not; but only as it carries us into Him, who is our perfect peace, and in whom we are accounted of and received by the Father even as Christ himself. This is our high calling. Rest we here, and here only."

he be but an Eldad. I trust I meddle not with things too high for me after the lesson I have had. Often, dear heart, I long for thee, and thy comfortable speech and smile.

"Master Roger and I talk over many things by the camp-fires when most are asleep; we knowing old Netherby, and thee, and so many other things the rest know not. He is heavier and graver than I would see him, save where there is work to be done.

"I doubt there is somewhat gnawing, without noise, as worms and blights do, at his heart.

"There was the pretty lady at the hall, now among the Hivites and Perizzites (so to speak) in Franca. I know nothing, but that he never speaks of her and hers. And they were aye together, he and she and Mistress Olive, in the old days.

"Poor brave young heart, mine is sore for him many a time. It is not all who get such plentiful wages beforehand as I, Rachel, in thee."

Which last sentence Rachel had annotated with,—

"The goodman means no harm, Mistress Olive. But on that matter he could never be brought to see plain, say what I would."

The next Sunday a Thanksgiving was appointed by the Parliament ("the Rump") for the victory of Dunbar. This Mr. Baxter openly disregarded; using his influence, moreover, to persuade others to do the same. He did not hesitate in his sermon to warn his hearers of the sin of fighting against a loyal Scottish Covenanted army; while, at the same time, he blamed the Scots themselves for "imposing laws upon their king, for forcing him to dishonour the memory of his father, and for tempting him to take God's name in vain by speaking and publishing that which, they might easily know, was contrary to his heart."

So, in the afternoon of that Sabbath which Mr. Baxter refused to make a day of thanksgiving to Kidderminster, I held a private thanksgiving service in my own chamber.

At first, in my solitude, my spirit was too busy with protesting against Mr. Baxter to be at leisure for praise.

At the doors of some of the houses opposite,

quiet groups of weavers were gathered, in their Sunday best. In all the town, Mr. Baxter rejoiced to think, there was not one Separatist. The Quakers (he fondly believed) he had silenced, at a discussion held in his church. One journeyman shoemaker, indeed, had turned Anabaptist, "but he had left the town upon it."

No "Eldads and Medads" had troubled Kidderminster with irregular prophesying; "for," said Mr. Baxter, "so modest were the ablest of the people, that they were never inclined to a preaching way, but thought they had teaching enough by their pastors."

"Among all these busy brains and stirring hearts," I thought, as I sat at my window, "not one that differs from Mr. Baxter; while Mr. Baxter differs in so many directions from so many people that fifty books have been written against him."

The thought of a whole town walking on such a narrow path, step by step after Mr. Baxter, with those fifty precipices and "bye-paths" on all sides, had something appalling in it;—appalling in its monotony, and in its precariousness. What kind of a place would England be to live in if it were all brought to this Kidderminster standard? Not very pleasant certainly for any journeyman shoemaker who was unfortunate enough to turn Anabaptist! Perhaps in the end a little wearisome even for Mr. Baxter himself, when no one was left for him to silence.

I need not have perplexed myself with such speculations. Long before the experiment reached that stage, Mr. Baxter's own eloquent voice itself was silenced, and his faithful words made doubly precious to his flock by the prohibition, on peril of imprisonment or fine, of ever listening to them again.

Nor was a slumbrous unanimity by any means the danger England had then to dread.

As I opened my Bible and read the Dunbar Psalm, and sought to make melody with it in heart, my quiet chamber seemed to become a side chapel of a vast cathedral. I felt no more alone. A thousand services of song seemed going on around me. From Dr. Jeremy Taylor silenced in Wales, and good Bishop Hall near Norwich, and numerous little companies in old halls and manors, meeting secretly to use the Liturgy

banished from churches and cathedrals. From these same ancient churches and cathedrals, where hundreds of "painful ministers," like Mr. Baxter, Joseph Alleine, or John Howe, were leading the devotions of the people in psalms more ancient than any Liturgy, and prayers new as every morning's mercies. From Puritan armies in Scotland, covenanted and uncovenanted. From meetings of Quakers, many of them in prisons. Beyond these again, from Lutherans and Calvinists in Protestant Europe; and doubtless also from countless devout hearts in Catholic cathedrals and convents. And farther off still, from the Puritan villages in the wilderness on the other side of the sea.

At first this concourse of sounds scarce seemed a concert. Babel has smitten men with deeper divisions than those of speech. Too many of the prayers sounded terribly like anathemas. Too many of the psalms like war-cries.

Until, as I still listened, the roof even of this vast cathedral of Christendom seemed to melt away into the firmament of heaven. Then I found that there was a height whence all discords, which were not music, fell back to earth, and whence all the discords without which music cannot be, flowed up in one grand River of Praise, in at the Gates of Pearl.

The burden of the song seemed simply that old prayer, "Our Father which art in heaven."

But from the crystal fiery sea into which that river flowed, rolled back, as in an echo of countless ocean waves, the antiphon,—

"Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty. Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints!"

Then the thought came to me, "Mr. Baxter, however, with all his moderatings and balancings cannot antedate these harmonies. Aunt Dorothy says he believes he has found the exact middle point between every extreme—Calvinism and Arminianism, Episcopacy, Presbytery, Independency. But, unfortunately, to other people it is but a point. Aunt Dorothy cannot quite balance herself on it. It is certain the whole world cannot. It is doubtful if any one can, except Mr. Baxter."

The harmony is made, not by each trying to learn the whole, but by each keeping faithfully

to the part given him to learn and sing, though the part be only a broken note here and there.

And I thanked God that all the efforts of the worst men, or the best, to anticipate that majestic anthem of conflicting and embracing sound by a thin unison of voices, had never succeeded, and never could succeed, as long as men are men, and the second Man is not St. Paul, or Apollos, or St. John—but the Son of Man; the Lord from heaven.

X.

LETTICE'S DIARY.

Paris, 1650, September.—It is a new world in which I find myself, here, in the hotel of Madame la Mothe. Save Barbe and myself, not one Protestant is of the circle.

The loneliness is sometimes oppressive, courteous as all are. It is not so much the condemnation of Protestant England, as an unfortunate island shattered from the rest of Christendom by the earthquake of the Reformation, which makes me feel how far off we are from each other, as their incapacity to comprehend the divisions which are convulsing our country. "From shattering to pulverizing, the process is but natural," a good priest said the other day. They seem to look on us as the dust of a ruined Church; and between one atom of dust and another—between atoms Episcopal, atoms Presbyterian, and atoms Independent—they have no sunbeam strong enough to distinguish.

Paris, October 1st.—This morning Madame la Mothe, always anxious for my welfare, and now and then awakening to spasms of conviction that my welfare means my "conversion," took me to hear an excellent priest, called Singlin, preach.

"I do not go often myself, my child," she said, "because the power of M. Singlin's sermons is redoubtable. They sweep people away from transitory ties, like a torrent. Now, while M. la Mothe lives, this is a danger to which I scarcely venture to expose myself. He is, as you see, more aged than I am. And what could he do without me? When I married him, I was a child; he a man of high reputation, who had made his mark in the world. It was considered a brilliant destiny for me. It has been a tranquil and a happy destiny. He was ever to me the

most considerate of friends, guiding me through the temptations of the world like a director, generously providing me with the pleasures suited to my age, and consoling me like an angel when our only child died. I could never abandon him now."

Many things were strange to me in these words. This married life seemed so strangely dual, instead of one. She spoke of him rather as leading on than going with; rather as providing her joys than joining in them; rather as consoling her griefs than sharing them. And as strange seemed to me this mingled love and dread of M. Singlin's sermons.

We dressed, and set off for the church.

"Surely, Madame," I said, as we walked through the streets, "no good man would advise you to abandon home and M. la Mothe!"

"No, certainly," she said; "not advise. But he might make me feel the world so hollow and momentary, all its relationships so transitory, that an irresistible attraction would draw my heart from the world, like that of the young lady you see on the other side of the street, Mademoiselle Jacqueline Pascal. And what comfort, then, would my husband have in my going through life, by his side indeed, but as a machine wound up to its work, with the spirit elsewhere!"

And she pointed out to me a maiden habited much like a nun, moving silently along with downcast eyes.

"See, my child," she whispered, "one of the trophies of M. Singlin's eloquence, or, at least, of the doctrines he enforces. A young person of good family, daughter of M. Etienne Pascal, counsellor of the king. At thirteen she was a poetess. She charmed the Queen, Anne of Austria, and the Court, by her verses on the birth of the Dauphin, his present Majesty. She captivated all by the point of her repartees. At fourteen she won from Cardinal Richelieu her father's pardon for some political offence, by her marvellous acting in a drama. Her brother, Blaise, works miracles of science—literally miracles. He has weighed the air, and made a machine which calculates. She is beautiful, accomplished, not yet twenty-six; the most brilliant prospects open to her; the only unmarried daughter of an indulgent father who loves her tenderly. She hears M.

Singlin. His words give the seal to her vocation. She renounces everything—the Court, the world, the family as far as she can, her genius, her wit, herself.”

“You mean she renounces her genius by consecrating it.”

“I mean she *renounces*. Hereafter God and the Church may consecrate. But who can say? What are our talents to Him? His Providence can destroy a navy by a whirlwind or by a little worm. Henceforth she reads only books of devotion and theology. She writes no more poetry. She denies herself the manifestation of her dearest affections. Until her father freely consents to her profession, she yields, indeed, so far as to remain in his house. But she makes her home a convent, her chamber a cell. She spends the day there in solitude—last winter without a fire, bleak as it was—reciting offices, reading books of piety. She only joins the family at meals. And of the meals, as far as possible, she makes fasts, refusing to warm herself at the fire. Charity alone, and devotion, bring her out of her retirement. When her sister’s child was dying of the small-pox, she nursed it night and day with devoted tenderness. She would, doubtless, have done the same for the child of a beggar; so entire is her consecration. Soon, no doubt, such piety will vanquish all objections; her father will yield (if he lives), and she will enter Port Royal. And this is one result of M. Singlin’s eloquence, and of the power of his doctrine. You will confess it is a power, beneficent indeed, but formidable.”

“Formidable indeed, Madame,” I said, shuddering, for I thought of my own father. “Fire, I think, to the brain, and frost to the heart.”

“Alas, my child!” she said; “how should you understand what is meant by a genuine Vocation, or a thorough Conversion?”

To me, indeed, this seemed not conversion; but annihilation.

We were silent some way on our return from the church.

“You were arrested,” said Madame la Mothe.

“It reminded me of a Puritan sermon I once heard in England,” I said; “speaking of the world as a ‘carcass that had neither life nor love-

liness.’ Only M. Singlin seemed to include more in what he meant by the world than the Puritan did.”

“That is what I should expect,” she replied. “The higher the point of view, the more utter must seem the vanity of all below. Does he not make life seem a speck of dust, its history a moment? yet each speck of dust on the earth a *world*, and each moment a *lifetime*, as to its issues, radiating as these do through eternity!”

When we came back, Madame la Mothe gave an ardent account of the sermon to an Abbé, a cousin of hers who happened to be visiting at the house.

To my surprise, he solemnly denounced the recluses of Port Royal, with M. Singlin and their directors. He called it a conspiracy.

He said: “A renegade Capuchin has (as they confess) been the means of the conversion of their adored Abbess, Angélique Arnauld. The Arnauld family, the soul of the whole thing, were Protestants in the previous generation; and (as the Spaniards say) it takes more than one generation to wash the taint of heresy from the blood.”

At this point Madame la Mothe considerably introduced me.

“With the Protestants we are on open ground,” he said, bowing graciously to me. “Mademoiselle will understand I spoke ecclesiastically. But these Jansenists are conspirators. They are digging mines underneath the altar itself. However, the Pope lives, and the Order of Jesus is awake. We shall see which will perish—the sanctuary, or the mine which was to explode it.”

“Is it true,” I asked Madame la Mothe afterwards, “that the Abbess of Port Royal owed her first impulse heavenward to a Protestant?”

“They have told me, indeed, it was a renegade monk who so moved the young Abbess’ heart,” she replied. “‘The miserable being,’ it is said, ‘spoke so forcibly on the blessedness of a holy life, and on the infinite love and humiliation of our Lord in his incarnation.’”

“Perhaps, then, he *knew* the blessedness of a holy life,” I said.

“He was a wretched fugitive, escaping from his convent, my child,” she replied, a little impatiently. “But what of that? Was not Balaam one of the prophets?”

Two things, however, give me a kind of mournful consolation.

One is, that, deny it as they will, there is an undying link between the holy people of Port Royal and those of the Protestant Church. I like to think that. Not only has their piety a common source in the same Sun, but it was enkindled by the touch of a poor heretic hand they would refuse to grasp in brotherhood. They will have to grasp that poor hand by-and-by, I like to think; and then, not reluctantly!

And the other consolation is, that divisions are not confined to Protestants; a consolation both as regards the Roman Catholics and ourselves. For it seems to me, wherever there is thought there must be difference; wherever there is life there must be variety. Life and sin; these seem to me the chief sources of religious difference. God only knows from which of these two fountains each drop of the turbulent stream flows. Life, which must manifest itself in forms varied as the living, varying as their growing; sin, which adds to these varieties of healthy growth the sad varieties of disease, infirmity, excrescence, or defect.

Paris, October 2nd.—A battle at Dunbar, on the coast of Scotland.

Another defeat. "A complete rout," my father says in his letter, which is very desponding. He is very indignant with the Scots, who will not let the king's "loyal servants and counsellors" come near him, or even fight for him, but drag him about like a culprit and preach sermons to him, "once," he says, "six in succession." (And, here, His Majesty had not the reputation of being too fond of sermons.) He is also grieved with the king himself; at his signing the Covenant, at his publicly condemning his royal martyred father's acts, and his mother's religion; and, above all, at his suffering himself to be conducted in state into Edinburgh, under the gate where were exposed the dishonoured remains of Montrose, who so gallantly died for him not six months before. "Nevertheless," he concludes, "we shall all die for him when our time comes, no doubt, as willingly as Montrose did. And after all, the true mischief-makers are the priests. From the Pope to the kirk preachers, not a disturbance in the world but you find them at the bottom of it. Let all the theologies alone, sweetheart. One is as bad

as another. Say thy Creed; keep the Commandments; pray the Lord's Prayer. And remember thy old father."

January, Chateau St. Rémi.—We have come to M. la Mothe's country chateau for the Christmas.

The Abbey Church of Port Royal des Champs is our parish-church. Madame la Mothe often takes me there.

The first morning after our arrival she took me to the edge of the Valley of Port Royal.

It is rather a cup-like hollow in the plain than a valley among hills. Its sides are clothed with a sombre mantle of ancient forests,—at the further end sweeping into the plain into which the valley opens. A broad rich plain with rivers, woods, corn-fields, now brown with stubble, towns, villages with spires and towers, all stretching far away into a blue dimness.

The recluses who occupied Les Granges, the abbey farm on the brow of the hill where we stood, must find their prayers helped, I think, by this glimpse into the wide world of life beyond. The nuns at the bottom of the valley must lose it.

The valley was entirely filled by the convent.

"It is like a vase carved by the Creator Himself, for the precious ointment whose odour fills all His house," Madame la Mothe said.

To my unaccustomed eyes it was more like a prosperous village than a monastery.

In the midst, the great tower of the church; close to it, the convent itself, with its lofty roofs, arched windows and gateways, turrets and pinnacles; around, the infirmary, surgery, weaving-houses, wash-houses, bake-houses, wood corn and hay stacks, the mill and the mill-pond, and fish-ponds; the new and stately hotel which is the retreat of the Duchess de Longueville, with the residences of other noble ladies; and beyond, the kitchen-gardens and meadows divided by a winding brook from the "Solitude," where, amidst groups of ancient trees, and under the steep slopes of the wooded hill, the nuns repair for confession and meditation. Even then, on that winter-day, I thought I perceived the gleam of their white dresses among the trees.

As we looked, Madame la Mothe told me some of the scenes which had been witnessed there within the last fifty years.

Not fifty years since, the abbey had been a place of restless gaiety and revelry. Light songs and laughter might have been heard echoing among the woods, when the child Angélique Arnauld was appointed Abbess.

She then described the great king Henri Quatre with his courtiers invading the valley in the eagerness of the chase, and the child Abbess with her crozier in her hand marching in state out of that grand arched gateway at the head of her nuns, and warning His Majesty from the sacred precincts; the king gallantly kissing the queenly child's hand, and obeying her behests.

Then the renegade Capuchin, finding one night's shelter in the abbey on his flight to a Protestant country, preaching in that church of the "blessedness of a holy life and the love of Christ," so as to awaken the young Abbess in her seventeenth year to the vision of a new world and a new life, which, in a subsequent sickness, deepened into thorough conversion to God.

The "*Journée du Guichet*," when the Abbess Angélique began her attempts to reform and seclude the nuns by refusing to admit her own father within the grating; by the long fainting-fit with which her resistance ended, showing him what the effort cost her, and convincing him of her sincerity.

The reform of Port Royal. Its growing reputation for sanctity. The mission of the young Abbess to reform other convents; the thronging of new nuns under her rule, until the valley (then undrained) became too small, health failed, and all the community had to remove for fifteen years to Paris.

The arrival of the Abbess Angélique's brother, M. Arnauld d'Andilly, and the other recluses, to take up their abode at the deserted abbey, then half in ruins, the meadows a marsh, the gardens a wilderness. The draining of the marsh and rebuilding of the abbey by the hands of these gentlemen, working to the sound of psalms.

The return of the Abbess Angélique, with her long train of white-robed daughters, welcomed with enthusiasm by the peasants. The one meeting of the recluses and the nuns, eighteen of them of the Arnauld family; as the brothers led the sisters into the church they had worked so hard to restore, and then retired to the abbey

farm, to see each other no more except at the church services through a grating.

As I looked down, nothing struck me so much as the stillness. To the eye, the valley was a place of busy human life. To the ear, it was a solitude. No discordant noises came from it, no hum of cheerful converse, nor voices of children at play. The nuns have large schools, which they teach most diligently and intelligently; the best ever known, it is said. But the children are accustomed to play each by herself, quietly. The nuns think they like it as much after a little while. They are also never allowed to kiss or caress each other. Caresses might lead to quarrels, and are, besides (the nuns think), a weakening indulgence of emotion.

I hope they often read the little ones the gospel which tells how the Master "took the little children in His arms." They must need it.

The stillness had a sacred solemnity; but there was something of a vault-like chill in it, which crept over me like a shadow, as we descended the steep path, strewn with moist dead leaves among the roots of the leafless trees.

I should like better to have seen Port Royal when, as in the wars of the Fronde a year or two since, it became a refuge for the plundered peasants of the neighbourhood, the infirmary filled with their sick and aged, the church with their corn, the sacred napkins for the altar torn up to bind their wounds.

Through the grand arched gateway we went into the inner court, and thence into the church, where the nuns were chanting the service.

Their music seems all kept for the church. Sin and eternity! These two thoughts seem to hush all the music at Port Royal, except such as goes up to God. It was a solemn thing to hear the hundred voices joining in the severe and simple chants to which they tune their lives so well.

Madame la Mothe was pleased to see me moved as I was by it.

"In England, you have scarcely a choir like that," she said.

"Not quite," I replied; yet not to mislead her with false hopes as to me I could not help adding,—“With us the singers are not gathered into

a choir, but scattered through the Church; in scattered Christian homes throughout the nation. And the pauses of the psalms are filled up by family joys and sorrows, and by the voices and laughter of little children; which, it seems to me, makes the psalms all the sweeter and truer."

But more solemn than this general assembly it was to me to see, as I have this evening, while I was in the church alone, that motionless, white-robed, kneeling figure keeping watch in the dusk before the "Sacred Host" on the altar. One silver lamp radiated a dim and silvery light into the recesses of the empty silent church; the lamp never extinguished, the prayer never ceasing.

That kneeling worshipper seemed to me herself a living symbol and portion of the Perpetual living Sacrifice, in which the One sacrifice unto death is for ever renewed; as Christian heart after heart is enkindled to love, and sacrifice, and serve; as the Church, redeemed by Him who offered Himself up without spot to God, offers herself up in Him to do and suffer the Father's will, to drink of His cup and be baptized with His baptism; His living body, "the fulness of Him that filleth all in all."

As we came up the hill my heart was full of that thought. We turned and looked back over the valley. The massive towers threw long shadows over the meadows, silvered with dew and moonlight. The broad lake shone, like the tranquil lives of the sisterhood, mirroring the heavens. A few lights gleamed from the convent windows.

On the other side, on the brow of the hill, the lights of Les Granges showed where the recluses were keeping their watch. A deep-toned bell from the abbey church struck the hour.

Then, in the deepened hush of silence which followed, the soft chant of the nuns came stealing up the slopes. As we listened, it seemed to be answered from above by the deep music of men's voices from Les Granges.

We listened till the last notes died away. I never heard church music which so moved me as those unconscious antiphons, where the two sides of the choir could not hear each other, whilst we heard both. It made me think of so many things: of the many choirs on earth who sing apart, and cannot hear or will not recognize

each other's music, while God is listening to all; of the two sides of the choir in heaven and earth; and of the voices in the higher choir which I should hear no more on earth.

I felt lifted into a higher world. And we two walked home in one of those restful silences which sometimes say so much more than words.

It broke a little rudely on this when, at the gate of the chateau, M. la Mothe's servant met us, exclaiming:

"Ah, madame! M. le Comte is much agitated. He says it is ten minutes after the time when madame brings him his posset."

We hastened into the salon. M. la Mothe was indeed much agitated.

"Pardon me, my friend," she said; "I am ten minutes late."

He pointed to the clock.

"Ten, madame!" he exclaimed. "Fourteen and a half, at the least! when the physician said every minute was of consequence. But we must bear it, no doubt. Neglect is the portion of the aged. And madame has her salvation to accomplish, no doubt! In my youth married women accomplished their salvation in accomplishing the comfort of their husbands. But times change. In a few months I shall, no doubt, be beyond the reach of neglect; and then madame can accomplish her salvation without further interruption. Heaven grant it may prove your salvation after all! Those learned gentlemen the Jesuits think otherwise, and they have great saints among them."

I shall never forget the sweet humility with which she acknowledged the justice of his reproaches, and the tact and tenderness with which she soothed his feeble irritability into tranquillity again.

"You mean well, no doubt, my poor friend!" he said at last, with a lofty air of forbearance; "and no doubt we shall not soon have such an omission again."

"Ah, my child!" she said to me, as she came into my room afterwards; "if you had only known how good he was, and how patient with me, when I was wild and young! These little irritations are not from the heart, but from the brain, which is over-tasked and tired. He had no sleep last night on account of the gout, and

I read aloud to him romances, insipid enough, I think, to send me asleep in a house on fire. But they had no effect on him, the pain was so acute."

The tears came into my eyes. She thought nothing of her own fatigue.

"You need not pity me," she said, with her own bright smile. "I am an easy, happy old woman, far too contented, I fear, with the world and with my lot in it. If I have any virtue, it is good temper; and that is scarcely a virtue, not certainly a grace—indeed, merely a little hereditary advantage, like skin that heals quickly."

"I was not pitying you, madame," I ventured to say; "I was only thinking how much better God makes our crosses for us than they make them even at Port Royal."

"Alas, my child!" she sighed; "there is no need for the holy ladies and gentlemen of Port Royal to make their own crosses. The Jesuits are preparing plenty of crosses, I fear, for them. But do not, I entreat you, dignify such little prickles as mine by the name of crosses."

I made no answer, save by kissing her hand. For I thought her crosses were none the worse discipline because to her they seemed only prickles; and her graces all the more genuine and sweet because to her they seemed only "little hereditary advantages."

It is such a help to "crosses," in the work they have to do for us, when they have no chance of looking grand enough to be set up on pedestals and adored; and it is such a blessing for "graces" when they are not clothed in Sunday or "religious" clothes, so as to have any opportunity of looking at themselves at all.

Good temper, kindness, cheerfulness, lowliness, tenderness, justice, generosity, seem to me to lose so much of their beauty and fragrance when they change their sweet familiar home-names (which are also their true Christian names) for three-syllabled saintly titles, such as "holy indifference," or "saintly resignation," and pace demurely about in processions, saying, in every deprecatory look and regulated gesture, "See how unlike the rest of the world we are!"

"*When saw we Thee an hungered?*"—how much that means! It was not so much, I think, that the "righteous" had not recognized the Master in their acts, as that they did not

recall the acts. They did not recognize the sweet blossoms of their own graces, because His life had gone down to the root, and flowed through every stem and twig of every-day feeling, and overflowed in every bud and blossom of every-day words and works, as naturally and inevitably as a fountain bubbles up in spray. It was not His presence they had been unconscious of, but their own services. For it seems to me just the acts religious people least remember that are the most beautiful, and that Christ most remembers, because they flow from the deepest source; not from a conscious purpose, but from a pervading instinctive life.

In such unconscious acts the noble men and women of Port Royal are rich indeed. I love, for instance, to think how M. de St. Cyran, when himself a prisoner in the Bastille, sold some of the few precious books remaining to him to buy clothes for two fellow-prisoners of his—the Baron and Baroness de Beau Soleil—and said to the lady who undertook the commission for him, "I do not know what is necessary, but some one has told me that gentlemen and ladies of their condition ought not to be seen in company without gold lace for the men and black lace for the women. Pray purchase the best, and let everything be done modestly, and yet handsomely, that when they see each other they may forget, for a few minutes at least, that they are captives." Madame de Beau Soliel's beautiful "worldly" lace will perhaps prove a more religious robe for M. de St. Cyran than his own "religious habit."

The selling of the church plate at Port Royal to relieve the poor is certainly as much a religious act as the buying it. The voluntary desecration of their church into a granary, to save the corn of the poor peasants from plunder during the wars of the Fronde, was certainly a true consecration of it. The lovely wax models which the sister Angélique makes to purchase comforts for our Royalist countrywomen, heretics though she believes us to be, seem (to us at least) a labour of love sure not to be forgotten above. The delight in acts of kindness to others, for which Blaise Pascal is said to torture himself by pressing the sharp studs of his iron girdle into the flesh, may prove to have been more sanctify-

ing than the pain by which he seeks to expiate it. The homely services which Jacqueline Pascal rendered her little dying niece on the nights she spent in nursing her through "confluent small-pox," may prove to have been more "divine offices" than those she spent so many nights, half-numbed with cold, in reciting.

And so, after all, from the most self-questioning religious life, as well as from the lowliest life of love that scarcely dared call itself religious, may come that same answer of the righteous. He who scarce dared lift his eyes to heaven, saying with rapture, "Was it indeed *Thee* to whom I gave that cup of cold water?"—and the austere Puritan (Catholic or Protestant, saying), "Was it indeed the *feeding* and *clothing*, those little forgotten acts of kindness I thought nothing of, that were pleasing *Thee*?"

February.—I wonder what Olive is doing and learning. These misunderstandings of God and of one another perplex me at times not a little.

I wonder if she has any perplexities of the same kind in England.

This morning Madame la Mothe told me a beautiful saying of M. Arnauld d'Andilly, brother to the Mère Angélique, when some one was exhorting him to rest, "There is all eternity," he replied, "to rest in."

This evening I repeated this to Barbe. She replied: "It reminds me of a saying of a good pastor of ours, who said, when some one tried to comfort him in severe sickness by wishing him health and rest, 'Mon lit de santé et de repos sera dans le ciel.'"

The two sides of the choir again!—taking up the responses from each other without knowing anything of each other's singing! How wonderful it all is! This deafness to each other's music; these misunderstandings of each other's words! this deafness to what God tells us of Himself in the Gospels, and in the world; these misunderstandings of Him! And His patient listening, and understanding us all!

THE STORY OF A HUGUENOT GALLEY-SLAVE.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

THREE days after the terrible sentence of the court had been pronounced upon Marteilhe and Le Gras, they were heavily ironed and conveyed to the town of Lille, where their books of devotion were taken from them by the Jesuits. Here, for the first time, they were deprived of the poor solace of privacy. They were thrust into a pitch dark dungeon in the massive gloomy tower of St. Pierre, along with thirty of the worst villains under heaven, who made the perpetual night hideous with their blasphemies. Some bread thrust in at the door in the morning was the only indication of time. Even this scanty meal was often shared with rats and mice, which rioted in the darkness, and were occasionally bold enough to gnaw the limbs of the prisoners as they lay on the musty straw. The den was an absolute Pandemonium. One night Marteilhe begged the turnkey to give him a bit of candle which he held in his hand, that they might see to rid themselves of the vermin, and, on his refusal, imprudently said, in an undertone, that "he wished he had snatched the candle from him," which was overheard and reported to the gaoler. The next morning the thirty villains had exchanged their blasphemies for litanies, which they were singing lustily, in the hope of getting alms from

some passing priest, when the gaoler came in with four armed men, struck Marteilhe several times with his sword, and felled him by a blow on the ear. Four turnkeys then dragged him by the feet down a long underground stair, and threw him, stunned and covered with blood and bruises, into a den called the "dungeon of the sorceress," in which the water was a foot deep. The icy chill brought him to his senses, but when he groped for dry ground, and found none, he gave himself up for lost. This was the only act of individual spite and cruelty which he met with; and the untamed spirit of youth resented it so strongly that, when the turnkey brought him bread and water he rejected both, saying, "Go, tell your butcher of a master that I will neither eat nor drink till I have spoken to the Grand Provost." After this bold speech the gaoler agreed to put him in a light airy room on payment of ten shillings per month; but after a brief enjoyment of it he was thrown back into the crowded dungeon of St. Pierre, where the joy of being able to *feel* and *hear* Le Gras near him again compensated for the horror and wretchedness of the prison.

The Grand Provost of Flanders afterwards became

* Told of M. Dreincourt, pastor of Charenton, who died in 1669.

the friend of the two youths, and through his interest Marteilhe was made "Provost of the alms-room," an office which involved the daily distribution of alms to upwards of 500 prisoners—a heavy weight of responsibility truly on such youthful shoulders! In a large airy room with twelve respectable civil prisoners the young Huguenots spent four months, with two young scapegraces allotted to them for their servants; and when, in 1702, the "chain" started for Dunkirk, by the Grand Provost's orders they were conveyed in a cart, slept at good inns, and took their meals at the table of the officer of the guard. These blinks of comfort and kindness in the midst of misery are of frequent occurrence in the narrative; and as men's actions are often better than their creeds, so we find that many of the Romanists who held theoretically that to persecute the Huguenots was to do God service, practically befriended them at the risk of the loss either of life or official position. Marteilhe was always on the look-out for the brighter aspects of character, and records them lovingly; he never lost faith in goodness, or believed any man to be altogether a demon.

With the unadorned simplicity of Scriptural narrative, after recounting the alleviations of his lot at Lille he relates his entrance on galley life. "Alas, these comforts were only a smoke which soon disappeared, for three days after our departure from Lille we arrived at Dunkirk, where we were placed in the galley *L'Heureux*. They put us at once on separate benches, by which means I was separated from my dear companion." By the side of *L'Heureux* a galley called *La Palme* was moored, the *comité* (head-officer) of which was a "perfect fiend." While the other vessels were cleaned once a week, this one was cleaned every day, and during the three hours required for this operation, strokes of the whip fell like hail upon the backs of the wretched slaves, whose shrieks of torture made Marteilhe stop his ears. "Pray God," said the convicts on his bench to him daily, "that in the coming distribution you may not fall to the galley *La Palme*;" the very name of which soon made him tremble for fear. In a fortnight after their arrival the sixty new comers were divided into six lots of ten each, and the *comités* of the six galleys drew for them. In this fashion the two friends were separated, and saw each other no more for ten years. As Marteilhe followed the *comité* to whose lot he had fallen, he begged to know to what galley he was destined, and on hearing the dreaded name *La Palme* he could not repress an exclamation of horror at his ill-fortune. "Why," asked the *comité*, "are you more unfortunate than the others?" "Because, sir, I've fallen to a galley whose *comité* is a perfect fiend." The terrible scowl with which this answer was received was the first light on the identity of the man addressed, who exclaimed with savage emphasis, "If I knew who told you that, and had him in my power, I'd make him repent it," as he led the way on board the *La Palme*. In this vessel Marteilhe was a slave for ten years,

chained to a bench by a heavy iron chain six feet long attached to a ring riveted round his leg. In the *La Palme* were four other Huguenots, also condemned to slavery for their faith. The captain, the Chevalier de Langeron, was a brave and rather dashing officer, but fanatically devoted to the Jesuits. Of all the convicts in his galley, none were so hateful to him as those whose crime consisted in holding the opinions of Calvin; and he never failed, when they were rowing, uncovered from the waist upwards, as was the custom, to call the *comité* to him and say, "Go and refresh the backs of those Huguenots with a salad of strokes of the whip." With such a captain, and a *comité* with the reputation of a demon, it was to be expected that Marteilhe's lot would be terrible in the extreme. But we learn from his simple narrative that such was not the case. To him, at least, the *comité* proved not so black as he had been painted. He showed him kindness from first to last; he saved him from the *bastinado*; and even in his greatest frenzies of rage, when showering blows like hail, not one fell on him. "I am glad," said he, one day, in his brutal fashion, "to show you the respect I feel for you: you have done no wrong to any one, and as you are to be damned for your religion, you'll have enough to bear in the other world." The chaplain of the *La Palme*, a Jesuit, showed Marteilhe great kindness at considerable risk, and at the end of six years the Chevalier de Langeron was so far won over by his exemplary conduct as to appoint him his private secretary. But among those who befriended the Huguenots, the Turks deserve especial mention, as Marteilhe writes of them with an effluence of gratitude and affection not bestowed on any others.

In the *La Palme* were fifty Turks who had been bought into slavery by the French government. Remittances of money were sent to the Huguenot galley-slaves to the care of a banker at Dunkirk, but they could not obtain them, as they never had the privilege of being unchained from their benches as the other convicts had. The orders of the court also were, that any person found guilty of conveying such remittances to the slaves should be put to death. At one time Marteilhe knew nothing of the affection which the Turks had for the Huguenots, though he had received many little acts of kindness from them, but being in sore trouble he confided his difficulties to the Turk on his bench, and, to his unutterable surprise, this man joyfully undertook to be the medium of communication, putting his hand on his turban and thanking the Most High for showing him the favour of permitting him to exercise charity at the price of his blood! This Izouf served the Huguenots faithfully for some years, and refused to accept the smallest reward, saying that if he did so God would punish him. After he was killed in battle Marteilhe could not think of asking any other person to undertake this perilous employment, but twelve Turks came to petition him for it, as if it had been a lucrative office. "These good people," as he calls them, professed so much affec-

tion for those they called their "brethren in God," that he was moved to tears, and accepted one called Aly, who danced with joy at gaining the opportunity to risk his life! Aly was miserably poor, but always firmly refused any present, saying the money would burn his hands; and once when Marteilhe told him if he did not take it he should employ another, the poor Turk fell on his knees like one in despair, beseeching him with clasped hands not to shut him out from the road to heaven. He writes of them, "They are all wise in their conduct, zealous in their religion, honourable and charitable in the highest degree." So implicit was the reliance placed on their word, that they were allowed to go on shore with neither guards nor fetters, and so were able to undertake the commissions of the Huguenots. In the galleys all near them, whether Christians or Moslems, were invited to partake of their food. On shore they frequently gave all the money they possessed to buy caged birds, that they might have the pleasure of setting them at liberty. They served the Huguenots at the peril of being bastinadoed to death. In damp, cold, and exhaustion, they abstained from wine and spirits. They bowed or prostrated themselves at every mention of the Holiest Name, even in the blasphemies of their companions. Their hearts might have been hardened by their own misfortunes, for they were prisoners of war sold by the Austrians to the French, and had been dragged from the sunny shores of the Bosphorus to shiver in hopeless slavery amidst the fogs of the English Channel. It is pleasant to us, as it was to Marteilhe, to find these "flowerets of Eden" blossoming in the stifling atmosphere of *La Palme*. It is apparent, albeit that the modesty and unobtrusiveness of the young Huguenot have muffled the fact up as closely as possible, that there was a manliness and an attractiveness about him which won the good-will of many, but we are likewise compelled to think that special providences were at work, and that the Lord, to whom his servant was faithful, made even his enemies to be at peace with him.

But these and similar acts of kindness shown by Turks and Romanists, and accepted by Marteilhe as tokens of the divine favour, were only the scattered gleams of sunshine in a life which might truly be called "a horror of great darkness." The narrative is so severely simple, and every alleviation is so fully dwelt upon, that there is a risk of our not entering fully into the woes of the martyrdom which the young Huguenot cheerfully endured. Again, there are no details of the inner life: we know the truth that Marteilhe held, and that for it he endured the loss of all things; but he neither reveals to us his hours of despondency or the comforts he received from above. His story is severely matter of fact; but we have only to take a hasty glance at his circumstances to be assured that unless the Lord had stood with him and strengthened him, flesh and heart must have failed.

At the time of which we write, the convict system, as

carried out in the French galleys, was surrounded with such a halo of mystery and horror as to be intensely interesting to all Europe. Turks fell on their swords in battle to avoid the worse fate of being sold into the galleys; convicts condemned to them implored the more merciful punishment of death; they were heard of now and then as conveying ambassadors at a speed which no voluntary labour could emulate, or as performing deeds of desperate daring on hostile coasts. At the beginning of the eighteenth century France possessed forty war-galleys, containing 10,400 chained and desperate men, the very dregs of the criminal classes, whose crimes no suffering could expiate, and who grew harder and viler under punishment. In the Protestant countries of Europe the interest was intensified by the fact that, in 1702, three hundred Protestant gentlemen were slaving in chains along with these atrocious malefactors for no other crime than adherence to the Reformed faith.

The *La Palme*, which was Marteilhe's prison for ten years, was a vessel 150 feet long by 40 broad, and carried a crew of 300 slaves, including 50 Turks (all these chained to the oar), 50 free mariners to work the sails, 100 soldiers, and a considerable body of officers. On either side the deck were twenty-five benches, with a long, heavy oar attached to each, pulled by six slaves, who were all chained to the bench. On these benches they took their food, and under their shelter they huddled at night. Between the two rows of benches was a narrow raised platform, on which the *comité* and *sous-comités* paced to and fro perpetually, armed with heavy cow-hide whips, with which they kept the convicts in constant remembrance of their zealous supervision. The galley carried five heavy guns at her bow, and the mode of fighting was to drive the sharp prow with all the force of the oars into the enemy's stern, fire all the guns into him, and then board. Many marvellous captures were effected in this way in calm weather, when the vessels attacked could not use their sails. It was no wonder that the bearing down of a galley on a becalmed ship often took the courage out of the crew; for, in truth, it was a terrible sight, the long, low, sharp-bowed galley driven through the water at prodigious speed by 300 half-naked men, all rowing in good time, and either shrieking under the lash or making the *chamade*, a yell raised to terrify the enemy. A great element of weakness, however, was the impossibility of reckoning on the fidelity of the slave crews. A third of the soldiers were kept in reserve to prevent mutiny, and loaded guns were always pointed at the rowers. These miserable outcasts, many of whom were reduced to mere skeletons by excessive toil and ill-usage, frequently pulled twelve hours at a stretch; and Marteilhe, on two or three occasions, rowed twenty-four hours without cessation, the officers putting pieces of bread dipped in wine into the rowers' mouths, that they might not take their hands from the oars. The scene on board a galley in exercise was perfectly awful. The

heavy whip descending constantly on the rowers' backs, bruises and blood following every stroke, the yells of pain under this infliction, the oaths and threats of the *comités*, the shouts of the officers stimulating them to the use of the lash, the slaves fainting at the oar, and performing, under sheer terror of the whip, an amount of work which no other system ever extracted from human muscles.

In addition to the *stimulant* of the lash, there was the terrible *punishment* of the *bastinado*, which was administered for the slightest offences, and at the discretion or caprice of the *comité*. This torture, under which several of the Huguenots perished, was inflicted with a heavy, knotted scourge, wielded by a powerful Turk, over whom the *comité* stood with a whip, which he used freely if he detected any relaxation in his energy. After ten or twelve blows the victim lost the power of speech and motion, but no remission of the full amount of punishment was ever granted; and if the *bastinado* did not prove fatal, the wretch was brought to his senses by means of salt and vinegar rubbed into the bleeding flesh. Of this punishment, which was very frequent in the *La Palme*, Marteilhe had a profound horror. Numbers of the convicts perished under it every year, as well as from overwork; but as the idea then was, that criminals were to be punished, not petted, the "using up" of their doomed lives excited neither sympathy nor interest, until a circumstance occurred which led the Protestant powers to remonstrate against the exceptional cruelties practised upon the Huguenots. M. de Benbelle arranged with the Jesuits that the *bastinado* should be given to all the Reformed till they consented to remain on their knees bareheaded during mass; and to protract the horrors of punishment, he ordered it to be inflicted on one galley a day, and then to begin again, till all the Huguenots either submitted or died under the lash! His formula was, "Down on your knees, dog, when mass is being said; and if you wont pray to God, pray to the devil. What does it matter to us?" A few of the Huguenots were beaten to death, but not one recanted or submitted; and in one galley their heroism and faith witnessed so powerfully for the truth, that the chaplain became a convert. He went into the hold, where the bleeding martyrs had just been restored to consciousness by salt and vinegar, intending to convince them of their errors. Human feeling, however, prevailed over professional duty; he went to convert, but only sympathised, and from the writhing heap of tortured humanity came forth kindly words, bidding him not to grieve for them, the sufferers, for they could joyfully bear all things through Christ which strengthened them. "From that moment," writes the Abbé, "I felt myself a Protestant; their blood spoke to my heart, and their constancy taught me the truth." So he became a galley-slave by their side.

It was in such scenes as these that Marteilhe's constancy was tried, and amidst the blasphemies and

cruelties of the *La Palme* that he grew into robust manhood. Far off, indeed, the quiet Christian home in Bergerac must have seemed, and far off the martyr's crown; but he made the best of circumstances, and though no hope of freedom ever entered his mind, he was always cheerful, grateful, and kind. He never lost his self-respect, and won largely upon the respect of others. We must refer to his interesting autobiography for the story of his life in the galleys. Its monotony was varied mainly by encounters with Dutch and English vessels, and attempts made to induce him to recant. During his terrible captivity, the utterance of a single word, or even an obeisance when the host was elevated, would have set him free; but he was never moved thus to make shipwreck of his faith. A more insidious temptation was presented to him by several Huguenots of wealth, who had nominally abjured their faith, and who urged him to make a nominal recantation, after which they planned for him to escape to some Protestant country, in which he could resume his profession of the reformed faith. The horror and contempt with which he rejected these proposals, and his disgust with the duplicity of those who made them, show at once the strength of his principles, and his complete victory over that early weakness which made him prevaricate at Mézières and Tournay. He relates with much spirit and piquancy several naval encounters in which the *La Palme* was engaged. The first was the capture of a Dutch frigate of fifty-four guns. This vessel surrendered through mere terror at sight of the galley. The crew hearing the *chamade*, rushed into the hold and shrieked for quarter. The next expedition was not so fortunate. The admiral of a Dutch squadron caused a report to be conveyed to the captains of the Dunkirk galleys that six Dutch vessels, heavily laden with costly cargoes from the East Indies, were off the coast with their crews invalided. Joyfully the captains received this news; the crews of the galleys were stimulated to row fourteen hours at a stretch, and at dawn of the next day they came up with six weather-beaten Indiamen, in reality heavy frigates, masked by having their sterns covered up, their portholes closed, and their topsails lowered. On sighting the galleys they crowded all sail; but as, to complete the delusion, they were dragging their anchors behind them, they made so little way, that the French vessels, sweeping up, poured a heavy fire into them, which was only answered by a small carronade, and were making ready to board, when the squadron veered round, unmasked, and poured a tremendous fire into the galleys, dismasting all of them, and hunting them up to the very entrance of the port of Ostend, where the *La Palme* was run ashore, riddled with shot, and weakened by the loss of 250 killed and wounded. After this escapade, which made the Court very angry, the captains contented themselves with "worrying" Dutch vessels from a safe distance, and firing cannon shots along the English coasts.

On the 5th September 1708, the galleys attacked an

English frigate conveying a fleet of merchantmen. The defence made by the captain and crew of this vessel is one of the most brilliant episodes in the annals of the English navy, and the account of the engagement the most graphic thing in Marteilhe's narrative. At the conclusion, we have, on one side, the English captain, the only unmaimed man on board his frigate, standing over his powder magazine pistol in hand; this little deformed hunch-backed hero keeping 400 soldiers and marines at bay till the merchantmen were safe within the Thames: and on the other, six galleys, two of which had been held by grappling-irons to the frigate's sides, while she poured in upon their chained and helpless crews her murderous broadsides of grape and canister shot as fast as her gunners could load, while heads and arms and legs were blown up into the air at every discharge, and the crowded vessels were heaped with dead, wounded, and mangled men, some of whom were literally drowned in blood! When the fight was over, no one knew who was dead, wounded, or alive; the living dared not light lanterns lest they should attract the attention of the enemy, and in that dismal night 240 of the dead and wounded of the *La Palme* were thrown overboard. While Marteilhe was lying in this frightful shambles, he took hold of a man's arm, when, to his horror, it came off in his hand. It was the arm of Louf the Turk, who had risked his life for the Huguenots. Wounded severely in three places, Marteilhe became unconscious from loss of blood, but the agony he endured when they took him up to throw him overboard revived him, and along with heaps of wounded he was cast into the hold, where these miserable beings lay on ropes and hard boards for three days, gangrene setting in on most of the wounds, and the sufferers "dying like flies." Eighty of the galley-slaves were removed to the Dunkirk hospital, where they were chained by their necks to their pallets; and in three months, even under these unfavourable circumstances, Marteilhe grew "fat and sleek as a monk." Convicts wounded in battle received their pardon, but the Huguenots were excepted, and Marteilhe was chained to the oar again, though in a state of extreme feebleness, till one day the *comité*—who was usually called "the fiend"—said, "Unloose that incapable dog, and put him into the store-room." So he was unchained from that fatal bench on which for seven years he had suffered so much, and on receiving a high character from the *comité*, was appointed to the responsible position of secretary to the captain of the *La Palme*, the *Chevalier de Langeron*. He occupied this post with honour and credit for three years; his only badge of servitude was a ring round his ankle, and he writes, "I wanted nothing except liberty."

On October 1st 1712, after the occupation of Dunkirk by the English, owing to apprehensions of an intended rescue of the Huguenot galley-slaves, all the confessors of the Reformed faith were smuggled in the dead of night on board a small fishing-vessel, and landed at

Calais, from whence they were marched to Paris, in chains, *via* Havre and Rouen. From the 1st October 1712 to January 17th 1713, when they arrived at Marseilles, these devoted men were subjected to every species of hardship, torture, and indignity. Marteilhe's simple narrative of the horrors of the Tournelle prison at Paris, and the march to Marseilles, is enough to make any one weep, not for his sufferings only, but that such deeds should have been done upon the earth by those signed in baptism with the name of Christ. On entering the vast and dismal dungeon of La Tournelle, he says, "Inured as I had been to prisons, chains, fetters, and other engines which tyranny or crime have devised, I could not overcome the shuddering which seized me, and the terror with which I was struck when I first saw this place." It was like a huge cavern, traversed from end to end by thick beams of timber rivetted to the floor. The convicts were secured to these beams at a distance of two feet apart by a heavy chain eighteen inches long, attached to an iron ring round the neck; and in a posture which was neither lying, sitting, nor standing, 500 wretches were chained day and night, many of them aged, many suffering from sickness, and all writhing with the torture of their constrained position. Groans and cries rose ceaselessly from this place of torment, although such expressions of unutterable misery were punished with the whip by the merciless overseers. Many of the convicts died of their sufferings, and those who were too strong to die endured unimaginable anguish. The strong spirit of Marteilhe nearly sank. Into this den of horrors the Sisters of Charity daily entered, illuminating its darkest recesses with their loving deeds; and into it likewise came the Jesuit fathers, to preach to the prisoners and give them the Holy Sacrament in that frightful attitude, with their heads chained down to the beams.

On December 17, 1712, the "chain" of 400 galley-slaves started for Marseilles. They were chained by the neck in couples, with a ring in the centre of the chain; through these rings a heavy chain was passed, connecting the whole gang together. The weight of chain pressing on each person was a *hundred and fifty pounds!* This dismal procession, in which were twenty-two Huguenots, traversed the greater part of Paris, and reached Charenton the same night, all the convicts more or less exhausted with the weight of their chains and the unaccustomed exercise. It was a keen frost, and the wind was blowing from the north-east. After a short rest in a stable, they were ranged on one side of an open courtyard, and were ordered to strip off all their clothes and lay them at their feet, strokes of the whip falling like hail the whole time. On pretence of searching for knives and files, but in reality to gain possession of money, snuff-boxes, and handkerchiefs, the "chain" was ordered to the other side of the yard, and for two long hours these victims were exposed without a rag of covering to the keen frost and bitter wind. They were then ordered to march back to their clothes, but the

greater number, Marteilhe included, were so stiffened by the piercing cold, that they could not even crawl that short distance. Then execrations and threats of the bastinado rose from the brutal guard; blows from whips, cudgels, and muskets fell on all sides; and as neither blows nor threats succeeded in reviving the poor frozen bodies, which were heaped on one another, some dead, others dying, the archers dragged them by the chains round their necks like dogs, their bodies streaming with blood from the blows they received. That night eighteen died. Marteilhe and his comrade, he says, saved their lives by imbedding themselves in a dunghill! The convicts went through this barbarous examination three times again between Charenton and Marseilles, in yet intenser cold. Sickness, blows, and cold did their work rapidly among the weak ones, so that a hundred died on the march. They marched from twelve to sixteen miles a-day, "which was a great deal," writes Marteilhe, "considering how we were laden with our chains; sleeping every night in stables or upon dunghills; badly fed; and when it thawed, always up to our knees in mud, soaked through with rain, and afflicted with vermin and a loathsome skin disease, the consequence of this wretchedness."

On January 17, 1713, the "chain" arrived in Marseilles. The twenty-two Huguenots were all in good health, though most of the convicts were ill, and many died afterwards in hospital. Marteilhe writes that he suffered more in the march from Paris than in the previous twelve years of slavery; but in reply to a Jesuit he said, "You greatly deceive yourself if you think that sufferings weaken our faith. We experience what the psalmist says, that the more we suffer afflictions the more we remember God." He and his comrades were placed on board the *Grand Réale*, where there were twenty of the Reformed already, who received them with embraces, and weeping for joy that they had received grace to be steadfast in their afflictions.

During the negotiations at Utrecht these confessors began to entertain hopes of deliverance; but when the Treaty of Utrecht was signed without any mention of them, they gave up all hope, "turned entirely to God, and resigned themselves to his holy will." They were then exposed to a furnace of insinuating persuasion and seduction; but fair language and specious promises failed to move the faith which had resisted the worst onslaughts of violence and cruelty. But, though the martyrs knew it not, deliverance was at hand. Queen Anne of England exerted herself on their behalf, and, in consequence, an order was received at Marseilles ordering the release of a hundred and thirty-six out of the three hundred Huguenots who were there in the galleys. Marteilhe's name was the last on the list, and his friend Le Gras remained in bondage. The Jesuits contrived to induce the commandant to clog the license of liberation with so many onerous conditions that escape seemed impossible; but on June 17, 1713, Mar-

teilhe with thirty-five companions embarked in a small vessel, and, after many singular adventures, were landed safely on the coast of Savoy. The sense of the ludicrous, which had been one of his alleviations during his terrible captivity, comes out most strongly at the expense of a commissary at Nice; and on the journey to Turin we recognize gladly the development of another sense which must have been starved during his former life—the love of the beautiful in Nature.

After a most friendly reception from Victor Amadeus, they set out for Geneva, and welcomed their first sight of the town with a joy which can only be compared to that of the Israelites on seeing the land of Canaan. The news of their coming had preceded them, and nearly the whole population, headed by the magistrates and ministers, came out to meet them. They were received with tears of gladness, the people throwing themselves on their necks, praising and magnifying the Lord for his grace unto them; and so they entered in triumph the city which was to them as Jerusalem. They passed on by Berne to Frankfort, where they were welcomed by the whole consistory, and all the Protestants, with inexpressible joy. These worthy people much desired that Marteilhe and his companions should join them at the Holy Communion on the following day; but they declined, not considering themselves sufficiently prepared—especially Marteilhe, who had never before had an opportunity of communicating. We marvel whether there was any mixture of a superstitious reverence with the humility which led these men, who wore the crown of martyrdom on their brows, to leave unfulfilled the last command of Him for whose sake they had endured all things but death itself?

They were received with great rejoicings at Cologne, Dordrecht, and Amsterdam; and then Marteilhe came to England, and had an audience of the Queen, at which he enlisted her sympathies on behalf of the Reformed who were still suffering in the galleys. He returned to Holland, at the age of thirty-two, and died at Cuylenberg in 1777, at the age of ninety-three. We think that few will read this scanty outline of Marteilhe's history without seeking to become fully acquainted with him by means of his fascinating autobiography. A sufferer for the faith never told his story with such a complete absence of polemical design, or theological bitterness.

"In attempting," says the French editor, M. Paumier, "to bring to light some glorious passages in the past history of our Church, it has been far from our intention to excite anew those religious conflicts with which our forefathers were inflamed. But that which it is profitable at all times to recall to mind, are those examples of inflexible obedience to conscience, of faithfulness to duty, and of the spirit of self-sacrifice which our ancestors exhibited to their descendants, as well as to their persecutors." It is well for us who live in an easy and indifferent age, and who are content to hold

as opinions what our forefathers held as convictions, to dwell upon the value for truth which was the basis of the fortitude and endurance of these obscure martyrs of the galleys, who, in the eloquent language of Sir

Thomas Browne, "maintained their faith in the noble way of persecution, and served God in the fire; whereas we honour him in the sunshine."

I. L. B.

Treasury Pulpit.

THE TWO ANTAGONISTIC PRINCIPLES;

OR, PERFECT LOVE CASTING OUT FEAR.

BY THE REV. A. L. R. FOOTE, BRECHIN.

"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love."

1 JOHN IV. 18.



"I love Him, because he first loved us."

I call this the philosophy of Christianity—love producing love. This is the grand law of the moral uni-

verse, the golden chain that binds each to each—all to all. Take away this, and what is there to bind one being to another, and all to God? Nothing. And mark the order in this matter. There is, first, a *preventing* love,—a love that goes before all, and is self-originated—a free, sovereign, unmerited love, springing up from unfathomable depths, before all time and all created objects—a timeless, dateless, measureless love; and what can such love be but divine, having its fountain in the breast of the Eternal? Then, secondly, there is a *responsive* love,—a love that follows after, that is not self-originated—a love that contains not its own spring within itself—a love that is not self-fed and self-sustained, but must ever be going out of itself, and living upon another love, which is deeper, and purer, and steadier;—a human love this is,—that only of which the creature is susceptible. "We love him, because he first loved us." This, I say, is the one grand law of the moral universe; and I have only to come under the influence of this beneficent principle in order to be happy. Yes, happy; and mark how, for this is the point brought before us in the text, and which we shall endeavour to illustrate in the sequel of this discourse. Mark, we say, how.

Now, we cannot understand this subject unless we go deep into the constitution of our own nature, and ascertain what that is which consti-

tutes happiness—true, real, positive happiness—the happiness, we mean, of such beings as we are. No doubt many ingredients enter into it, and constitute it, for it is a wide word this happiness; it is not a bare abstract thing, but is connected intimately with every part of our varied nature, and is the result of the harmonious action of the whole. And yet may there not be an underlying unity in the midst of this variety? Might not all these elements be capable of being gathered up, and presented under one simple form? Are not all kinds and degrees of happiness reducible to one common principle? and is there not some one common term by which they may be expressed? I venture to think there is. And what is that underlying unity, that simple form, that common principle, that common lesson? Is it not LOVE? We may be startled at this; but let us look at it more closely, and see if it will not bear examination.

You are happy at some moment of your life. Such moments may be "few and far between;" but you have had them;—as who has not? Did you ever think of analyzing your happiness? Most probably not. If, however, you will take the trouble to do so, I think you will find that the object, be what it may, from which your happiness flows, ministers to that happiness only in proportion as it awakens your love. You love it, and are happy—*happy in your love*. You can say no more about it. Such is the constitution of your nature, and I am anxious you should know it. Your nature was formed for love—for loving and being loved. Love is the great

craving of your nature, and you cannot be happy without it. You may never have thought of this before ; I believe very few have. Nothing is so ill understood as human nature, in its structure, its desires, its capacities ; and till people understand their own nature, they will never understand the gospel.

I repeat, your nature was formed for love. Here lies its true *blessedness* ; for love is the repose of the whole soul—its complacent rest—its perfect harmony—its sweet concord—its deep tranquillity—its ineffable peace—its foretaste of heaven. Here lies also the true *dignity* of your nature : for love is divine ; God is love, and all true love is of God ; love is the repose of the Godhead in itself, the bright effluence of the Godhead upon creation ; love is the very life of God, and “he that dwelleth in God dwelleth in love.”

Love, then, is but another name for happiness ; it is the essential idea of it. Nothing else is needed to produce perfect happiness than *the perfect love of a perfect being*,—that is, given an object possessed of every perfection that can fill and satisfy the heart. This is the first requisite. Then let me realize this object ; let me believe in his love ; let my heart be drawn forth with all its affections towards him ; let me love him with all “my heart and soul, and strength and mind,” and I am in possession of the utmost felicity of which my created nature is capable. I can desire, I can conceive of nothing higher. My soul is filled with all the fulness of God,—that is, so far as any finite vessel can hold of infinite fulness. My soul is thus filled, and expanded more and more as it is filled, so that there is no nook or corner empty, and devoid of its appropriate gratification.

Such is the result to which an examination into the constitution of our own nature leads us. Nor is this a nice psychological investigation, more curious than useful for any practical purpose. As I have said, we cannot understand the subject now on hand without it. It lets us in more thoroughly into what I have ventured to call the philosophy of Christianity—love producing love. It shows us why the author of this epistle, the beloved disciple, the apostle of love, as he has been termed, dwells so much upon this one theme,

love—God’s love to us, our love to God. Not merely was it a congenial theme to his own mind, and one therefore on which he loved to expatiate ; there was a deeper reason than this : he knew and felt that this was the very essence of Christianity—that this was the gospel in its purest and simplest form—that this was the distinguishing characteristic of the religion of Jesus,—namely, divine love awakening human love, by casting all enmity, and dread, and suspicion, out of the mind. He knew and felt that the Fall had made a wide breach between God and Man—that sin had alienated the creature from the Creator—that a sense of guilt had envenomed the sinner’s mind, and had awakened a fear of that great Being whom he had offended ; the same fear that led the first transgressors to hide themselves from his presence among the trees of the garden. This he knew to be the disease—the evil to be met ; and from this he knew what the remedy must needs be, and what it actually was ; and he had full confidence in that remedy, for he had felt the efficiency of it in his own soul. He held it forth with all possible clearness, and distinctness, and urgency. With unqualified, unfaltering boldness he proclaimed that God loved the world, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Believe this, said he, and you will no longer hate God, no longer flee from him as your enemy, no longer continue in rebellion against him. We who have known and believed the love of God feel this. “We love him, because he first loved us.” We once were in bondage to a slavish fear of him. We were once the victims of tormenting fears, which haunted us day and night, embittering the present and darkening the future ; we were afraid to think of God ; we were afraid to draw near him ; we were afraid to meet God in eternity ;—our religion was one purely of fear. There was no confidence, no joy, no enlargement, no love in it. Did we worship him ? it was from no higher motive than fear of him, or rather of his anger. Did we try to obey him ? it was still from the same inferior motive, the same painful constraint. Such was our religion. It did not make us happy ; for it was not a religion of love. But we have now caught the spirit of love which breathes in the gospel, and pervades its whole framework. and fear has given place to love, terror to joy.

distrust to faith ; and thus the whole character of our religion, of our worship and our obedience, has been changed ; a blessed change for us, for it has made us happy—it has given us comfort. Our souls are now at rest in God. We believe in his love, and rest in it. And if at any time fear again takes possession of our breasts, and we are again brought into bondage, this arises, and can arise, only from our ceasing to believe in the love of God in the gospel. Hereby our own love to him has been impaired. The fault lies not in the love of God, which is unchangeably the same ; nor in the gospel, which is the full and free exhibition and record of it ; nor in love, which, in its own nature, and so far forth as it is love, is quite distinct from fear, which is, in fact, its opposite. But the fault lies in us—in our want of faith—in our unsteadiness of view—in our losing sight, as we too often do, of that divine love from which alone our love can be derived and sustained. "There is no fear in love ; but perfect love casteth out fear : because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love." Such seems to me to be the spirit of the passage now under consideration ; and I have had recourse to these introductory remarks, because they carry us, as I think, right into the heart of our subject, which is indeed a very profound one, and introduces us into some of the most intricate and difficult parts of Christian experience.

In the first place, then, looking at the text by itself, and in its simplest form, we find that it contains a general statement in regard to two mutually antagonistic principles—Fear and Love. The apostle, be it noticed, is not so much laying down a theological dogma, or any peculiar doctrine of Christianity, not so much this as a great psychological truth—a great fact or phenomenon of the universal human consciousness. He offers no proof of it. He leaves it to its own weight ; and he was right, for it is capable of being tested and verified on the wide field of every-day life. Not in religion only is it true, but also in all other spheres of life and action. It holds good no less in the relation man bears to man than in the relation man bears to God. Fear and love may be compared to two antagonist forces that pull in opposite directions. Love draws ; fear separates. The one is uniting, the other is dis-

uniting. Love is the bond of fellowship ; fear is the source of alienation. Love sweetens intercourse ; fear mars it. Love is confiding ; love is open ; love is unsuspicious ; love is attractive. Fear is jealous ; fear is reserved ; fear is repelling. Illustrations are too numerous to be mentioned. Take these two. You have a child, it may be ; and surely you do not need to be told how fear and love counterwork each other in this relation. When your child throws itself into your arms, and pours into your ear the tale of all its little joys and sorrows, you then know how pure and intense its love is. There is no fear there ; love has cast it out for the time, for it may be but for a time. A change comes over your loved and loving one. There is no longer the same brightness in the eye—the same smile on the countenance—the same fond embrace—the same outburst of affection. You are dreaded—you are shunned. Ah ! you know the reason. Fear has displaced love. How fear has been awakened is another question. But there it is ! coming in between you and your child, with its cold, dark shadow ; grieving you, tormenting its poor victim, and marring the comfort of one of the sweetest, purest, and loveliest of earth's relationships.

Or you have a friend, it may be ; and if so, you know full well that fear is incompatible with that perfect sympathy and reciprocation of sentiments which friendship implies ; and that when there is no longer the same frank, fearless, unconstrained cordiality as formerly, it is because the love which knits soul to soul—as it did the soul of Jonathan to David—is on the wane.

Thus might we travel through all the departments of this world's intercourse, and through all the manifold relationships of human life, and gather so many illustrations and verifications of the principle laid down in the text ; and I have adverted to this aspect of it because I do think that it is of great importance to show that, after all, religion is not so very peculiar and mysterious a matter as some think, in respect even of its deepest and most spiritual exercises. The gospel recognizes the great fundamental principles of the human mind. Christianity exactly meets these principles ; and did it not meet them and satisfy them, there would be a wide and im-

passable chasm—a hiatus—between it and the soul of man, which nothing could fill up or bridge over. As it is in my intercourse with my fellow-creatures, with my child, my friend; so is it in my intercourse with my Creator, with him in whom all earth's best relationships are found in perfection—Father, Husband, Friend. If I have been awakened to feel that of all relations, that between me and God is the most important; if I be not a mere trifler with religion, but am in earnest about my peace and safety; if I have been brought to see that fellowship with my Maker is the true and proper life of the soul; and if, under this solemn and urgent impression, I have begun—yes, *begun*; for it is a new thing with all earnest inquirers, it is a new era in their existence—to feel after him, if haply I may find him; if I am trying to bring my mind into close contact with the Infinite mind—no easy matter this, such is the dissimilarity between the two; if I have, in all honesty and sincerity, set myself to the performance of hitherto neglected religious duties—that of prayer, it may be;—if so, then what—supposing I have had time and inclination to scrutinize the workings of my own mind—what has been the experience, the history of my inner life? Has it not been this: a perpetual conflict between fear and love; the latter drawing me towards the object of my search, the former throwing me back again. There has thus been raised a tumult in my breast. It has been agitated as in a storm. It has been the seat of the most sudden and violent alternations of joy and grief, hope and despair, just as love or fear for the time predominated. Did fear gain the mastery? did my dark mind invest the divine character with its own gloom? did my guilty conscience array the Almighty with the emblems of terror and vengeance?—then love spread its wings and fled from a scene so alien to its pure and gentle nature, for love can live only in an atmosphere of light and faith. *Fear cast out love*. But did more genial moments return? Did love gain the mastery? did I look at God in his own light rather than my own? did I catch once more a glimpse of him as in *Christ*?—then fear took itself to flight; vanished, like spirits of the midnight hour, at the first approach of morn's dawn, unable to bear the light. *Love cast out fear*.

Thus it was; and thus it could not fail to be, according to the constitution of our nature.

It has been established, then, that the text, in its simplest form, contains a general statement, which may be tested and verified in the wide field of human experience; that it is not so much a theological dogma that is taught, as a great truth or fact of the universal consciousness of man.

In the second place, however, looking at the text in its connection with the context, and as part of a train of argument, we find that it contains a special statement in regard to the nature of the gospel itself, and in regard to the duty and privilege of believers under the gospel.

First of all, in regard to the gospel—its nature, its tendency, its result.

The truth is, I know of no other passage of Scripture which more fully reveals to us the character of Christianity than this; which lets us see more deeply into its inmost heart; which brings more clearly to light its true spirit, and exhibits it in a more beautiful and attractive light. Christianity is a religion not of fear but of love. Very true, there is a fear which it inculcates and which it produces—a holy, reverential fear of God, a fear which is not only not incompatible with love, but is inseparable from it; a holy love and a holy fear being twin sisters, if I may so say, living together in the same home in peace and amity. More particular reference may be made to this afterwards. In the meantime, suffice it to say that Scripture speaks of a twofold fear—a filial fear and a servile fear. Such is the poverty of human language, that there is but one word to express two very opposite feelings. To which of these two kinds of fear the text refers, is evident from the expression, *Fear hath torment*. This is that "spirit of bondage" of which Paul speaks when he says, "Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear" (Rom. viii. 15). It is this fear that is the proper antagonist of love; and which love, in the measure in which it excels, casts out of the breast. You will not misunderstand me then, when I speak of Christianity being the religion of love and not of fear. Such a statement must not be viewed by itself, but in connection with all those great truths and those deep views of the divine character which the Bible makes known. Still I hold it to be true that Christianity is the re-

ligion of love and not of fear. *The religion, I say*; for I maintain further, that this is its distinguishing characteristic. I assert that every other form of religion is that of fear rather than love; and that the world, while it knows of many religions of fear, knows of only one religion of love, having its origin in love and its issue in love, flowing from a divine prevailing love, and awakening a human responsive love. *That religion is Christianity, and the record of that religion is the gospel.*

I have said, that while there is a fear which is incompatible with love, and of which Christianity is the antidote, there is a fear which is compatible with love, and of which Christianity is the guardian. And in this respect, too, I maintain that our divine religion stands alone. Some religions are characterized by fear and no love—such as the cruel and dark and bloody systems of heathenism. And some are characterized by love and no fear—such as some of the more lax and sentimental systems of modern infidelity and Rationalism. In Evangelical Christianity only are those two found in their true nature and just proportions—a holy love, and a holy fear; a fearless love, and a loving fear. A beautiful union, truly! unintelligible to those who have not imbibed the spirit of Christianity, yet actually realized, more or less, in the experience of all real Christians. And why? Just because there is such an exhibition afforded in the gospel of the combined majesty and mercy, the harmonized grace and truth of God, as to lead us at once to love him aright and fear him aright; to love him while we fear him, to fear him while we love him; ay, to love him because we fear him, and fear him because we love him. This is a problem which Christianity alone has solved; and therefore am I justified in characterizing it as a religion of love, and the only religion of love the world has ever seen.

Secondly, in regard to the duty and privilege of believers under the gospel.

I think no one can read this passage without being struck with the contrast between the nature of Christianity and the actual experience of Christians; nay more, between the experience of Christians in our own day and that of Christians in apostolic times. How much of love was there

in their religion—of pure, simple, confiding love—fearless, fervent, childlike love? There was no fear in their love. The fear that hath torment was banished from their minds. Then love was perfect, full, overflowing. They dwelt in love, as the home of their soul—as a divine pavilion covering them, a heavenly atmosphere surrounding them, a radiant garment covering them! It seems a perfect mystery to us. We are amazed at it. We can hardly credit it. It seems nothing better than a romance—an oriental fable—the very poetry of Christianity! And yet it was a reality. John speaks of it as such, and we dare not doubt it.

But now, here is the question: Why is our love so imperfect as compared with theirs, and as compared with our blessed religion? Why are we so much the prey of tormenting, disquieting, paralyzing fears? Why does fear so unfit us for duty, so unnerve us for trial, so deprive us of comfort in our approaches to God, so make us quail at the thought of death, and shrink back from the world of spirits. Why are we such downcast, timid, faint-hearted creatures? I fear this is the case with most of us. Positively our religion is almost entirely one of fear, of bondage, of restraint. We have little or no enlargement of heart. We cannot—we dare not—look up to God, and say, *Abba, Father!* We cannot say, *My God.* We cannot serve him with gladness. We cannot look forward with fond hope and desire to dwelling with him in heaven. *Fear hath torment.* Ah! we know well what that means—too well. This fear is to us a source of perpetual suffering. None know but ourselves the mental agony it causes us. And we ask, Is it thus with others? Is this faith? Is this the gospel? Is this compatible with grace? How long is this to continue? Is this fear to darken our path to the grave? Is this legal spirit, this spirit of bondage, for ever to possess us? Shall we never taste of something more satisfying than this?

Such are the feelings that are silently working in many a breast. We have now touched a chord that will vibrate in the bosoms of more among us than one who is a stranger to such subjects would imagine. I know it—I know it by that look of interest, that quivering lip, that

tear starting to the eye. Thou art longing for enlargement, my brother. Thou hast been a fearful—too fearful a disciple hitherto. It is not that there is no love in that heart of thine—no love to Jesus—no love to God—no love for the brethren—no love for God's law. To judge thus of thee were unfair. Yes; there is love lying deep in thy soul, and thou couldst say in truth, were the question fairly put to thee, and thou wert shut up to a decision once for all, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." But thy love is not perfect. There must be

something wrong here, and is it not this—thou hast not fully realized the love of God? Dwell upon it more. Open thine heart, and let it in to dwell in thee in all its blessed reality. Have faith in it. Fear is the offspring of unbelief; love, of faith. Thou hast not yet grasped fully the glorious truth, God is love. Here is the antidote to thy fear. Believe this, and love will spring up unbidden in thy breast. Thou canst not force it into exercise. Thou canst not work thy mind up into a better frame. But love will beget love. Truly, and yet necessarily, will thy love respond to His.

NOTES ON "ECCE DEUS."

(Continued from page 230.)

RESUMING our examination of this work, we find its tenth chapter discussing the question of how the Church was expected to maintain its position when left by its divine Founder in the world. We have failed to discover anything very novel in this discussion, but from the following extraordinary piece of denunciation, it would certainly appear that the author thinks he has said something original:—

"The Church (now understanding by that term the organized sects) is not willing to 'lose its life' that it may 'gain' others, hence it is the weakest, and, humanly speaking, the most despicable institution which men are now tolerating. It is afraid of amusement, it is afraid of heresy, it is afraid of sinners, it is afraid of the devil. All this must come from a low condition of vitality. It shuts itself up within thick walls, sings its hymns, hears its periodical platitudes, and then skulks into the common streets as if afraid lest the multitude should know what it had been doing. Nothing can be more un-Christlike that is not positively devilish."

Is this ignorance, or is it spite? In any case, anything more stupid and ill-natured we have lately met in no other book professing to be animated by a Christian spirit. The author even of "Ecce Homo" would have disdained to utter words so vulgarly abusive of communities with whose practice nevertheless he must have had little sympathy. But what is the offence which the sects are accused of committing? "They have shut up the theatre," we are told, "the race-course, and the dancing saloon; they have forbidden game after game; and the Ten Commandments they have displaced by a hundred of their own, each commencing with 'Thou shalt not.' Nothing was easier and nothing was more useless." What they should have done was to teach "from the inward to the outward"—to seek to give a man a good principle rather than a good prac-

tice. "Evil is to be extinguished, not by mere verbal denunciation, but by the spirit of goodness—the Holy Spirit. Darkness will not be removed by anathemas, but by light. Individual liberty is to be regulated by common philanthropy. The Church is to be kept from selfishness by sacrifice." Now, we speak here to those who know what the "organized sects" are doing, and we put it to them, if it is true that they are trying to renew the world simply by trimming it. Is there a single representative preacher of any denomination who teaches ought else than that if a man is to be made truly and thoroughly good the process of transformation must begin at the heart? And where are those who expect to banish evil by denunciation, or darkness by anathemas? We challenge the writer of "Ecce Deus" to point out in the whole literature of the modern pulpit any passage which, in its offensive intolerance, can bear a moment's comparison with the passage which we have quoted from himself.

But the sects have tried to shut up the theatre, the race-course, and the dancing saloon, not merely by endeavouring to implant good principles in men, but by actually proscribing such places in plain terms! Marvellous inconsistency! Did our author never observe how parents require sometimes to act? It is their interest also to educate their children so that when they go out into the world they may be able to choose the good and reject the evil for themselves; but while their minds are yet immature and their principles unformed, it seems not altogether an unwise thing to require that they shall accept such present guidance as a father's greater experience may be able to supply. If the Church had already succeeded in implanting the seed of a new life in all its adherents, it might leave the department of minor morals entirely untouched; but besides that there are babes in Christ as well as fathers, there are many composing our congregations who are still altogether unregenerate; and occupying, as they do, a sort

of novitiate position, it is an act of mere motherly prudence on the part of the Church to tell them plainly that they will get as little good from frequenting the race-course as a child will get from playing with fire.

From the chapter entitled "Christ Adjusting Human Relations," we shall simply quote two striking passages. "Something more than human must explain his humanness. Every other man falls short of it; how came a Galilean peasant to have it at all? It is an affront to common sense to say that it is an imaginary sketch; but even if it be, what then? The problem is not solved; for as only a poet can write a poem, so only a Christ could have conceived a Christ." "We are tempted to become impatient with Christ as he devotes so much attention to details; it seems almost a waste of time for a man who came to save a world to be lingering over a special case of disease. . . . But is it not the same with Him whom we know as Creator? Does he not dally most veraciously in physical processes? How long a time he takes to mould an ear of corn! And what a waste of power it appears that the earth should bring forth but one harvest in the year! In his physical service Christ was strikingly like what we know of the Creator. The meaning of this slowness may come to us in the higher spheres. In the meantime, impatience is an infallible sign of weakness."

In the twelfth chapter, the author proves indisputably that Christ is neither an ancient nor a modern, but "the contemporary of all ages;" but we cannot help feeling that in explaining how this is so he does a good deal to explain away the continued real and personal presence of Christ with his Church. Thus, if the following were used simply as an illustration, it might be looked at with interest and without suspicion; but it is evidently employed to set forth what he regards as a parallel case, and viewed in that light it gives a poor representation of the writer's conception of the mediatorial government. "Of every great man it may be justly said that he is more influentially present after his death than during his life. Shakspeare exerts a wider influence to-day than in the days of his flesh; so does Milton; so does Luther. . . . The saying is associated with the person; and if the saying be strong enough to keep pace with the march of the generations, its author may be said to be with men 'even unto the end of the world.' What is true in degree of thinkers, is true in an absolute sense of the Man in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. . . . Christ will never be dissociated from Christ's sayings, and in this way he will be with his people unto the end of the world." This, indeed, is not the whole of what he teaches in regard to the abiding influence of Christ. He says Christ gave his spirit as well as his thoughts to the Church—but under such a theory as he appears to propound, one is at a loss to imagine how there could have occurred such personal manifestations as took place in Paul's experience on the Damascus road, or in John's experience in the Isle of Patmos. The grand

evangelical declaration, "I am the Vine, ye are the branches," is philosophized away into something which, whatever else it does, puts the living, acting, governing Head of the Church at a sensible distance from us; and hence the promised presence of the Saviour with his people becomes an ideal presence rather than the blessed reality which they have been accustomed to think it.

There is much fine thought in the succeeding chapter—that which treats of Christ's method of teaching—"these sayings of mine." This, for example, is striking: "In Christ's sayings there was always something beyond—a quickening sense that the words were but the surface of the thought; there was nothing to betoken conclusion, much less exhaustion; there was ever a luminous opening, even in the clouds that lay deepest along the horizon, which invited the spectator to advance and behold yet fuller visions. The dogma was decisive; but the parable set the heart longing for closer intercourse with the parabolist. The dogma marked the distance which had been travelled; the parable pointed to the distance which lay far ahead; dogma was finished like *yesterday*—parable had about it all the haze, yet all the promise and allurements of *morrow*. It was thus in a unique sense Christ brought out of his treasure 'things new,' and maintained his hold upon the ages, filling and satisfying their entire capacity of vision and desire. The parable takes the inquirer further along the line of truth than the dogma does. It stands in relation to dogma as poetry to prose." And again: "We may claim for Christ's 'sayings' an originality, a compass, and living energy, such as have not been rivalled by any speaker. This would probably be admitted even by the more self-controlled class of sceptics. Assuming this to be so, we are thrown back upon an old inquiry, 'Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty works?' That question remains to be answered by those who deny his Godhead. Viewed from the human standpoint, how could Christ's contemporaries be other than confounded by Christ's wisdom? Can any man rise above the normal conditions of his race? Is there a secret way from the nethermost stratum of society up to the eminence of superhuman wisdom? How is it that only one man has ventured on the giddy ascent? His 'sayings' have no charm of style; poetic surprises are never attempted; nearly everything is curt, abrupt, and barely allusive; yet to-day, as in the days of his flesh, all who weigh his words come to the conclusion that 'never man spake like this man.' Is there no argument in this?"

The orthodox will be satisfied, on the whole, with what the author of "Ecce Deus" says on the subject of "eternal punishment." He believes in eternal punishment, mainly on those grounds: That sinners who continue impenitent cannot be admitted into the society of holy beings; and that, as there is nothing regenerative in the endurance of penal suffering, however severe, and we have no reason to think that there will be a new era of probation after death, eternity presents no

conceivable place or opportunity for repentance and restoration. The difficulty is not how to believe in eternal punishment, but how *not* to believe in it. As to the objection that there is no proportion between the sins committed during a short lifetime and the everlasting suffering which follows as a consequence, he offers this among other answers: "No crime is self-contained. All actions are influential. What is done in an hour may affect society through many generations. Long after the pebble is at the bottom of the lake, the circles multiply and expand on the surface. The lifting of a hand sends a vibration to the stars." There are, perhaps, some difficulties connected with the doctrine which he has overlooked; but there is one thing about his discussion of it which will be observed with very special satisfaction, namely, his strong affirmation of the reasonableness of the gospel law, that all who deliberately reject Jesus Christ must perish. "It is held by many to be a hard thing," says he, "that any man should be damned for not believing 'these sayings of mine.' [But] this conclusion must have been reached through a most incomplete apprehension of the term 'belief.' . . . It can hardly be repeated too often, that belief is not a mere mental assent to a proposition, *but the resting, and consequent risking, of the whole life upon the truth of that proposition.*" This is not the only place in which the author speaks out in this emphatic way. Whatever defects there may be in other respects about his book, it is unmistakably loyal in setting forth Christ as indispensable to the salvation of men; and, so far as our own experience is concerned, it has been mainly those passages in which this great truth is proclaimed that have been felt to be fullest of moral and spiritual impulse.

No fewer than three chapters are devoted to "the Cross of Christ;" and considering the present state of theological opinion, and the undoubted pretensions of the work before us, those three chapters will of course be read with very particular interest and attention. There is a great deal in them which evangelical Christians will be able to dwell on with unmixed satisfaction. The author, for example, brings the question of the significance of Christ's death to an issue, which, if it had always been regarded, would have saved the Church from many mischievous and perplexing theories. "The Scriptures," says he, "are not silent respecting the meaning of the Cross. If we credit the Scriptures as to the fact of the Cross, *why doubt them as to its meaning?* . . . We get the doctrine where we get the fact. Can we obtain better answers elsewhere? The responsibility of rejection lies with the reader. It is easier to blow out a light than to create one. Here is a great historic event which is to be explained; we may exercise the speculative faculty, in balancing guess after guess, or accept the testimony which is avowedly of God." We are to gather from this, then, that the writer has arrived at his own view of the atonement simply and solely from a patient investigation of what

is said on the subject, not merely in the Gospels, to which some biographers of Jesus pretend fastidiously to confine themselves, but even in St. Paul's Epistles. This certainly gives the reader a great advantage. It has become so much the fashion to approach this doctrine from the clouds, that it is a wonderful relief to deal with one who, however he may differ from you, is at least content to remain on the solid ground. There is no hope of agreement about the subject if each man is to be left to bring to its elucidation the day-dreams of his own imagination; there is good hope of ultimate agreement, if all are willing honestly to know *what saith the Scripture.*

At the same time we are not satisfied that the author of "Ecce Deus" is entirely at one with St. Paul in his understanding of the meaning of the Cross of Christ. They are agreed, indeed, on many points—on these, for instance: That the Cross was an expression of love to men; that it proclaimed the intrinsic value of humanity—the loss of a soul being a more awful thing than the ruin of many worlds; that it was fitted to bring affecting home to us the greatness of our guilt, as a mother's tears for his misdeeds go to the heart of a hardened prodigal; that it was "a satisfaction to the *spirit of justice* alike in God and in man;" that it established between God and man a basis of gracious communication; that it was not an enforced martyrdom, but a free sacrifice; and that unless every man accept the offering made by the Lamb on his own account, and, as it were, present it in his own name, it will be no atonement for him, but rather a witness against him, and a most sure ground of condemnation. With all this, however, there is a studious ignoring of the substitutionary element in the Cross. He will assert as strongly as you like that Christ died *for* sinners—that is, on their behalf; but he regards it evidently as a piece of polemical divinity ("to whose mischievous course he can never refer without a feeling of intense dissatisfaction") to say that Christ died *instead* of sinners, and in their room. The distinction is important, because, under what we may call the Demonstration Theory of the Atonement, one has the greatest difficulty in apprehending what is the legal standing of believers before God's judgment-seat. Admitting that they have felt all the attraction of the Cross, and that a moral change has been effected in their nature, the question would still remain, What has become of the sins which they have confessedly committed? We cannot suppose that the writer, who, in his essay on Eternal Punishment, speaks so seriously of the awfulness of sin, and the justice of everlasting retribution, will consider that question a light one. If an eternity of suffering is not out of proportion to the guilt of a life-time in the case of one single member of the human race, it much concerns every other member to inquire whether the penalty which his sins have provoked has been really and righteously remitted. And we repeat that it is a matter of manifest importance that the believer, when challenged at the judgment-

seat with having committed breaches of God's law, should be able to show good cause why the penalties attached to such breaches should not be exacted from him. Now, so far as we can make out, the author of "*Ecce Deus*" would affirm the believer's plea for justification to be twofold: He can say he has repented, and can point in trust to the Cross of Christ. But, in the first place, it is very well known that in no court of justice is the mere plea of *penitence* ever allowed to bar the passing of a sentence on a convicted criminal; and, in the second place, it is expressly disavowed that the death of Christ had anything to do with the paying of the penalty due by his people. It seems to us, therefore, that, according to this view, believers must appear before the judgment-seat with debts unliquidated; and that, whatever they may receive there from the exercise of God's sovereign prerogative of mercy, they can have no legal standing entitling them to expect an inheritance as a purchased right.

That the position of believers before God is really considerably different from this, we have, as it seems to us, the higher testimony of St. Paul: "As by one man's disobedience," says he, "many were made sinners; so by the obedience of one shall many be made *righteous*." "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth." "He hath made [Christ] to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the *righteousness of God* in him." "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us... that the *blessing* of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ." One grand peculiarity of the evangelical scheme, as we understand it, is this, that it represents the gaoler who has the sinner in his custody as not moved to let his prisoner escape by a side door by the consideration of some singular act of homage being paid to the majesty of law in general, but as opening for him the principal gate of the prison because, his personal obligations being met, he has no longer any just ground for his detention; and, regarding his release, therefore, as thus a matter not of favour but of right, the believer is warranted to send to the Law (so to speak) such a message as Paul and Silas sent to the magistrates of Philippi: "Nay, verily, but let them come themselves and fetch us out." Grace reigns, but it is *through* righteousness; and this can only be when the law's claims on each individual believer have been not figuratively, but legally and literally, met.

It is not at all probable that the author of "*Ecce Deus*" has read an ancient religious book, which was much abused in its day, the "*Marrow of Modern Divinity*." A work such as that was not likely to come in the way of a writer who has so intense an enmity to the Sects and Polemical Divinity, and who cares to quote only the Greek philosophers. But it might interest him to come across the echoes of his own thoughts; and if he has any wish that way, we commend him to the "*Marrow*." All that is most striking in his chapter on the "*Relation of the Cross to the Law*," he will find

there, with a good deal in addition on the same subject which he has failed to observe.

On looking back on these *Notes*, we have been surprised to find how frequently we have been put upon the defensive. So much, indeed, has this been the case, that we have tended to forget that the book is written in the interest of Bible Christianity, and not against it. We are glad, therefore, to be reminded of the position which it wishes to be regarded as occupying, in its two closing chapters. The first of these deals with the "*Relation of the Cross to Practical Morals*," and contains a most effective vindication of Christian morality against the charges of Mr. J. Stuart Mill. Mr. Mill, in his "*Essay on Liberty*," has affirmed that "many essential elements of the highest morality are among things which are not provided for in the recorded deliverances of the Founder of Christianity;" and the author of "*Ecce Deus*" thus eloquently repels the accusation: "What are the essentials of the highest morality? Would intelligent and loving reverence for God be admitted to be one of them? If so, it is provided for in the recorded deliverances of the Founder of Christianity. Is the highest veneration of human nature worthy to be ranked as one of them? If so, it is provided for in the recorded deliverances of the Founder of Christianity. Is the loftiest disinterestedness, or the most generous magnanimity, an essential element of the highest morality? If so, it is provided for in the recorded deliverances of the Founder of Christianity. Do justice, mercy, forgiveness, and peace, find a place among the essential elements of the highest morality? If so, they are provided for in the recorded deliverances of the Founder of Christianity. Is philanthropy, as shown in loving care for all men alike as regards the body and the soul, in any way related to the highest morality? If so, it is provided for in the recorded deliverances of the Founder of Christianity. We have not been able to discover one essential element of the highest morality which is not provided for in those deliverances; and we have waited with unrequited patience for specific references on the part of the objector."

The last chapter of the work, properly speaking—for after it there comes an appendix of "*Controversial Notes on 'Ecce Homo'*"—concludes the treatise so happily that one cannot help exclaiming, on reading it, "O, si sic omnia!" It treats of "the Posthumous Ministry of Christ," and, though short, is full of interesting and suggestive matter. The author had spoken of the resurrection as "a magnificent recapitulation of the eloquent argument of miracles," and he now shows most strikingly how the identity of the Saviour was proved, not merely by the marks on his body, but by the unmistakable features of his mind. He who met so tenderly and frankly the doubts of desponding Thomas, and bestowed such an abundant pardon on the backsliding Peter, and taught so patiently the dull and unintelligent travellers to Emmaus, could be no other

than the wise and compassionate Teacher at whose feet disciples of all sorts had been accustomed to sit. "Thomas Didymus was the first doubter that entered into peace through the wounded Christ; and to-day there is no other plan by which the soul can steady itself but by resting on the same wounds, though in a higher and nobler sense." "The three denials were lost in the three confessions; and the thrice plighted backslider was thrice charged to feed the flock, to feed the lambs, and to feed the sheep. No partial ministry; no sign of humiliation attached to the service: the forgiveness was complete, the restoration was vital. In the beginning of his ministry, Jesus Christ had said to Simon Peter, 'Follow me;' the old words precisely were repeated on this occasion—Jesus foretold the circumstances of Peter's death, and then said, 'Follow me.' The broken link was taken out, and this new one put in its place. We know what a strong man Peter became after his restoration—how he excelled all the New Testament writers in richness of pathos, and how he rivalled even Paul in catholicity and labour."

We have now finished our review, having gone over

the book chapter by chapter. In this survey we have met much to commend, and we have not been slow to express approval where we could do so conscientiously. But, on the whole, we must confess the work is disappointing; and we have still to wait for a champion whose cause we can recognize as identical with our own. "Ecce Deus" is, indeed, in tendency such an immense improvement upon "Ecce Homo," that it would be unfair even to speak of them as if they belonged to one class. But the sorest wounds are often those which are given us in the house of our friends; and we cannot think that the interests of Bible Christianity will be greatly served by one who, though recognizing the Divinity of our Lord, holds and utters now and again, in a bitter way, opinions about Revelation, and Human Nature, and Creeds, and Churches, which are not merely, in our view, radically erroneous, but which are in themselves so crude and ill-digested as to suggest the idea that the writer must have some of the animus of the sectary about him, as well as what he would have us believe he alone possesses, the culture of the philosopher.

N. L. W.

Old Testament Difficulties.

I.—SAMSON.*

IT was beyond doubt the humiliating and depressed condition of Israel which formed the starting-point of Samson's peculiar calling, and even of his existence. He was in the strict sense of the term a born champion, divinely raised up to meet an existing emergency. His father Manoah is called "a man of Zorah," still preserved in the modern *Sur'ah*, situated on the western slopes of the hilly region of Judah, almost in a straight line from Jerusalem to the Mediterranean, and about half way from the one point to the other. It stood upon the border-line of Judah and Dan, was even originally placed in the list of Judah's towns (Josh. xv. 33), but was afterwards transferred to those of Dan (ch. xix. 41). Of Manoah and his wife we only know that they lived at this place, and that she was barren; but that one day, while the wife was alone, the angel of the Lord appeared to her in the likeness of a man, and told her that she should conceive and have a son, that this son should be a Nazarite from his birth, and that God should begin through his hand to deliver Israel from the sway of the Philistines: not only so, but to render the divine purpose respecting the destination of this prospective son the more marked, the wife of Manoah was herself ordered to adopt the Nazarite regimen—to

taste no wine or strong drink, and avoid all unclean food. The Nazarite, in all circumstances, was intended to be a representative man, and a light to Israel. Standing while the vow was upon him under special engagements to restrain his carnal nature, and act under law to God, he was to show to the people generally how they were to deny and govern themselves, if they would fulfil their covenant obligations, and receive the blessing from on high. But this instruction became greatly intensified in the case of one who, even before his birth, was ordained to a life-long Nazaritism, in order that as an elect instrument of God he might deliver Israel from a degrading servitude. In him, it would be readily understood, that self-denying ordinance rose to its highest significance; and, if the realization answered to the promise involved in his birth and destination, there might be expected in his life and career what would be emphatically a sign from heaven—a living embodiment of Israel's calling as the consecrated people of Jehovah, and of the conquering might that would attend them, if they stood faithful to their vow of consecration, and preferred the service of God above their chiefest joy. It was clear, from the nature of the case, that, however the divine purpose of deliverance might be designed to work itself out through Samson, the supernatural element which appeared in his birth and Nazarite calling was a pledge of some supernatural endowment to qualify him for its

* From "THE IMPERIAL BIBLE DICTIONARY." Edited by the Rev. Patrick Fairbairn, D.D. Blackie and Son.

accomplishment (as afterwards also took place in the later and yet higher Nazarites-born, Samuel and John the Baptist). But of this endowment, in its earlier stages of development, it is only said, "The child grew, and the Lord blessed him; and the Spirit of the Lord began to move (literally, to *thrust* or *impel*) him at times in the camp of Dan (or in Manaheth-Dan), between Zorah and Kahtaol" (Judg. xiii. 24, 25). Samson was no natural giant, as the popular belief and poetic fancy have too commonly figured him to be, but a man who at times was seized with a supernatural impulse of the Spirit to perform against the oppressors of his country feats of heroic might which no merely human arm could have accomplished. Such impulses of supernatural force stood to Samson in the same relation that the occasional impulses of rapt elevation and prophetic insight did to those who were called to discharge the function of a prophet; and in the one case, as well as in the other, since the spiritual endowment was given as an auxiliary to the execution of a high calling, the possessor was responsible for the proper use of it—according to the general principle, "The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets."

Now it was in connection with this responsibility for his special endowment that the peculiar temptation of Samson lay, and that his failure soon began to discover itself. He too often dallied, in a half-sportive spirit, with his gift, and the calling for which it was bestowed. The temptation to do so was all the greater, that the gift qualified him for extraordinary deeds only in the lower sphere; such as, while surpassing in degree, still resembled in kind, the exploits of a mere worldly hero, and seemed to proceed from a giant arm rather than a divine faith. To himself even they were apt to appear in this light; and hence the spiritual dowry was not duly subordinated to the sacred calling, and became too closely allied to fleshly aims and personal gratifications. Something of this, perhaps, appeared even in the first specific act recorded of him—his choosing for a wife a woman of Timnath (a place quite near to Zorah), who was the daughter of a Philistine (Judg. xiv. 2). The choice, indeed, is said to have been of the Lord, since Samson sought through it an occasion against the Philistines (ver. 4); but it was so, we may suppose, only in that inferior and secondary sense in which sometimes a particular course, though in itself not strictly proper, is ascribed to God, when, for purposes connected with his moral government, he shuts up an individual to that rather than some other, which the wrong bias in his soul might equally have taken. Instances of this which admit of no dispute occur at 2 Sam. xxiv. 1; 1 Kings xii. 15. It could not well be of God, in the sense of carrying with it his full sanction and approval, that this supernaturally endowed and divinely commissioned hero should enter on his task by setting at nought one of the strictest prohibitions of the law (Exod. xxxiv. 15, 16; Deut. vii. 3)—since to do so were plainly to encourage that very unfaithfulness to covenant en-

gagements which it was one grand aim of his mission to reprove and rectify. Here, therefore, at the outset there was an ominous display of a freakish and self-pleasing humour, though working under the control of a higher will, and within limits which might still be made subservient to good. The circumstance proved the occasion of a twofold wonder—first, his slaying a lion, by mere force of hand, which roared on him in one of his visits to Timnath (God therein giving him a proof and pledge of the might placed at his disposal against the Philistines), and shortly after, when on his way home, he turned aside to see the carcass, he found in it a swarm of bees and a quantity of honey, of which he partook, and also gave to his parents.* But what was wonderful in either respect he kept meanwhile to himself. At another stage of the matter, however, when he went back to Timnath to consummate the marriage, and hold the wedding feast, he turned the second of the two wonders into a riddle ("Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness"), which, in accordance with a common custom, he propounded, and challenged the young men to solve within the seven days of the feast. If they could discover the riddle he was to give them thirty sheets (*sedinim*, tunics, garments worn next the skin), and thirty changes of raiment (dresses); but if they failed to do so, he was to receive as many from them. By pressing entreaties first, then by violent threats, they wrought upon his wife, and she again upon him, till the secret was wrung from him—another proof of the moral weakness which lay alongside his supernatural gift of strength. Then, feeling himself aggrieved and wronged—as, indeed, the whole Philistine yoke over Israel, viewed in respect to the parties themselves, was a great wrong—he virtually declared war against the Philistines by falling on a party at Ashkelon, slaying thirty men of them, and from the spoil he thus obtained paying his forfeit to the persons who by ploughing, as he said, with his heifer had won it of him. So that what was in danger of tending to too close an alliance with the Philistine oppressors of Israel, became the occasion of an open hostility, and of an overmastering display of the might of Samson.

At the close of this transaction it is said of Samson that "his anger was kindled and he went up to his father's house" (Judg. xiv. 19); as if he had taken a dislike to his wife, and forsaken her. Her parents took advantage of this apparent desertion to give her in marriage to another—one who is called the friend of Samson, whom he had used (or chosen) as his friend—thus con-

* This is not to be understood of the skeleton of the lion, but the carcass; for, as noted by Rosenmüller (*Bibl. Anst.* iv. 2), carcasses of men, camels, &c., in very hot countries, like Arabia, often have all the moisture dried up in twenty-four hours after death, without passing into a state of decomposition and putrefaction, so that they remain for a long time like mummies, without change and without stench. In a carcass so dried up a swarm of bees might form their hive, just as well as in the hollow trunk of trees or clefts in the rock (Keil on Judg. xiv. 8).

summing the injury he had already received, and betraying still further the treacherous spirit they cherished toward him. Whether Samson heard of this fresh dishonour or not, he at least acted as if he knew nothing of it; and returned in the time of wheat-harvest with a kid to the house of his wife, with the intention of going straight into her chamber. But this was disallowed by her father on the ground that he had deserted her, and that she had been given to another man; as a sort of compensation her younger sister was offered in her stead (ch. xv. 1, 2). Samson held this to be a fresh ground of quarrel with the Philistines generally; and retaliated by catching three hundred foxes (*akualim*, properly *jaakals*, which still abound in Syria), and sending them forth among the fields of corn in pairs with burning torches tied between their tails. Much mischief was consequently done, and when the occasion was ascertained, the people who had suffered came up and burned the offending Timnite and his daughter with fire. Instead of pleasing Samson, however, this act of vengeance on their part only provoked another and a greater from himself. He smote them hip and thigh with a great laughter (ch. xv. 8), and then went and took up his abode on a certain rock called Etam. The Philistines were roused with indignation, and, marching forth in battle array, they pitched in Judah. But when it was ascertained that their object was merely to get hold of Samson, the people of Judah, instead of rallying under him as a captain specially raised up to rescue them from the Philistine yoke, agreed to deliver him into the hands of the Philistines. And Samson, with the view of finding another opportunity against them, agreed to be delivered up, on the express condition that his own countrymen would not fall on him. He was, therefore, led away bound to the camp of the Philistines at Lohi, but just as he approached, and heard their shouts, he burst asunder his cords, and smote the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass, leaving a thousand dead on the field. It was a mighty effort, and he was ready to sink exhausted under it, when the Lord directed him to a spring, at which he drank and was refreshed.

It was by the feat last noticed that Samson clearly established his title to the position and calling of a Judge in Israel; hence it is added in connection with it by the historian, "And he judged Israel in the days of the Philistines twenty years" (ch. xv. 20). The expression "in the days of the Philistines" plainly implies that their ascendancy was only kept in check, not properly destroyed, by the might and prowess of Samson; they stood in awe of his terrific displays of supernatural power which occasionally burst on them like a volcano, and during the greater part of these twenty years they appear only to have moderated, though never altogether to have abandoned, their dominion over Israel. Samson, unfortunately, was not the better for the elevation he had attained; prosperity with him, as too often with the people he represented, increased the

tendency to carnal indulgence and freaks of self-will; "waxing fat, he kicked;" and the few incidents noticed in his later career are but the several steps in his degeneracy and downfall. Wandering, on one occasion, into Gaza, he yielded to the solicitations of a harlot, and escaped the snares that began to be laid for his destruction, by rising at midnight and carrying off the gates of the city and their posts to the top of the hill before Hebron—God still mercifully continuing to him the gift of supernatural strength notwithstanding the obliquity of his course. Pursuing still the same path of vicious self-indulgence, he became enamoured of a woman named Delilah, in the valley of Sorek (apparently some Philistine valley near Gaza), with whom he seems to have formed an improper connection; for though he is represented as living with her, no mention is made of a marriage, either in fact or in prospect. The Philistines, well understanding where his weak point lay, set upon Delilah with large promises of gain to entice Samson to betray to her the secret of his resistless strength, so that they might accomplish by stratagem what it seemed hopeless to effect by open violence. For a time he made sport of her enticements—pretending that his strength would leave him, first, if he were bound with new withes, then if bound with new ropes, then again if his seven locks were woven into a web; but when, one after another, these conditions proved to be fallacious, and Delilah lay hard upon him for the discovery of the real truth, he told her, it is said, all his heart, by informing her that if his hair were shorn his strength would depart from him, and he should become like another man (Judg. xvi. 18). He himself gave as the reason of this, that he was a Nazarite from his mother's womb, and a razor had never come upon his head; so that to part with his hair, he well knew, was virtually to cast away the symbol of his consecration, and formally to break his vow to God. It was a fatal disclosure; for no sooner was it made than his treacherous paramour lulled him into a profound sleep, and had him stripped of his seven locks; and when he awoke at the wonted cry, "The Philistines upon thee," and said, "I will go forth as at other times," lo! he found, not his strength merely, but Jehovah had departed him. He lay now at the mercy of his enemies; they bound him with chains, put out his eyes, and sent him to grind at the mill in the prison-house of Gaza—to do the work of a hireling or a slave.

How long Samson continued in this miserable bondage we are not told; it must have been some weeks, perhaps a few months; and to complete their triumph over their fallen adversary, it was resolved to bring him forth on the occasion of the great festival of their god Dagon, that he might make sport to the assembled multitude, which not only filled the spacious house, but also crowded the roof—the house being probably in the form of a modern Turkish kiosk, "consisting of a spacious hall, the roof of which rested in front on four

columns, two of them standing at the ends, and two close together in the centre." Meanwhile, however, Samson's hair had grown again, and, what was more, in the depth of his humiliation his Nazarite heart had returned to him; he felt in his inmost soul that through his unfaithfulness and degradation the name of God had been dishonoured, and that if he could now in a measure retrieve the injury, even at the cost of life, it were no more than he owed to the sacred cause with which he was identified. Therefore, laying his hands on the two pillars which supported the main part of the building, he poured out his soul to God, "O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be avenged for one of my two eyes upon the Philistines" (so it literally is, one eye only, as if it were now impossible to touch more than one half the evil)—and then, bowing himself with all his might, the house fell with a mighty crash, burying with himself a great mass of Philistines in its ruins. Thus, it is added, "the dead which he slew at his death were more than he slew in his life" (Judg. xvi. 30). It was, indeed, a mournful victory; yet still a victory—and a pledge to Israel that their temporary backslidings and defeats, if sincerely repented of and improved, would lead to ultimate triumph. It is true, Samson himself perished along with the Philistines; but this was in a sense necessary, in order to destroy the memorial of his shame. For, if he could have triumphed over the Philistines without the sacrifice of his own life, he would (as Von Gerlach remarks) "have borne about in the blindness of his eyes a mark of his unfaithfulness as the servant of God, quite as much as of the double triumph of his foes, who had gained a spiritual as well as a corporeal victory over him." He must, therefore, as he himself exclaimed, die with the Philistines.

But the lesson of his fitful and remarkable career reaches farther than this. It showed how little could be accomplished for the deliverance and permanent security of Israel by mere physical strength, or by any qualities apart from unswerving steadfastness and fidelity to the covenant of God. In him they saw a

memorable example, how much more important it was to have the heart of the nation set right with God, than to have a giant's strength in its arms; how, if truly exalted, it could only be by returning to righteousness. And thus the marvellous but mournful story of this Nazarite-judge prepared the way for another, in whom the *spiritual* element should have the chief place—a Nazarite of higher mould, who should revive the cause of heaven in its proper seat, and by strengthening the people in their God should lead them on to victory and peace. Such a spiritual head was Samuel, through whose prophetic gifts and energetic moral strivings Israel first attained to something of national consolidation and organic unity; and such, too, in still larger measure was David, who though not formally under the Nazarite discipline, was yet a Nazarite in spirit, living in all the better moments of his life for the law and service of Jehovah.

Contemplated in the light now presented, the case of Samson, while marked by strong peculiarities, has its great points of contact and principles of action in common with other servants of God. With all his failings, he too was a man of faith (Heb. xi. 32); for it was not by physical energy, but by faith in God's gift and calling, that he received strength to do the wonders he performed—only, his faith was sadly lacking in discernment, and fitful in its exercise. Hence the palpable imperfection of his work; as was not doubtfully indicated beforehand in the angelic announcement to his mother, that God would through him "*begin* to deliver Israel" (Judg. xiii. 5)—the consummation being left for some mightier hero. But as regards the rationalistic view of what is called the legend of Samson—a view which has been variously modified, but which finds in it only an Israelitish form of the fabled exploits of Hercules—as it has nothing properly to rest upon but a few formal resemblances, coupled with a desire to get rid of everything supernatural, it is unnecessary to go into detail. When rightly viewed there is no real analogy between the two cases; and it is by light derived from Israelitish not from heathen soil, that the life of Samson is to be interpreted and judged.

II. — J A E L.

THE only person certainly known under this name in Old Testament history is the wife of Heber the Kenite, and she comes into notice simply in connection with a memorable transaction—the murder of Sisera. Her husband was evidently a person of some importance, in modern phrase a sheikh, who belonged to the family of Hobab, the father-in-law of Moses; but who, for some unexplained reason, had separated himself from his brethren. They had an inheritance assigned them, at the period of the conquest, on the south of Canaan, while he

transferred himself, with his flocks and herds, to the extreme north, not far from Kadesh. Here he occupied a sort of intermediate position between the settled possessions of Israel on the one hand, and those of Jabin, king of Hazor, on the other. But being of a peaceable disposition, as the Kenites appear generally to have been, he contrived to keep on friendly terms with both; and when the fierce war broke out, which ended in the total rout of Sisera, the leader of Jabin's host, the vanquished general on his flight homewards sought a refuge in the tent of Jael, Heber's wife (Judg. iv. 17).

Why Jael's tent, rather than Heber's, should be mentioned as the asylum he sought in this perilous extremity, may possibly have arisen from Heber himself having been absent at the time; or, more probably, from the female tent being regarded among nomadic tribes as the more peculiarly safe receptacle, which stood comparatively secure against violence and intrusion. So much indeed was this the case, that Sisera himself could scarcely have ventured, even in the most disastrous circumstances, to press for admission there, unless the privilege was readily conceded to him. But Jael, it would appear from the narrative, anticipated his wishes, and, desecrating his approach, as she had doubtless already heard of the disaster that led to it, she went forth to meet him, and invited him to turn into her tent, and fear not. It was more almost than he could have looked for; and as if still further to throw him off his guard, she cast her mantle over him, and when he asked for a drink of water to quench his thirst, she opened a bottle of milk, and gave him what Deborah called butter, or curdled milk, in a lordly dish (Judg. v. 25). In a word, he was treated with the greatest apparent cordiality and kindness; the usual pledges of Arab hospitality and protection were given; but only to lull him into a fatal security. For, during the profound sleep which presently after stole over him, Jael drew a nail from the tent, and with a hammer drove it into his temples with such a deadly aim, as to pass entirely through the head and fasten it to the floor on which he lay. The pursuers of Sisera, with Barak at their head, were not long in coming up in quest of their prey; them also Jael went out to meet, and having asked them to go in, that they might see the man whom they sought after, they found Sisera lying dead with the nail in his temples.


A good deal perhaps might be said to palliate the conduct of Jael on this occasion, partly on the ground of the much more ancient and intimate alliance which the family of Heber had with Israel, than it could possibly have with Sisera or Jabin; and still more from the danger which she could scarcely fail to apprehend to her own life, if she either refused Sisera the protection he sought, or should afterwards have been discovered by Barak to have afforded an asylum to the so lately dreaded enemy of Israel. At such a moment the neutral position of her tribe brought with it a double peril; and if in the sudden and trying emergency which burst upon Jael, she chose the way of personal safety, rather than of high honour, regard should at least be had to the peculiar difficulties of her position before judgment is pronounced upon her conduct. This, cer-

tainly, has not always been done; on the contrary, everything that makes against her has often been prominently exhibited, while all that belongs to the other side has been industriously kept in the back-ground. Her conduct has been denounced for its abominable treachery, as if every step had been taken with the most deliberate intent and freest choice. At the same time, while we cannot join in an unqualified condemnation, having regard to the peculiar circumstances in which she was placed, as little can we vindicate the part she acted; it was undoubtedly marked with such deceit and violence, as no external circumstances or apprehended results can justify. How, then, should she have been celebrated in the song of Deborah as blessed above women? (Judg. v. 24.) Not certainly as a pious and upright person is blessed when performing a deed which embodies the noblest principles, and which goes up as a memorial before God; but merely as one who acted a part that accomplished an important purpose of Heaven. In the same sense, though in the opposite direction, Job and Jeremiah cursed the day of their birth—not that they meant to make it the proper subject of blame, but that they wished to mark their deep sense of the evil into which it had ushered them—mark it as the commencement of a life-heritage of sorrow and gloom. In like manner, and with a closer resemblance to the case before us, the psalmist pronounces happy or blessed those who should dash the little ones of Babylon against the stones (Ps. cxxxvii. 9); which no one who understands the spirit of Hebrew poetry would ever dream of construing into a proper benediction upon the ruthless murderers of Babylon's children, as true heroes of righteousness. It merely announces, under a strong individualizing trait, the coming recompense on Babylon for the cruelties she had inflicted on Israel; her own measure should be meted back to her; and they who should be the instruments of effecting it, should execute a purpose of God, whether they might themselves intend it or not. Let the poetical exaltation of Jael be viewed in the light of these cognate passages, and it will be found to contain nothing at variance with the verdict which every impartial mind must be disposed to pronounce upon her conduct. It is in reality the work of God's judgment through her instrumentality that is celebrated, not her mode of carrying it into execution; and it might be as just to regard the heathen Medes and Persians as a truly pious people, because they are called God's "sanctified ones" to do his work of vengeance on Babylon (Isa. xiii. 3), as from what is said in Deborah's song, to consider Jael an example of righteousness.



The Children's Treasury.

SPRING AND ITS LESSONS.

 H, mamma, what a delightful day this has been!" said Lucy Martyn, as she sat down to rest by her mother's side, on returning from a long afternoon walk. "The air was so soft, and yet so fresh; one could almost see the flowers growing and the leaves opening. Look, the lilac below our window has opened since morning; and then the birds—do you hear how the blackbird is singing still? Oh, what a delightful season spring is!"

Mrs. Martyn passed her hand over Lucy's dark hair with a fond smile, and repeated, as if to herself,—

*"O gioventù! O primavera!
Dolce gioventù dell' anno
Dolce primavera della vita!"*

"That means a comparison of spring to youth, does it not? I recollect our talking some time ago about winter being like old age, and my thinking that it was old and cheerless to say so. But it is pleasant to think of youth being like spring, so bright, so fresh, so lovely!"

"Yes, it is a natural and cheering comparison, and it holds good in many points. Can you tell me some of them?"

"Everything is so beautiful, mamma; and we always think of youth and beauty together."

"But, in our climate, how uncertain and changeable a season is the spring! Though these last days have been so charming, it is quite possible that we may have frosty nights and withering east wind again next week, and the poor lilac blossoms be severely punished for their boldness in opening so soon. And then, the peculiar, tender loveliness of spring passes away so quickly! All this applies but too well to the 'primavera della vita.' Health, and strength, and beauty, always precarious, are often peculiarly so in life's early years. But we will not dwell on this dark shade of the picture. There is another view of the subject of special importance. Spring is the season of hope, of activity,

of preparative work. What is the farmer's principal occupation just now?"

"Preparing the ground, and sowing his seeds."

"Just so; a most important, anxious work. The great autumn question must ever be, What of the fruit? that of spring, What of the seed? To secure good seed, take advantage of favourable weather, prepare and improve the soil, and then 'sow in hope;' all this costs the husbandman many a toilsome, anxious hour. How does it apply to our comparison between youth and spring?"

"Youth is the time for education, mamma, and preparing for after-life."

"Yes; and the whole of life may be, must be, influenced by the manner in which its early years are improved or neglected; just as a fine or a stormy spring tells on the whole crops of summer and autumn. That is a solemn consideration for parents and teachers, and should be not less so for thoughtful young persons. Oh, my child, think seriously of this! Now is your special sowing time, when you are forming habits and gaining knowledge which will bear fruit through all your future years on earth. And not on earth only; for though, by the grace of God, souls are often converted in later life, yet it were awful presumption to depend upon it; and there is no happiness like that of a heart early given to the Saviour, and no danger greater than that of spending youthful years in thoughtless follies or sins. The 'roots of bitterness' which are sown then will yield bitter fruits ever after. But I hope I need not say more of this to you."

Lucy took her mother's hand, and said in a low voice, "Mamma, I do hope I know something of *that* happiness. And I think John is seeking it; but you know he has many more temptations and difficulties than I have—there are so many thoughtless boys at school with him, and he has so little time to himself."

"Let us thank God for the promise that 'they who seek shall find.' And (though this need not be discouraging to yourself), in regard to John, we may be

comforted by the thought that religion, of the right sort, which has to grow up among trials and temptations, is generally in the end more deep and earnest than in cases where there has been only encouragement at home, and no opposition from without. The old Scotch fir above the waterfall, though its situation looks so dangerous, is more firmly rooted than the apple tree in our garden."

"Mamma, how short while it seems since we sat here and talked about winter, when everything was covered with snow and ice. What a wonderful, delightful difference now!"

"Yes; it is like a new world. If we had never seen the change of seasons before, it would appear miraculous. Let us try to imagine such a thing as gazing on the winter landscape without having ever beheld any other, and then being told that in a few weeks all these dry, withered, dead branches were to be covered with leaves and blossoms, this hard frozen earth with flowers and verdure, would not our natural exclamation be, It is impossible! Can these dry bones live? Lucy, what may that thought teach us?"

"To believe and hope for the resurrection of the dead."

"Oh, that sure and certain hope must surely often rise in every Christian mind, while enjoying the resurrection of all nature which we now see around us. The same divine power and faithfulness which is now bringing new life and beauty on every side, has engaged to awaken ourselves at last from our sleep in the tomb. We do not doubt or fear, while we walk among the trees in winter, that they are never to bud and blossom again; why should we doubt and tremble among the graves!"

"But we have often seen the trees come to life again, and we have never seen any one rise from the dead!"

"We have not, indeed; but many competent witnesses, men like ourselves, have seen it. Did not our risen Lord show himself to 'above five hundred brethren at once,' most of whom were still alive when Paul wrote that grand chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians, in which the fact is mentioned? Do not we read of many who saw Lazarus raised from the grave, and who afterwards 'bare record?' besides other cases. Or, even without these, would not the word of the living and true God have been enough to remove our fears and comfort our hearts?"

Mrs. Martyn was silent for a little, and then said: "Though the change from winter seems very sudden in looking back to-day, yet in general, in our climate, it comes on gradually. You will recollect my reading to you a passage from one of John Foster's discourses on the subject of winter. Listen to what he says on the first advances of spring:—

"How welcome are the early signs and precursory appearances of the spring!—the earlier dawn of day—a certain cheerful cast in the light; even though still

shining over an expanse of desolation, it has the appearance of a smile—a softer breathing of the air, at intervals—the bursting of the buds—the vivacity of the animal tribes—the first flowers of the season—and, by degrees, a delicate, dubious tint of green. It needs not that a man should be a poet, or a worshipper of nature, to be delighted with all this.

"May we suggest one analogy? The operation of the Divine Spirit in renovating the human soul, effecting its conversion from the natural state, is sometimes displayed in this gentle and gradual manner, especially in youth. In many cases, certainly, it seems violent and sudden (resembling the transition from winter to spring in the northern climates); but, in the more gradual instances, whether in youth or further on in life, it is most gratifying to perceive the first indications: serious thoughts and emotions—growing sensibility of conscience—distaste for vanity and folly—deep solicitude for the welfare of the soul—a disposition to exercises of piety—a progressively clearer, more grateful, and more believing apprehension of the necessity and sufficiency of the work and sacrifice of Christ for human redemption. To a pious friend, or parent, this is more delightful than if he could have a vision of Eden, as it bloomed on the first day that Adam beheld it."

"That is very comforting, mamma. But I have sometimes envied those who get suddenly converted. They must feel so *sure* of being Christians."

"Yes, if they have grace to go on steadily and consistently. But *progress* is quite as sure and safe a test as sudden transition. It is progress you must pray and strive for, my dear child, in overcoming your besetting faults of temper and conduct, in fulfilling all daily duties, and growing in 'the fruits of the Spirit.' So, by the grace of God, you will feel more and more able to say, with humble faith, 'My Saviour is mine, and I am his.'"

"I think every person should feel happy in the spring, it is such a joyful season. It makes me feel so light and happy to walk out just now."

"I am glad of that, my dear."

There was something in the tone of her mother's voice which made Lucy look up inquiringly. "Do you not feel joyful in spring, mamma?"

"Not always. My associations with this season have sometimes been very sad. I have seen those most dear to my heart fading hopelessly away from earth, at the very time when all nature was reviving and rejoicing. And such times of sorrow leave impressions not easily forgotten. For years after your father's death, I could never hear the first early notes of the blackbird without a gush of weeping. How often have I been, as it were, haunted by the beautiful lines of Mrs. Hemans, in her *Breathings of Spring*."

"I know that poem, mamma,—

"'I come, I come, ye have called me long—'"

"No; I allude to another of her poems, not so generally

known. After describing all the delightful sights and sounds of nature at this season, it goes on :—

"But what awak'st thou in the heart, O Spring?
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art,
What wak'st thou in the heart?

"Too much, oh, there too much! we know not well
Wherefore it should be thus; yet, roused by thee,
What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
Gush for the faces we no more may see!
How are we haunted, in the wind's low tone,
By voices that are gone!

"Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet;
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanished smiles, and sounds of parted feet.
Spring! 'midst the murmur of thy flowering trees,
Why, why reviv'st thou these?"

Lucy, like her mother, had a true heart and taste for poetry. Tears filled her eyes as she listened.

"These verses are very beautiful, mamma, but very sad."

"Yes; too sad, perhaps; at least, too sad, I hope, for you to understand. I shall repeat to you some others in a more healthful and Christian strain. They are a translation from one of my favourite writers, Meta Häusser, a Swiss poetess.

"Voices of spring, with what gladness I hear you again!
Praises to heaven ascending from mountain and plain!
I, too, would raise,
Humbly, an anthem of praise,
Joining in nature's glad strain.

"Listen, my soul, to the chorus on earth and in air;
All things created the praise of their Maker declare.
Shalt thou alone,
Silent, refuse to make known
All the rich grace thou dost share?

"Bath not the heavenly spring-time of Hope come to thee,
From the long winter of error and sorrow set free?
While its soft light,
Stealing across the dark night
Even of the grave, thou can'st see!

"Oh, thou Almighty, all-merciful Saviour and Lord,
Would that each feeling, each thought of my soul, could record

All the deep love
Which, from thy fulness above,
Into this heart thou hast poured!

"Now let me praise thee! Thou knowest how blindly and long
All thy kind dealings I read and interpreted wrong;
Murmured and wept,
Willfully wandered and slept,
In my rebellion so strong!

"But, as the cold frosts of winter dissolve and give way,
When on their surface the sunshine and soft breezes play,
So from the heart
Coldness and darkness depart,
Under thy love's cheering ray.

"Give me a harp! from the valley of tears let me join
Those who are singing above in the Presence divine.
Anthems of heaven—
Praise from a Saviour forgiven—
Sweetly the echoes combine!"

Lucy listened, and admired. Then she said, "I should not like to *die* in spring, as dear papa did. I think it must feel sad to leave this beautiful world just then, even for a Christian."

Mrs. Martyn opened the volume of Foster again, and read :—

"To a person in the latter stages of life, if destitute of the sentiments and expectations of religion, this world of beauty must lose its captivations; it must even take a melancholy aspect; for what should strike him so directly and forcibly as the thought that he is soon to leave it! It may even appear too probable that this is the *last* spring season he shall behold; while he looks upon it, he may feel an intimation that he is bidding it adieu; his paradise is retiring behind him, and what but a dreary immeasurable desert is before him? *This* will blast the fair scene while he surveys it, however rich its hues and sunshine.

"On the contrary, and by the same rule, this fair display of the Creator's works and resources will be gratifying, the most and the latest, to the soul animated with the love of God, and the confidence of soon entering on a nobler scene. Let me, he may say, look once more at what my Divine Father has diffused even here, as a faint intimation of what he has somewhere else. I am pleased with this as a distant outskirts, as it were, of the paradise toward which I am going." H. L. L.

THE WESTMINSTER BOYS.

HAVE a story to tell you, children, of the olden times;—times so old, so long gone past, that half of the names of the two little boys it is about has been forgotten. I cannot tell you if they were Johns, or Toms, or Harrys, or what their Christian names were; only that the one was called Wake and the other Nicholas.

The school which these boys were sent to by their parents was the very ancient one of Westminster; a school that was founded more than three hundred years

ago by Queen Elizabeth; and it is now more than two hundred years since they were romping in the playground, and studying in the halls of Westminster, just as little boys are still doing there. I have put little Wake's name before little Nicholas's because he was brave, and Nicholas was a cowardly, or to use the gentlest word, a timid boy; so I think that little Wake's name should be first.

In Westminster School there was then one great hall, in which both the older and younger pupils were taught;

the upper school being divided from the lower by a heavy curtain of separation. I am afraid Nicholas must have been mischievous as well as timid, because, somehow or other, he one day tore this dividing curtain. At that time the head-master of Westminster was Dr. Busby, a man whom the boys all respected; but he never overlooked a fault, and when he punished it was in right earnest.

Poor Nicholas was overwhelmed and dismayed at what he had done, and was so frightened for the punishment which was certain to await him, that brave little Wake, to comfort him, promised to take all the blame upon himself. He said he was not at all afraid of the caning; and that as he sat next to Nicholas upon the bench Dr. Busby would easily believe that he had torn the curtain. I hope the kind and brave boy did not tell a lie, but my story does not make me quite sure of that. I think, that as Nicholas was a gentle boy, and Wake a bold one, Dr. Busby would very naturally suppose that Wake had done it, and at once call him up to be punished. At all events he got a severe flogging from the doctor, and I know you wonder how Nicholas could sit still and see his brave little friend suffering for him.

Wake and Nicholas lived in very troublous times, when the Puritans, with Oliver Cromwell at their head, were fighting for the Commonwealth. When they grew up to be men, these two boys, once sitting on the same school-bench side by side, were widely separated from each other.

Wake chose to be a soldier in King Charles' army, a brave soldier of course he would be, and he soon became Colonel Wake.

Nicholas, as you may believe, never thought of being a soldier, and he joined Oliver Cromwell's party. If he were mischievous and timid as a boy, he must also have been clever, for we soon hear of his becoming one of Cromwell's judges, and Cromwell always chose his judges well.

I am glad at last to have something good to tell of poor Nicholas. In one of the unhappy battles of those days, when the King's army was routed, Colonel Wake was taken prisoner along with many others and sent to Exeter jail. Judge Nicholas happened at that time to be upon the Western Circuit, and had to try the Exeter prisoners. There was no need of any prolonged trial,

for what could the poor prisoners say except that they were guilty, and there was then little mercy shown on either side. So Judge Nicholas had just to pass sentence of death upon them all; and when he was proceeding to do so he was startled by one of the names being the very same as that of his early friend and champion at Westminster.

Looking at him attentively, for many years had passed since they met, he asked the prisoner Wake if he had ever been a Westminster boy. On hearing his answer he asked no more, and passed sentence upon him as on the rest, but, hastening from the court, he posted night and day to London, and did not rest until, having pled his cause successfully with Cromwell, he returned to Exeter the bearer of a free pardon to Colonel Wake.

Surely the judge, though a wearied and care-worn man, must have slept more sweetly that night than he did long ago at Westminster, when he had allowed little Wake to bear his punishment!

Now, dear children, I have told you all we know about these Westminster boys, and I wonder if the story has led you, as it did me, to think of that Mighty Friend who has borne our sins and carried our sorrows,—of Jesus, the blessed Saviour, who stood in our stead, and was wounded for our transgressions that with his stripes we might be healed? If he has indeed done this for you; if you can say "He is my Saviour," then what will you do for him? Ah, children! Jesus will never stand again a poor sufferer before any earthly tribunal; he will never again be a wayfarer here whom women might tend and men might follow. When he comes, he comes in glory, and his holy angels with him. It would seem as if now he needed no service from us, yet, as if he felt what the desire of our hearts must be, he has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And as if he knew that children's hands would wish to help in this loving work, he has said that even a cup of cold water given to a disciple shall be acknowledged by him. Let us hasten then to take our part in this blessed work of ministering to God's people. that when we meet him face to face, who has done all for us, he may be able to say of us, as he did of the woman of old, "They have done what they could."

x. x.





ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA:

A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration.

A SEQUEL TO "THE DRAYTONS AND THE DAVENANTS,"

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-GOTTA FAMILY."

XI.

OLIVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

AS Aunt Dorothy continued to recover, I knew the dreaded clash of arms with Annis Nye could not be long delayed; and I had been casting about in my mind for some means of settling Annis for the time elsewhere, when the storm burst suddenly upon me.

Maidie and I had come from a ramble near the town; Maidie enraptured with her first experience of the treasures of the woods, having that day discovered that in the autumn the trees drop showers of inestimable jewels in the form of spiky green balls, which, when opened, prove to be each a casket containing a glossy, brown lump of delight, called in the tongues of men a horse-chestnut, but in the tongue of Maidie having no word adequate to express its beauty and preciousness. I was bringing home a store of these treasures in a kerchief; while Maidie held my hand, discoursing, like a person just entered on a fortune, as to how much of her wealth she would bestow on Annis, and how much on Aunt Dorothy; baby she considered not able to appreciate; but in time, perhaps, she might grow up to it, and then she should have her share.

But at the door Aunt Dorothy met us, pale and agitated.

"Child!" she said, in the tone of one deeply wronged—"Olive! I did not look for this from thee!"

In her hand was a sheet of writing. She gave it me with a trembling hand.

"Read it, Olive," she said. "It is from George Fox, now in the House of Correction at Derby! a person concerning whom no sober person can entertain a hope, save that he may be mad. And it is sent to your maid Annis Nye; and is by her acknowledged. He is a Quaker, Olive! One of that mad sect opposed to all rule in Church, Army, and State. I knew the perilous latitude of thy husband's courses. I had even fears as to his being entirely free from Arminian heresies; but this, I confess, I had not looked for from thee!"

We came into the parlour; and while I was reading, Maidie took advantage of the silence to display her treasures.

"Poor innocent!" said Aunt Dorothy, taking her on her knee, and kissing her. "Poor innocent lamb! entrusted to a very wolf in sheep's clothing. I little thought to live to see this! Pretty! yes, pretty, my lamb!" she added, absently, as the little hands were held up to her with the new wonders.

But this reception of her treasures was far too absent and parenthetical to satisfy Maidie, who slipped off to the ground, and, calling on Annis, was making her way to the kitchen, when Aunt Dorothy anticipated her by closing the door and planting the little one summarily on the table, with an injunction to be quiet.

"The moment is come, Olive!" she said, solemnly, to me. "This house shall never be profaned by the presence of a person who calls Mr. Baxter

a 'priest,' his church a steeple-house, and George Fox a servant of the Lord."

"She is fatherless and motherless, Aunt Dorothy," I said. "What would you have me do? She cannot be turned houseless on the world to starve."

"Let her go to her Friends, as she calls them," said Aunt Dorothy—"her 'children of light!' Alas for the land! there is no lack of them. Although in the town Mr. Baxter has silenced them, by a remarkable discussion he held with them in the church, I doubt not they lie, like other foxes, in the holes and corners of the hills around. Although, in good sooth, the safest and mercifulest place for Quakers, in my judgment, is a prison, where they cannot spread their poison, or make everybody angry with them, as they do everywhere else. And to the inside of a prison, it seems, the maid is no stranger already. I am no persecutor, Olive. But when people scatter fire-brands, the only mercy to them and to the world is to tie their hands. Do you know," she added, "for what George Fox is in the House of Correction? For brawling in the church;—in a solemn congregation of ministers, soldiers, and people, which had assembled to hear godly Colonel Barton preach!"

"Is Colonel Barton a minister?" I said.

"Belike not," she replied, a little testily. "I am not for defending Colonel Barton, nor the times, nor the ways of those in power ('in authority' I will not call them, for authority in these disorderly days there is none). But there are degrees in disorder. Colonel Barton preaching in the pulpit is one thing, and George Fox the weaver's son crying out in the pews is another."

"Did he say anything very bad?" I said.

"What need we care what an ignorant upstart like that said, Olive? It was *where* he said it that was the crime. No place is sacred to the youngster. He preaches in market-places against cheating and cozening, in fairs against mountebanks, in courts of justice against the magistrates, in churches against the ministers."

"But, Aunt Dorothy," I ventured to say, "if he must preach at all, at least this way seems to me better than preaching in church against the mountebanks, and in the markets against the priests. To tell people their own sins to their

faces is more like right preaching, is it not, than telling them of other people's sins behind their backs? Whether it is wrong or not for George Fox to exhort the ministers before their own congregations who *dislike* it, I think it would be meaner and more wrong to rail at them in a congregation of Quakers who might *like* it."

"If you can defend George Fox, Olive," she said, "we may as well give up debating anything! At all events, I am thankful to say, whatever divisions there may be on other questions, the professing Church in general is of one opinion as to the Quakers. Whatever you may think of the mercy of imprisoning Quakers as regards their souls, there is no doubt it is a mercy to their bodies. For George Fox is no sooner at liberty from the prison, than he begins exhorting every one, making every one so angry that he is whipped and hunted from one town to another, and finds no rest until he is mercifully shut up in another prison. And I much doubt if you will not find it the same with Annis Nye."

I was not without fears of the kind. But I said,—

"She has shown a marvellous tenderness and love for the babes, Aunt Dorothy; and since she came to us, she has been as quiet as any other Christian. I dare not do anything to drive her forth into the cruel world; for she is tender and gentle as any gentlewoman born."

"Tender and gentle indeed!" exclaimed Aunt Dorothy. "Yes, she told me George Fox's letter was written to the Friends, and other 'tender people,' wherever they might be. I, at least, am not one of the tender people, to tolerate such ways. I hear much talk of toleration; and I will not deny that even Mr. Baxter has looser thoughts on Christian concord than I altogether like. He would be content if all Christians would unite on the ground of the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments. Whereas, in my opinion, you might nigh as well have no walls at all around the fold as walls any wolf can leap in over to devour the sheep, and any poor lamb may leap out over to lose itself in the wilderness. Why, a Socinian, an Arminian, a Papist, for ought I know, might sign the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments (praying and keeping them is, no doubt, another

thing). Belike *any one* might, but a Quaker ; for the Quakers will sign nothing, so that they are safe to be out of a fold that has *any* walls, which is some consolation. Everybody's toleration must stop somewhere ; yours, I suppose, would stop at a house-breaker. Mine stops at sacrilege or church-breaking ; and that I consider every Quaker may be considered to be guilty of. So, Olive, you must e'en choose between Annis Nye and me. Your company, and that of the babes, poor lambs, is pleasant to me. But I have not lifted up my testimony against my mother's son, whom I love as my own soul, and forsaken the only place I shall ever feel a home on earth, to have my house made a refuge, or a madhouse, for Quakers, Jews, Turks, and Infidels."

At this point Aunt Dorothy's face was considerably flushed, and her voice raised in a way which was altogether too much for Maidie's feelings. Her eyes were fixed anxiously on Aunt Dorothy's ; two large tears gathered in them, and her lip began to quiver ominously, when I caught her softly in my arms, just in time to hush a great sob on my bosom.

Poor little Maidie ! I do not think she had ever seen any one really angry before, except herself ; and not being able to distinguish between righteous ecclesiastical anger and ordinary unecclesiastical hastiness of temper, it was some time before she could be induced to respond to all the helpless blandishments and tender epithets which poor Aunt Dorothy lavished on her, with anything but "Naughty, naughty ! go away !"—an insult which Aunt Dorothy bore in patience once, but on its repetition, observed, "That comes of Antinomian serving-wenchs, Olive ! The child has no idea of any one being angry about anything ; a most dangerous delusion ! Mark my words, Olive ! the world is not Eden, and Antinomianism is the natural religion of us all ; and it is too plain Maidie is not free from the infection of nature ; and if you bring up the babes to look for nothing but fair weather, they will find the Lord's rough winds only the harder to bear. *Thou* wast not brought up altogether on sweetmeats, Olive ! Though may be on too many after all. It seems, however, that her poor old aunt's ways are not to the babe's mind ; so I suppose I had better withdraw."

Nothing makes one feel more helpless than the

uncontrollable repugnance of a child to some one it ought to love. I knew that Aunt Dorothy loved Maidie dearly, and that her sharp voice and manner were nothing but the pain of repressed and wounded feeling. But there were no words by which I could translate those harsh tones into Maidie's language of love. On the other hand, I knew that Maidie's repugnance was not naughtiness, but a real uncontrollable terror, which nothing but soothing and caressing could allay. Yet, while thus seeking to soothe the child, I felt conscious I was regarded by Aunt Dorothy as one of Solomon's unwise parents ; and I knew that, if it had been in her power, she would have sentenced me, as in our childhood, to learn a punitive "chapter in Proverbs."

My confusion was still worse confounded by the gentle opening of the door, and the sudden appearance of Annis with a bundle in her arms, at sight of whose calm face Maidie's countenance brightened, and she stretched out her hands to go to her.

Annis softly laid down her bundle and took the child in her arms, the little hands clinging fondly round her neck.

It was the last drop in Aunt Dorothy's cup and mine. "The babe at least has chosen, Olive !" she said, in a dry, hard voice. "And I suppose the mother will obey, according to the rule of these republican days." Aunt Dorothy was really "naughty" at that moment, in the fullest acceptance of the word ; and she knew it, which made her worse.

Gently Annis replaced the child in my arms, but there was a tremor in her voice when she spoke.

"Olive Antony," she said, "thee and thine have been true friends to me. But it is best I should leave thee. I have gathered my goods together" (they were easily gathered, poor orphan maid), "and I am going. Fare thee well !"

My heart ached. I knew her determined ways so well ; I knew so well the hard things that must await her in the world ; and I felt as if by even for a moment debating in my mind the possibility of letting her depart, I was accessory to her banishment, and so betraying my husband's trust.

"Not so, Annis," I said ; "this once I must be mistress. How else could I answer to my husband

for his trust of the fatherless;—or, what is more, to the Father of the fatherless?"

"Thy husband had no power to entrust thee with me," she replied, gently; "nor have I the power to commit myself to the care of any mortal. God has entrusted me with myself, soul and body, and I answer only to Him."

"But think, Annis, of the ruthlessness of the world," I said; a weak argument, I felt, the moment I had uttered it, and one which with Annis would be sure to turn the wrong way. The softness which Maidie's caresses had brought into her eyes left them, and a lofty courage came instead.

"Bonds and imprisonments may await me," she said. "If it were death, who that loved God was ever turned from His ways by that?"

"But the babes," I pleaded, "the little ones, will miss thee so sorely."

A tender smile came over her face as she glanced at Maidie.

"I have thought of that. I have pleaded it rebelliously with my Lord many days," she said; "but it is of no avail. His fire burneth in me, and who can stand it? I must go."

"But whither, Annis?" I said.

"There is a concern on my spirit," she said, "for my people and my father's house. They reviled me, and drove me from them. I must return. They have smitten me on the right cheek; I must turn to them the left. Maybe they will hear; but if not, I must speak. Or if they will not let me speak, I must be silent among them, and suffer. Sometimes silence speaks best.—Fare thee well, Olive Antony, and thou, aged Dorothy Drayton! I have said to thee what was given me to say. Thou hast done me no despite. It is not for thy words I depart. If they had been softer than butter, I dared not have tarried. The Power is on my spirit, and I must go."

She kissed Maidie, and I kissed her serene forehead. Further remonstrance was in vain. I would have pressed money on her, but she refused.

"I have no need," she said, with a smile. "I shall not be forsaken. And I have not earned it. Little enough have I done for all thee and thine hath been to me."

With tears I stood at the door and watched her

quietly pass down the street, not knowing whither she went. But before she had gone many steps Aunt Dorothy appeared with a basket laden with meat, bread, and wine, which, hurrying after Annis, she succeeded in making her take.

"It is written, 'Thou shalt not receive him into thy house, or bid him God speed,'" said she apologetically to me, as she re-entered the door. "But it is not written, 'Thou shalt send him out of thy house hungry and fasting.'"

"It is written, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him,'" I said.

"I had thought of that text also, Olive," said she, "but I do not think it quite fits. For the poor maid is not *mine* enemy. God knows I would not have shut house or heart against her if she had been only that!"

We were very silent that day. The house seemed very empty and quiet, when Maidie's last sobbing entreaties for Annis were hushed, and, the babes being asleep, Aunt Dorothy and I seated ourselves by the fireside.

"It was a hard duty, Olive, to speak as I did; and belike, after all, the flesh had its evil share in the matter," she said, as we parted for the night. "But I did it. And I think it has been owned."

But I did not think her conscience was as easy as she tried to persuade herself.

The night was wild and stormy, and I heard her pacing unquietly about her room and opening her casement more than once, as I sat watching Maidie in a restless sleep, and reading the papers by George Fox which Annis had left behind her. The words were such as no Christian, it seemed to me, could but deem good. Some of them rang like an ancient hymn out of some grand old liturgy.

"Oh, therefore," he wrote from his prison, "mind the pure spirit of the everlasting God, which will teach you to use the creatures in their right place, and which judgeth the evil. To Thee, O God, be all glory and honour, who art Lord of all, visible and invisible! To Thee be all praise, who bringest out of the deep to Thyself, O powerful God, who art worthy of all glory. For the Lord who created all, and gives life and strength to all, is over all, and is merciful to all. So Thou who hast made all, and art over

all, to Thee be all glory ! In Thee is my strength and refreshment, my life, my joy, and my gladness, my rejoicing and glorying for evermore. For there is peace in resting in the Lord Jesus."

"Love the cross; and satisfy not your own minds in the flesh, but prize your time, while you have it, and walk up to that you know, in obedience to God; then you shall not be condemned for that you know not; but for that you know and do not obey."

So I read on, watching Maidie's restless tossings and her flushed cheek, hearing now and then Aunt Dorothy's uneasy footsteps, and wondering whether Annis Nye had found shelter, or whether she were still wandering along the wet and windy roads; whilst beneath these thoughts every now and then I kept falling back on the things that were never long absent from me: those two Puritan armies watching each other in Scotland, with the "covenanted king" at the head of one, and Oliver at the heart of the other, where my husband, and Roger, and Job Forster were. I thought also of my father and Aunt Dorothy journeying through the desolations made by the Thirty Years' religious war in Germany. Who could say when *our* war would cease, and what further desolations it would leave behind? Then my mind wandered to Lettice Davenant, from whom Aunt Dorothy had lately received a letter, which had made her uneasy, from its comparing certain godly Catholic people who live in a nunnery called Port-Royal with the godly people in England. Thence, reverting to my early days, I thought how small the divisions of the great battle-field seemed then, and how complicated now! And, looking fondly at Maidie and the babe, it occurred to me whether the child's simple divisions of "good" and "naughty" might not after all be more like those of the angels than we are apt to think.

Aunt Dorothy looked pale and haggard the next morning, but she betrayed nothing of her nightly investigations into the weather, only manifesting her uneasiness by looking up anxiously when a peculiarly violent gust of wind drove the rain against the windows, and by an unusual tolerance and gentleness with Maidie, who was in a very fretful temper.

In the evening, when the children were asleep,

and Aunt Dorothy and I were left alone: "It is very strange!" she said; "something in that Quaker woman's ways seems to have marvellously moved my little maid Sarah. I found the child crying over her Bible, and she said, 'Annis Nye had told her *God would teach her*; but she wished He would send her some one like Annis again to help her to learn.'

"It is very strange, Olive," she added. "The directions about heretics coming to one's house are so very plain. But then I always thought of a heretic as a noisy troublesome person, puffed up with vanity and conceit, whom it would be quite a pleasure to put down. It is rather hard that a heretic should come to me in the shape of a poor, lonely orphan maid, for the most part quiet and peaceable, and so like a sober Christian; that I should have to send her away alone no one knows where; and that such a night would follow, just as if on purpose to make right look like wrong. I begin to see a mercy in the persecutions of the Church. When one comes to know the heretics, the natural man gets such a terrible hold of one, that it would certainly be easier to suffer the punishment than to inflict it. Although, of course, I am not going to shrink from my duty on account of its not being easy."

It was Aunt Dorothy's first experience of being at the board of the Star-chamber instead of its bar. And she certainly did not enjoy it.

XII.

The year 1651 seemed to roll on rather heavily at Kidderminster.

Aunt Dorothy kept her private fasts, in loyal contempt of the Parliament, especially that one which Mr. Philip Henry, and other Royalist Presbyterians, so faithfully held until some years after the Restoration, in memory of the death of King Charles the First.

Mr. Baxter helped to make many people good by his fervent sermons, and meantime made many good people angry by his "convincing" controversial books, calling out fifty angry, controversial books in reply.

Meantime, in a quiet hollow of the hills near the town, I discovered a small manor-house where certain Episcopal Christians met secretly to hear a deprived clergyman read the proscribed liturgy. And

more than once I crept in among them to join in the familiar prayers. The calm, ancient words seemed to lift me so far above the dust and din of our present strifes. Once I heard Dr. Jeremy Taylor preach a sermon to this little company. And the rich intertwining harmonies of his poetical speech, and the golds, crimsons, and purples of his eloquent imagery, seemed to transform the plain old hall, in which we listened to them, into a cathedral glorious with organ music and choristers' voices, and with the shadows and illuminations of richly-sculptured shrines and richly-coloured windows.

So the year passed on. To us, chronicled in skirmishes and sieges and political changes; and to Maidie in daises and cowslips, primroses, violets, strawberries, and heart-stirring promises of another Eldorado of those living jewels known among men as horse-chestnuts.

Letters came frequently, after the Battle of Dunbar, from Scotland.

One from Job Forster, forwarded by Rachel :—

"Godly Mr. Baxter puzzled me sore at Naseby by miscalling us poor soldiers who had left our farms and honest trades to fight his battles, as if we had been mere common hirelings or fanatic praters. It was a bewilderment in Ireland to see how angry the poor natives were with us for trying to bring them law and order. But all the puzzles, and bewilderments, and subtleties were nothing to these Scottish covenanted ministers and their kirk.

"They slander us behind our backs to the country people, calling us 'monsters of the world,' till the poor deluded people run away from us as if we were savage black Indians. And when the few who stay behind find we are sober Christians who eat not babes but bread (and little enough, in this poor stripped county, of that), and pay for what we eat, and the women-folk (who, I will say, have quicker wits than the men) come back and peaceably brew and bake for us, they still go on slandering us to those who have not seen us.

"They call us names to our faces in their pulpits, 'blasphemers, sectaries,' and what not. And when we deal softly with them and are as dumb as lambs (when we could chase them into their holes like lions), and let them talk on, even

that does not convince them that we mean no one any harm.

"Meantime they drag about the late king's son, poor young gentleman, until one cannot but pity him, chief malignant as he is. For they will not let any of his old friends and followers come near him. The other day he made off, like a poor caged bird, to get among his true malignants near Perth. But his friends had no gilded cage and sugared food to suit his taste, and after spending a dismal night among them in a Highland hut, he had to creep back to the ministers, and take some more oaths, and hear some more sermons.

"Very dark it is to me the notions these Kirkmen have concerning many things, especially kings, oaths, and sermons. Concerning oaths. They seem to think the more a man swears the more he cares for it, instead of the less; as if a second oath made a first worth more, instead of showing that it was worth nothing. It is enough to make one turn Quaker—(But this I would not have known to Annis Nye, poor perverse maid)! Concerning sermons. As if they did a man good, whether he will or no, like physic, if he only takes enough of them! Concerning kings. As if dragging a poor young gentleman, like a bear in a show, with a crown on his head, about with them, and scolding him (on their knees), and doing what they like without asking him, and never letting him do what he likes, or see whom he likes, was having a *king*! If they have their way, and drive Oliver and us into the sea, and make their covenanted show-king into a real king, I wonder how he will show them his gratitude. Scarcely, I think, by listening to sermons, such as they like. Perhaps by making them listen to sermons such as he likes, whether they will or no.

"But, thank God, Oliver lives, though more than once this spring he has been sick and like to die; and we are little likely (God helping us) to be chased into the sea by enemies who already cannot agree among themselves. Meantime, Dr. Owen has been preaching to them with his plain words, in Edinburgh, and Oliver with his guns; and it is yet to be hoped the wise among them may open their ears and hear.

"Not that I think it any wonder that any poor

mortal should blunder, and get into a maze. A poor soul that went so far astray as to misdoubt Oliver, and to think of bringing in the Fifth Monarchy by muskets and pikes, and could not be got right again without being stuck on the leads of Burford Church to see his comrades shot, has no great reason to wonder at the strange ways of others, be they Kirk ministers or Quakers."

My husband wrote:—

"I have watched by many death-beds.

"I have seen many die these last months, Olive. The hails, and frosts, and scanty food, and scanty clothing, have done more despatch than the muskets or great guns. I have saved some lives, I trust, but I have seen many die; men of all stamps, Covenanted, Uncovenanted, Resolutioners, Protesters, Presbyterians, Sectaries; and within all these grades of theological men (and outside them all) I have seen not a few, thank God, to whom dying was not death. Death brings back to any soul which meets it awake, the hunger and thirst which nothing but God can satisfy. Resolutions, Covenants, and Confessions may, like other perishable clothes, be needful enough on earth. But they have to be left entirely behind, as much as money, or titles, or any other corruptible thing. If they have been garments to fit us for earthly work, well; they have had their use, and can be gently laid aside. If they have been veils to hide us from God and ourselves, how terribly bare they leave us! Alone, unclothed, helpless, the only question then is, can we trust ourselves to the Father as a babe to the bosom of its mother?

"Does the Christ, the Son, who has died for us, offering Himself up, without spot, to God, and lives for ever; and dying, committed His spirit to the Father's hands, enable us to offer ourselves up, in Him,—commit our spirits, helpless, but redeemed, into the Father's hands? Then the sting is plucked out. I have seen it again and again. Death is abolished. It is not seen. It is not tasted. Christ is seen instead. The eternal life no more begins than it ends at death. It continues. A cramping chrysalis shell is thrown off, and it expands. But it no more begins then than it ends.

"If ever there is to be a Confession of Faith which is to unite Christendom, I think it should

be drawn from dying lips. For these will never freeze the Confession into a profession. On dying lips the Creed and the Hymn are one; for they are uttered not to man, but to God."

And later Roger wrote:—

"This campaign has aged the Captain-General sensibly. He has had ague, and has more than once been near death. I think the cold in godly men's hearts has struck at his heart more than the cold of the country at his life. The other day a gentleman who is much near him, said to me: '*My lord is not aware that he has grown an old man.*' So do deeds count for years. For, as we know, he is barely fifty years of age. But as he wrote to one not long since, he knows where the life is that never grows old. '*To search God's statutes for a rule of conscience, and to seek grace from Christ to enable him to walk therein,—this hath life in it, and will come to somewhat.*' What is a poor creature without this?"

"Some, indeed, call him a tyrant and usurper; some very near him. (A hypocrite I think none very near him dare call him; though men are ever too ready to think that no one can honestly see things otherwise than they do.)

"But I know not what they mean. He would respect every trace of the ancient laws, every hard-won inch of the new liberties, and every honest scruple of the conscience,—if men would have it so. I see not what tyranny he exercises, save to keep men from tyrannizing over each other. But this power to tyrannize over others seems, alas! what too many mean by liberty.

"Sometimes, Olive, I am ashamed to feel myself growing old. Hope is faint in me sometimes for the country and myself. And when hope is gone, youth is gone, be our age what it may. In the General, I think, this youth never fails, as one who knows him said: '*Hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all others.*'

"*P.S.*—There is talk of the Scottish army faring southward with their king. Scarce credible. But if true, we shall follow swift on their trail, and swiftly be in old England and with thee."

They came, the two armies, as swiftly as Roger could have dreamed. The Scottish Cove-

nanted-Royalist force, 14,000 strong, sweeping down through the west, by Carlisle, Lancashire, Cheshire, Shrewsbury, to Worcester; the English Uncovenanted-Puritan army through the east by Yorkshire.

Two tides to meet in deadly shock for the last time at Worcester. Two tides between which the difference became more and more apparent as they swept on: the one flowing like a summer torrent through some dark valley in a tropical country, receiving no tributaries, welcomed in no quiet resting-places, becoming ever shallower and narrower as it advanced; the other swelling as it swept on like a thing that was at home, and was to last, gathering force here, gathering bulk there, ever deepening and widening as it went.

King Charles and his Scottish leaders summoned place after place, but they met with no response. His trumpeters went to the gates of Shrewsbury and proclaimed the king, but the gates remained closed, and the unwelcome tide had to sweep sullenly past the walls. I scarce know how this came to pass. Oliver, as I think, was never popular throughout the nation; nothing of the old unquestioning loyalty which slumbered everywhere (as time proved) in the dumb heart of the people was accorded to him. Even those who acknowledged him, with some few exceptions, acknowledged him rather sullenly as a break-water against tyranny, than enthusiastically as a hero and a chief. It might be dread of the Ironsides pursuing; it might be bitter memories of the Star-chamber and of Prince Rupert's plunderings, not yet effaced by years of liberty and security. It might be, as Mr. Baxter said, that the Scots came into England rather in the manner of fugitives; it being hard for the common people to distinguish between an army going before another following it, and an army running away; and into a flying army few men will enlist. But however this may have been, all along that dreary progress scarce a note of welcome cheered the Scottish army and their king, until Worcester received them under the shadow of her Cathedral (ominously tenanted by the remains of the King of the Magna Charta), opening her gates to give them the shelter which so soon was to become to thousands of them the shelter of a grave.

Part of the Scots army passed not further than

a field's length from Kidderminster; and a gallant orderly company they seemed, being governed, as Mr. Baxter said, far differently from Prince Rupert's troopers; "not a soldier of them durst wrong any man the worth of a penny." Honest, hard-fighting, covenanted men, sorely bewildered, I should think, with the ways of King and Kirk, and not a little also with the ways of Providence; but true, nevertheless, to the Covenant and to the Ten Commandments.

Divers messages were sent from the army (and, it was believed, from the king himself) to Mr. Baxter, to request him to come to them. But Mr. Baxter was at that time "under so great an affliction of sore eyes, that he was not scarce able to see the light, nor to stir out of doors; and being (moreover) not much doubtful of the issue which followed, he thought if he had been able it would have been no service to the king—it being so little that, on such a sudden, he could add to his assistance."

It was not until some days after this that Oliver and his army came up. I knew it first from my husband, who came for an hour to see me and the babes on the 2nd of September, the day before the battle, bringing good tidings of Roger and of Job Forster. I thought he might have tarried with us until after the fight, when his skill would be in request. But he took not that view of his duty. Skirmishes might occur at any moment, he said, and he must be on the spot. He had little doubt what the end would be; but he deemed the struggle would be hard, being, so to speak, a death-struggle. And so it proved.

On the 3rd of September the shock of battle came. It was Oliver's White Day, the first anniversary of his victory at Dunbar (to be made memorable to England afterwards by another death-struggle, which would have no anniversary on earth to him, but which, none the less, I think, made it the White Day of his hard and toilsome life).

Soon after noon, stragglers came in and told us what was going on; and all through the rest of the day the town was in unquiet expectation, the people thronging at a moment's notice from loom, and forge, and household work, into the market-place in front of Mr. Baxter's house, to

hear any report brought by any passing traveller.

The first news was that Oliver was making two bridges of boats, across the Severn and the Teme; that the young king and his generals had seen him from the spire of Worcester Cathedral, and had despatched troops to contest the passage of the river, and that a hard struggle was going on by its banks. Then, after these tidings had been eagerly turned over and over until no more could be made of it, the townsmen returned to their homes. For some hours there was a cessation of tidings, and the whole town seemed unusually still. The ordinary interests were suspended, and the minds of men were not sufficiently united for any general assembling together. There was no gathering for prayer in the church. Mr. Baxter was sitting apart in his house, unable to bear the light; certainly not praying for Oliver to win, yet, I think, scarce wishing very earnestly for the complete success of the Scots.

Aunt Dorothy, on the first rumour of the fight, had rigidly shut herself up in her chamber for a day of solitary fasting. But if we had been together, we should each have been none the less solitary; perhaps more, shut out from each other by the door of our lips. The lives dearest to us both on earth were at stake. Of these we could neither of us have spoken. The things dearest to each of us were at stake. But of these we thought not alike, and would not have spoken. It was almost a boon for me that Annis Nye had departed, so that the babes were thrown entirely on my care. It kept me from straining my hearing with that vain effort to catch the terrible sounds which I knew were to be heard not far off. It kept me from straining my heart with that vain effort to catch some intimation of what might be the will of God, and from distracting self-questioning whether I had done as much as I could, by praying, to help those who were certainly doing as much as they could for us, by fighting. And instead, it left me only leisure to lift up my soul from time to time in one brief simple reiteration: "Father, Thou seest, Thou carest; I commit them to Thee."

Towards evening further tidings came, putting an end to our suspense in one direction. After hours of stiff fighting, from hedge to hedge, the

Scots army had been driven into Worcester, out of Worcester, out of reach of Worcester.

The issue of the day as to victory was no longer doubtful. But its issue as to the lives so precious to us remained to us unknown.

So the slow hours of the afternoon wore on, until the declining autumn sun threw the shadow of the opposite houses over the room, and with the babe on my knee, and Maidie singing to herself low lullabies as she dressed and undressed her wooden baby at my feet, my thoughts went back to the October Sunday nine years before (1642), when the stillness of the land was terribly broken by the first battle of the Civil War, the fight of Edgehill.

How simple it all seemed to me then; how complex now. Then there seemed visibly two causes, two ends, two ways, two armies, the choice being plainly that between wrong and right. Now so perplexed and interlaced were convictions, parties, leaders, followers, that it seemed as if to our eyes the causes and armies were legion; and to none but the Divine eyes, which see, through all temporary party differences, the eternal moral differences, could the divisions of the hosts be clear.

Partly no doubt this perplexity was simply the consequence of the armies having encountered; no longer couched expectant opposite each other on their several opposite heights, but grappling in deadly struggle on the plains between.

Partly, perhaps, also because the eternal moral differences on which we believed the final judgment must be based, had become more the basis of ours.

And Maidie and the babe, I thought, poor darlings, had all this yet to learn! How could I help them, so that they might have less than I to unlearn?

How! except by engraving deep on the hearts Aunt Gretel's trust in God. "Put the darkness anywhere but there, sweetheart; anywhere but in Him!" By slowly dyeing their hearts in grain, as Mr. Baxter would have wished, in the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, so that any after surface-colouring, if it modified these heavenly tints, should never be able to efface them.

There are qualities in some waters, it is said,

as at Kidderminster, which tend to fix dyes, and give value to the fabrics of the places where they flow.

Has not God given a mother's love this fixing power for all truths that come to a child's heart steeped in its living waters?

So far, therefore, Maidie and the babe might have something through my lessons, which the combined teaching of Aunt Gretel and Aunt Dorothy, each in herself so much better than I, could not quite possess for Roger's childhood and mine.

The thought made me glad and strong; and I was still going in the strength of it, when Job Forster appeared at the door.

I ran out and met him on the threshold.

He brought good news of my husband and Roger. The fight was over. Leonard was attending to the wounded. Roger was still engaged in the pursuit. But the Scots were scattered hither and thither among the woods and harvest-fields. The reapers and labourers had taken up the pursuit, and before night-fall, probably, not a stray party would hold together strong enough to offer ten minutes' resistance.

"And His Majesty?" said a grim voice behind us.

"The King of Scots is in hiding, Mistress Dorothy," said Job controversially, but very respectfully. "No one knows the road he has taken."

"Then there is something to pray for yet," said she. "That this blood-stained land may imbrue her hands no deeper in the blood of her kings."

"Aunt Dorothy," I ventured to say, "you will give thanks as well as pray? Leonard and Roger are safe."

"I know," said she, "it is written, 'In everything give thanks.'"

And without further concession she turned back to her chamber. But on her way she halted, and said, turning to me,—

"Olive, see that Job is fed and lodged. We must make a difference. A heretic is one thing, and a rebel another."

Without giving Job the privilege of reply, she remounted the stairs.

I asked him into the kitchen. But Job was somewhat hard to persuade.

"It is hard, Mistress Olive," said he, "to have bread and shelter flung at you like a dog, without a chance to explain. When Mistress Dorothy herself was one of the keenest to set us against the oppressors! And when, but for Oliver, though I say it, she herself might have been in Newgate among the Quakers years ago."

Yet without Maidie I doubt whether I should have prevailed. She, poor lamb, seeing nothing in Job but a bit of home, and a never-failing store-house of kindnesses, had already enthroned herself in his arms, undaunted by breast-plate or sword, and with her arms clinging around him constrained him to come into the kitchen, if it were only to set her down.

Once there, to make him stay was easier. For he was wounded in the left shoulder, so that he could not hold the horse's reins, and had little strength to walk further. But for that, indeed, he would not have been Roger's messenger. The pallor of his countenance, when his helmet was unlaced, startled me; yet, after refreshing him with ale and meat, it was with no little difficulty that I persuaded him to let me dress and bandage his wound.

After that he seemed easier, and his first inquiries were for Annis Nye, concerning whom we had had no tidings for some weeks. "When I am set up a bit, mistress," said he, "I must see after that poor maid the first thing, for she is a godly maid, although a Quakeress. And I mis-doubt whether she be not in jail. It's beyond the wisest of us to keep a Quaker safe anywhere. Only," he added, "I must be set up a bit first. I don't feel sure flesh and blood could stand her discourse on the wickedness of war, until the pain's a bit less sharp. She's so terrible quiet, Mistress Olive, and so shut up against reason."

At night we were roused by the clattering of flying horsemen through the streets, Kidderminster being but eleven miles from Worcester. Then came a party of thirty of the Parliament troopers and took possession of the market-place. Then hundreds more of the flying Royalists, who "not knowing in the dark how few they were that charged them," when the Parliament troopers cried "stand," either hasted away, or cried quarter. And so, as Mr. Baxter said, "as many were taken there, as so few men could lay hold

on; and until midnight the bullets flying towards my doors and windows, and the sorrowful fugitives hasting for their lives, did tell me the calamitousness of war."

So ended the last battle of the Civil War.

Maidie, terrified, clung to me and would not leave my arms. Aunt Dorothy remained in her chamber; the little maid Sarah took shelter in mine. Only the babe and Job Forster were unmoved by the noise. The babe slept peacefully on, the storm of war in the streets being no more to her on her mother's knee, than an earthquake to the planet Jupiter's satellites; and Job being wearied out with pain and fatigue, and lulled by the absence of the duty of soldierly vigilance, which had kept him on the stretch so long.

The next day Roger passed through the town, pausing a minute at the door to see me and the babes. He told us my husband would come in a few days to take us home. He told us also how complete the ruin of the enemy was.

"Now," he said, as he remounted at the door, "we shall see what peace and Oliver can make of England."

And there was a ring of hope in his voice, as he rode away, I had not heard in it for many a day.

England he thought was to be made such a kingdom of righteousness and peace, that all the nations far and wide must see and acknowledge it. And amongst them, I felt sure he dreamed also of one fair loyal maiden, whose verdict I knew was worth more to him than he dared to own to himself.

But Job watching him up the street, turned back to us shaking his head.

"It remains to be seen, on the other hand, what England will do with peace and Oliver!" he said. "Sometimes my heart misgives me that we may have longer to wait for the Fifth Monarchy than Master Roger or most of us dream. There do seem so many things to be set right first. The Kirk ministers and the Quakers do puzzle a plain Cornishman sore!"

Roger had not been gone more than a few seconds, and we had not yet ceased looking after him, when he came galloping back to the door.

Bending low from his saddle as I went up to him.

"Olive," he said, "I saw some constables in a village near Worcester taking Annis Nye to prison. I could have rescued her, but she refused my aid, saying that I was a man of war, and she chose rather to be set in gaol by a man of peace than to have her bonds broken by the carnal sword. On second thoughts, I concluded that at present she might be safer in gaol, while men's minds are so disturbed. But I thought it best to let thee know."

And he was away once more.

This tidings cost Job and me many heavy musings. At length he resolved on losing no time (his wound having proved less severe than we feared); but to set out on the 'morrow to rescue Annis, and bring her back, if possible to return with us to London.

Accordingly early on the morrow he went forth.

In the evening, to my relief, and to Maidie's joy, he returned, with Annis, looking very pale and worn; but with her face as serene and her eyes as steady and clear as ever.

I embraced her on the threshold. Beyond that she would not step.

"Dorothy Drayton would have none of me," said she. "We are to give our coat to him who takes away our cloak. But it never says we are to take a cloak from him that denied us his coat. I may not enter this house."

"But it is night-fall," said I. "Whither would you turn?"

"It is not the first night-fall I have been content with such lodging as the fowls of the air," said she, and quietly went her way.

I would have followed her; but Job Forster restrained me.

"Let her be, Mistress Olive!" he whispered. "She is as hard to catch as a wild colt, and far harder to hold. There be reins to turn colts, and there be corn to coax them; but there be no reins to hold and no lure to coax a Quaker. Their ways are wonderful. Let her be: maybe she'll come back of herself; and, if not, neither love nor fear will bring her. It is not to be told, Mistress Olive," he added, as we reluctantly turned back into the kitchen, "what I've borne

from that poor maid this day. I had some work to get her off on bail, for she had angered the justices and the constables grievously, and I had to contrive; for the Quakers will not let any one go bail for them. They're as lofty as the apostle Paul with his Roman rights, and would rather stay in prison than be set free as guilty. When I came to the gaol and gave her joy that I had come to set her free, she smiled at me as innocent as a babe, as meek (seemingly) as one of Fox's martyrs, and yet bold as a lion, and said: 'Thee cannot set me free, Job Forster. What is the bondage of bars and stocks to such bondage as thine?' And then she railed, that is, railed in her way, as soft as if she were saying the civilest things—at Oliver and the Ironsides, and the war, and all war, until it was a harder trial of patience to stand quiet before her than before any pounding of great guns. I could only get her off at last by getting her put in my charge, as if I had been a constable, to bring home to her mistress; and all the way back, from time to time she discoursed on the wickedness of soldiering,—mixing up Bible texts in a way to make a man mazed, and at times 'most think he might as well have been at home by the forge at Netherby, as raging over the world fighting the Lord's battles. Although I knew, of course, Mistress Olive, that was only a temptation. At last I gave her my mind plain. 'Mistress Annis,' I said, 'of all the fighting men of the time, it's my belief there's none who have more fight in them than you and your friends. It's very well to say you won't fight, when you rouse every drop of fighting blood there is in other people by your words. For Scripture saith there be words which are fiercer weapons of war than any swords. You talk a deal of keeping to the spirit, and not to the letter; and you talk of giving the left cheek to him that smites the right. But it's my belief, the spirit of those words is, you shall not provoke your enemies; and it's my belief that it's dead against the spirit when, by keeping to the letter and turning the left cheek, you are just doing the provokingest thing you can. It's not the virtues of *war*, it seems to me, you are lacking in,' I said, 'but the virtues of *peace*. You and yours, from first to last, have had courage enough to lead a forlorn hope. The

thing you want most, to my seeming, is meekness. I would give somewhat for thee and my mistress to meet. She is real meek, and, withal, brave as a lion, if need be; and she would treat thee like a child, as thou art, instead of like a martyr—which would, belike, do thee more good. Yet she would give thee a hearty welcome, with all thy wilfulness.' And, after that, she was quiet a good bit. And then she said, quite simple and natural: 'Job Forster, I *am* but a child; and one day, belike, I may have a call to see thy wife. I feel as if she would be like a mother. From all thou sayest, she must be a woman of a tender spirit and an understanding heart.'

In the morning Aunt Dorothy came down from her solitary chamber. She looked pale, but relieved in spirit. "Olive," said she, "I heard that poor bewildered maid come to the house last night, and go away; and I do not mean to pass through such another night as these two she has cost me. I have wrestled the thing out in my heart. On the one side, there is the heretic the Apostle John spake of in the epistle. But I consider that heretic was a tempter, and a man. Now Annis, poor soul, is tempted, and a maid; which makes a difference, to begin with. Then, on the other hand, there is the man who fell among thieves. I consider Annis Nye has fallen among thieves; and I don't think one of Mr. Baxter's people, in this year of our Lord sixteen hundred and fifty-one, ought to be outdone by an ignorant Samaritan, who lived in no year of our Lord at all."

"Then, Aunt Dorothy," I suggested, "there were the Samaritans all through the Gospels, and our Lord's pitiful ways with them altogether. I think the Samaritans must have been at least as wrong as the Quakers."

"Maybe, my dear; I am not so well informed as I should wish as to the theology of the Samaritans. I should think it was a great medley. But our Saviour knew all things, and could do what He pleased."

"And may not we do what pleased Him?"

"Olive," said Aunt Dorothy, turning on me, "I am not going to have Scripture quoted against me by one I taught to read it. I never did call down fire from heaven on any one, nor wished to do so, and I am not to be enticed by any smooth

by-paths into such tolerations as yours and your husband's. You need not think it. But, with regard to Annis Nye, my conscience is satisfied; and you may bring her at once to the house. Besides," she added, "I do not mean to let any of you depart without bearing my testimony."

Whereon Job Forster departed in search of Annis Nye; whom, with some difficulty, he persuaded to place herself again within range of Aunt Dorothy's hospitalities and admonitions.

The day passed in much stillness. Aunt Dorothy herself moved heavily, like a thunder-cloud with lightnings in it; and the weight of her impending "testimony" made the air heavy.

Towards evening my husband came, and all thunder-clouds naturally grew much lighter to me.

He brought more tidings of the campaign in Scotland and the Battle of Worcester. He believed it would be the last of the war. Aunt Dorothy loaded us with every kind of bodily refreshment and comfort. But she kept herself apart from the conversation, and never vouchsafed to ask one question, save concerning the safety of the king, of whom no news had been heard. It was decided we were to leave on the morrow; and often I saw her eyes moisten tenderly as she glanced at Maidie, who, in her sweet trustful way, kept drawing her amongst us by claiming her sympathy with her joy in the little treasures her father had brought her.

In the night, before the dawn of the next morning, Aunt Dorothy and her little maid were astir, and wonderful cookings and bakings must have gone forward. For when we came down to breakfast, a huge basket stood laden with provisions for the way, substantial and dainty, with special reference to Maidie's tastes; little tender preparations which often brought tears to my eyes on the journey, as I found them out one by one, and thought of the self-repressed rigour of the dear old rock from which those springs of kindness flowed.

Yet all the while we were at breakfast together at the great table in the kitchen, every slightest want watched and anticipated by Aunt Dorothy, I felt as if she were looking on every morsel as a coal of fire heaped on our heads; while the weight of the impending testimony hung over us. At length it came.

"Nephew and niece, Leonard and Olive Antony," said she, as we were about to rise; "and thou, Annis Nye and Job Forster, I have somewhat to say to you."

And then she testified against us all, and also against Oliver Cromwell, the army, and the country; comparing us to the people who built Babel to make themselves a name, to Jeroboam who made priests of the lowest of the people, to Absalom, to Jezebel, to the evil angels who speak evil of dignities, and to the Laodiceans, in a way which made the blood rush to my face on behalf of my husband. Finally, turning to Annis Nye, she launched on her a separate denunciation; beginning with the devil who clothed himself as an angel of light, and ending with the Anabaptists of Münster, and the Jesuits, who, Mr. Baxter believed, had emissaries among the Quakers.

I knew that the more tenderness Aunt Dorothy felt at heart for offenders, the more severe were her denunciations of their offences. But Annis could not be expected to be aware of this, and I trembled to see how she would bear it, lest it should drive her once more from us into the world, so hard on Quakers. The calm on her countenance, however, was not even ruffled. She kept her eyes, all the time, fully opened, fixed with an expression, not of defiance, but of wonder and compassion, on Aunt Dorothy, until Aunt Dorothy herself at length paused, apparently checked by the strength of her own language, held out her hand to Annis, and added,—

"Now I have said what was on my mind. I did not mean to anger thee; but less, in conscience, I dared not say."

Annis took the hand offered to her with a tender compassion, as she might that of an aged sick person.

"Why should I be angered, friend?" said she in her softest voice. "Can thy words touch the truth? It was there when they began; and it is there when they end. And one day we shall all have to see it; whatever it is, wherever we be; thee, and Olive Antony and her husband, and all."

Aunt Dorothy had no further words to lavish on obduracy so hopeless. She only struck her palms together, shook her head slowly, and looked up in speechless dismay.

Job muttered under his breath, as he rose to saddle the horses,—

"Poor souls! poor dear souls! They have got somewhat yet to learn. They have got to learn the lesson Oliver taught us on old Burford steeple!"

But my husband only replied,—

"Mistress Dorothy, you have been the truest of friends to me and mine. We cannot agree on

all things, although I shall always honour you in my heart more than nine-tenths of the people I do agree with. But there is one admonition of Oliver Cromwell's which I should like to have engraved deep on the hearts of us all. It is one which he addressed last year, in a letter, to the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland. "I beseech you," he wrote, "in the bowels of Christ, *think it possible you may be mistaken.*"

"REDEEMING THE TIME."



WO paces—then the goal
Two little steps at most,
Then life is gone, and heaven is won,
Or else, alas! 'tis lost.

Two paces—brief the space,
By hasty feet soon trod;
And yet, what wondrous room it leaves
For love to work for God.

There's time for faith to trust,
For holy zeal to glow;
There's ample time for walk with God,
To serve his will below.

How many an aching heart,
That breathes its sigh alone,

Might earnest love contrive to soothe,
Ere life's brief term be gone!

How many a careless one
That lies in death of sin,
Might one alive who works with Christ,
For Christ and glory win!

Two paces—that is all!
My soul, be wise at length;
Fling vain regrets and hopes away,
The *present* needs thy strength.

Two paces—nothing more!
True life must live in haste;
There's barely time to do its work,
But now there's none to waste.

J. D.

HENRY VENN AND HIS MINISTRY;

OR, ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE.



HE seventh spiritual hero of the last century to whom I wish to direct the attention of my readers, is one better known than several of his contemporaries. The man I mean is Henry Venn, for some time vicar of Huddersfield, in Yorkshire, and afterwards vicar of Yelling, in Huntingdonshire. He is the only English minister of the eighteenth century whom I consider worthy to be ranked with the six whose memoirs I have already put together—viz., Whitefield,

Wesley, Grimshaw, Romaine, Rowlands, and Berdige. These seven men appear to me to stand alone in the religious history of England a hundred years ago. Beside them, no doubt, there were many others of eminent grace and gifts. But none attained to the degree of the first seven.

One reason why the subject of this paper is better known than many of his day, is the excellence of the only biography of him. Few men certainly have been so fortunate in their

biographers as the evangelical vicar of Huddersfield. In the whole range of Christian memoirs, I know few volumes so truly valuable as the single volume of "Henry Venn's Life and Letters." I never take it down from my shelves without thinking of the words which our great poet puts in the mouth of Queen Katherine :—

"After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as—"

Henry VIII., Act iv. sc. 2.

In fact, almost the only fault I find with the book is one which is most rare in a biography—it is too short!

Another reason why Henry Venn's name is so well known to English evangelical Christians, is the happy circumstance that he left behind him children who followed him "even as he followed Christ." His son, and his son's sons, have all been thoroughly like-minded with him. For more than a century there has never been wanting a minister of his name within the pale of the Church of England, to preach the same doctrine which he preached in the pulpit of Huddersfield. The name of "Venn" has consequently never ceased to be before the public. When Whitefield and Wesley and Berridge were laid in their graves, they left no sons "to keep their name in remembrance," however numerous their spiritual children may have been. But the family-name of Venn has been so much in men's mouths for three generations, that there are few English Christians who are not acquainted with it.

While, however, I fully admit that Henry Venn's name is well known in this country, I cannot help thinking that there is much confusion in men's minds as to the period of his ministry, and the time when he died. Some, I know, are in the habit of speaking of him as a contemporary of Scott, and Cecil, and Simeon. Even a writer like Sir James Stephen, in an article contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, speaks of him as the "last of four evangelical fathers," of whom Scott, Newton, and Milner were the first three! All these ideas about Venn are totally inaccurate. The authors of them, I suspect, confound Henry Venn with his son John Venn of Clapham. Henry Venn belonged to an earlier generation, and was well

known and popular long before Newton, or Scott, or Cecil, or Simeon, or Milner, were ever heard of. To class him with these good men is an entire mistake. His true place is with Whitefield, and Wesley, and Grimshaw, and Rowlands, and Romaine, and Berridge. These were the men by whose side he laboured. These were the men with whom he must be ranked. To clear up Henry Venn's true history, and to convey some correct information about the main facts of his life and ministry, is the object that I set before me in the present paper. Once for all, I wish it to be understood that the men I undertake to write about in these papers are men of the last century. The men of the present century are men that I purposely leave alone.

Henry Venn was born at Barnes, in Surrey, on the 2nd of March 1724—within twenty-one years of the birth of John Wesley. He was the descendant of a long line of clergymen, reaching downwards in unbroken succession from the time of the Reformation. William Venn died vicar of Otterton, Devonshire, in 1621. Richard Venn, his son, succeeded him at Otterton; and after suffering greatly for his steadfast adherence to the Church of England in the Commonwealth times, died quietly in possession of his living. After him, his son, Dennis Venn, died vicar of Holberton, in Devonshire, in 1691. And finally, his son, Richard Venn, rector of St. Antholin's, in the City of London, was the father of the subject of this memoir. These facts are full of interest. At the present day the name of Venn has appeared for seven generations in the clergy list of the Church of England!

Henry Venn's father is said to have been "an exemplary and learned minister, very zealous for the interests of the Church of England, and remarkable for great liberality towards the poor, and especially towards distressed clergymen." Little is known about him, except the fact that he was the son of a very strong-minded mother, who said that "Richard should not go to school till he had learned to say 'No.'" He was once brought into much public notice, and incurred obloquy, on account of the opposition which he made, in conjunction with Bishop Gibson, to the appointment of Dr. Rundle to the bishopric of Gloucester. The grounds of

his objection were certain expressions which he had heard Dr. Rundle use, of a deistical tendency; and the result of his opposition was, that Dr. Rundle was actually kept out of the see of Gloucester, and was obliged to content himself with the Irish bishopric of Derry. When we remember what times they were when these things happened, and what kind of a man Dr. Rundle's patron, Sir Robert Walpole, was, it is impossible not to admire the courage and conscientiousness which Richard Venn displayed in the affair. He died at the early age of forty-eight, when his son Henry was only fifteen years old.

Henry Venn's education began at the age of twelve, in a school at Mortlake, near Barnes. From this school he was removed to one kept by a Mr. Croft at Fulham, but only stayed there a few months. He left at his own request, under very singular circumstances. He complained to his mother, as very few boys ever do, "that his master was too indulgent, and the discipline was not sufficiently strict." From Fulham he went to a school at Bristol, kept by Mr. Catcott, author of a work on the Deluge, and an excellent scholar, though a severe master. From thence he removed to a school kept by Dr. Pitman at Mark-gate Street, in Hertfordshire, and there finished his early education.

In June 1742, at the age of seventeen, Henry Venn entered St. John's College, Cambridge; but only continued a member of that house three months, as he removed to Jesus College in September, on obtaining a scholarship there, and remained on the books of Jesus for seven years. In the year 1745 he took the degree of B.A. In 1747 he was appointed by Dr. Battie, who had been a ward of his father's, to one of the university scholarships which he had just founded; and in June the same year he was ordained deacon by Bishop Gibson, without a title, from the respect which the bishop bore to his father's memory. In 1749 he became M.A., and was elected Fellow of Queen's College. This was the last of the many steps and changes in his educational career. At this date his ministerial life begins; and although he held his fellowship until his marriage, in 1757, from this time he had little more close connection with Cambridge.

The facts recorded about Henry Venn, as a boy, are few, but interesting. They are enough to show that from his earliest childhood he was a "thorough" and decided character, and one who never did anything by halves. In fact, Dr. Gloucester Ridley was so struck with his energy of character when young, that he said, "This boy will go up Holborn, and either stop at Ely Place (then the London palace of the Bishop of Ely), or go on to Tyburn!" (the place where criminals were hanged.) The following three anecdotes will show what kind of a boy he was. I give them in his son's own words:—

"While he was yet a child, Sir Robert Walpole attempted to introduce more extensively the system of Excise. A violent opposition was excited, and the popular feeling ran strongly against the measure. Young Henry Venn caught the alarm, and could not sleep in his bed lest the Excise Bill should pass; and on the day when it was to be submitted to Parliament, his boyish zeal made him leave his father's house early, and wander through the streets, crying 'No Excise!' till the evening, when he returned home exhausted with fatigue, and with his voice totally lost by his patriotic exertions."

"A gentleman, who was reported to be an Arian, called one day upon his father. Young Henry Venn, then a mere child, came into the room, and with a grave countenance earnestly surveyed him. The gentleman, observing the notice which the child took of him, began to show him some civil attentions, but found all his friendly overtures sternly rejected. At length, upon his earnestly soliciting him to come to him, the boy indignantly replied, 'I will not come near you; for you are an Arian.'"

"As he adopted with all his heart the opinions which he imbibed, he early entertained a most vehement dislike of all Dissenters. It happened that a Dissenting minister's son, two or three years older than himself, lived in the same street in London with his father; and young Henry Venn, in his zeal for the Church, made no scruple to attack and fight the unfortunate Nonconformist whenever he met him. It was a curious circumstance, that, many years after, he became acquainted with this very individual, who was then a Dissenting minister. He frankly confessed that

young Venn had been the terror of his youthful days, and acknowledged that he never dared leave his father's door till he had carefully looked on every side to see that this young champion of the Church was not in the street."

Henry Venn's ministerial life began in 1749, when he was twenty-five years old. He first served the curacy of Barton, near Cambridge, and afterwards officiated for various friends, at Wadenhoe in Northamptonshire, and Little Hedingham in Essex, and other places of which I cannot find out the names. In 1750 he ceased to reside at Cambridge, and became curate of Mr. Langley, rector of St. Matthew, Friday Street, London, and West Horsley, near Guildford. Venn's duty was to serve the church in London during part of the summer, and to reside the remainder of the year at Horley. In this position he remained continuously for four years, until he became curate of Clapham in 1754.

I can find no evidence that Venn had any distinct theological views for some little time after he was ordained. In fact he appears, like too many, to have taken on him the holy office of a minister without any adequate conception of its duties and responsibilities. It is clear that he was moral and conscientious, and had a high idea of the deportment suited to the clerical life. But it is equally clear that he knew nothing whatever of evangelical religion; and in after-time he regarded his college days as "days of vanity and ignorance."

One thing, however, is very plain in Venn's early history—he was scrupulously honest and conscientious in acting up faithfully to anything which he was convinced was right. Indeed, he used often to say "that he owed the salvation of his soul to the resolute self-denial which he exercised, in following the dictates of conscience in a point which seemed itself of only small importance."

"The case," says his son, "was this: He was extremely fond of cricket, and was reckoned one of the best players in the university. In the week before he was ordained he played in a match between Surrey and All England, which excited great interest, and was attended by a very numerous body of spectators. When the game terminated in favour of the side on which

he was playing, he threw down his bat, saying, 'Whoever wants a bat which has done me good service may take that, as I have no further occasion for it.' His friends inquiring the reason, he replied, 'Because I am to be ordained on Sunday; and I will never have it said of me, "Well struck, parson."' To this resolution, notwithstanding the remonstrances of friends, he strictly adhered; and, though his health suffered by a sudden transition from a course of most violent exercise to a life of comparative inactivity, he never could be persuaded to play any more. From being faithful in a little, more grace was imparted to him."

"His first considerable religious impressions," adds his son, "arose from an expression in the form of prayer, which he had been accustomed to use daily, but, like most persons, without paying much attention to it—'That I may live to the glory of thy name.' The thought powerfully struck his mind, 'What is it to live to the glory of God? Do I live as I pray? What course of life ought I to pursue to glorify God?' After much reflection, he came to the conclusion that to live to God's glory required that he should live a life of piety and religion in a degree in which he had not yet lived; that he ought to be more strict in prayer, more diligent in reading the Scriptures and pious books, and more generally holy in his conduct. And, seeing the reasonableness of such a course of life, he showed his honesty and uprightness by immediately and steadily pursuing it. He set apart stated seasons for meditation and prayer, and kept a strict account of the manner in which he spent his time and regulated his conduct. I have heard him say that at this period he used to walk almost every evening in the cloisters of Trinity College while the great bell of St. Mary's was tolling at nine o'clock, and amidst the solemn tones of the bells, and in the stillness and darkness of the night, he would indulge in impressive reflections on death and judgment, heaven and hell."*

"In this frame of mind," his son continues, "Law's *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*" was particularly useful to him. He read it repeat-

* The close resemblance between Henry Venn's experience at Cambridge, and George Whitefield's at Oxford, cannot fail to strike any one who reads attentively the biographies of the two men.

edly, with peculiar interest, and immediately began, with great sincerity, to frame his life according to the Christian model there delineated. He kept a diary of the state of his mind—a practice from which he derived great benefit, though not in the way he expected, for it chiefly made him better acquainted with his own deficiencies. He also allotted the hours of the day, as far as was consistent with the duties of his station, to particular acts of meditation and devotion. He kept frequent fasts; and was accustomed often to take solitary walks, in which his soul was engaged in prayer and communion with God. I have heard him mention that in these retired walks in the meadow behind Jesus College he had such a view of the goodness, mercy, and glory of God, as elevated his soul above the world, and made him aspire toward God as his supreme good."

Such was the religious condition of Henry Venn's mind when he first began the active work of the Christian ministry. Earnest, zealous, moral, conscientious, and scrupulously determined to do his duty, he put his hand to the plough and went forward. At Barton he distributed religious tracts and conversed with the poor in such an affectionate manner, that some remembered him after an interval of thirty years. At Horsley he instructed many of the poor on the week-days at his own home. His family prayers were attended by thirty or forty poor neighbours, and the number of communicants increased from twelve to sixty. In fact, the neighbouring clergy began to regard him as an enthusiast and a Methodist. But his zeal, unhappily, was so far entirely without knowledge. He knew nothing whatever of the real gospel of Christ, and, of course, could tell his hearers nothing about it. The consequence was, that for nearly four years of his ministerial life his labours were in vain.

Henry Venn's four years at Horsley, however, were by no means thrown away. If he did little good to others, he certainly learned lessons there of lasting benefit to his soul. The solitude and seclusion of his position gave him abundant time for reading, meditation, and prayer; and in the honest use of such means as he had, God was graciously pleased to show him more light, and to lead him

onward towards the full knowledge of the gospel. Little by little he began to find out that "Law's" divinity was very defective, and that his favourite author did not give sufficient honour to Christ. Little by little he began to discover that he was, in reality, trying to "work out a righteousness" of his own, while, in truth, he had nothing to boast of; and that, with all his straining after perfection, he was nothing better than a poor weak sinner. Little by little he began to see that true Christianity was a scheme providing for man's wants as a ruined, fallen, and corrupt creature; and that the root of all vital religion is faith in the blood and righteousness and mediation and mercy of a Divine Saviour—Christ the Lord. The scales began to fall from his eyes. The tone of his preaching began sensibly to alter. And though, when he left Horsley for Clapham he had not even yet attained full light, it is perfectly evident that he went out of the parish in a totally different state of mind from that with which he entered. It was true that even now he "saw men as trees, walking;" but it is no less true that he could have said, "I was blind, and now I see."

I pity the man who can read the story of Henry Venn's religious experience without deep interest. The steps by which God leads his children on from one degree of light to another are all full of instruction. Seldom does He seem to bring his people into the full enjoyment of spiritual knowledge all at once. We must not, therefore, "despise the day of small things." We should rather respect those who fight their way out of darkness and grope after truth. What has been won by hard fighting is often that which wears the longest. Theological principles taken up second-hand, have often no root, and endure but for a little season. Striking and curious is the similarity in the experience of Whitefield, Berdridge, and Venn. They all had to fight hard for spiritual light; and having found it, they held it fast, and never let it go.

The five years during which Henry Venn was curate of Clapham completely settled his theological creed, and formed a turning-point in his religious history. His work there was very heavy, as he held two lectureships in London, beside his curacy. His regular duty on Sunday

consisted of a full service at Clapham in the morning; a sermon in the afternoon at St. Alban's, Wood Street; and another in the evening at St. Swithin's, London Stone. On Tuesday morning, he preached again at Swithin's; on Wednesday morning, at seven o'clock, at his father's old church, St. Antholin's; and on Thursday evening at Clapham. To preach six sermons every week was undoubtedly a heavy demand on a curate of only four years' standing! Yet it is not unlikely that the very necessity for exertion which his position entailed on him was the means of calling forth latent power. Men never know how much they can do, until they are put under the screw, and obliged to exert themselves. At any rate Venn was compelled to learn how to preach from notes, from sheer inability to write six sermons a week, and thus attained a facility in extemporaneous speaking which he afterwards found most useful.

In a spiritual point of view, Venn's character was greatly influenced, during his five years' residence at Clapham, by three circumstances. The first of these was a severe illness of eight months' duration, which laid him aside from work in 1756, and gave him time for reflection and self-examination. The second was his marriage, in 1757, to the daughter of Dr. Bishop, minister of the Tower Church, Ipswich; a lady who, from her piety and good sense, seems to have been admirably qualified to be a clergyman's wife. The third, and probably the most important circumstance of his position, was the friendship that he formed with several eminent Christians, who were of great use to his soul. At Horsley he seems to have had no help from any one, and whatever he learned there he did not learn it from man. At Clapham, on the contrary, he at once became intimate with the well-known layman John Thornton and Dr. Haweis, and afterwards with George Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon.

To Lady Huntingdon, Henry Venn seems to have been under peculiar obligations for advice and counsel. The following extract from a letter which she addressed to him about the defects in his first preaching at Clapham, is an interesting example of her faithfulness, and throws much light on the precise state of her correspondent's mind at this period. She says: "O my friend,

we can make no atonement to a violated law; we have no inward holiness of our own; the Lord Jesus Christ is 'the Lord our righteousness.' Cling not to such beggarly elements, such filthy rags, mere cobwebs of Pharisaical pride; but look to Him who hath wrought out a perfect righteousness for his people. You find it a hard task to come naked and miserable to Christ; to come divested of every recommendation but that of abject wretchedness and misery, and receive from the outstretched hand of our Immanuel the riches of redeeming grace. But if you come at all you must come thus; and, like the dying thief, the cry of your heart must be, 'Lord, remember me.' There must be no conditions; Christ and Christ alone must be the only mediator between God and sinful men; no miserable performance can be placed between the sinner and the Saviour. And now, my dear friend, no longer let false doctrine disgrace your pulpit. Preach Christ crucified, as the only foundation of the sinner's hope. Preach him as the Author and Finisher as well as the sole Object of faith, that faith which is the gift of God. Exhort Christless sinners to fly to the City of Refuge; to look to Him who is exalted as Prince and Saviour, to give repentance and the remission of sins. Go on, then, and may your bow abide in strength. Be bold, be firm, be decided. Let Christ be the Alpha and Omega of all you advance in your addresses to your fellow-men. Leave the consequences to your Divine Master. May his gracious benediction rest upon your labours! and may you be blessed to the conversion of very many, who shall be your joy and crown of rejoicing in the great day when the Lord shall appear."—The date of this faithful letter is not given. I am inclined, however, to conjecture that it was written between the time of Venn's illness in 1756 and his marriage in 1757. At any rate, it is a remarkable fact, recorded by his son, that he used to observe that after 1756 he was no longer able to preach the sermons which he had previously composed. Lady Huntingdon's faithful letter was probably not written in vain.

Whatever defects there may have been in Venn's doctrinal views during the first few years of his Clapham ministry, they appear to have completely vanished after his restoration to health

in 1757. He was soon recognized as a worthy fellow-labourer with that noble little company of evangelists which, under the leading of Whitefield and Wesley, was beginning to shake the land; and from his gifts as a preacher took no mean position among them. Whitefield seems especially to have delighted in him. In a letter written some time in 1757, he says to Lady Huntingdon: "The worthy Venn is valiant for the truth, a son of thunder. He labours abundantly, and his ministry has been owned of the Lord to the conversion of sinners. Thanks be to God for such an instrument to strengthen our hands! I know the intelligence will rejoice your ladyship. Your exertions in bringing him to a clearer knowledge of the everlasting gospel have indeed been blessed. He owes your ladyship much, under God, and I believe his whole soul is gratitude to the Divine Author of mercies, and to you the honoured instrument in leading him to the fountain of truth." Testimony like this is unexceptionable. George Whitefield was one of the last men on earth to be satisfied with any preaching which was not the full gospel. We cannot for a moment doubt that during the last two years of Venn's curacy at Clapham, he at length walked in the full light of Christ's truth, and "declared all the counsel of God."

In the year 1759, Henry Venn was appointed vicar of Huddersfield, in Yorkshire, by Sir John Ramsden, at the solicitation of Lord Dartmouth. He accepted the appointment from the purest of all motives, a desire to do good to souls. The town itself presented no great attractions. In point of income he was positively a loser by the move from Clapham. But he felt deeply that the offer opened "a great and effectual door" of usefulness, and he did not dare to turn away from it. He seems also to have had a strong impres-

sion that he had not been successful at Clapham, and that this was an indication that he ought not to refuse a change. His wife was averse to his moving; and her opinion no doubt placed him in much perplexity. But the result showed beyond doubt that he decided rightly. In leaving Clapham for Yorkshire he was in God's way.

Henry Venn became vicar of Huddersfield at the age of thirty-five, and continued there only twelve years. He went there a poor man, without rank or influence, and with nothing but God's truth on his side. He found the place a huge, dark, ignorant, immoral, irreligious, manufacturing town. He left it shaken to the centre by the lever of the gospel, and leavened with the influence of many faithful servants of Jesus Christ, whom he had been the means of turning from darkness to light. Few modern ministers appear to have had so powerful an influence on a town population as Henry Venn had on Huddersfield. The nearest approach to it seems to have been the work of Robert M'Cheyne at Dundee.

The story of Henry Venn's life from the time of his settlement at Huddersfield, is a subject which I must reserve for another paper. I do not feel that I could possibly do justice to it now. How he lived, and worked, and preached, and prospered in his great manufacturing parish—how he turned the world upside down throughout the district around, and became a centre of light and life to hundreds—how his health finally gave way under the abundance of his labours, and obliged him to leave Huddersfield—how he spent the last twenty years of his life in the comparative retirement of a little rural parish in Huntingdonshire—all these are matters which I cannot handle without far exceeding the bounds of a single paper in a periodical. I hope to tell my readers something about them another time.



WHAT OF THE TIDE—IS IT EBBING OR FLOWING?



THAT the kingdom of Christ is always advancing in God's own way, is one of those articles of faith which leave no room for discussion. The Son is to reign. That is a settled fact; and whether his course is visible to the human eye or comprehensible by the human understanding, it is ever tending onward to the inevitable consummation. But while we may always fall back on this belief as a solid source of comfort, there may reasonably arise at times the anxious inquiry of whether the tide is making or going back—and such a question is being often asked at the present hour. Among desponding Christians, who are apt, in any case, to tremble for the ark of God, the opinion prevails that infidelity and irreligion have, for the moment, the best of it, and that the tide is on the ebb; among sanguine Christians, on the other hand, who see everything in a hopeful light, the belief exists that it is all the other way; while there is yet a third and very numerous class, who occupy a middle position, and are inclined to think that we have reached one of the great crisis-eras of Christianity, and that the tide is at the turning-point between the ebb and the flow. In these circumstances we may not unprofitably devote a few sentences to the examination of the question here. Without attempting to go much below the surface, it may be useful, at least, to indicate what are some of the facts and symptoms which are actually guiding men to their various conclusions.

To begin with the unfavourable signs: it cannot be denied that, while the Church is not making signal progress in any part of the world, infidelity and irreligion are apparently advancing with rapid strides and with ever-increasing boldness. Many of our leading men of science have adopted views of the antiquity of man and the origin of the human race which are irreconcilable with the Bible record, and which, if correct, must render impossible, in the New Testament sense, the execution of the gospel commission; and these views, crude and imperfectly supported though they are known to be, are slowly percolating through the entire mass of English society. Then, a style of Biblical criticism has got into fashion, whose direct tendency is to sap the popular faith in the supreme authority of Holy Scripture. When Strauss's *Leben Jesu* was first published, Christendom was shocked at the liberties which it took with narratives claiming to be divine; but the authors of "*Ecce Homo*" and "*Ecce Deus*" assume a right to sit in judgment on the written Word, which is scarcely less disrespectful, and yet their books are eagerly run upon in circulating libraries; and the latter we have seen unreservedly commended to the attention of the Christian world as faithfully proclaiming the theology of the Puritans! This change in the temper of orthodoxy seems

significant. We can now meekly bear what was once thought intolerable; and if this goes on, who can tell but that in time we may be able to listen with calmness while the inspiration of the Bible is flatly denied. But besides those changes of mind, there certainly appears also what seems a great alteration for the worse in the outward manners and habits of society. The increased wealth of the country has naturally led to greater self-indulgence; and while report says that drunkenness is growing among the poor, the evil on that side is more than balanced by the augmented luxuries and frivolity of the rich. We have been told, for example, on good authority, that in a certain city which has still a better name than most, the aspect of things in relation to religion has within the last few years undergone such a change as to compel the anxious inquiry: "Whereunto is this to grow?" The hold which the Church had on the upper classes has been visibly loosened; they are not to be found in such numbers as was wont in any place of worship; and many who still gather into the sanctuary once a day, spend the remainder of the Sabbath in pleasure or recreation, while the custom has become very general to make the evening of the day of rest the time for the giving of worldly entertainments. These do look like improvements of an extremely questionable description—foreshadowings not of a good time coming, but of a time of godlessness and gloom; and if these were the only signs we had to guide us, they would lead us to fear that we had a night season of corruption and chaos yet to pass through before catching a glimpse of the promised dawn.

But there is very much of a more satisfactory nature to set over against these unfavourable symptoms of the times. In the first place, it must never be forgotten that, to judge fairly between the past and the present, it is necessary to take into account the difference of their conditions. It is not all gold that glitters, and that is not all true religion which pretends to be such. A few years ago there was, perhaps, more profession than there is now; at any rate, there was less of a disposition to break rank in connection with Church forms, and there was certainly more hesitation displayed in the avowal of sceptical opinions. But the question is, how much of that decent uniformity was due to mere indifference, or want of thought, or lack of courage. The present age, whatever else it wants, may justly claim to have life and liberty. For any religious denomination to slumber away in peaceful stupidity, is now as impossible as for a forest tree to remain still while the whole wood is being swept by a tempest. Every one, without exception, must now be stirring; and if the greater activity that has been called forth has revealed the fact that unbelief has more disciples than we dreamed, this

may be no sign that the world is worse than it was, but only a proof that it has grown franker in the expression of its convictions. Infidelity always existed in one form or another; and the only difference now may be, that whereas formerly, it affected the shade, now it is not ashamed to appear in the sunshine. And the change, on some accounts, is to be welcomed. No doubt it has grown thus bold because it thinks itself sure of sympathy; but in appearing so openly it has become more easily dealt with, and if it is assailed with sufficient skill, it will in the end be the more effectually subdued.

Besides, there is, in many respects, a very visible improvement in the conduct of religious as well as of secular affairs. The Church is far more active than it was—its liberality is greater—the number of those among its members who are ready to give personal aid in the furtherance of its schemes is sensibly increased; and while it has more agencies at work for the good of the world, it is displaying wonderful wisdom and skill in their conception and management. Dr. Goulbourn, indeed, is perfectly right when, in his excellent work on "Personal Religion," he complains that we have few eminent saints now-a-days. But it is, at least, possible that he is wrong when, in this connection, he exalts the past at the expense of the present. There were probably always few eminent saints. Some Church historians are not slow to express their belief that, in reference to not a few of those who are now worshipped as "lesser gods," the world has been imposed upon; and with regard to others who were canonized more justly, they "stand out like stars in the firmament of the Church," just because of the darkness of heathenism and superstition which surrounded them. There is a good deal of sincere piety to be found everywhere; and if it does not take the mediæval type, and is indeed mixed up with much inconsistency and imperfection altogether, the wider diffusion of it and its fruits warrant us in questioning whether, after all, the former times were on the whole better than these.

It will be observed, however, that the question we have hitherto been discussing is simply this: Whether the Church has been losing or gaining *within its own domains*? and the conclusion we have come to is, that while it has been giving and taking, it has not lost much, if any, ground upon the whole. But the Church does not exist in the world merely to maintain its position. It must be aggressive, or it is nothing; and when we proceed to ask what great inroads it has of late been making upon the outlying wilderness, the response which most readily suggests itself is not particularly enheartening. In the Fiji Islands, in Madagascar, and here and there in China and India, Christian missions have been making some conquests; but if the evangelization of the world is to go on to the end at its present rate, it will require a Babbage to calculate when the earth shall be the Lord's. Looking, then, at the matter in this connection, it would certainly seem as if

we must admit that the tide is going back instead of forward.

But recent events have compelled many to inquire whether it may not be the intention of God to advance his kingdom by other means than the direct agency of the Church. It is undeniable that, within the last few years, those nations which carry in their hands an open Bible, and are more or less identified with the Protestant interest, have been triumphant everywhere; while Popery and Mohammedanism, once the bane of Christendom, have been visibly on the wane. Look at the labour of Christian ministers, and missionaries, and evangelists, and you will feel inclined to cry, "O Lord, how long!" Look, on the other hand, at the battle-fields of Europe and the achievements of diplomacy, and you will be forced to say that God, by methods of his own, is preparing the way for the coming of his Son. The progress-making brings no credit to the Church; but greater will be the glory which will redound to His own great name. He, and not we, shall be the doer of the work.

Let us pause for a moment over this view, and see how true it has been of late that the history of the nations has been the history of the kingdom of Christ. We have so often been called to remark on the wonderful position occupied by Great Britain in the world, that we have ceased to realize what ends our country is really serving in the education of the human race. But the condition of, for example, India, is now such, that the purpose which God had in view in giving us a century of sovereignty over it cannot long be hidden from any. Anglo-Saxon energy, personal ambition, the love of money—these, perhaps, have been the forces at work, quite as much as benevolence or Christianity; but in any case the result remains. Hindostan is being everywhere intersected by railways and canals, the internal resources of the country are being developed, education is being widely diffused, and European ideas are laying hold everywhere of the native mind. And what must in the long run be the inevitable consequence? Idolatry must disappear; the mass of the people must become elevated morally and socially; and although it may remain a question whether the religion of Jesus Christ shall be allowed to occupy the vacant field or no, yet this is likely in itself, and it is the opinion also of very many Christian Anglo-Indians that that will actually be the case. Here, then, is one signal instance in which God has used, not simply a Church, but a nation to advance his kingdom, and to advance it while it is wholly intent on carrying out its own individual ends.

And what was done last summer on the continent of Europe? There was a short but decisive war, in which something far more momentous than a change in the map was effected. The contending parties were: On the one side, *Austria*, the old *Cæsar*, the head of the Roman State, and, by special Concordat, the defender of the Roman Church; and on the other side, *Prussia*, the representative of the principle of the Reformation,

and the new and promising kingdom of *Italy*, with the freedom of Protestantism, if not as yet its faith. If the former had conquered, and the dragoons of Benedek had been allowed to ride rough-shod over Lutheran Germany, the hands would have gone back on the dial of time; but, happily, victory declared itself for the latter, and one result is Venetia freely opened to the preaching of the gospel. No one can read that story without feeling that it speaks of a gain to the kingdom of God.

Some of our readers may be disposed to demur to the principle we are now to lay down—and we are not ourselves prepared to affirm it absolutely, as if it were applicable to all conceivable cases; but we do feel that the principle is, in its own place, an extremely important one, and many mistakes might be avoided if it were only kept constantly in our eye. It is this: That in questions of international politics we should be more careful about being right as Christians than as Englishmen. We shall explain what we mean by the help of an illustration. One of the great questions of the day is the Eastern one. Is the Turk to retain his seat at Constantinople, or is he to be compelled to leave Europe unbroken to the Cross? Remembering how we fought formerly for the sick man, in the Crimea, the national sympathy will no doubt incline to go with him again, especially as we have no natural love for Russia. But is it not worth our while to ask whether this is a merely political question? Has the Church not some interest in it? Is it nothing to us, as members of the Church, that if we will only stand aside and let things take their course, Mohammedanism will wholly abandon this continent? Surely it is. The Moslem may in some respects be ill-used, and the Greek be very unworthy to re-occupy the old capital of the Eastern Empire, but the course of Providence seems now sufficiently obvious; and while as Englishmen we may regret the triumph of Muscovite diplomacy, we ought to rejoice as Christians that that issues in a victory for Christendom. The fall of the Crescent is one of the signs that the kingdom of God is being hastened.

And we are sometimes inclined to apply this principle to the wonderful strides which are being taken by the United States of America. It is a token for good that such a nation—free, Protestant, with a spirit which is on the whole so wholesome and enlightened—should be the leading power in the New World. Without extending its frontiers in any direction, or intermeddling in any way with European politics, it has an immense work to do within itself, in assimilating to its own

nature the vast hordes of emigrants which are constantly crowding to its shores, and in elevating the Negro freedmen which have been cast by the war on the public care. But it is not content with its present territories. It has bought the wide tract of land known as Russian America, and it will probably not rest until it has absorbed Mexico also. These annexations are viewed, not unnaturally, with some doubt and suspicion by us as citizens of Great Britain. We cannot help thinking of Canada, and of the interests of the new Confederation; and it may be that, on the highest of all grounds, their policy may justly be called in question. But what we argue for is this: That in judging of the character of such movements, we ought to take into our consideration not only such points as their bearing on the future of our own Colonial Empire, but also the much more momentous point of their relation to the advancement of the kingdom of God. And it does seem a position for which something may be said, that in the interests of that kingdom the extension of the power of a great Protestant nation over what would otherwise continue waste places, is not very seriously to be regretted.

In any case, these are notable and most significant facts—that by the agency of our own nation, the most powerful superstition in Asia has been undermined, and is tottering to its fall; that, in consequence of recent movements, Protestantism is in the ascendant in Europe, and Mohammedanism seems on the eve of being compelled to relinquish its foothold on the Continent; and that the power which bids fair to shape the destinies of the New World is not a Latin and Papal Empire, but the free and Protestant United States of America. These are some of the signs of the times which we must take into account when we wish to determine the question which stands at the head of this paper; and there are many others of a like kind that might have been referred to had our space permitted. Enough has been said, however, to serve our purpose. Take a narrow and limited view of the prospects of Christianity, and you will probably tend to be discouraged. There are many unhelpful things lying around us at our very doors. But extend the range of your observation, and the prospect instantly brightens. For while the organized sects may be accomplishing comparatively little, God in his providence is evidently doing much; and we can have no hesitation in affirming that the tide is neither receding nor standing still, but steadily rolling onward to the redemption of the earth.



ARTHUR ERSKINE'S EXPERIENCES.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

III.—ARTHUR ERSKINE'S STORY, TOLD BY HIMSELF.

"The young heart, hot and restless."

LONGFELLOW.

ARTHUR ERSKINE'S young and vigorous frame won the victory in its struggle with threatened fever. He slept long and heavily, and awoke late in the morning, feeling dull and weary, yet not seriously indisposed. Conquering a strong inclination to remain where he was, he rose, dressed himself, said a couple of aves, then came down, and, guided by the sound of voices, made his way to the room where he had last seen the family assembled.

He found the goldsmith, with his wife and grand-daughter, seated at a more substantial meal than the slight "four-hours" of the preceding evening. They were waited on, not only by Jock Fleming, but by Durie's elder apprentice. As the law at that time required, there was fully three years' difference in the date of their indentures; and there was probably more than that in their ages, since "Duncan," as his master called him, was a fine intelligent-looking young man of nineteen or twenty.

Arthur was kindly greeted, and welcomed to a seat at the table. He was now prepared to do justice to the good cheer set before him, with the appetite of a boy of sixteen who had recently endured a prolonged fast. Nor was the conversation he heard particularly likely to attract his attention, or to interest him. Allan Durie was maintaining an animated discourse with young Duncan on the subject of seal engraving, and getting sometimes far out of the depth of the uninitiated, in the technical language in which he discussed the mysteries of the art. But one thing Arthur might have observed, had he been so minded,—the respect, almost amounting to deference, with which the master asked for or listened to the apprentice's opinion. The intricacies of the graver's art had, however, no interest for him. He found a much more attractive study in

the fair face of his opposite neighbour, whom Allan and his wife called "Elsie," but Duncan addressed ceremoniously as "Mistress Elspeth." Had he been older and more thoughtful, he might have marvelled to find "such a rose on such a stem;" for though a careful eye might have traced a softened likeness to her grandfather's strongly marked features on the girl's brow and cheek, there was no vestige either in his face or in that of his wife of the really striking beauty of Elspeth. But Arthur only thought she was "a bonnie lassie," and then began half unconsciously to compare or contrast her with his absent sister. Helen Erskine could not boast that rich golden cloud of hair; hers was dark, and neither so abundant nor so elaborately arranged. Nor were her features quite so regular; her broad ample forehead would have spoiled the symmetry of a delicate oval face like Elsie's; and in richness of colour, and fulness and smoothness of contour, the city maiden had all the advantage which the absence of toil or care could give. "What a sweet young face," would have been the thought of a stranger upon seeing Elsie for the first time. Helen was but little older, yet would it have occurred to no one to praise her youth. But on the other hand, the peaceful pure expression, the sweet calm smile, and the dark eyes lighted with thought and feeling, were charms in which Elspeth Durie could not have rivalled her. It is to be doubted, however, whether Arthur's comparison was not more in favour of the face before him. It was soon brought to a close by the rather embarrassing circumstance of his happening suddenly to meet the eyes of the person he was observing. He blushed; then tried to relieve his awkwardness by addressing some common-place observation to the maiden. But though he was naturally quick and ready, and quite forward enough, an unaccountable shyness took possession of him, and he could scarcely utter a word. He felt relieved when the meal came to an end; and

Durie, having ordered his apprentices to attend to the shop, signed to his young guest to follow him into the parlour.

Having shut the door and asked him to be seated, he addressed him kindly.

"My puir lad, I doot ye're no fleeing frae the best friends ye hae."

The boy started and coloured, "How do ye guess that, sir?" he asked quickly.

"It's no that hard to guess. What gars a gentle laddie come here sic a gait, but* bag or baggage, no to speak o' man or horse to carry it?"

"I am not without money," said Arthur, blushing still more deeply, but taking out a small silken purse containing some gold, and showing it to his questioner.

"Puir bairn! Yon dainty thing's a toy for a lady, and no a store to carry a man through the world."

"It was my mother's," said Arthur softly.

"Then she is dead too?"

"Ay, this four years." And there were tears in his eyes as he spoke; for he was but a boy, and he felt himself alone and friendless in the wide world. Had he not restrained himself, he could even have sobbed aloud, as he thought of that dead mother; and the vain longing arose within him to see her face, or to feel her hand laid upon his head once more. Death brings us bitter sorrow, but at times he brings us also blessings of which we little dream. The mother so mourned and longed for, had been in truth but a frivolous weak-minded woman. Had she lived, she could not have controlled, and she might have ruined, her passionate high-spirited boy. But as she died in his childhood, she left him for his whole future life only the softening remembrance of a fond and tender mother, whom he willingly credited with all the good he imagined she would have done for him had they been left together. He was thinking sorrowfully of what might have been, when Durie spoke again.

"But ye maun hae kinsfolk weel to do?" he asked, thinking perhaps of the cambric shirt.

"I have had good—at least generous friends. After our mother's death we—I would say my

sister and I—were taken into the household of the Laird of Wedderburn."

"Guid Sir David Home? Nae better man in a' Scotland. Mony's the dealing I hae had wi' him and his kin. It's no that lang syne he bought a braw gold chain, whilk we had wrought in maist guidly and cunning fashion, for a propyne for his lady's brither. But wae's me! what a dule that was, when the guid lady deed! I hae heard there was nae sic mourning in a' the country round sin' the battle o' Pinkie's Cleugh."

"Few had heavier cause to mourn her than my sister and I," said Arthur. "It was she who first found us out, when she was in Haddington visiting her kin. It was not that long after my father's death, and we were in great cummer and poortith. But she was unco good to us, and helped us many a time. And when God took my mother to himself, she gared Helen and me come to Wedderburn, and took care of us, maist like her own bairns."

"And the laird—hae ye naething to say for him?"

"Oh, ay; he was kind to us. He had me taught with his own sons. But—" here Arthur stopped, looked down, and seemed embarrassed.

"Ye puir fule callant," said Durie compassionately, "I jalouse ye hae had some silly bit of a quarrel wi' yer maister, or belike wi' the laird's sons, yer schule-fellows, and sae ye're just rin awa' like a daft laddie. Gin ye tak my counsel, ye'll gang back a' the gait to Wedderburn sae quickly as ye may, and mak yer humble suit and supplication to the worthy laird to forgie ye."

"Never!" said Arthur, with a determination of tone and manner that rather startled his listener.

"Hoot, awa'. Ye're over heady, puir bairn. What has the laird done to ye, to gar ye forget a' his lang kindness, and leave his house sic a gait?"

But Arthur's pride was hurt by the old tradesman's tone of pitying superiority, and by his way of treating him "like an ill bairn."

"Mine was no bairn's quarrel, sir," he said haughtily. "But I should not trouble you with my private adoos."

Allan Durie would have been quick enough in resenting haughty words from a gentleman, if the

* Without.

gentleman carried a good poignard at his side, and a well-filled purse in his pouch. But nothing disarms anger so effectually as pity. Neither the antipathies of creed nor of class could make the lionest tradesman turn coldly away from a young Catholic gentleman, when he regarded him as a mere child, quarrelling in the folly of childhood with his only true friends, and about to drift helplessly into almost certain destruction both of soul and body.

"Young sir," he said gently, and even respectfully, "I pray ye tak in guid pairt the words of an auld man, wha wad be blithe to serve ye an he could. Ye hae left the house o' Wedderburn but the laird's leave, ony gait?"

"I'll tell you how it chanced with me," said Arthur, softened by the gentleness of his manner. "Our mother (God rest her soul) was a Catholic, one of the De Salgues, a noble family of Poitou. My father forgathered with her serving in France under Count Montgomery. She was true all her life to her faith, though my poor father (the saints forgive him!) was a muckle heretic. But she took care to teach Helen and me the 'twapenny faith'* from end to end, and to gar us say our aves and paters like good bairns. But when we went to Wedderburn they brought us to the kirk, and learned us the true evangel, as they call it. Poor Helen believed all they taught her; being but a lass, you know, sir, and good to sew and spin, and such like; but, in course, no able to judge of matters of religion."

This announcement called up a very quiet dry smile to the old man's face. "And your superior wisdom, Maister Arthur?" he asked.

In sooth, I did not care much at first," the boy admitted candidly. "But I thought it no sin to say the prayers that mother loved. And then, about two years ago, there came to Manderston—I should tell you the Laird of Manderston is Wedderburn's next neighbour, sir, but there's a muckle feid between them of long time."

The smile was gone now from Allan Durie's face. A sort of quiver passed over it instead, as if the mention of Manderston's name awoke some painful association. But he said nothing, and Arthur continued:—

"A poor man came to Manderston to be the lady's gardener. The folk called him Auld Rob; but to speak the truth, his name was Father Benet, and in the good old times he had been a monk in the Abbey of Haddington. In spite of the deadly feid, he and I soon forgathered. We talked of many things; he told me legends, and taught me prayers, and at last one day he gave me a rosary that had been blessed by the Archbishop of St. Andrews. Still, I know not why, but in spite of the bishop's blessing, everything went ill with me from the day I gat yon rosary."

"Like enoo," said Durie quietly.

"I was aye and aye in trouble with Maister James, or fighting with George and Davie, the laird's sons; though we were very sib aforetime, and I had taught them to talk French as well as any monsieur at the court. And whiles I got angry words from the laird himself. Helen had many a sore heart about me, poor lass, and used to flyte and fleech* by the hour. But once I saw the folk misliked and mistrusted me, there was no use etting to do better. So I just took all the play and daffing I could. And at last—well, I cannot tell you all that chanced—but Maister James (that was yon carl of a minister), found my rosary, and haled me and it to the laird together. You may think, sir, he was wroth! And I was well-nigh as bad myself, when he dared to charge me with falsehood. Then I told him all that I thought, without fear or favour. I told him that I belonged to the one old true kirk, the kirk of his fathers and mine, and that the land would never be well until she had her own again. He was sore angered, and bade me keep my own chalmer till he took purpose how to order me. I mind me that ere he went away he turned and said to me: 'It may be you will live to understand me, Arthur Erskine, though my sayings seem idle to you now,' or such like words. That was the last time I heard his voice or saw his face. For being in my chalmer, I thought within myself, as in truth I had often done before, that I needs must go to my mother's land, and to her kindred, beyond the sea. For I know that work fit for a brave man's sword is to be found there, in main-

* A catechism of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, published by Archbishop Hamilton.

* Scold and entreat.

taining the cause of God and the faith against heresy and heretics. So I concluded not to wait for shame and scorning from the Laird of Wedderburn and his minions. I loupit* from my chalmers window, albeit at some risk to my craig;† I walked first to Haddington, and then the whole gait to Edinburgh, and here I am."

"And how think ye to win yer way to France?"

"I mean to work for my passage from Leith to any port in France I may find a ship bound for. Once there, this gold will buy me a sword and doublet, and bring me on my way to Paris, where certain of my mother's kindred dwell."

"Twill do naething o' the kind, lad. Twill scarce do mair than buy ye a bonny rapier, sic as the court gallants wear at their sides. It's unco little ye ken o' the world and the world's ways, I'm thinking. Muckle service, too, your white hands could do on ship-board. Na, na, it's a fule thocht a'thegither. Ye suld just gie it up, hear reason while ye may, and gang back to yer guid friends. Yer puir young sister 'ill break her heart after ye; she has nane in the wide world to look to but yersel."

Notwithstanding the want of tact and skill, which went far to spoil the good effects of his benevolent intentions, honest Allan's last argument was the most effective that could have been brought forward. Arthur murmured sadly, "My poor sister!" but then, after a pause, he added with an eager look of inquiry, "Oh sir, do you think I could find means to send her tidings of where I am going, and what I am about to do?"

Durie laid his hand on his shoulder, and said earnestly, "*Bring* her the tidings, lad, and they're like to be the best she'll hae heard in a' her days. Dinna let pride and passion win the victory, and spoil yer haill life here and hereafter. It is written, 'Resist the devil, and he will flee frae ye.' And ye ken, ony gait, that ye suld submit yersel to him wha hae acted a father's pairt by ye. Ye hae done him wrang, and ye suld ask his forgiveness, and God's, on yer twa knees. And, forbye that, may God gie ye his grace to gar ye see the muckle sin o' turning your back on his Word, and casting scorn on his true Evangel. For, mark what I say, Maister Arthur

Erskine, gin ye dinna learn his truth the noo, to yer joy and comfort, ye'll come to learn it ane day yet, to yer grief and bitter dola."

Arthur looked up, half surprised and half disdainful. He was rather astonished at the tradesman's freedom of speech than angry with him for it; but he was far indeed from being moved from his purpose by anything that had been said. Durie met the gaze of his dark determined eyes, that had no yielding in them, and he sighed and said no more. Presently he left the room, and went out into his shop, which was merely an open booth, or "krame," as it was called. No customer was there at the time, and Fleming had been sent out on an errand. George Duncan sat behind the counter, mending a gold chain, while he also did duty in watching the shop.

His master stood for a few moments inspecting his work, and then, in a tone which Fleming would certainly have called "crabbit," he gave him some not altogether necessary directions about it.

"The vera thing I was doing, maister," answered Duncan pleasantly.

Durie was silent for a minute or two, and then he spoke in a very different voice. "It's na use thinking to ding the Word o' God intill a man's saul as ye'd ding a whinger intill his body."

Duncan looked up from his work in some surprise, and Durie continued,—

"There's yon puir Papist laddie, wha has rin awa' frae his guardian, the guid Laird o' Wedderburn, and must needs gang ayont the sea, to seek his mother's kin in France. Gin he ever gets there, whilk I doot, he's like to be ruined, saul and body, amang thae cruel Papist cut-throats wha are doing the devil's ain wark, and harrying and butchering the saints o' God like sae mony sheep. I hae tald the lad the truth as plain as I could, but it wad hae done as mickle guid to speak to yon bits o' gowd and siller. I wot weel he willna hear *me*."

"Has he nae kith or kin—naebody he cares for?" asked Duncan.

"Oh ay, ane sister. Geordie, lad," said Durie, coming suddenly and abruptly to the point, "could *you* speak a word or twa to the puir misleard bairn? For ye hae that douce way wi' ye, ye ken, and a'boday minds what ye say."

* Leaped.

† Neck.

IV.—ARTHUR ERSKINE'S STORY FROM ANOTHER POINT
OF VIEW.

"Meek souls there are who little dream
Their daily strife an angel's theme;
Or that the cross they take so calm,
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm."

KEBLE.

ARTHUR had fully intended to tell his new friend the whole truth about himself and his former history. Though his faults were neither few nor small, want of candour was certainly not among them; for besides being naturally truthful, he possessed an unusual degree of courage, and this quality delivered him from many of the usual temptations to deceit. Still, with every desire to tell the truth, it is necessary that we should know it ourselves before we can communicate it to others. And where our own history forms the subject of discussion, it is no common attainment to know the exact and real truth. For our ideas of what we have done ourselves, or of what others have done by us, must be greatly coloured by our estimate of our own character and of the characters of those with whom we have come in contact. And how rare a gift is the self-knowledge or the impartiality necessary for forming such an estimate with any degree of accuracy. Hence it follows that autobiography, far from being, as it would seem to a superficial observer, the most reliable kind of biography, is usually very much the reverse.

Arthur Erskine had as little self-knowledge as most of his equals in years. And moreover he was, from his position, either unacquainted, or imperfectly acquainted, with certain facts which are very important to a correct representation of his history. It may be well therefore to gather up those threads of his story which he left untouched, since, from one or other of these causes, he was unable to see them.

His father, a younger member of a decayed though honourable branch of the noble house of Erskine, had been early won to the side of the Reformation. Henry, or as he was always called, Harry Erskine of Blackgrange, was one of those amiable, gentle-tempered men whom we sometimes meet with in rough times, almost provoking the thought that they have been born by mistake in the wrong century, so little do they seem to have in common with all their surroundings.

Such a man was not likely to repair the broken fortunes of his house in the Scotland of his generation. He perhaps did the wisest thing he could, as far as this world was concerned, when he went abroad, to serve, with other Scotchmen of his day, in the armies of King Henry II. of France. Being, like many gentle natures, very brave, he soon won distinction; but as he had no influential friends, and was particularly deficient in the quality now expressively denominated "push," fame did not in his case open the road to fortune. Nor was his advancement promoted by the fact that he continued warmly attached to his faith, notwithstanding the difficulties and even perils in which this steadfastness involved him. He committed, however, the grave mistake of marrying a Roman Catholic. Under the influence of the strong passion which has so often made fools of wise men, he sacrificed his conscience and his judgment for the striking beauty and the fascinating manners of the young daughter of the Marquis de Salgues, a nobleman who had shown him kindness and hospitality on his first arrival in France. The object of his attachment being of higher rank than his own (though not much more wealthy), never ceased to consider it a condescension to have linked her fate with his. He did not find in the union all the happiness he expected even for the present, and he laid up sorrow and perplexity for his own future and for that of his children. For our actions truly, though it may be slowly, work out their own results in the days to come; and "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

He was severely wounded at the battle of St. Quentin, in which he behaved with great gallantry. Feeling his health completely shattered, he wished to die in his beloved Scotland; and with some difficulty prevailed on his wife, who was fond of the gaieties of the French capital, to accompany him thither with her children, Helen and Arthur. Arthur was then about eight, and Helen three years older.

Almost the only part of his slender patrimony that remained to Harry Erskine was a house in Haddington; and there, accordingly, the little family established themselves. But misfortune in every form seemed to pursue them. Erskine's health failed quickly; and that of his wife was

also seriously affected by the roughness of the climate, the change of living, and the absence of the pursuits and recreations in which she had been accustomed to take delight. And as the store of hard-earned gold that they had brought with them from France diminished rapidly, poverty was soon added to their other trials. Little Helen, her father's darling, was obliged ere long to perform the duties of a nurse, and even of a servant; while the brave and beautiful boy, his mother's pride, though shielded as far as possible by her partial love, had yet to endure many a real and keenly-felt privation.

It fell to Helen's lot, child as she was, to wait upon her father during much of his last illness; since her mother (who at any time would have been more at home in a ball-room than a chamber of sickness) was herself weak and ailing. Fortunately she was one of those who possess a natural aptitude, almost amounting to genius, for the vocation of tending the sick. A more careful, tender, loving little handmaid never waited upon any invalid; and as was natural, a very deep and strong attachment sprang up between the two. Helen did not often talk of her father, even in after-years. It was not in her nature to speak much of those she loved; the deeper in the heart the further from the lip, was usually the rule with her. But to the last hour of her life the image of the father she had lost in childhood was enshrined in the holiest place within her. Every word he said to her, even the lightest, was held sacred in loving remembrance; every gift he gave her, even the most childish, was indeed

"Changed from a toy to a treasure,
And seen through a crystal of tears."

While his influence and his example went far towards making her what she became in after-life.

Rather more than a year after his return to Scotland, Harry Erskine died; steadfast in the faith of Christ's evangel, and leaving, in humble trust, his little ones to the care of Him who has said: "I will be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee."

Darker days came then. The mother's illness and the poverty of the little family continued to increase. It did not seem possible to Madame Stéphanie to exist without the comforts and even

the luxuries to which she had been accustomed in her own country. The burden of providing these out of the very inadequate pittance that remained to them now, fell principally upon Helen. Often and often did she deny herself necessary food, that her mother might not miss her usual canary wine or capon broth. And if, as not unfrequently happened, for misfortune and sickness had soured the temper of the once good-humoured, light-hearted Frenchwoman, after all Helen's exertions, the wine was pronounced unfit to drink, or the broth bitterly complained of, she learned to take these things meekly and patiently, and to make loving, dutiful excuses for her mother, which she soon came to believe in honestly herself.

When we see bright young lives worn out in such services as these, are we not sometimes disposed to ask, "To what purpose is this waste?" And more especially when, as so often happens, those for whom the sacrifices are made seem not to appreciate, scarcely even to be conscious of them? But let us put away from us the faithless thought. Such questions as these have been answered for evermore by our Lord's own deep, far-reaching words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And though the quiet beauty of those unselfish lives, like that of night-blowing flowers, may shun the glare of day, and leave the careless observer in ignorance of its very existence, we know that there is One who seeth in secret, and we rejoice to think that "by him actions are weighed."

Harry Erskine had never been able to induce his wife to abandon the creed of her fathers, though he had earnestly endeavoured to do so, and during the period of sickness and sorrow it became dearer to her than before. She naturally tried to teach it to her children, though far more to her favourite Arthur than to Helen, whom she considered of less importance in every way. And she succeeded in imbuing the boy's mind with an attachment to it, which, being associated with his earliest impressions, was likely to prove, in after-years, very difficult to eradicate. While, though Helen learned the "two-penny faith" to please her, her thoughts were wandering all the time to practical questions, such as how she could procure meal for next morning's porridge, or whether she might not fashion a new sark for Arthur out of a

east-off kirtle of her mother's. The only real things to her beyond what she could see and touch, and work and suffer for in her own little sphere, were her father's prayers and the texts he taught her.

Bitter was the grief of both the children when the shadow fell once more upon their home, leaving them, in the complete sense of the word, orphans. But the darkest hour of the night was before the day-break. The "good Lady Wedderburn," celebrated in her own day for deeds of charity and mercy, had found out the little family some time previously; and as Wedderburn was not many miles from Haddington, she had frequent opportunities of communicating with them, and showing them helpful and considerate kindness. In her visits to them she had been specially attracted, as strangers usually were, by Arthur's beauty and intelligence. She also thought Helen "a douce,* *mensfu'* little lass," though as yet she did not understand her higher qualities. The result was, however, that with the Laird's full concurrence and approval, she appeared in Haddington a few days after their mother's death, for the purpose of bringing the sorrowful and almost bewildered children to her own home.

It was certainly in a good day for both of them that they entered the hospitable halls of Wedderburn. A plentiful, well-regulated house, where all had bread enough and to spare, yet none ate the bread of idleness, was a great change, and a very happy one, to the care-worn, over-taxed girl, and to the restless, undisciplined boy. As Arthur was pronounced by the Laird's chaplain, who examined him, to be "a youth of vera quick ingyne,"† he was carefully instructed in grammar, Latin, and the other branches of a liberal education; while Helen, in company with the daughters of the house, learned all the accomplishments then considered suitable for ladies. These were rather useful than ornamental; and as she had a great aptitude for such pursuits, and was very diligent, she soon excelled in all household arts and occupations. A passionate love and gratitude towards her kind benefactress took possession of her heart, and this she did not fail to express, in the way natural to her character, by doing whatsoever her

hand found to do in the Lady's service, truly with all her might. Many a row of the neatest "pearling," and many a hank of fine and even yarn, besides numerous household tasks, quickly learned and skilfully performed, bore witness to her willing industry. Both Helen and Arthur were also able to oblige their kind patrons by instructing their young companions in the French language; a very welcome service in those days of constant intercourse between France and Scotland.

The Homes of Wedderburn were warmly attached to the principles of the Reformation; nor did they omit any effort to instil them into the minds of their youthful charges. These lessons of her new home Helen received not only willingly, but joyfully. They seemed to her like the conclusion of some happy tale which had been begun by beloved lips, and broken off by the stern hand of death. The simple, strong words of the glorious Evangel were quickly brought home with life-giving power to the heart thus prepared to welcome them. She found in them what met the necessities and satisfied the longings of her awakened soul. She believed the truth, and the truth made her free. She was a very happy little maiden from that time forward; as any one could tell who looked on her beaming face, or listened to her pleasant song, as her never-resting hands and feet moved briskly and lightly about their many useful tasks.

But it did not fare so well with Arthur. His attachment to his mother had been very strong, and he esteemed it a point of duty to cling to what she had loved. Without any real religious convictions, he thought it a grand and noble thing to be a true Catholic, like her, like the holy saints, and like the brave knights and fair ladies of France, of whom she was wont to tell him. The "evangel" might do well enough for "miserable poor folk," and even for craftsmen, merchants, and such "cattle," but it was no creed for a gentleman, least of all for the grandson of the Marquis de Salgues. Still, he was not disposed to become a martyr for his faith. He therefore learned and repeated all that was required of him; and so natural is it to children to keep their deepest feelings to themselves, or at least to share them only with their equals in age

* Gentle, well-mannered.

† Abilitica.

that he was scarcely conscious of any hypocrisy in so doing. He was greatly strengthened in his secret predilections by the former monk of Haddington. It was easy for a fearless, adventurous lad, like Arthur, to form acquaintances even amongst the retainers of a baron at deadly feud with his protector. And the lamented death of the good Lady Wedderburn, which occurred when he had been between two and three years at the Castle, was followed by a period of general relaxation of discipline, that much facilitated his meetings with Father Bennet. He enjoyed the mystery, and still more the danger, of receiving clandestine lessons in the Romish faith from a disguised monk; but it must be added that he was far from enjoying the deceit unto which these proceedings forced him. For he was one of those whose natural candour of disposition will not allow them either to speak or to act a falsehood (however necessary they may imagine it), without a degree of awkwardness and ill-concealed distress that is almost sure to betray them. And of course he did not fail to draw upon himself suspicion, mistrust, and blame. These, as was natural, only exasperated him, and drove him further and further from the straight path. He became increasingly wild, reckless, and even defiant in his conduct. Through his affections, indeed, he might still have been controlled; but Lady Wedderburn, whom he really loved, was no more; and his feelings towards the Laird never went beyond respect, a little mingled with fear. Helen, it is true, loved him intensely, and bitterly mourned his wanderings. But though ready to undergo any toil or self-denial in his service, though she often plied her needle for half the night that he might not appear less handsomely dressed than the Laird's sons his companions, and "warded" for

the same purpose every gift she received from her generous friends,—yet still, for some reason or other, she did not exercise over him all the influence that might have been expected. She was either not young enough—or too young—thoroughly to understand him. Her early life of toil and care had perhaps unfitted her a little for entering into the feelings of a wayward boy. Besides, it might be that she was sometimes more eager to serve than to sympathize, and was apt to confound *working* for those she loved with *helping* them.

So uncomfortable had Arthur's position at Wedderburn become, that it was really a relief to him when things were brought to a crisis by the discovery of the rosary. His joy at having no more cause for concealment helped to make him utterly fearless. On the other hand, the Laird's anger was natural and justifiable, and he did not moderate its expression. The result was exactly what might have been expected.

Helen Erskine went about her daily work with busy hands and silent lips, but with a heart well-nigh broken. Wedderburn's grave chaplain shook his head; he "aye kenned yon lad wad never come to guid." And the mournful prophecy seemed but too likely to find a fulfilment. For the boy was going forth now, friendless and alone, "into a far country." Yet it was in the far country that the prodigal remembered his father's house; and it was under those alien skies that the cry, "I have sinned!" first arose from the depths of his soul. This thought came at last to Helen Erskine, bringing with it the first faint gleam of hope and comfort, as, far in the night, she knelt beside her little bed, and prayed with bitter tears for the wanderer.

D. A.

"BECAUSE OF THE SAVOUR OF THY GOOD OINTMENTS THY NAME IS AS OINTMENT POURED FORTH."

SOLEMN 1. 2.

IT was the custom of the Jews to anoint their persons frequently; indeed, to an extent that, in a climate like ours, we can scarcely sympathize with. This common unction was used for personal adornment, for refreshment to the healthy, and for healing to the sick. So constant was

its use, that its omission was a sign of mourning (Dan. x. 3); and to neglect it to a guest was a noticeable slight (Luke vii. 46). Whatever else the traveller omitted to take with him, he rarely forgot the oil (Gen. xxviii. 18; Luke x. 34), which, in that hot climate, was, to a traveller, less a luxury than a necessary. In pro-

cess of time, simple oil came to be rarely used even by the poor; and as for the rich, their ointments were exquisitely perfumed, and very costly (John xii. 5). Besides this common and daily unction, there was also a holy anointing, which was set apart to God's special service; and through it, prophets frequently, the high-priests always, and kings generally, entered on their functions. The holy oil used for the priests was of a peculiar composition, and was not to be imitated on pain of death. All this typified the glorious One, the Christ, or *the anointed*, as the word means—set apart to be the Prophet, Priest, and King, and fitted for each of his offices by being filled with "*all the fulness of the Godhead bodily*."

On his solitary head was emptied the whole vessel of God's anointing oil; for "God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him" (John iii. 34). So copious was his unction, that the holy ointment, poured upon his head, flowed down to the skirts of his garment (Ps. cxxxiii. 2). And so, in the text here, his "good ointments" mean his unequalled spiritual excellences of every kind. It is the same excellences which the admiring bride sets forth in detail, under a different set of figures, in chap. v. 10-16. He was "full of grace and truth;" and these good ointments are the manifestations of the grace and the truth with which he was filled, and through which he displayed his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father.

And the savour of these good ointments means faith's delighted apprehension of the glories of Jesus. Oh, how unspeakably precious is he to the soul that can smell this savour! Nothing on earth can be compared with him; nay, among all the shining ones in glory, there is none like Jesus. "Whom have I in heaven but thee?" "Oh black angels, but white, white Jesus!" cries dear old Rutherford. How sweetly did all his garments smell of myrrh, and aloe, and cassia, when he first came to us in our soul's sorest anguish! and lifting from the earth the poor heart-broken one whom the stern law of God had smitten down, he wiped our tears, and smiled us almost to the gates of heaven, saying, "Son, daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." How sweet, too, his perfume, as we trace his path of holy love through the gospel story, and rejoice to find that the Christ of Nazareth, and Bethany, and Calvary; the Christ of Peter, and John, and the Magdalene; the Christ of the sinful and the miserable in Judea of old, is the very Christ of our own daily life. How sweet the smell, when faith goes back once more on its oft-repeated visits to the Cross, to see the holy Alabaster-box broken into pieces there, while out of it flows forth unhindered all the grace that is in the heart of God. Blessed grace, and blessed box, and blessed breaking! the restraint of such a treasury of love straitened and pained his heart, till it got vent to flow (Luke xii. 50). How sweet the perfume, as we travel from the cross to the sepulchre, to see the empty tomb and the folded napkin, and to realize once more that

He who died for us in love, now liveth for ever, having spoiled our cruel spoilers, and gone up with the shout of a victor. How sweet his perfumes as faith sees him on the throne of heaven, and hopes shortly to see him face to face. "Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart" (Prov. xxvii. 9); but, to the believing soul, the name of Jesus is more reviving than all the balmy treasures of the East, however skilfully compounded or lavishly poured forth.

"His name is music to my ear,
And transport to my heart;
My hopes revive when he is near,
And droop if he depart.

"Let the rich miser prize his gold,
The monarch boast his crown;
To me, 'tis more than wealth untold,
To call the Lord mine own."

Alas! how few discern the savour of Christ's precious ointment. Man savours his own things, but naturally he has no relish for the things of God (Matt. xvi. 23). There is nothing more sad about his case than this, that he is not attracted but repelled by the holy excellences of Jesus. God's beloved Son is still, to men, only as a root out of a dry ground, with no beauty in him wherefore sin-loving man should desire him. With unanimous voice, the representatives of our race gave their votes against him, saying, "Not this man, but Barabbas." Alas! man naturally prefers the stench of the grave, among the putrefaction of which he burrows like the worm, to the heavenly fragrance of the Rose of Sharon. Nay, the very same preaching of Christ, which to a living soul is the sweet savour of life, is to a dead soul the foul savour of death (2 Cor. ii. 16). Ah, we need to be made partakers of the same anointing, ere we can discern or be regaled with the heavenly odours of our Lord's good ointments! "Oh," says Rutherford, "if my soul might but lie within smell of his love, suppose I could get no more but the smell of it!"

But though our enjoyment of Christ be the result of the Holy Spirit's grace, yet we, on our part, must stir up the gift of God which is in us. Exactly proportioned to our individual diligence will be the riches of our spiritual income. As the fire that fell upon the altar at first was fire from heaven, so likewise is the fire of holy love that is kindled in a believing heart; and as part of the priestly function was to keep up, by human care, the fire thus kindled at first by God, so we, too, have it for our special service to supply with abundant fuel the heavenly flames within us. And the only fuel that will keep them burning is the ordinances of Christ observed in the power of the Spirit. Unless we keep the altar of our hearts in an atmosphere saturated with the fragrant odours of his presence, the fire of love shall burn low and lower; and in this case, what warrant has the careless Levite that it shall not go wholly out?

Let us notice, too, that it is for his own inherent graces and excellences that the believing soul so highly values Christ. Twice over, in the verse, is this fact

stated, giving it the strongest emphasis possible: "*Because of the savour of thy good ointments thy name is as ointment poured forth;*" and again, "*therefore do the virgins love thee.*" He is loved, not for some good selfishly fancied as having been received through him or expected from him, but because of the savour of his own ointments. The blind eye has been opened, and through it the soul has gazed, with happy amazement, on Him who is the brightness of the Father's glory, till the heart has been won for ever. Oh, my soul, hast thou thus seen "the King in his beauty?" hast thou had revealed to thee, as no words of man could have done it, the hitherto undiscovered glories of the Son of God? If not; if thou hast no better reason for loving Jesus, than this solitary one, that he hath loved thee; then it is not Jesus that thou lovest, but only thyself in him. In this case, surely thou hast not yet "seen him, neither known him." He himself has said, "If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?" Yes; *even publicans*. Not only unregenerated human nature in its higher forms, but human nature in its lowest and vilest forms, can accomplish this, while it remains as degraded as ever. "*Even the publicans*" do it. It is not Jesus, then, that thou art really loving, if it be not for his good ointments that thou lovest him. If works done in a selfish legal spirit be rejected, because not done in love (1 Cor. xiii. 1-3), how much more the spurious love itself, which sees nothing love-worthy in the Beloved of the Father, save only this—that he loves me! Of course it is not denied—it is vehemently insisted on—that the personal appropriation of his love and grace is a most important element in our enjoyment of him. With Luther, we desire to put peculiar emphasis on the "*me's*" and the "*my's*" of holy Scripture. While we would go over in detail, along with the love-smitten spouse, her ravishing description of her Lord in chap. v. 10-16, we would equally close it with her joyous boast, "This is *my* beloved, and this is *my* friend, O daughters of Jerusalem." It is needed to complete the blessedness of the soul to be able to say, "*My beloved is mine.*" Nay, we would go still further, and affirm, that to seek to love him *only* for what he is in himself, and apart altogether from any gracious relationship to ourselves, is a refinement far too high for weak and feeble creatures such as we. It is never so much as once asked from us by God. He has so revealed himself to us as to satisfy, and over-satisfy, all our affections; and grace in the soul does not annihilate these affections, but sanctify them, and fill them all with him. But while this personal relationship is one of the sweet ingredients in his good ointments, it is *not the only one*; and when Christ is prized, not at all for himself, but for by-ends; not for his own spiritual excellences, nor for the blessedness of divine communion into which he brings us, but only for those adjuncts and appendages of his work, which the fleshly mind is quite competent to appreciate, then Christ is not loved at

all, but only accepted as a mighty servant to the idol Self.

And, oh, how sweet it is to the soul that is weary of sin, weary of self, weary of the world, to be regaled and revived by the smell of his good ointments! They are abundant enough; for he is perfumed with all the powders of the merchant (chap. iii. 6). All that God is, he is in Christ; and all that he is in Christ, he is to encourage the sinner's faith, and to secure the believing sinner's blessing. Is he Almighty? Then all his omnipotence is engaged, in Christ, to preserve us and bless us; and that is a sweet ointment. Is he true? Then all his truth is, in Christ Jesus, pledged to fulfil whatever is implied in the invitation to the sinner and the promises to the believer; and surely this is a sweet perfume. Is he unchangeable? Then in Christ Jesus he is unchangeably our Father; and this is a good ointment. Is he holy? Then that most lovely holiness—a holiness awful, hateful once, but lovely now—is all on our behalf, arrayed not against *us*, but only against our sorest troubler, sin. Is he omniscient? Then how blessed the assurance that he is thinking, in his perfect wisdom, of poor and needy me; and how sweet this perfume is to an afflicted sufferer, when, refreshed by it, he bows his head to the sovereign will of his gracious Father, and says, "Not my will, but thine be done." In short, all the perfections of absolute Godhead, which to the guilty, sin-loving soul are full of horror, are, in Jesus, every one of them, good ointments, which to faith send forth a most delightful perfume.

But the world cannot smell these good ointments; therefore shine, O believer, that the world may see something of thy Lord in thee. Thou who art able sweetly to enjoy the savour of thy Lord's anointing, from direct communion with himself, art set apart to make him known to the perishing around, by transposing them into objects of sight, that his grace may be seen in thee. Thou art an epistle of Christ, a book whereon he means thy neighbour to read, in plain and legible type, about himself. Like the light-house lantern, thy great service is to shine out with clear ray amid the darkness of the world, in order that the tempest-tossed ships around thee may seek a shelter in the haven which thou hast found. Therefore shine, and trim thy lamp each day, that its light may be daily brighter. Perhaps you say, "But how can I shine, I who am but a clod of earth, with not a spark of light in me? I cannot shine." Yes thou canst, if thou hast Christ; for Christ, who has come to be the world's solitary light, will shine wherever he may be. Hold up Christ, then, in words, but still more in temper and in life; hold up Christ higher and higher still, that men who are not able to catch the sweet odour of his ointments from himself—men whose eyes even are so diseased that they cannot bear to look on his own glory in his own person—may see that glory toned and mellowed down through thee, shining out clear and full; as clear and full, indeed, as they are at first able to look upon

it. But shine, and shine always, and seek to shine more brightly. Yet, with it all, be very jealous for the Lord's glory, and so shine, that men shall not be tempted to admire the candlestick, but the candle—shall not speak of the pale and changing planet, but of the clear bright Sun. And your shining shall assuredly not be in vain. One and another will be stirred up by it to draw nearer to the light; so near, as to be caught and ravished with the savour of Christ's good ointments; and you shall hear them say, to your inexpressible delight, "Now we believe, not because of thy saying: for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

The bride goes on to add, in the closing words of the verse, "therefore do the virgins love thee." We have already referred to the force of the word "*therefore*." It teaches us that whatever be the reason for which others profess love to Jesus, "the virgins" really love him *because of his good ointments*. This is important to the professing believer; only we would caution the anxious sinner not to abuse it. God demands nothing good in thee in order to forgiveness; he has found all that he demanded already in his Son; and for Jesus' sake alone he is now ready to pardon thee as thou art. Let no one object, then, that his concern about salvation is wholly selfish, and that he has no regard in it to God's glory, but only to his own welfare. This is quite true. Yet God's grace is such, that it will stoop down to reach the sinner wherever he may be, dead in his trespasses and sins, and with no feelings but selfish feelings. True, indeed, God's grace will not leave the sinner there, though it will meet him there; but if he only yield to its drawing, it will forgive him without good in him of his own, and will lift him up, and make him a partaker of his Lord's anointing; so that, able now to discern and to relish the good ointments, he shall, on account of them, love his Saviour with the love of all who are virgin souls.

For the souls that love Jesus are all virgins, and all virgin-souls love Jesus. The whole number of them combined constitutes the one great body spoken of in this Song as the bride, and which has been espoused as "a chaste virgin" to Christ (2 Cor. xi. 2). Each member of the body, too, in the new nature is a chaste virgin; and the characteristic of every individual is, that he loves Jesus, and loves him too for his good ointments. O my soul, is it a virgin's love that thou art giving thy Lord—pure, fervent, single-hearted? Many talk of him, many name themselves by his name, many commend him, but "*the virgins love him*." Dost thou love him, O my soul—love him when he comforts thee—love him when he chastens thee—love him always—love him only? Art thou like Orpah, who loved her mother-in-law, and wept to leave her, but who yet left her; for she loved her people and her home in Moab better? Or dost thou love like Ruth, who clave unto Naomi, though it cost her all that she had on earth? Hast

thou now no home but Christ's home, and no people but Christ's people, and no love but Jesus?

There is no spiritual gift to be preferred to love—holy, single-hearted, virgin love. "*God is love*." Therefore "follow after love" (1 Cor. xiv. 1). And then, when your earnest prayers for its increase have been answered, still "*follow after love*." All minor gifts are of any value only as they are serviceable to love in her blessed ministry to God and man. Riches are, to a Christian, worse than worthless, except as love can take them up to use them. Powers of intellect, persuasive eloquence, knowledge, are all to be valued only that love may have the more to work with; but the best gift, that is most to be coveted, is virgin love. Without this, all the rest is but a sounding brass, unprofitable, nothing.

What a joyous thing is love! "How infinitely sweet," says David Brainerd, one of the virgins, "is it to love God, and to be all for him." He that loves most has most of Christ's presence, and, therefore, most of heaven in his soul. But yet, on the other hand, what a sorrowful thing is love. In a world like this, the love that links our hearts to others, or to the cause of Jesus, will lay us open to the sharpest thrusts of grief. The Lord Jesus, when he was here, felt it so. His incomparable love went a great way towards making him the man of incomparable sorrows. The words "*all ye that love Jerusalem*" have as their equivalent in the parallel clause, "*all ye that mourn for her*" (Isa. lxi. 10). To love and to mourn for often mean the same thing. For, if beloved ones will not hearken, and if we be concerned for God's name and for their safety, what less can we do than weep sore in secret places for their pride? (Jer. xiii. 17). This was one of the cups of Christ's earthly sorrow (Luke xix. 41); a cup which he hands to every one that loves him (Rom. ix. 2, 3), in order that we may be trained to perfect sympathy with him.

Oh, what infinite reason have we to love Jesus, and what a shameful thing that any among us could be truly charged with losing the first fervours of its holy heat! (Rev. ii. 4). And yet, alas! alas! who among us is not compelled to bow his head in sorrow? No wonder that John Bradford's tears trickled down his face into his food when he reflected on the strange hardness that so held back his heart from the adequate love of his Saviour. And yet, these sorrowful heart-longings for love are among the surest proofs that the heart which cherishes them is a virgin heart. They flow out of love, the most tender love, coupled with an exalted apprehension of the infinite loveliness of Jesus. He is seen to be so "altogether lovely," that the heart is broken with the mournful yet gladdening consciousness that our highest pitch of love falls infinitely beneath the love-worthiness of the Beloved. And this is safe for us, for it sends us away from our own hearts to find our only rest and comfort in the free, unchanging love of Jesus. And surely, too, as Herbert sings,—

"When the heart says (sighing to be approved),
Oh, could I love! and stops; God writeth, *Loosed*."

To eyes that have been anointed by the Spirit of God, everything we see, above, around, within us, is a provocation to love. Mercy, tender mercy, plenteous mercy, meets us at every turn. We are the children of mercy, a mercy that busied itself about us in eternity, planning our blessings ere ever the worlds were made; mercy that has followed us all our life long, guiding us, guarding us, blessing us, unchilled by the rebellion and ingratitude of our godless years. O my brother, does not the touching retrospect melt and humble thee, and dost thou not say with Job, "I abhor myself?" And yet the meek and patient love of Jesus has never abhorred us, never abandoned us, never failed to say of us even at our worst, "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?" (Hos. xi. 8). Nay, he has only used our most exceeding sinfulness to show forth the more wonderfully the exceeding riches of his holy love. Let us then never forget our sins, even though he promises to forget them; but let us use the remembrance of them chiefly to deepen love, in order that being frankly forgiven so much, we may love him the most of all.

And true love is far more than a mere sentiment; it is always active. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." True love is a giver; nay, it is an exhaustive giver, it gives all that it has; and along with these it gives itself. Whosoever has our love has ourselves. If, then, we love Jesus, we shall keep from him nothing that he wills to have. But while real love delights in sacrifice, spurious love is content with sentiment. The one, filled with the spirit of Christ, imitates the self-emptying grace of Christ, and shrinks from no needed Gethsemane or Calvary; but the other is soon wearied when it has to go the length of working, and calls a halt so soon as its labour becomes more than a pleasant change of pastime. But true love lives for the Beloved; and, giving its all, it is ashamed that its all is so little. With David, when he brought forward his millions of gold and silver for the temple building, it says, "Now, behold, in my poverty I have prepared for the house of the Lord an hundred thousand talents of gold, and a thousand thousand talents of silver" (1 Chron. xxii. 14).

We will do well to test our love, were it for nothing else than for our humbling. Had there been no danger of self-deception, we would not have been exhorted to "unfeigned love," nor to take heed that "love be without dissimulation." How much pleasure do we find in secret converse with Jesus?—only so much do we love him, and no more. How cheerfully do we deny our wishes that we may prefer his will?—so much, and only so much, do we love himself. How much do our hearts

warm towards the meanest and least attractive of his children, counting them the excellent of the earth simply for his sake who so dearly loves them?—only so much, AND NO MORE, do we love him. For it is him that the virgins love; and these, as well as the most comely, are members of his body. The broken-hearted and rejoicing penitent in Luke vii. lavished her grateful kisses upon his feet; for were they not *his feet*, and therefore for his sake beloved? No matter to her that the feet were dark with sweat and dust, for Simon had given him no water to wash away the travel-stains; they were still *his feet*, nay, they were still himself, and therefore she loved and fondled them. Ah, my reader, how is it that you and I honour the feet of Jesus? Those lowly members of his, whom those who are not virgins are sure to overlook, are members of his mystical body as certainly as those who are more comely; and the virgins recognize and love him in the meanest as well as in the most exalted. Almost every one will readily lavish honour on the honourable, and kiss the saints of note and name; but dost thou, O my soul, love also, love equally, the unnoted and unnamed—the dusty, uncomely feet of Jesus? For, though they are only feet, still they are *Christ's feet*; and because they are his, and because, too, they lie more within the reach of heart-broken penitents, these virgin souls love them, and kiss them, and hang over them, till wondering professors chide their folly. For we love Jesus as we love his feet—*only so far, and no further*. And he counts it so himself; for he shall yet say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto *one of the least* of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matt. xxv. 40).

Oh, for love, more love, and that the love of the virgins! For want of this, and for want of its constant exercise, divine life is low and feeble among us; and the world is stumbled by the inconsistencies of many who really know not God, for *God is love*.

"O Jesus, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!
When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.
O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire;
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire;
Jesus, may all confess thy name,
Thy wondrous grace adore;
And, seeking thee, themselves inflame
To seek thee more and more!"

J. D.



A STARRY NIGHT.



CALM, bright Sabbath day of early spring had closed in golden sunset, and the darkness of evening followed. There was no moon visible, and a slight touch of frost gave clearness to the air and brilliancy to the stars, as one after another of the "heavenly host" appeared in the cloudless sky.

Mrs. Martyn and her children had spent the evening in reading and conversation.

"Do put on your shawl, Lucy," said John Martyn to his sister, opening the parlour-door after half an hour's absence, "and come to the lawn with me. It is such a beautiful starry night!"

Lucy gladly prepared to obey the call.

"Is it too cold for you to come out, mamma?"

"Yes; I must be content to look from the window."

She stood there alone for some time, gazing upwards at the starry sky, while her heart ascended far beyond, in prayer for those still so dear to her on earth, and thoughts of others not less loved in the better country above.

When the young people returned to the room, they looked more grave and thoughtful than usual.

"Have you had a pleasant walk and look at the stars, Lucy?"

"Oh, mamma, it was beautiful, grand! I think I never admired them so much before. How strange, that what one has looked at so often should seem almost new each time!"

"It is so in all the works of our God. There is a depth and vastness in all his doings which must ever open and expand with new wonders before our minds, whichever department of creation we try to explore. But this seems to me peculiarly the case in regard to the wonders of astronomy. It is when we look up at the nightly sky that we understand something of the meaning of the word *universe*."

"It seems awful to me," said John. "We have begun to learn astronomy in school lately, and I cannot tell you the sort of feelings it has given me. Some of the boys learn and repeat all about the thousands and millions of miles, and so on, quite lightly, and think no more of it when school is over; but I have been feeling quite overwhelmed at times. I have got troubled myself, and I fear I have been troubling Lucy now. If these things be all true, this world is such a mere speck of creation, and we ourselves like as many grains of sand on the sea-shore, or leaves in a forest! Can the great God care for us? Oh, mamma, is it sinful to feel this?"

"It is not a strange or new feeling, at all events, my dear. David must have felt something of the same three thousand years ago, as he looked upwards through the pure

night air of Palestine: 'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him!'"

"Well, it is comforting to think of that being written in the Bible. Still it makes me unhappy. I cannot comprehend it."

The boy sat down and put his hand to his forehead, with a look of thought and anxiety which went to his mother's heart.

"What is it that bewilders you? Is it the prodigious spaces, and distances, and magnitudes of astronomy?"

"Yes; that is one thing."

"I recollect feeling the same when I first turned my attention seriously to the rudiments of the science, though I was much older then than you are now. I believe this must be the first impression of every thoughtful mind. These enormous figures really give us no definite conception of what they are intended to express; it is impossible for our understanding to grasp them, though doubtless some minds are more suited for the study than others, and will therefore find more enjoyment in it. Probably you are not one of these; and remember you are not yet sixteen years old. Can a boy of that age expect to understand at once the truths which it required the matured intellect of men like Newton and Herschell to discover? Five years hence, perhaps, much that now seems incomprehensible may appear comparatively plain to you."

"Only perhaps, mamma? You mean that I may not live so long?"

"I was rather meaning, that even then, perhaps, you may not find these things much plainer than you now do, if you have really no natural taste or talents for that peculiar kind of study. But why should this discourage you? There is real strength of mind shown in quietly and calmly acknowledging, in some cases, our own weakness, and not wasting energy in useless efforts against it. Is not it mere folly in a child to toil and struggle long to lift the burden which only a strong man could carry?"

"Then what would you have me do?"

"Attend to present duty. Learn, as your master requires of you, the first principles of this noble science, with which every intelligent youth ought to be acquainted. Leave the further study of it to a future time, to be taken up or not, as circumstances and your own feelings shall then decide. And in the meanwhile, resist bewildering speculations instead of encouraging them."

"But the thought will come: Is it possible that the great God who made all these worlds can care for each of us?"

"Let us turn to his own revealed word in this, as in all our difficulties, and see what light or comfort we can find there. I think there is something very remarkable in what we may call the *fearless simplicity* of Scripture, in its way of dealing with the sublime mysteries of the character and works of God. His almighty power, his infinite wisdom and goodness, are brought before us in connection alike with the smallest and the greatest of his creatures. Listen to part of Psalm cxlvii:—

"Praise ye the Lord:

"For it is good to sing praises unto our God;

"For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

"The Lord doth build up Jerusalem:

"He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

"He healeth the broken in heart,

"And bindeth up their wounds."

"How beautiful, how wonderful! the great Jehovah represented as looking down upon the scattered wanderers and broken hearts of earth, and himself ministering to their relief! Yet we would hardly expect the next words which follow—at least *you* would not, John:—

"He telleth the number of the stars;

"He calleth them all by their names."

"Oh, how well we may go on with the psalmist to exclaim:—

"Great is our Lord, and of great power:

"His understanding is infinite!"

"That is very striking," said John. "I certainly never noticed these verses before as coming so singularly after one another."

"Now let us turn to a passage in Isaiah (xl. 26): 'Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth.'

"Can there be a finer description of the impression given of the Creator's power and glory, when we look up with adoring wonder at these innumerable 'worlds unknown?' But now observe what follows. What lesson does the prophet learn from his midnight contemplation? Not one of discouragement, but of comfort and holy confidence:—

"Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God? Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

"Oh, I do thank you for pointing out to me these beautiful verses. I shall repeat them to myself, when my doubts and troubles come back again."

"Do so, my son; and lift up your heart in prayer for the spirit of simple child-like faith and trust. Fear not to bring all your mental trials, as well as outward ones, to your God and Saviour. Then, with a heart enlarged, you shall be able to join in the song of universal thanksgiving: 'Praise ye him, sun and moon! praise him, all ye stars of light!'"

The boy did not answer, but his eye met his mother's with a look of hope and love.

"And," she continued, "pray for deeper, clearer views into the great mysteries of God's way of salvation, through our Saviour's redeeming love. When we truly realize, as far as our feeble minds may do, the marvellous fact of 'God manifest in the flesh' having really lived and suffered in this world of ours, does it not take away in a great degree the feeling of our insignificance? Can the meanest and weakest of those for whom Christ died be less than precious in the Father's sight? And who can tell how far the influence of this wondrous plan of saving mercy may have been known and felt throughout the moral and intelligent universe! We are expressly told in Scripture that these things the angels desire to look into. It is but conjecture, of course; yet, as Hugh Miller has beautifully written, 'Who shall dare to limit the circle of worlds to which the influences of the "decease accomplished at Jerusalem" is destined to extend? Many a great kingdom has been gladdened by the beam which broke from the little hill of Calvary; why may not many a great planet be cheered by the same beam transmitted from the little world in which the little hill is included?'"

"That is a grand idea," said John; and for some minutes all were silent.

"How beautiful Venus looks to-night," said Lucy. "Is not it the most beautiful of all, mamma, and the poet's star?"

"Yes; the evening star has been always a favourite with poets, and lovers, and pensive hearts:—

"Gem of the crimson-coloured even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of heaven,
Beloved star, dost thou delay?"

"I was thinking of that, and of Campbell's other poem:—

"Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above;
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love."

"That is a sweet poem, how different in its tone of feeling from another which I learned long ago. I am not quite sure of the author—Byron, I think:—

"Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!
Whose tearful beams glow tremulous afar,
Clearing the darkness thou canst not dispel,
How like thou art to joy remembered well!
So gleams the past, the light of other days,
Which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays;
A night-beam sorrow watcheth to behold,
Distinct, but distant; clear, but oh, how cold!"

"Oh, how sad these lines are, mamma!"

"Very sad; but what comfort could a mind like Byron's have in the review of the past? His 'joy remembered well' was that of one 'having no hope, and without God in the world.' Even to the believer, who knows what it is to 'joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ,' the recollections of happiness past and gone for ever on earth are often depressing. The evening star, which we have loved and admired from our earliest years, is generally in later life associated with many affecting remembrances. It has been well called the star of memory. But there is another, which we may call the star of hope. Can you guess which that is?"

"The morning star, I suppose," said John.

"Yes; but in fact, you know, though we speak of the morning and evening stars, we often mean the same planet, seen at different seasons, either soon after sunset or before sunrise. The last is not such a favourite with young poets and romancers as the first. They sit up late gazing at Venus or Jupiter when these planets appear in the nightly sky, and are sound asleep at the early morning hour. I suppose this is the case with both of you."

"Not always," said Lucy; "but certainly I do not know Venus so well in the morning as at night."

"I have been for many years an early riser," said Mrs. Martyn, "and many a winter morning, before the sun appeared in the east, I have felt as if a message of hope and courage came to my heart when I looked at 'the star that leads the day.' Did you ever consider the meaning of that old proverb, 'The darkest hour is the hour before dawn?'"

"I have heard you quote it sometimes, but I never thought much about it. I suppose the meaning is, that when things come to the worst they will soon begin to get better?"

"Yes; or we may express it by another old saying, 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' Some comfort of this kind I have often felt, during times of trial, in these quiet morning hours; there has seemed to me such a force and beauty in our Saviour saying of himself, 'I am the bright and the morning star.' Oh, if he lifts upon us the light of his countenance, how the darkest hour of earthly sorrow may be brightened! and yet all of it we can enjoy here is but a pledge and earnest of better things to come, the first dawning of the heavenly day. The cheering, strengthening influence of *hope* must, to a worldly man, or an unbeliever, each year become fainter and weaker; and what sad depression and foreboding fears will take its place as he advances towards the grave! But the Christian can say, 'I will hope continually, and will yet praise thee more and more.' The light of the morning star will only grow dim before the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness. Our God and Father gives us many good things now on earth, but his people shall soon 'see greater things than these.' Oh, my children, shall we all enjoy them together; the first-fruits now, the full blessedness at last?"

The mother paused, her voice faltering with emotion. Her children did not answer in words, but their young bright eyes filled with tears, and she felt that no other reply was needed.

"It is late," she said, after a short silence; "we must have prayers and go to bed."

"Oh," said John, "there is so much more I should like to say and to ask you!"

"You are not going away to-morrow, and we may hope for another quiet time in the evening, to look at and talk about the stars again."

H. L. L.

HEAVEN THE SCENE OF CHRIST'S PRIESTHOOD; AND, THEREFORE, OF THE CHURCH'S WORSHIP.

BY THE REV. HUGH MARTIN, M.A., FREE GREYFRIARS', EDINBURGH,
MATHEMATICAL EXAMINER IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

"We have such an high-priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens."—HEB. viii. 1.

PART SECOND.

IN a former number of this volume (p. 170), we contemplated the doctrine or fact, that heaven is the locality and home of Christ's priesthood—the permanent scene of its gracious ministration. We attempted to show how this doctrine illustrates the reality, the efficiency, the perfection, the permanence, and the glory of that priesthood. There are certain inferences naturally following from the doctrine, and so precious, that we can scarcely pass from the subject without directing attention to at least the more important of them.

I remark, therefore, in the first place—

I. That if heaven is the scene of the priesthood of Christ, it is thereby also the scene of the Church's worship.

The priesthood of Christ and the worship of the Church are so connected, that they stand or fall together; and the scene or locality of the one must be the scene or locality of the other. All our worship of God hangs on the mediation of Jesus in the execution of his sacerdotal office; and he who is unacquainted with the great leading truths concerning Christ's priesthood cannot intelligently nor acceptably worship God. No worship is acceptable to the Father, no ascriptions of praise and

glory, and no supplications and prayers, can come into his presence, save through the hands of the one Mediator between God and man. And this does not merely imply that, on the one hand, God has regard to the sacrifice of Jesus, and that, on the other, the worshipper directs his faith to it also. There is more implied in it than that. For the sacrifice of Christ cannot be regarded as something that has passed out of his own hands, so as that benefits may be solicited and bestowed on the ground of it, the continual personal and living intervention of Christ himself being unnecessary. No: not only does the Father dispense the blessings of the covenant on the ground of the satisfaction rendered to divine justice on the cross of Calvary; but when he does dispense those blessings, it is only through the perpetual ministry, the gracious personal intervention, and the very hands of the living High Priest himself. And not only does the acceptable worshipper proffer his faith, and love, and service through the merit of the great propitiation, but his right to do so with acceptance he recognizes as dependent on his making use of the ministry and service of the High Priest, as he personally and officially presents them at the throne. When we are invited to come boldly to the throne of grace, our privilege is rested on the twofold ground: *first*, that we have "a new and living way into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, and by the rent veil," which is to say, his flesh: and *secondly*, that "we have a great High Priest"—the risen Saviour himself, as the leader of our worship—"over the house of God." And assuredly no one will rise to the purity of a true heart, and to the privilege of the full assurance of an unshaken confidence, whose faith does not embrace the completeness of this double warrant for drawing near to God.

All our worship is dependent on the priesthood of Christ. Our worship, in fact, is nothing else than our communion with Christ in his priesthood. Our whole worship hinges on that priesthood: takes its colour and character, its spiritual life and substance, from it; gathers round it, and revolves about it. Inevitably the scene of his priesthood is the scene of our worship.

It is written in the opening statement of the chapter succeeding that from which our text is taken: "Then verily the first covenant had ordinances of divine service, and a *worldly* sanctuary." And the contrast which the apostle is carrying out between the old covenant and the new, suggests, by antithesis, the sure and implied counterpart or correlative truth, that the second covenant has ordinances of divine service, but a *heavenly* sanctuary as the scene of them. And this truth is either expressly asserted or implicitly involved in repeated statements throughout this epistle. When in the *fourth* chapter we are called on to hold fast our profession, on the ground that we have a great High Priest who has passed into the heavens—Jesus, the Son of God—it is surely the throne of God in heaven to which we are for the same reason invited to "come boldly, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."

When in the *sixth* chapter we have a glorious description of the strong consolation which God is willing that the heirs of promise should enjoy in the city of refuge into which they have fled, it is a heavenly refuge-city—heaven itself—into which their hope is seen to carry them, or into which their souls, in the power of hope, are spiritually carried out; which hope "enters into that within the veil, whither the forerunner is for us entered." When in the *tenth* chapter we are invited into the holiest of all now pertaining to gospel worship—analogous to the holy of holies under the law—it is manifestly heaven itself into which we are, by this heavenly calling, summoned to enter by faith: "Having therefore boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh; and having a high priest over the house of God, let us draw near." When in the *thirteenth* chapter the writer asserts that "we have an altar of which they have no right to eat that serve the tabernacle," it is assuredly no earthly altar that he has in view, but one with which a heavenly and exclusively spiritual worship is connected, and in the virtues of which we are to offer no ceremonial, material, or sensuous sacrifice, or any worship of earthly pomp, but the pure and simple "sacrifice of praise, that is, the fruit of the lips." And more decisive, perhaps, than any of these, is the grand description of our church-state and privilege under the gospel, which he expressly contrasts with that under the law; and in which he makes heaven so palpably the only scene and seat of worship, that readers are continually tempted to fancy that it is the estate of glory he is depicting, though it is manifestly our present condition under the gospel which he has in view:—"Ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words; but ye are come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the *heavenly* Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel."

Yes; as the holy place in the innermost recesses of Israel's temple was the recognized scene of Israel's worship under Aaron's priesthood, heaven is the scene of our worship under Christ. We enter there, indeed, in this life, only by faith. But faith's entrance is real. Faith's entrance is not fanciful, but true. We enter by no effort of imagination, but by an effort and exercise of *faith*; and faith has the warrant of the word, and the call of the Father, and the quickening of the Spirit, and the ministry and priesthood of the Son to proceed upon, when it enters there. And when our case is called, and our petition to be considered—if reverently we may speak of these great mysteries in terms borrowed from

the procedure of men and courts on earth—and if the question is put: Who appears on behalf of these petitioners, and in support of this petition? the answer is: "Christ hath entered into heaven itself, there to appear in the presence of God for us."

In the grateful remembrance of this great truth—that God's heaven of glory is the real sanctuary and scene of our unpretending gospel worship—with what perfect satisfaction, with a mind how calm and equal, may we be contented to resign all the grandeur and pomp of a ritualistic worship, and cleave to the simplicity of our Presbyterian order! We are but *preferring heaven to earth* when doing so. And though our forms may be accounted bald, and tame, and unimpressive, it can only be in the judgment of those that are comparatively carnal, and who in default of spiritual ability to appreciate the heavenliness of New Testament worship, would lay *earth* and *sense* under contribution, where *heaven* and *faith* should rule. The truly spiritual worshipper, sensitive to the difficulty of maintaining his spiritual mindedness, will be jealous of everything fitted to appeal to sense. To such, the grave sweet melody of Zion's psalmody will be a congenial vehicle for spiritual feeling; while the artistic sounds of instrumental music thrilling the ear, awakening bodily sense to energies conflicting with those of the spirit, precisely where most of all the spirit should be free from all such conflict, will be felt intuitively as a great impurity, and a fundamental violation of the great principles of gospel worship.

It is remarkably confirmatory of these remarks to remind you that, in point of fact, the tolerating or desiring of such innovations and impurities in the worship of God, always goes hand in hand with false or defective views of the priesthood of Christ. A ritualistic worship is found to be historically connected with notions of an *earthly* priesthood. When the ministers of the gospel are accounted priests, as in Popish and Puseyite worship, the earthly house of prayer—and not heaven—comes to be regarded as the scene and sanctuary of worship; its observances, in default of heavenly and unseen beauty, are decorated with materials of earthly splendour; and inasmuch as it is a principle of reason that the worship of God should be glorious, and priesthood and glory stand intimately related, the priesthood being on earth, the glory sought is an earthly pomp and glory too. The doctrine of Christ's exclusive and celestial priesthood puts ritualistic worship to flight. And the believing worshipper, seeking in spirit to enter heaven, rejoices to resign every beggarly element of the world, which can only chain down his spirit, too prone to cleave unto the dust, and hinder his entrance within the veil.

I need scarcely remark, in this connection, that it is manifestly the deep appreciation of doctrine—a large, and sound, and rich theology, once highly valued in Scotland, when every peasant could confound the prelates—that will alone protect and conserve among us the worship and government of the Church of God according to his will. Doctrine, in all things, takes the lead in the Church;

doctrine, held fast in the grasp of a living faith, a deep spiritual intelligence, and a loving, cordial appreciation. And where doctrine becomes corrupt, or shallow, or inefficient, neither the worship nor government of the Church can long be safe from the follies of human wisdom, and the corruptions and impurities of human inventions. Nor is there any doctrine more distinguishing and glorious in Christianity than the many-sided and exalted doctrine of the priesthood of Christ. You will always find those deplorably ignorant of it, who desiderate or would welcome innovations and ceremonies in our worship.

II. A second and very valuable inference from our present doctrine is this: That Christ's priesthood, as exercised in heaven, is the bond of an intelligent sympathy between the portion of the Church that is in heaven, and that which is on earth.

The redeemed Church of Christ in heaven and earth is one. "For this cause I bow my knees unto the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." Neither faith nor the instincts of spiritual feeling and love can brook the idea of any essential separation—any sore dislocation—any effective gulf of disjunction between them. Yet, if the celestial priesthood of Christ be removed, it will be difficult to see how the Church in heaven is other than most effectually dislocated and isolated from the Church militant below. Consider this from both the points of view. Contemplate the two cases: *first*, that of the Church above, in its interest and sympathy with their brethren on earth; and *secondly*, that of the Church on earth, in our interest and sympathy with our brethren in glory. And see how it is on the continued execution of Christ's priestly office in heaven that all intelligent sympathy on both sides must depend.

First, Consider the Church in heaven as interested in the affairs of the Church on earth.—We cannot imagine that they take no interest in the condition of their brethren here below. We can scarcely believe it to be a part of the perfection of "the spirits of just men made perfect," that they have ceased to take an interest in the spiritual affairs of Christ's people on earth, and in the progress of his kingdom amidst the trials and conflicts of its militant estate. That could hardly be. Many of them, doubtless, felt unceasingly, while on earth themselves, that one distressing element of their imperfection consisted in the very difficulties they felt in grasping largely the interests of Christ's spiritual kingdom on earth; in compassing any large acquaintance with its condition, and maintaining that constant and lively and supreme interest in its progress, which its glorious character and issues demand of the believer's heart. We can scarcely, then, believe that their admitted condition of perfection now shuts them out from an intelligent acquaintance, or from the means of intelligent acquaintance, with what is passing in that kingdom of Christ in its progressive warfare with the powers of

darkness. Nor can we believe that their glorious, and serene, and immediate insight into the condition of the Church in heaven, could make up for the deprivation of their knowledge of the estate of the Church on earth. For there is a special glory acquired by God in carrying his Church on earth safely through its conflicts and dangers—a glory such as does not accrue to him from maintaining its unassailed peace and glory in heaven. The history and conduct of the Church triumphant is—if I might use a familiar term for illustration—"plain sailing;" plain sailing, as compared with the administration and protection of its endangered interests on earth. Its preservation, and progress, and triumph, in this dark world of sin and opposition, where Satan's battle-field is, and his chiefest powers are put forth, illustrate the wisdom and grace and power of God, in such wonderful display as heaven can afford no scope for in the same kind at all. And that our glorified brethren, through faith and patience now inheriting the promises, should be debarred from the knowledge of that manifold wisdom of God which by the Church on earth is afforded to angelic principalities and powers in heavenly places, is what we cannot be prepared to believe. I know that on such a theme it is dangerous arguing from what we are prepared to expect or not expect in God's dealings with his translated saints in heaven; yet no small reliance may surely be placed on the intuitions of spiritual faith when these fall into harmony with the general analogy of God's more largely revealed procedure. And when they find a footing, as in this case they do, in some, though it may be even small and vague, indications of Holy Scripture, they seem worthy of no small confidence being reposed in their dictates.

It is true, we have no ground for believing that the spirits of departed believers return to earth, or revisit the scenes of their former sojourning. They "depart, and are with Christ." That they are ever present in the Church below, witnessing directly its history and movements, we have no reason to believe. With the angels indeed it is so, as the Scriptures plainly reveal. They are the immediate spectators of the Church's worship—"I charge thee before God and the elect angels, preach the word." What bands of these glorious spirits may be present in our worshipping assemblies is hidden from us; but we are commanded to preach the word as under *their* immediate inspection, as well as that of God himself. Nor are they mere spectators of the Church's history and worship on earth. They are servitors, as well as witnesses. Yea, "are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation?"

It is true that no such relation as this subsists between the Church on earth and the redeemed spirits of just men in heaven. Our glorified brethren, we have no reason to think, are immediate spectators of our worship now; nor have they any ministrations to discharge towards the heirs of salvation, as the angels

have. But it does not follow that they are therefore uninterested or unintelligent as to the Church's militant estate. It does not follow that they are excluded from the knowledge of the spiritual condition, the progress or reverses, the conflicts and prospects, of their brethren below. That there is nothing whatever in their present heavenly state fitted to debar them from such knowledge, is conclusively demonstrated by an express instance—as good in this case as many—namely, that of the martyred ones of Christ, whose "souls" are seen in vision "under the altar," and heard crying with a loud voice and saying, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled." Here we see no small knowledge of what is going forward in the Church on earth possessed by souls in heaven; and it can scarcely be a too great refining on the passage if we remind you that these intelligent souls—intelligent not only in heaven's history and services, but in earth's present history and sorrows too—are represented to us as "under the altar"—the chiefest symbol and instrument of priesthood—as if to shadow forth the truth that it is on that priesthood that their intelligence in some way depends. But what I more immediately ask you to notice is, that these souls are not unaware of the aspect of affairs here below. They know that their own blood is not yet avenged. They know the slow and tardy steps of justice, as it is guided by the wisdom, and restrained by the long-suffering, of God towards their persecutors. They have intelligent confidence in that justice in the long run; but they are aware of its present delay. Nor are they checked of God for expressing their information; but rather soothed and quieted, and have their information still more enlarged.

Now, it is very true that, so far as this instance goes, it indicates only knowledge of a very limited matter; but then it is in circumstances which surely argue, among the redeemed in heaven, knowledge of earthly affairs to a far more unlimited extent. Shall the redeemed in glory see the dark side of things—the triumph and temporary impunity of the wicked,—and shall they not know the brighter side, and the prosperity, and prospects, and progress of the righteous? Shall they see enough of the Church's estate to understand its bearings on their own past history and wrongs, and on their own rightful claims and vindication, and shall there be withholden from them an insight into its larger and grander bearings upon the claims and the wrongs of Christ—its bearings on his glory—on his seeing of the travail of his soul, and being satisfied? Is it consistent with the spirit of heaven that the redeemed should see the present Church on earth merely in relation to their own personal interests, and not in the more generous and enlarged conception of its relation to God and his anointed One? And when the glorified are seen to

have real and true intelligence of what passes here below, is not the question, in all that appertains to the principle of it, finally settled, and the mere *extent* of their knowledge after the *fact* of it is evident, a matter of comparatively easy solution?

It is manifest, then, that the Church above has intelligent acquaintance, and therefore inevitable sympathy, with the Church on earth. And I think it must be plain that the great medium or organ of their knowledge is the execution in heaven of Christ's priesthood at the right hand of the throne of the Majesty there. Nor is it possible to conceive a medium more satisfactory, effective, and complete. In the *eighth* chapter of Revelation we have a very grand description of our Lord, in the fulfilment of a portion of his duties as our celestial High Priest. We are told that "another angel"—manifestly the Angel and Mediator of the covenant—"came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne." That the spirits of just men made perfect, though not present in our assemblies and closets below, nor immediate spectators of our worship here, are present around that altar before the throne—spectators of our worship as it appears there—that is, as God sees it—we know. And it is surely easy to believe that the advantage they thus possess for understanding the condition of the Church is not less, but greater, than if they revisited it here in its militant condition. By the mediation of Christ we see them made intelligently aware of "the prayers of all saints." They become cognizant of these prayers in their combined and united fulness; not by any laboured effort of their own to piece together ten thousand isolated portions of their own knowledge of them, but after they are combined, with no omissions and no perversions, by the ministering hand of our glorious High Priest before the throne. But the "prayers of all saints" at any moment are the very best reflection and exposition of the affairs, and dangers, and prospects of the whole Church at that moment. Nothing so embodies the successes or failures—the joys and sorrows—the conflicts and conquests of the Church, as her prayers. Her history is mirrored in her prayers with perfect accuracy. Give me "the prayers of all saints," and I will tell you the condition of the Church—far more accurately than if, with the swiftness of the angels' wings and of the lightning flash, I had coursed through all her assemblies, and witnessed with eyes of flesh the estate of all her families and all her members. Give me the prayers of all saints, and I will write you a Church history such as historian never wrote.

This advantage the redeemed in heaven have by being present while the angel of the covenant offers before the throne the prayers of all saints. And if to this we add that his intercessions are with infinite accuracy grounded continually on the ever-varying estate of his people on earth, and every individual of them, we will see that

the priesthood of Christ in heaven is, if I may so speak, a kind of divine dial, on which the whole history of the Church on earth may, with perfect accuracy, be read off at every moment by the redeemed brethren in heaven.

Thus much on the one side of this noble theme. And turning now to the other side, or the correlative and supplementary truth, it will be equally plain,—

Secondly, That the priesthood of Christ in glory is the medium of intelligent sympathy for the Church below with the interests and worship of the Church above.

For, apart from Christ's execution of this office in heaven, we would be more hopelessly cut off from any appreciable acquaintance with them, than they from us. We cannot know by what varied means God might make up the removal of such a medium or organ of knowledge to them; but we do know that there is nothing in our whole estate here below that could remedy such a loss to us. Were the worship of our departed brethren in heaven altogether dissociated from the priesthood of our Lord, we must be aware from our own experience that we could form no conception of its elements or nature, and consequently could have no real sympathy with them. Direct acquaintance with the infinite, eternal immensity of God, and direct access to communion with God therein, we cannot have. No man cometh unto the Father but by Jesus—by Jesus in the execution of his priesthood. Through the medium of that priesthood we know the aspect in which the divine nature reveals itself to us, to be adored and trusted in—to be glorified and enjoyed. We know the satisfied perfection of its infinite justice, and the satisfying and ever-ready communications of its infinite favour and fatherly and gracious complacency. We know most expressly the revealed and stipulated blessings which we may ask and expect, and the whole terms of peace and grace in which, in our unworthiness and helplessness, we may nevertheless stand towards the great God of heaven and earth. For they are laid down in a covenant, which could not more clearly or explicitly embody them than in its exceeding great and precious promises; and with sufficient spiritual light we may understand our relation and intercourse with God, and his with us—I will say far more satisfactorily, and profoundly, and convincingly, and with far less scope for error, than our relation and intercourse with one another in any of those ties whatsoever that bind us to each other here.

It is in this self-same everlasting covenant—sealed and ministered by the self-same priesthood of our celestial High Priest—that the redeemed in glory worship God. Their spiritual light and insight into their covenant with God far exceeds ours. "We see through a glass darkly;" *they* "face to face." Here "we know in part;" *they* "know even as also they are known." But what *they* know fully above, is what *we* know also truly, though partially, if we have the Spirit's teaching, here below. What *they* see face to face is the same that *we* see through a glass darkly—by the help

of the Word and the medium of ordinances in the Church militant. Their worship is, in all its constituting elements, in its materials and its spirit, identical with ours. We are not cut off from intelligent sympathy with saints in heaven—our brethren of whom we have been for a time bereaved. The elements of their joy and worship are the very elements of our own believing consciousness here below. Their use of Christ in his priesthood is identical with ours. Their mode of access to the throne in glory is our medium of access to the throne of grace; the themes of their thanksgiving and praise are ours; and the covenant which encompasses and guarantees unto eternity all their joy is ours too; for though our house be not so with God as theirs is, he hath made with us the self-same covenant, ordered in all things and sure, and the High Priest at his right hand for ever protecteth its validity.

"Take comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep."

They are not carried beyond the compass of your communion, nor rapt away to a realm and exercises defying your comprehension and baffling your sympathy. Your own conversation—your citizenship—even while here, is in heaven. You are not strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God. Ye are come unto Mount Zion, unto the

city of the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem, to the spirits of your beloved departed ones made perfect. They have the deepest sympathy with you; and only earthliness can shut you out from sympathy with them. Your relief against every tendency to earthliness is in the sympathy and services of the High Priest in heaven; and by that priesthood at the right hand of the throne the children of faith on earth and of glory in heaven are knit together in one communion, and the angels of God do service to them. For in the glorious ministrations of the heavenly priesthood of Christ we see heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man.

And now, laying our hearts open by faith to the soothing and exalting influence of divine revelations such as these, what force should we not find in the consentient voices of apostles, psalmists, prophets, as they call upon us saying,—“If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For your life is hid with Christ in God.” “He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.” Come, O my people, enter into these your celestial chambers; and when Christ, who is your life, shall appear, ye also shall appear with him in glory. Amen.

"LORD, LET IT ALONE THIS YEAR ALSO, TILL I SHALL DIG ABOUT IT."

LUKE xiii. 8.

IN July 185—, I wrote a sermon on Matt. xi. 28, “Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” I felt much interest and enlargement in the preparation of it; but when delivered, it seemed to elicit no response in my congregation. I was surprised and disappointed. At the close of the service one of my elders told me that J. M—— was ill, and anxious to see me. On Monday forenoon, therefore, I went down to his house, some two miles off; found him in bed ill, as described, and also deeply concerned about his salvation. His brother, the companion of his life, had died some weeks before. He thought that the summons had now come to himself, and he was afraid that he was lost. His eyes were red with weeping; and after telling me how it was with him, bursting into tears, he said, “Oh, sir, what must I do?” Lifting up my heart for wisdom and strength, I sat down by his bedside, and gave him the text of my discourse, believing it to be a message from God to him. I also went over the substance of the sermon, which was eagerly drunk in by him; and I felt that here, at least, one heart had been prepared for the good seed which, I had feared, had been carried forth in vain. After prayer, I again strongly urged him to set his face to seek Jesus; and

telling him that he must do nothing else till he found Him, I left.

J. M—— was an old man, nearly seventy years of age. He had lived most of his life in the rank of a small farmer. He was a man of decent life, regular habits, and quiet, retiring disposition. He had considerable knowledge of Scripture, and was, upon the whole, regular in his attendance at church. But how far, till then, he had misunderstood the way of a sinner's reconciliation to God, may be seen from what he told me subsequently. He said that when he had done anything sinful, he thought he must keep away from Christ till he grew better; and, therefore, he would stay away from the Lord's house for a Sabbath or two, till he fancied the thing might be forgotten, and then he came back to church, and felt as well as ever. Not so with his neighbour, W. M——. He was of the same rank in life, and patriarchal in age, appearance, and character. Had he lived two centuries earlier, he would have been a firm and fearless Covenanter. He was a man of resolute adherence to principle, and he had a heart full of love to Christ. If I spoke to him of his Saviour's love, his lip quivered, the tear came to his eye, and his faltering utterances proved how deep his emotions were. Yet, withal, he had a quick temper,

which sometimes betrayed him into sin. One communion Sabbath I had constructed the old exercise known in Scotland as the "Fencing of the Tables," on the words, "Lovest thou Me?" Among other things, I urged that if any one was a loving disciple, he must exhibit the spirit of the Master, and be patient, meek, and gentle. I had no thought of W. M——; but as I went on he was moved, and became agitated. At the close of the address he rose from his seat at the table, and hastily went out. The door of the church was left slightly ajar, and I, from the pulpit, though no one from the pews, could see his movements. He went to a plot of grass beside the church, and, slowly kneeling, bent his head down to the ground. Thus he continued in prayer for some time. It was an impressive sight—the aged disciple outside at the Master's feet, doubtless saying, "Search me, O God, and know my heart;" and his fellow-disciples inside singing, "O send thy light forth and thy truth." Verse after verse was sung, and still the venerable figure was prostrate, his thin, gray locks waving in the keen spring wind, and I was growing very anxious about him. At length he rose, entered the church with calmed look; the characteristic quiver was on his lip, which told me that in his heart he was saying, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee;" and he took his place again at the table. He afterwards told me that he had had a season of most blessed communion, and I believed him; but the scene outside the church was too sacred even for me to refer to.

But to return to J. M——. Having to leave home, it was some time before I could see him again. I then found, however, that a change of the most wonderful and blessed nature had taken place. His countenance was now radiant with joy. Whenever he saw me, he said, "Oh, sir, I am so glad to see you, for your last was a blessed visit to me. I went to Jesus, as you bade me, and, after crying awhile for mercy, I was heard. I came and got rest from him. And the peace and joy I have had since then are wonderful." Here his voice quivered with emotion, tears filled his eyes, and it was a little time before he recovered his composure. He then went on to say: "Folk that come to see me say, 'You'll be weary there.' But I say, 'No; it is a sweet bed to me now.' They winna believe me. But it is so; it is so. And I wadna change my state here for a' the world. If as great a change as has come ower me since then, were to come on a' the folk o' the place, it wad be a different world. What pleasant nights I hae when they are a' asleep. Oh, then Jesus comes to me and comforts me! Sweet promises are brought to my mind, and I hae a pleasant time." I had a long and interesting conversation with him, and came away marvelling and rejoicing. The elders soon heard of the case, and, visiting him, were fully satisfied that a remarkable case of conversion had indeed taken place. Experienced Christians of other denominations, as well as they, went to see him, with the purpose of guiding

and directing him. And they found that the benefit was mutual. They established him by their experience, and he gladdened them by the Word and Spirit that were so richly dwelling in him. I also saw him frequently, and became fully convinced that a mind of great simplicity had become the subject of saving illumination. Meanwhile, winter had come and gone, and early spring saw him restored to health. On 16th April I find it noted: "Saw J. M——. He repeatedly said he was thankful for his recent affliction, which was the means of awakening him to his ruined condition. He blessed God for me as the instrument in His hand of bringing him to Christ, and said that now my very name was dear to him. But he said, 'What makes me glad is precious Christ. I am a happy man now. I have to praise sovereign grace for what I am, and hope to do it in eternity. How the world would love Him if they felt as I do. How happy I am! Just yesterday I was sair cast doon, when there came into my mind, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God,' and that brought me comfort.'"

"May 17.—Found J. M—— much stronger in health, and growing in grace. I told him he must now serve and honour Christ in health. 'Oh, yes,' he said; 'it would be a sad thing if I diinna, after a' he has dune for me. I was in a sad case when I lay doon. I saw I was a sinner, and didna ken whaur to flee to. But that place, 'Come unto Me,' was brought home to my heart wi' power. I have often read it, and had it read to me since then; but I never felt the words wi' the same force. But I hae mair light noo. It is the pleasantest thing I get to speak about—Christ. Some folk come in who can speak to me aboot Christ, and I am so happy. Others say I shouldna speak so much. But I maun. It's little that I can do for Him; but with the sma' gift I hae, I will speak to others aboot Him. It wad be sair to me no to speak aboot Him who has dune so much for me. Some said, when I was better that I would forget a' aboot it; but I winna. They say the world will come back. But I'm dune wi' the world. I'll just tak' the sma' picks o' it He gies me, and be thankfu'; and look up to Himself for mercy.' And so he continued to the close."

In July, just a year after his gracious change, he was seized with a sharp illness, which soon ran its course. I saw him, and found his heart still right with God. He was trusting in Him whom he had believed; and though his sensible comfort was not so great as at first, he enjoyed peace. An incessant cough distressed him, and prevented continued attention. But there was no darkness or fear; only childlike resignation.

After satisfying myself that all was well, I asked if he had any earthly thing he desired, any little comfort or cordial for the body, or any of his little worldly affairs unsettled. He said there was nothing. The only earthly wish he had was to be spared till Tuesday. It was Friday, and I scarcely thought he could survive other four days. On asking him why he wished to live till

Tuesday, he said that a few who feared the Lord had agreed to hold a prayer-meeting occasionally in his house for his sake, and that Tuesday was the night of it. It had been a refreshing means of grace to him, and if it were the Lord's will to spare him, he would like to be at one other. And his desire was given him. The meeting came, and a wonderful power of prayer was granted. There was a remarkable elevation of tone and sentiment in all the services. One who was pre-

sent, an able and intelligent elder, told me that he was so transported by what he heard and felt, that he could hardly think those who were present were in the body. It was more like a heavenly meeting. And certainly it was a meeting at the gates of heaven, for that night the angels carried J. M.—to glory. I never met with a more striking illustration of the words, "Lord, let it alone this year also, till I dig about it, and afterwards thou shalt cut it down." D. R.

RATIONALISM AND RITUALISM—HOW THEY FAIL TO MEET THE SINNER'S CASE.*

LOOKING to the character of our current literature, may it not be said that, to a large class of minds in the present age, nothing could well be more *new* than the old theology of the Reformation? The gospel is older than Luther; but to every succeeding generation it is still new—good news from God,—as fresh now as when it first sprung from the fountain of Inspiration. It was new to ourselves—surprising, startling, and affecting us strangely, as if it were almost too good to be true—when it first shone, like a beam of heaven's own light, into our dark and troubled spirits, and shed abroad "a peace which passeth all understanding." It will be equally new to our children, and our children's children, when they come to know that they have sins to be forgiven, and souls to be saved; and to the last sinner who is convinced and converted on the earth, it will still be "god tidings from a far country," as "cold water to a thirsty soul." It can never become old or obsolete, for this obvious reason, that while it is "the everlasting gospel," and, as such, like its author, unchangeable, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," yet it comes into contact, in every succeeding age, with new minds, who are ignorant of it, but need it, and can find no peace without it; and when they receive it as "a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ came into the world to save sinners," they will learn from their own experience that the old truth is still the germ of "a new creation," the spring of a new life, a new peace, a new hope, a new spiritual existence, to which they were utter strangers before.

There are many, even in Protestant communities, who have long been familiar with the sound of the gospel, to whom this inward sense of it, in its application to their own souls, would be nothing less than a new spiritual revelation. The doctrine of Justification, by grace, through faith in Christ, is the old doctrine of the Reformation, and the still older doctrine of the gospel; yet the vivid apprehension of its meaning, and the cordial reception of its truth, must be a new thing in

the experience of every one, when he is first enabled to realize and to believe it. The free pardon of all sin, and a sure title to eternal life, conferred by the mere grace of God, and resting solely on the redemption and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ—this, as the actual and immediate privilege of every sinner, on the instant when he begins to rely on Christ alone for salvation, as he is offered to *him* individually in the gospel—may come home, with all the freshness of new truth, even to many who bear the Christian name; and a realizing sense of them, in the conscious experience of their own souls, will be the best safeguard against the prevailing errors of the times, and the danger to which so many are at this moment exposed, of being "tossed about with every wind of doctrine."

If we take a calm survey of the state of religious sentiment in the present crisis—for it is a crisis, and a very solemn one—we can hardly fail to observe that the minds of many are uneasy and unsettled; that there is a wide-spread feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction; and that this feeling manifests itself mainly in two apparently opposite tendencies, which have been so strikingly developed in the present age as to constitute its most marked and characteristic features;—the one is the tendency towards Rationalism, whose final goal is a cheerless and dreary Scepticism; the other, the tendency towards Ritualism, which can only find its complete realization in the Church of Rome. We see one large class of educated men relinquishing some of the most fundamental articles of the Christian faith, as if they had no need of them for their salvation, and contenting themselves with such lessons as Reason can learn by the mere light of Nature, or at least prove by rational arguments; and we see another large class of educated men betaking themselves to forms and ceremonies, to sacramental grace and ascetic practices, to auricular confession and priestly absolution, as if they could not find, in the simple gospel of the grace of God in Christ, enough for their soul's need, without borrowing some additions to it from the inventions of men, and even from the corruptions of Popery. Each of these tendencies is a symptom of the same radical evil—the want of true peace, and good hope through grace; for those who have listened to Christ's voice, and complied with his

* From "The Doctrine of Justification," by the Rev. James Buchanan, D.D., Professor of Divinity, New College, Edinburgh. T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh.—Characterised by the breadth of view, the fulness of information, and the accuracy of statement and style by which all the works of the venerable author are distinguished.

gracious call, "Come unto me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls," have an anchor, both sure and steadfast, which keeps them, amidst all the fluctuations of human opinion, from drifting with the current; and neither scepticism nor superstition has any charms for them. "They have drunk of the old wine, and have no desire for the new; for they say, The old is better." Those who yield to these opposite tendencies differ in many respects from each other; but they agree in this: they have both abandoned the old doctrine of Justification, as revealed in the gospel, and revived at the Reformation; and that cardinal doctrine is the one truth which alone can neutralize their respective errors, just as in the times of Luther it had power to overthrow alike the speculations of the schools, and the superstitions of the Church. They differ in being more or less convinced of sin, more or less earnest in seeking salvation, more or less sincere in professing a reverential faith in God's Word—for the hale-hearted Rationalist contrasts unfavourably in these respects with many an anxious-minded Ritualist—but the gospel doctrine of Justification, expounded in all its fulness, and exhibited in connection with the great scriptural principles which it involves or implies, is the most effective instrument at once for rousing the conscience of the Rationalist out of its false security, and for relieving the conscience of the Ritualist from its slavish anxieties and fears.

The false security of the Rationalist arises, not from the knowledge and belief of Christ's gospel, but from ignorance or disbelief in regard to the demands and sanctions of God's law; and the doctrine of Justification, as it is taught in Scripture, is fitted to break up that false security, and to awaken every thoughtful man to a sense of his real condition in the sight of God. For, in its negative aspect, it teaches us, first of all, how we cannot be justified—it excludes the possibility of pardon and acceptance, in the case of man fallen, on the ground of his own obedience, and insists on the necessity of a satisfaction to divine justice, such as shall be at once an adequate expression of God's infinite abhorrence of sin, and an effectual means of securing all the ends of punishment under his moral government. What the Rationalist most needs at the outset is a work of the law on his conscience; a clearer and more impressive apprehension of the spirituality and extent of its preceptive requirements; a deeper sense of sin—of the fact of sin, as undeniably chargeable against himself, and especially of the guilt of sin, as that which exposes him to imminent and awful danger; a realizing conviction of those threatened penalties, which are expressive of God's holy hatred of it, and his inflexible determination to punish it; and a close and faithful application of the whole law to himself individually, as a sinner in the sight of God, standing before his awful tribunal, and awaiting his sentence, as a righteous judge. Without some such experience as this, he will feel little or no interest in the question of Justification, and will scarcely be able to understand what it means, or what principles are in-

involved in it. But that doctrine, when it is scripturally stated and explained in all its fulness, is related to the law as well as to the gospel; and for this reason it is admirably adapted to his case, just because it brings out, and places clearly before his conscience, the great fundamental principles of man's inexcusable guilt and God's inflexible justice; and also because, when it proceeds to unfold a scheme of grace and redemption, it never loses sight of these principles, but exhibits them, all the more impressively, as exemplified and embodied in that scheme itself, which is a divine provision for the vindication of God's law, with a view to the free exercise of his mercy towards the guilty. Let this doctrine take effect, first of all, in its legal aspect, bringing the law to bear on his conscience, convincing him of the guilt which he has incurred, and awakening a sense of the punishment which he has deserved, as a sinner in the sight of a holy and righteous God; and then, but not till then, he will be prepared to understand and appreciate it, in its evangelical aspect, when it proclaims a free pardon, but a pardon founded on a divine propitiation—a gracious remission, but a remission by means of a divine redemption—a full salvation, but a salvation procured by a divine satisfaction to God's eternal justice.

The anxieties of the Ritualist, again, arise from some sense of sin, combined with a more or less earnest desire of salvation; but accompanied also with much remaining ignorance in regard to the fulness and freeness of the gospel provision for his immediate pardon and acceptance with God, and a latent feeling that there is still something that remains to be done or suffered by himself, in the way of satisfying the justice, averting the wrath, and propitiating the favour of his righteous Judge. He has "a zeal for God," but "not according to knowledge;" and "he goes about to establish," at least in part, "his own righteousness," instead of "submitting," at once and altogether, "to the righteousness of God." Hence he has recourse to confession and penance, not merely for the mortification of sin, but for relief from a sense of unforgiven guilt; and hence, too, his zeal in almsgiving and good works, not as expressions of gratitude for grace received, but as a means of deprecating the wrath and securing the favour of God. There is much in his state of mind which contrasts favourably with the careless indifference of multitudes who are at ease in Zion—who have never felt that they have sins to be forgiven or souls to be saved—and who are only lulled into deeper security, and case-hardened in impenitence and unbelief, by their partial knowledge even of the message of mercy in the gospel. One must feel a deep and tender sympathy with every earnest soul, which is really convinced of its sin and danger, and struggling to obtain deliverance—and many a Ritualist may be in this condition. What he needs is a deeper and more thorough conviction of his ruined and helpless condition as a sinner, utterly unable to expiate any of his past sins by his own sufferings, or to secure divine acceptance by anything that he either has

done, or can yet do; and, along with this, a clearer perception of the perfect all-sufficiency of the finished work of Christ, to secure the immediate and full justification of every sinner, on the instant when he receives and rests on him alone for salvation. The doctrine of Justification, therefore, as it is stated and explained in Scripture, is exactly suited to his case, just as it was to that of the Jewish Ceremonialist in apostolic times, and the Romish Ritualist at the era of the Reformation; for while, in its negative aspect, it excludes from the ground of his acceptance all works, whether done after faith or before it, and thus cuts up by the roots the principle of self-righteousness in its most insidious and seductive form, it proceeds, in its positive aspect, to bring in another righteousness, emphatically called "the righteousness of God," and to lay it down as "a sure foundation in Zion;" a righteousness already wrought out—a righteousness already accepted—a righteousness proposed to him individually by God himself, as the ground on which he is warranted at once to rely for his present acceptance and his eternal welfare. As soon as he betakes himself to this ground, and begins to rest upon it alone, he will find, in his blessed experience, that it is adequate to sustain his troubled soul—to relieve it at once from all the anxieties of unforgiven guilt—to set it free from "the spirit of bondage which is unto fear"—and to impart "joy and peace in believing;" even that "peace which passeth all understanding"—"the very peace of God reigning in the conscience through Jesus Christ," and that "joy of the Lord" which will be his "strength" in duty, and his support in trial, enabling him to "run in the way of his commandments" when the Lord has thus "enlarged his heart."

It was by the doctrine of Justification by grace through faith, as by a ray of light from heaven shining into their hearts, that the Reformers, in whose souls the work of the great spiritual revival was first wrought before it took effect on the face of Europe, obtained relief from the bondage of legal fear, and entered into the liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free. It was by the fearless proclamation of the same doctrine that they were enabled to impart immediate peace and comfort to many anxious inquirers, even in the cells and cloisters of the Church of Rome, who were prepared for its reception by those convictions of sin which the law of God had power to awaken, but which all the ritualism of Popery could not appease. And it was mainly to the influence of this one truth, carried home to the conscience "in demonstration of the Spirit and with power," that they ascribed their success, under God, in sweeping away the whole host of scholastic errors and superstitious practices, by which, in the course of many preceding centuries, men had corrupted the simpler faith and worship of the primitive Church. "At the beginning of our preaching," says Luther, "the doctrine of faith had a most happy course, and down fell the Pope's pardons, purgatory, vows, masses, and such like abominations, which drew with them the ruin of all Popery. . . . And if all had continued, as they began, to teach and diligently urge the article of justification—that is to say, that we are justified neither by the righteousness of the law, nor by our own righteousness, but only by faith in Jesus Christ—doubtless this one article, by little and little, had overthrown the whole Papacy."

WORK IN THE WYND.*



THE Wynds of Glasgow are in the heart of the city; long, narrow, filthy, airless lanes, with every available inch of ground on each side occupied with buildings, many of them far gone, yet packed from cellar to garret with human life. Glasgow began its history in the middle ages, first as a fishing-village by the banks of the Clyde, and then as the seat of an archbishop, whose castle and cathedral, with various convents, crowned the heights toward the north. The university by-and-by was reared midway in the High or main Street leading down to the river, and the lordly houses of the nobles and lairds of the surrounding country gradually ranged themselves between. The Wynds, grouped near the Laigh or Low Kirk, otherwise St. Mary's, called also the Tron, because of the weights and measures tested there, were at first

the streets, clean though narrow, between the well-built mansions with their gardens and orchards that gave air and room for life. These wynds opened from the Trongate into the Bridgegate, and for many a day the good city clustered around. In the Bridgegate, close to the main bridge, were the mansions of lairds and merchants. Here stood the first Merchant's Hall, beside which rose, two hundred years ago, the noble spire that still looks down upon the Guildry Court, and which has seen the city, then of 8000 inhabitants, spread almost out of sight with its present half a million. Among the churches early planted was the Wynd Church, a large and much frequented place of worship, where the judges on circuit went, and where the fashion and wealth of the city appeared. So much was this the case, that even in modern times the young men who cared little for religion would jest about going to the High Kirk in the morning, and to the Wynd (wine) in the afternoon!

But gradually, as the city extended, the wynds fell

* We have transferred these few paragraphs from "Among the Names; or, Work in the Wynds," by the Rev. D. Maccoll, Glasgow—T. Nelson and Sons, London and Edinburgh—which has just reached us, and to which we hope to return. Evidently a book full of striking and valuable material.

into other hands. St. Andrew's Square, to the east of the Saltmarket—for long the Buchanan Street or Regent Street of Glasgow—and Glassford, Virginia, and Miller Streets, received into larger mansions the richer men, and the orchards and green places in the wynds became built over, to make the most of the ground. The wynds thus became arteries to long winding veins or *closes*, as they are fitly called, running up and down through the thick built spaces dense with flesh and blood; and only thereabout, when you carefully felt your way, could you make out any vital pulse at all. At length, some sixty or seventy years ago, the Wynd Church was removed, and its site turned into the Kail (or green) Market, and the present St. George's was built in Buchanan Street; many of the people bewailing that it was removed so far into the country! But even then, there were many respectable families in the wynds living in the old roomy houses, with their dark waincot and marble chimney-pieces, families whose sons are now among the merchant princes. But these families also moved to other newer streets and squares, and the old houses became subdivided and sublet to humbler people. Yet still, in the memory of persons lately or now living, the voice of psalms and family worship, morning and evening, was heard from many a dwelling there. The Tron Church still remained a favourite place of worship. It was near the Old Exchange and the Cross, and when Dr. Chalmers preached his famous sermons there, on the Thursday afternoons, the church was crowded with the best of the city, breathless under his burning words. During his ministry the wynds could not be forgotten. Many a merchant and lawyer was induced to spend some hours in the week visiting the poor and teaching their children. Men like David Stow, the founder of Normal Schools, who first reduced his theory to practice there, laboured for years, and not in vain; for after they had ceased through age and infirmities to devote their time and strength, their hearts would warm at the mention of the wynd or close where they had laboured for years; and they would delight to tell how, out of their thirty or forty Sabbath scholars, so many had become ministers, or doctors, or merchants, or in humbler places were married and living godly lives at home or abroad.

But still the wynds deteriorated. Many a building yielding a large rental was left without repair. From the influx of thousands of Roman Catholics from Ireland; from there being so many dark devious dens to which the thief and the harlot, like beasts of prey, could retire, and from which, as night came down, they might creep out to seek their prey; from the gradual exclusion to a large extent from the district, of the sober, industrious, God-fearing native element; from the multiplication of whisky-shops; from the wild orgies of Saturday night, and the annual saturnalia of the Fair (rather the foul) holidays, with their shows and dancing-booths; from the old churches gradually losing their hold of the district by losing the members that lived in it and

watched over it;—from all such reasons the wynds became worse and worse every year. The Tron Parish Church before the Disruption, and the Tron Free Church after, under the pastorate of Dr. Robert Buchanan, still held up the old flag, and continued to lead successive regiments—all volunteers as for a forlorn hope—to rescue even the few that still might be saved. In addition to the parish school, relinquished with the parish church, Dr. Buchanan, by the help of various friends, had purchased a candle manufactory in the Old Wynd at a cost of £1100, and had turned it into a school. Another was opened in a hay-loft in the Bridgegate. Sabbath schools were organized for children and adults; an unusually able missionary, James Hogg, full of quaint humour, tender human sympathy, and graphic power of speech, was appointed; and finally, through the Free Church Building Society, a new Wynd Church was projected, and was opened in 1854 on part of the old historic site. It was in the previous year that I was introduced to the work. As a divinity student drawing near the close of my preparations for the ministry, I wished to add to my curriculum the practical studies, which could best be carried on in such a district, as a medical student would in the hospital and by the bedside of the poor.

I shall never forget my first impressions of the houses I visited, and the people gathered out to be taught. The old candle work, whatever it did in its first condition, was not, even now in its second, making much appreciable difference on the darkness of the district. I have not forgotten the pithy words with which I was greeted among my first efforts by an experienced Sabbath-school teacher of the Free Tron: "Ah, sir, its awfu' work this. The folks here are like rotten wood; they winna haud the nail!" Mr. Hogg spent a day with me in redding the marches of my future work—a field of twelve acres, closely covered with 12,000 souls—and thus helping me to some insight into the variety of the soil. Our first visit was to an upper room, which we reached by climbing half a dozen dirty, crazy stairs. From the upper staircase window we could see the old crow-stepped gables of neighbouring tenements, and the broken chimney-pots over many a roof. My friend without ceremony lifted the latch, and stood like the sudden apparition from another world before the startled group within. Standing in his shadow, I photographed the faces and fixed the impression. The room was large, but with bare walls, and without chair or table. A few bricks in the fire-place had been blackened by an occasional fire. The boards of the "set-in" bed had evidently been turned into fuel, and only a few rags and a little straw lay in the corner. Three persons sat on the floor with a broken bottle and a couple of broken tea-cups. They were drinking as we entered, and a cup hung suspended in the hand of one to be duly photographed. The householder, a little wizened man of fifty, sat opposite the door; his wife, about the same age, with a draggled dress and dirty mutch, from which her untidy

hair escaped, sat close to him; and with his back to us sat a stranger in good black dress, and with thin silky gray hair falling over a forehead that bore the marks of some culture. We learned afterwards that he had once been well off, because well to do, with a dozen men in his employment; but here, under the spell of the old tempting spirit, he was in the midst of another spree. The old wizened face belonged to the mission, and needed looking after. "Weel, Jamie," said Mr. Hogg in startling, reproachful tones, "hoo are ye getting on?" The old man, startled, and now in sober earnest, dropping the cup from his hand, with what remained of its contents, cried, "Jist gaun to the deevil again, Maister Hogg." His wife, still seated, put her fists in fighting attitude, and dealt imaginary blows upon the face of her husband, rebuking him the while for using such language to the gentlemen. Her husband, apparently accustomed to the accompaniments of her oratory, remained unmoved, telling some of the sad events that had filled the days since last out at the service. His wife, however, continued to interpose with tongue and hand, insisting that the place of such a sinner was to sit silent and listen; till her husband at length ordering her to be quiet, she retired, obedient to his authoritative tone; but still, for the rest of the interview, she continued occasionally her manual exercise behind him, punching in imagination her husband's head (indeed matrimonially her own) in most artistic fashion.

Another visit was paid to a dingy garret, where, in a corner, on a bundle of rags, stirred at our approach what seemed at first in the dark a great black dog, but was in reality an old woman, blind and infirm, lying there most of the day, while her only son was out at work. I asked her why she was not in the poor-house, where she would be at least kept tidy and in some comfort. She said she would never go there, if she could help it; and "her boy," who earned but a few shillings, agreed with her. As we passed out, we saw two or three books on the window-sill, below the little cobwebbed window. One of them I found to be a well-thumbed copy of Horace! It was his daily portion.

One among many introductions made that day I must not omit. In Margaret's Place we entered a dark but decent room, where an old blind woman lived alone. She was nearly eighty years of age; her nose and chin nearly met, and long flaxen locks, half black and half gray, gave her a weird appearance. She belonged, as Highlanders say, to Western Ross, and had settled in Glasgow a good many years before, a happy wife and mother. At Mr. Hogg's request, she told me in broken English some passages from her life. She had come to the city, she said, full—and now she was empty; but the Lord had blessed her with himself. In her worldly prosperity she had no real knowledge of God, and felt no need beyond her husband and her six bonny lasses. First one, then another of these daughters was taken away and hidden in the grave. As one after another was removed, she only blasphemed the Great Disposer.

"What were they to him?" she said; "and they were everything to me." She would sit daily on their grave, weeping for them, and turning with bitter words on Him. She seemed to weep herself blind. "He took away the sight of my eyes," she said; "but I made my man lead me still to the grave, and I said I can feel it yet, although I cannot see." Often in the winter days she thus thrust her fingers through the snow. "At length," she said, "He took away the feeling of my hands to the elbows, and then He gave feeling to my heart, and I knew that He had done all things well." Some time after this her husband was taken away; but she was then strong in faith, and helped with her own hands to put the dead body of the good man in his coffin. On telling of the goodness of her Maker as her Husband, amid her accumulated griefs, she said: "Some time before my husband's death, I dreamed that three bonny leddies came to my bed-side, and said that they were to bring me a husband. I said I had one already: my man was lying beside me. They went away, and a bonny man, like a gentleman's son, came and said, 'Will you marry me?' I said I would not; but at length he persuaded me, and he put his hand in mine, and it was small and soft as the hand of a child. I never saw him again, and never will till I cross the Jordan. But one day after my man was dead, and I was sitting at the fire alone and grieving, thinking how desolate and helpless I was, a hand was laid on my shoulder. I was not asleep, but waking as I am now; and the same voice I had heard before said: 'Dinna greet, dinna greet; I'm your Stewart (her name was Stewart), I'm your Stewart now, and there will be no scrimp where my hand is:' and He has kept his word until this day."

Among studies like these I spent my summer vacation. I often visited in these times thirty and forty houses in a day; now, standing beside a woman busy at her washing-tub, speaking about the things of her peace till she would wipe the soap-suds from her arms and then the tears from her eyes; again, sitting beside the shoemaker or the tailor, urging them to arise and seek the Lord, and getting perhaps the usual promise, "I'll maybe give you a call." The hall in which the Sabbath service was held gradually filled up, mainly with poor fallen and infirm souls, but gradually also with younger and more hopeful material. In that summer the foundation of the Wynd Church was laid by the generous and humane William Campbell of Tullichewan—a man who spent half of his large income for years before his death in good and noble work. At all events, he helped to build us this synagogue. I stood with many others that day on the walls then rising up among these ruins, and I shall never forget one glimpse of surrounding things. Some minister was pouring forth an earnest dedication prayer. My eye caught the face of many a poor wretch at neighbouring windows and stair-heads looking wistfully on; but while petitions were going up, two women commenced to fight, tearing

at each other's hair, and their earnest cries went up also with ours, and mingled with our Amen !

The work of visiting such a district was by no means pleasant to the eyes or to any of the senses. In the hot summer days, among ill-ventilated rooms and badly-drained closes, it required considerable courage to face such well-defended walls ; and often by the bed-side of the dying, how depressing it was to see the coverlet crowded with flies, and not a hand to keep from the clammy face the tormentors that would not admit repose. My first visit to such a case broke me down. The man was old, had been decent and industrious, but knew little of Christ. He was ignorant of many terms in common use among those accustomed to read and hear the Bible ; and, as a divinity student, I got one of my first lessons in opening the ears of the deaf and the eyes of the blind. I got my own eyes opened too, when I found my bottle of wine had been drained by a drunken daughter, and not a drop given to her dying father !

Such lessons as these made it necessary to watch lest the heart should get hardened, as the surgeon sometimes gets through familiarity with suffering. I found that garments and petticoats made by a Dorcas as devoted and beloved as the original, and Bibles too, would find their way to the pawn shop, if the half-price at which they were sold would admit of turning a penny. In these sad depths application would be made to a medical dispensary for a bitter draught, if there was the chance of getting a bottle to the bargain ! The cases of typhus and of cholera were most trying ; especially as on entering some low cellar you were met by the salvo of an infected atmosphere well rammed home, with no possible escape but by the way you entered. Yet now, with fourteen years' work in such a district, and never refusing the cry of trouble, I have scarcely had an hour's headache in consequence. With regard to this and a kindred subject, my experience may encourage some more timid fellow-labourer.

THE TRAVELLER'S PSALM.



THE development of the railway system in Britain has wrought a complete revolution in the habits of the people. There are few men now who are contented to live and labour and die each in his native valley. Most travel at least a little, and some a great deal ; and so vast is the aggregate number of persons moving about by rail, that night and day the whistles of engines and the heavy rumbling of wheels are heard at comparatively brief intervals, and constitute quite a notable feature of modern life. Would the Christian traveller obtain an inspired composition perfectly meeting the necessities of his case, he may find what he seeks in the hundred and twenty-first Psalm, introduced, we doubt not, into holy writ specially for the use of persons on a journey. So clearly is this perceived in India, where the modes of travelling are in many places of the same primitive character as those of old employed in Canaan, that the psalm now mentioned is the one almost invariably selected at family worship when a friend is about to leave for a journey. We feel it impossible to read it without some scene of the kind now alluded to rising vividly before the eye. It is, we shall suppose, two o'clock in the morning. Outside the Christian residence stands a palanquin, ready for the reception of the departing guest. A torch flashes fitfully, sending forth at brief intervals a glare of light which illumines portions of the landscape, while it makes others positively darker than they were before. The sickening smell of the burning oil is, to some extent, an annoyance. The bearers converse together in sharp unmusical tones—the names of the coins current in the locality falling with painful frequency upon the ear. Inside the bungalow a very different scene presents itself. Such members of the family as have risen to see

the traveller off have met for worship ; and the ninety-first Psalm is the portion of the inspired word which is being read. In these circumstances it is almost certain that when the wayfarer has departed, and is oppressed by the loneliness of his situation in having none to converse with except people of alien race, and who feel for him no proper sympathy, the remembrance of the psalm to which he has listened will come oft into his mind to soothe and to console ; and like Jacob, after the vision at Bethel, he will feel a heavy load removed from his spirit, and go forward with some measure of cheerfulness on his way.

It is not our intention to attempt an exposition of the psalm itself : we purpose confining ourselves to a consideration of those metaphors employed by the sacred writer which require for their proper elucidation some practical experience of Oriental travelling.

Omitting those in the first two verses as too obvious to require explanation, we pass on at once to verse 3 : "Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler." The traveller is supposed to encounter a danger of the same nature as a bird does when it is in the vicinity of a snare laid expressly for the purpose of entangling its feet. Different opinions may exist as to what peril incident to travelling is here metaphorically described. We are inclined to think that the reference is to looseness of moral practice, to which people are under greater temptations when on a journey than when living at home under the restraining influence of public opinion. The three great Jewish festivals, at which every male of suitable age was required to be present, as well as the gatherings of inferior importance, very much resembled those great pilgrimages to sacred shrines which still exist over the whole East. In

heathen pilgrimages it is found, that as multitudes of both sexes travel forward—none but the wealthy being able to afford the luxury of a tent—moral danger is sure to present itself. The peril is not indeed so great during the period that the pilgrims, full of religious enthusiasm, press forward to the sacred shrine. It is the return journey on which the temptation is most severe. There must to some extent have been moral danger even in the return journey from Jerusalem. So feeble is man, that when he has occupied some consecutive days in sacred observances, his mind and heart all the while remaining at the highest pitch of tension, a most marked reaction is sure to occur—the religious ardour being succeeded by religious apathy, and the state of elevation, in which one felt proof against any ordinary temptation, by one so entirely of a contrary character, that sin is but feebly resisted, and imminent peril arises of a lamentable fall. Doubtless that fallen spirit, who can be so fitly compared to a fowler, knows human nature well enough to spread his snares thickly in the way of pilgrims returning from sacred shrines. But shall the child of God fall an easy victim? No; that same God who directed the insertion in the traveller's psalm of the words, "Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler," will guarantee the safety of all who ask his aid. Multitudes on multitudes of those who, in obedience to the divine command, took their way three times a year to Jerusalem, went forward in moral safety, and even returned unharmed; because an unseen hand led them along, carefully preserving them from the snares in their path. The same guide is willing to take charge of every Christian traveller. Let His aid be invoked by all who contemplate taking a journey by land or by sea. If temptation arise to greater laxity of practice than would be thought of at home, it will be powerless to harm the soul, which has sought and obtained the protection of the Almighty.

Verse 5: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day." So far as it is necessary to interpret the "terror by night" specifically, we are inclined to regard it as referring to the anxiety naturally felt by travellers in the East in regard to attacks from robbers during the hours of darkness. The parallelism of the Hebrew poetry almost requires that there should be a certain harmony of meaning between the first and second clauses of the verse. When this is taken into account, then a key is obtained to the interpretation of the verse; for if the precise meaning of one or other of the clauses be obscure, the other, which is probably more clear, can be employed to throw light upon it. Apply this principle to the case before us. Of the two clauses, that which is the more easily understood is the second—"nor for the arrow that flieth by day." The picture which these words suggest is naturally that of a lurking robber, probably descended from that old chieftain of Abrahamic race regarding whom the prophecy was given forth: "And he will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and

every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren." It is said that Arab robbers often choose night as the time for their murderous attacks on travellers; their nefarious method of procedure being to overthrow the tent, and then, when the inmates are entangled among the folds of the fallen canvas, to attack them with spears. The other picture suggested is of an analogous kind. It is that of some archer (the precise profession, it may in passing be remarked, of Ishmael; see Gen. xxi. 20) lurking behind rocks, and thence, in the face of broad day, discharging an arrow at any traveller who may pass by.

Verse 3: "And from the noisome pestilence." Verse 6: "Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday." As already hinted, the special reference seems to be to the travelling of large bodies of pilgrims. It is a remarkable fact that at least one disease—we mean the fell destroyer cholera—attacks men marching through India with more or less of fierceness, according as a larger or a smaller body of pilgrims are congregated together. A single traveller, with his servants and a few other attendants, has good hope of escaping entirely. Even the wing of a regiment is comparatively safe; a whole regiment, with the crowd of camp-followers sure to attend it on the march, is in more danger, though not so much as if it were an army. A vast multitude of pilgrims, without discipline, and probably most of them entirely ignorant of sanitary law, are the most exposed to peril of all.

Twice during the twenty-four hours do Eastern travellers, and, indeed, all resident in tropical or semi-tropical climes, pass through danger. The first of these is between the hours of two and five in the morning, or on, indeed, nearly till sunrise, whenever that may occur. The cold is, as a rule, greater between the hours just named than it is at any other period of the night; the reason being, that the heat which the earth acquired from the absorption of the sun's rays has now had sufficient time to radiate back into limitless space; and the bodily frames of those who lie on beds of rest possess feebler vitality than they did when the night began. A great many of the cholera cases that occur, when that fatal disease attacks armies or pilgrims on their march, commence between two and five in the morning. The other time of peril is while the sun is at its hottest, and fierce rays of heat are cast down almost, if not even entirely, from the zenith, threatening those exposed to their full influence with madness or death. An incident recorded in Scripture illustrates what has now been stated: "And when the child (of the Shunammite) was grown, it fell on a day, that he went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head. And he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died" (2 Kings iv. 18-20). Sad occurrences of a similar character used to occur in Central India towards the termi-

nation of the hot season. Every day the report would be brought of some one struck dead by the sun. We have never actually seen a case, but have heard of many. It was stated that some one would suddenly cry out for water, and before it could be brought him fall a corpse. Another would make the same request, and would obtain and drink the cooling liquid he sought, but no sooner finished it than he too fell dead; so that, if our information was correct, it was almost immaterial whether we obtained water or not. In some cases it was not death that followed, but only an affection of the brain, which seemed to deaden the faculties; so that when a visit was made to one thus affected, he would sometimes be found standing in his night-dress at the door of his house, apparently quite unconscious that he had risen from his bed. As you approached, he turned a vacant look on you, quite different from the bright smile of welcome with which he received you once, and would, when the sad mental affection had passed, receive you again. Both the times of peril now mentioned are clearly referred to in the psalm. To the period of night, when not merely cholera—which some deem quite modern in its origin—but other diseases of a similar character, are apt to arise, there is allusion in the words, "Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness;" and to the hours during which danger is imminent from the fierceness of the sun's rays, the sacred writer distinctly points when he says, "Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

Verses 7, 8: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked." When a host of moving pilgrims is attacked by pestilence, the victims selected for death are not chosen arbitrarily; there is a reason in each individual case why, under the divine appointment, the fatal result occurs. It were the very height of uncharitableness were we, in any but the most obvious cases, to draw unfavourable conclusions with regard to the moral character from the fact that one has succumbed to the pestilence. There are times when medical men, who from the purest and most beneficent motives have hurried to the scene of suffering, become victims to their zeal on behalf of afflicted humanity; and ministers of the gospel sometimes fall, like M'Cheyne, through disease contracted when visiting the poor and distressed. But while the pestilence makes some of the noblest its prey, it is equally true that its hand falls most heavily on the vicious. Once in a remote island of the ocean we had the opportunity of witnessing an aggravated epidemic of yellow fever, and heard it remarked that before its departure it had cut off, among other victims, nearly every noted drunkard in the place. Other vices tend similarly to weaken the bodily frame, and make it more than it should be susceptible of morbid influence; and people thus enervated fall in large numbers whenever pestilence assails. Another class are liable to fall—the over-timid. It is

remarkable in what bad company we find the "fearful" figuring in Rev. xxi. 8, though we do not consider those included under this term who are timid simply from over-sensitiveness of nervous organization. It is fear founded on distrust of God's providential care that is censured; and consequently the very next class mentioned in the black list are the "unbelieving." But still timidity, however produced, invites pestilence, and paralyzes the energy required to battle with it when it comes. It is amazing how the child of God can walk through pestilence unharmed. That avoidance of every excess which naturally follows when one has come to regard his body as the temple of the Holy Ghost, tends to impart, even to constitutions naturally feeble, a latent but yet perfectly effective strength. The complete trust he reposes in his divine Guardian, and the unaffected confidence he entertains that, whatever happens to him under the appointment of the all-wise One, nothing can happen amiss, imparts to him such cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit, that the probability of his being harmed by disease is very greatly diminished. Hence he seems to possess a charmed life; and when the pestilence descends with resistless fury on a pilgrim multitude with which he is travelling, a thousand may fall at his side, and ten thousand at his right hand, but it does not come nigh to him. Only with his eyes he beholds and sees the reward of the wicked. Hence some companion in travel of kindred spirit may address him in the words: "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

Verses 11, 12: "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." As is well known, the heat of the day in southern lands makes many travellers select the night as the time for their journeyings. A torch-bearer precedes them, especially if they are on foot, to light them on their way. But as the person employed to discharge this menial duty has probably no heart in his work, but simply wishes to earn as easily as he can the pittance promised to him at starting, he goes forward so languidly that the more energetic members of the party soon shoot ahead of him, and walk on in black darkness, while he follows some distance behind. An annoyance which one would never have thought of beforehand soon befalls the more energetic spirits, as they walk on without clearly seeing their way. It is this. The roads are so neglected, that stones which have remained there from the first, or have been brought down at a more recent period by winter torrents, and not been removed, lie scattered about, and are invisible amid the gloom of night. In consequence, when one walks briskly forward, he ever and anon kicks his foot with violence against the stones in his way. Sometimes, when he comes against a gigantic block, he inflicts on himself pain enough to make him stagger and feel for a

time faint and sick. It would never do to expose tender children to such a danger. If, therefore, there be no vehicle into which they may be put, they must be carried in the arms.

The child of God upon his journey is compared to a boy or girl of age too tender to be exposed to the annoyance and pain from which none are exempt who travel on foot in eastern lands during the night. Black darkness is confessedly around him, but it does not matter; he is not left to direct his own footsteps, for a voice has addressed him in Jehovah's name, and made him a most consoling promise. It is worded thus: "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

It would lead us too far from the present subject were we to treat of the way in which this passage was misapplied by Satan during the Saviour's temptation in the wilderness.

Verses 13: "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet." Two perils from members of the animal kingdom beset travellers in Oriental and other southern lands. The larger species of the feline race may boldly assault him, and the serpent tribe may more insidiously assail him, suddenly inflicting on his feet as he walks forward an envenomed, it may be even a fatal wound. The number of travellers who perish through means of these perils is much smaller than might be supposed. It is not by any means the case that every lion or tiger which may see a traveller passing attacks him forthwith. There is still in those fierce animals a

salutary awe of man, arising from the remnants of that lordship over creation left notwithstanding the fall. A lion or a tiger will, as a rule, turn and flee at the sight of a man, unless so pressed by hunger as to be unwontedly courageous. A serpent, too, will not in general attack a traveller, unless he molest it first. If, however, being unable to see it, he step very near it; above all, if he allow his foot to descend upon it, this is deemed a wanton aggression, and is instantly resented. Of all the travelling band, who are most likely, in ordinary circumstances, to be exempt from these dangers? Manifestly those who possess that cheerfulness which is so rarely wanting in those possessed of firm faith in their Saviour and their God. But we must not forget that a special Providence watches over us all; and one destined to be "a chosen vessel," or, to vary the language, one appointed to perform some enterprise for Christ, will be absolutely safe, though the lion should roar in his path, and the serpent turn on him with envenomed fang.

It is unnecessary to enter on the metaphors in the concluding verses of the psalm, as nothing we know of Oriental travelling throws special light upon their meaning. The contemplated goal has been reached, and the object of the paper will have been served, if any who may peruse it turn to the traveller's psalm whenever he undertakes a journey, and seek that divine protection promised to the child of God, which enables him to pass unharmed through scenes of danger and of death, while at the same time he escapes moral evils before which others lamentably fall.

R. H.

Sketches of Church History.

V.—A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

"The noble army of martyrs praise Thee!"

THOSE instances of martyrdom which the history of the Church hitherto has presented with any degree of clearness to our view, were from amongst the heads of the Christian community; men venerable for their character, their age, and their position, and in every way fitted to be "ensamples to the flock." The story we are about to trace shows, on the other hand, how persecution told upon the body of the Church, upon men and women of all ranks and classes in society, taken indiscriminately from the ordinary interests and occupations of life, and summoned to own and suffer for the Lord they loved.

Not long before the reign of Marcus Aurelius, Christian churches had been founded in the south of Gaul, and especially in the cities of Lyons and Vienne. It is certain that they were planted by evangelists from the East, and it is thought by many that they owed their existence to the missionary zeal of Polycarp. Notwithstanding their comparatively recent origin, they must have been in a very flourishing condition in the year 177, when the storm of persecution burst upon them with almost unexampled fury.

The story of their sufferings is preserved in a letter addressed by themselves to the mother-

churches of Asia Minor. Their trials began through the fanatical hostility of their fellow-citizens. Such as were known to belong to the Church were not only insulted and abused whenever they ventured abroad, but their houses were broken into and plundered by the populace. Had the Roman magistrates been humane and just, or even, as in other places, indifferent, the persecution might have gone no further. But the rulers themselves unfortunately seemed infected with the fury of the multitude; and the return of the governor, who was absent at the beginning of the persecution, only served as a signal for proceeding to the utmost extreme of cruelty.

Christians of all classes and ages were immediately dragged by their fellow-citizens before the tribunal. Indignant at witnessing the injustice and barbarity with which they were treated by the governor, one of their brethren, Vettius Apagathus, a young man of high rank and noble character, was moved to interfere in their behalf. He presented himself of his own accord before the tribunal, and requested, with propriety and modesty, to be heard in defence of the Christians, asserting his ability to prove that they were guilty of no crime deserving of such punishments. But the governor only asked him in reply whether he himself was a Christian also. He freely confessed his faith, and was at once condemned to die as a Christian, and the advocate of the Christians. Others suffered with him, and the number of those arrested multiplied every day, until nearly all the prominent members of the two churches, as well as those who had been instrumental in founding them, were shut up in loathsome dungeons, where they lay in darkness and hunger, and in the hourly expectation of a cruel death.

It is not to be marvelled at, that under such circumstances the fortitude of some should give way. Amongst those who were first arrested, about ten, through the fear of death and torture, denied the faith. They were not, however, to escape thus. Here, as elsewhere, the ignorant multitude suspected the Christians of practising in their secret assemblies the vilest abominations, such as feeding upon the flesh of infants. Some pagan slaves belonging to Christian masters having been seized and tortured, were made to

confess whatever was required of them, and, amongst other things, to corroborate these charges. And this circumstance, while it inflamed to madness the passions of the people against the faithful confessors, also induced the governor to remand to their prisons those that had recanted, that they might suffer, if not as Christians, at least as murderers and evil-doers. But these unhappy men and women (for there were women amongst them also) recognized the hand of God in their punishment. Whilst those who had remained steadfast were filled with joy and peace, the hearts of the backsliders were heavy with sorrow, and they were almost tempted to give way to despair. They saw themselves cheated even of the miserable reward for which they had denied their faith; and the heathen, who had tempted them with vain promises, now only mocked and despised their weakness. On the other hand, as many as had continued firm in faith, and had already endured cruel tortures for the name of Christ, evinced in their conduct a large measure of his spirit. Not one of them said to his frailer brother or sister, "Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou." Far from this, they received these erring ones with the tenderest love and pity. They prayed for them, they wept over them, they admonished them in the Lord, and restored them in the spirit of meekness; so that when at last a message from the emperor decreed that those who renounced Christianity should be set at liberty, nearly all who had fallen away in the first instance regained their steadfastness, declined the boon, and died joyfully with their brethren.

Amongst the heroic band whose courage never failed, even amidst the most lengthened and excruciating sufferings, some noble names are preserved to us, and deserve to be recorded. Pothinus, the venerable Bishop of Lyons, who was over ninety years of age, and very infirm, was dragged before the judgment-seat by the heathen. "What is the name of thy God?" the governor asked of him. "If thou art worthy thou shalt know," replied the aged bishop. He was then scourged by the officers, and cruelly abused and pelted by the crowd, so that when thrown at last into prison, he was scarcely alive, and he died two days afterwards. Attalus of Pergamus, a

prominent member of the Church, and a Roman citizen; Maturus, a recent convert; and Sanctus, a deacon of Vienne, repeatedly endured the most horrible tortures with unshaken fortitude, "proving" as the Church beautifully says of them, "that there is nothing terrific where the love of the Father, nothing painful where the glory of Christ, prevails." Alexander, a physician, and a Phrygian by birth, was observed to encourage them to persevere to the end; and being arrested and examined, he confessed Christ, and was joined with them in suffering and in glory. It is recorded of him that in his utmost agony he "neither groaned nor spoke, but communed in his heart with God."

None showed nobler constancy than a poor slave girl named Blandina; and Ponticus, a boy of fifteen. Blandina's mistress, who was herself a martyr, trembled for her, fearing that one so weak and frail would never be able to endure the terrible conflict. But He whose strength is made perfect in weakness, manifested himself wonderfully in her. Every species of cruelty was exhausted upon her in vain. Again and again was she tortured; but nothing could be wrung from her except the avowal, "I am a Christian, and no crime is committed amongst us." She always seemed to find relief and strength in repeating these words. Nor was the boy less steadfast; he had been brought into the theatre every day to witness the sufferings of his brethren, and he was at length exposed, with Blandina, to the whole course of tortures which the cruelty of the people and the governor had devised. He bore all nobly, but his bodily strength was exhausted long before that of his companion. He died; whilst Blandina, who had encouraged and comforted him in the midst of her own sufferings, survived, to be cast for the second time to the wild beasts, and at last despatched by the sword of the executioner. The bodies of the sufferers were burned, and their ashes thrown into the Rhone, with an intention on the part of the heathen to disappoint the Christian's hope of a resurrection.

Several of these martyrs, and especially Attalus, Sanctus, and Blandina, displayed an amount of bodily strength and a tenacity of life that moves our astonishment, as indeed it seems to have

surprised their torturers themselves. It is said that those who were thrown into prison nearly lifeless, and exposed while there to every sort of hardship and cruelty, were often found under these circumstances not only to survive, but also to recover from their exhaustion in a manner that seemed almost miraculous. It appeared as if the joy of the Lord was even in a literal sense their strength. Nor is this incredible. There are great mysteries in our nature, and ever secret and wonderful are God's dealings with it. When he, the Father of spirits, deigns to hold communion with our spirits, who can tell how he may through the spirit act also upon the body? And we doubt not there are strong cordials, unknown to many even among his own children, that he keeps for the refreshment of his specially tried and deeply-suffering ones.

It is certain that "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness," were very largely shed abroad in the hearts of these martyrs of the early Gallic Church. We have noticed their love for their weaker brethren; not less remarkable was their forgiveness of their cruel persecutors. "They pleaded for all, they accused none, they prayed for those that were so bitter in their hostility, like Stephen, that perfect martyr." Nor, with regard to themselves, did they forget the admonition, "Be not high-minded, but fear." Those who had already endured many tortures, would not on that account allow their brethren to call them martyrs; saying that this honourable name should be reserved for those who had sealed their confession with their lives, and entreating the prayers of the Church, that through the grace of Christ they might be enabled to overcome the weakness of the flesh, and to witness a good confession even unto the end.

It was a singular evidence of hearts at leisure from themselves, that amidst such extraordinary sufferings they actually sent a deputation of their brethren to Rome, not, as might have been expected, to intercede with the emperor for their lives, but to endeavour to maintain the peace and unity of the Church, which was threatened at that time by the new heresy of Montanus.

At the head of this deputation was Irenæus, a presbyter of Lyons, whom we have already mentioned as the disciple of Polycarp. It may be

that the brethren were glad to embrace the opportunity of sending this gifted and promising member of their community from the midst of the dangers that beset them, in order to his preservation for future usefulness. The epistle in which the sufferings of the Christians are so graphically narrated, is probably from his pen. And we find that ere his return from Rome he was elected to fill the place of the martyred Pothinus, as Bishop of the Church of Lyons. By that time the flames of persecution had begun to slacken, and a branch of the Church was permitted to survive this terrible outburst of heathen enmity.

But it may be said with truth, that until the "souls under the altar" were joined by those of their brethren who should be killed as they were, by persecutors who bore and desecrated the Christian name, neither the fiend-like cruelty of which the depraved heart of man is capable, nor the victorious power of divine grace, were ever more strongly exemplified than in the sufferings and the patience of these martyrs of Lyons and Vienne.

We may notice, after this great company, the fate of an individual martyr, like a single drop that falls silently after a shower. In the little town of Autun, in Gaul, where there were but few Christians, the Pagans were engaged in celebrating the festival of Cybele. The idol was drawn through the streets upon a car, and the passers-by were accustomed to fall on their knees and do it reverence, like the inhabitants of Roman Catholic countries before the host. But a young man of respectable family, named Symphorian, was observed to remain standing, while all around him knelt. He was arrested and brought before the Roman governor as a disturber of the peace.

"Are you a Christian?" asked the governor.

"I am," replied Symphorian. "I worship the true God who reigns in heaven, but your idol I cannot worship; nay, if permitted, I will dash it in pieces on my own responsibility."

Upon this he was condemned to die, as an enemy both of the religion and the laws of the State. As no persuasion could induce him to deny his faith, he was led out to execution. "My son, my son," said his mother, "keep the living God in thy heart. Be steadfast. There is no-

thing fearful in that death which so surely conducts thee to life. Let thy heart be above, my son; look up to Him who dwells in heaven. To-day thy life is not taken from thee, but raised to a better. By a blessed exchange, my son, thou art this day passing to the life of heaven."

Most of the early Christian writers supposed that the persecution of Marcus Aurelius was brought to a close by a singular circumstance. It was reported that during a war with the Quadi and Marcomanni, the emperor and his army were delivered from the danger of perishing with thirst through the prayers of a legion of Christian soldiers; and that the abundant rain, which proved so refreshing to the exhausted Romans, was followed by a storm of thunder and lightning, which contributed greatly to the discomfiture of the barbarians. It was believed, moreover, that Aurelius so far acknowledged the interposition of the Christian's God, that he wrote an edict for the purpose of putting a stop to the persecution throughout the world; and that he also bestowed upon the Christian legion the name of Fulminea, or "thundering."

This story affords a good example of the growth of tradition. It had its foundation in fact, for such a deliverance actually occurred during the emperor's campaign against the Quadi; he records it himself, and heathen writers attribute it to his own prayers to Jupiter. It is also true that there were, even then, many Christians in the army; and it is no less certain, that in such an emergency they would unite in earnest prayer to the God of heaven and earth. Nor would they fail, with better reason than the emperor, to recognize in the event an answer to their prayers; and wherever the tale was told, their brethren in the faith would doubtless take the same view. But neither the emperor nor the heathen generally acknowledged the obligation to the Christians; there could not have been at that time a legion composed entirely of them, and the title of "thundering" had been bestowed on the twelfth legion as early as the days of Augustus. Nor have we reason to think that any such edict as that ascribed to the Emperor Aurelius was ever written by him.

In the providence of God, however, the per-

secution was brought to a close (A.D. 180) by the death of Marcus Aurelius. The nineteen years of his reign had been eventful ones for the Christian Church. The fiery trial had not only made it manifest that many were willing to die for the faith they loved; it had also proved the ability of not a few to speak and write in its defence. A tolerably ample list might be given of the Christian authors and apologists of this period. Besides the "Apology" of Justin Martyr, others were addressed to the emperor by Apollinarius, Bishop of Hierapolis, and Melito, Bishop of Sardis; also by Athenagoras, an Athenian philosopher, who had undertaken the perusal of the Scriptures with a view of refuting their doctrines, but found in them that gospel which is the power of God unto salvation. Both Apollinarius and Melito wrote several other works, principally against heathenism and heresy. Hegesippus, the first historian of the Christian Church, lived about this time. His works, which would be very valuable to us, are unfortunately lost; but it is interesting to learn, that having travelled from a distant part of the East to Rome, he expressed great satisfaction at the general uniformity of doctrine that he found in all the churches along his route.

Yet the early Christian writings show that the heretics were not idle even in the troublous days of Marcus Aurelius. Besides the sects of the Gnostic type (of which that of Marcion, the opponent of Polycarp, was one of the most influential), Montanus, a Phrygian, began during this reign to teach an extravagant asceticism of life and manners. In addition to this, he asserted that he himself and his disciples were under the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit; and claimed

the dignity and authority of inspiration for the utterances of some foolish women who had been induced to follow him. The fanaticism of these misguided people troubled the Church and endangered its unity. Yet the Montanists do not seem to have held heretical views upon any fundamental doctrine of the faith; and we may hope that with many of them the understanding was rather at fault than the heart.

What persecution did for the Church in the field of action, heresy may be said to have accomplished for her in that of thought. In enduring persecution, her graces were exercised and matured; in opposing heresy, her gifts were drawn forth, and her faith ascertained and settled.

It was about this period also that the Christian religion began, as a system of thought, to attract the attention of the Pagan philosophers; and Celsus, "a man of showy but shallow cleverness," wrote against it. These things announced an era in the progress of Christianity. If, according to the reproaches of its opponents and the admissions of its friends, the larger proportion of its earlier converts had been from the lower and uneducated classes, it was now permeating the whole mass of society, and claiming many adherents even amongst the noble and cultivated. Within the Church, too, we begin to trace the operation of the healthful natural law by which the age of thought generally succeeds the age of pure feeling. In the first generation men only wanted to live and die for their faith; in the second they pondered it, they wrote about it, they defended it from the attacks of open foes and false friends; yet not perhaps until the third did they learn accurately to define it.

D. A.

The Children's Treasury.

MARY'S TROUBLES, AND HOW SHE GOT OUT OF THEM.

IN a certain square in London there lived, not long ago, a little girl; and it is about this little girl that I am going to tell you. I have often noticed that it seems to be a very favourite plan with story-tellers to plunge at once into the middle of a conversation, and after giving you two or three sentences, to go back again to the place they ought to have started from, and tell you who the people are, and what it is all about. It is quite a matter of taste, of course; but I confess, for my part, that I don't quite like listening, and overhearing, and mixing so intimately among people to whom I have not been introduced beforehand: so, unless you are in any very particular hurry to do anything else (in which case, pray do not think of taking the trouble of reading this at all!) we will proceed in a more regular manner.

The little girl in question bore the not uncommon name of Mary, and her surname was not much more remarkable, being simply Ellis. She was one of a tolerably large family, who had lived in the same nursery, looking out upon the same square-garden, ever since any of them could remember. That is, the little ones lived in the nursery. Of course the eldest sister, Janet, who was nearly sixteen, and who was considered by her little brothers and sisters (and indeed by herself also) quite a grown-up lady, had a governess and a school-room; and if by chance any one found her at high romps in the nursery, she said it was only "to please the children."

The children were none of them pretty, but then they were none of them ugly; and if none of them were very clever, certainly none of them were very stupid. In short, they were like a great many other children in the world—remarkable for nothing in particular.

On the day when my story begins, they were all playing in the square as usual—that is, all except Mary, and she would have been playing too, only unfortunately it so happened that she wanted one game, and most of the others wanted quite a different one. If it had been only her own brothers and sisters, perhaps they might

have given up to her; for I am sorry to say it was a recognized fact among them, that Mary was sure to be "gruffy" unless she played at what she liked. But they were a large party of little people from the different houses round the garden; and, after "taking the votes," they had decided upon a game of Fox and Geese, as being the favourite with most of them. Mary did not like Fox and Geese, and she said so; but not being able to persuade the others to take her view of the matter, she informed them with great dignity that she should not play with them at all; to which they replied that she needn't unless she liked; and one little boy added, that he thought it would be a very good riddance if she didn't! Whereupon she left them, thinking herself very much ill-used by all the world, and that they certainly were a very disagreeable set of children: as for that little boy, he was so rude that she wondered he was allowed to come into the square at all!

In this pleasant frame of mind she retired to one of the summer-houses (or boxes, as we used to call them, for I lived in that square too, when I was a little girl), and stood at the entrance, watching them all at play, and reflecting upon all her sorrows, and the very distressing want of regard which every one showed for her feelings. All the rest were playing away very happily, and seemed to get on uncommonly well without her, indeed, she soon found it was only herself that she had punished by leaving them. She had hoped that they would miss her, and want her to join them again, but they did not; on the contrary, they seemed quite to have forgotten her, which made her so angry that she stamped her foot impatiently on the ground, and exclaimed,—

"They are very unkind! I don't believe they care for me one single bit!"

"I wonder, little girl," said a voice close by, "whether you care for *them* one single bit? Eh?"

She looked up. An old gentleman, whom she had often seen walking up and down in the sunny part of the garden, had stopped close to her, and was leaning

on his stick, looking at her so kindly, and yet so gravely, that he almost made her feel ashamed of all her angry feelings. I say almost, because if any one is in a regular fit of the sulks, they are not startled out of it so easily; so, instead of stopping to answer the old gentleman, who might perhaps have shown her a way out of her troubles, Mary turned right round and ran away as fast as she could, and kept out of sight till it was time to go home to tea.

But though she could run away from the old gentleman, she could not get away so easily from what he had said to her; she tried to forget it, but it kept coming back into her head again and again. Did she care for the others? If not, why should she expect them to care for her? It was in vain she told herself that they were disagreeable, and she could not care for them; for then conscience would begin to ask her, "Had she ever tried?" Well—no, she certainly never had tried. But then, why should she try? What was the use of trying to like a set of disagreeable girls, who did not like her?

These meditations were only interrupted by nurse calling her to come home; but when she heard her sisters saying what a pleasant game they had had, she could not help a passing thought, that if the other girls were really as disagreeable as she thought them, her sisters would not like them.

However, she tried to put it all out of her head as soon as possible; for she was beginning to think she had been in a very bad temper, and it is never very pleasant to feel ashamed of one's self. So she took off her hat and jacket quickly, and hurried back to the nursery, away from her sisters' talk.

There she found nurse laying the table for tea, and her youngest brother, a little fellow of two years old, playing on the floor. He was rather fretful, because nurse could not attend to him; and a bright thought struck Mary, that if she were to play with him, and be very kind to him, and amuse him very much, he at least would be fonder of her than of any one else in the world. So down she sat on the floor with him; but, somehow, it would not do. She lifted him on to her lap to show him pictures, but he wriggled on to the floor and crawled away. She threw a bright-coloured ball for him, but he would not attend to it, and showed instead a great wish to pull the cat's tail. His sister told him the cat would scratch him, and she tried to get him away from it, but in vain; and poor pussy's slumbers would certainly have been disturbed if the second sister, Maggie, had not come into the room. In two minutes she had coaxed the child to come to her, and she kept him amused and laughing until tea was ready.

"What has made my little girl so grave to-night," asked her mamma that evening as she was bidding her good-night.

There was no one else in the room, and all Mary's trouble burst out: How none of the girls in the square cared for her as they did for her sisters; and, above all, how even Davie, her own brother Davie would not be

happy playing with her, though she had tried all she could to make him love her, but was quite bright and merry directly Maggie came.

"And did Maggie try to make Davie love her too?" asked her mother.

"I don't know, mamma. She played with him, and tried to amuse him, and so did I; I tried all I could. I would have shown him the pictures in one of my own books, but he would not look at them. Why is he not so fond of me as of Maggie?"

"Why, my little Mary, you seem to have begun at quite the wrong end, I think," said her mother, with a smile, drawing the little girl close to her. "You played with Davie to make *him* love *you*; Maggie played because *she* loved Davie."

"That is just the same as the old gentleman," thought Mary. But what she said was, "I love Davie too, mamma."

"I know you do," said her mother. "But was that why you played with him?"

Mary was silent, for she knew it was not. But after a pause she looked up and said, "But, mamma, about the girls in the square, how am I to learn to like them? They are so disagreeable and unkind; they never play at what I like, or do anything at all that is pleasant."

"I don't think it will help you to think of all their faults," interrupted her mother gently; "I always think the best way to learn to love any one is to try and do something kind to them. Suppose you were to try."

Mary thought this a charming plan, and went to bed with her head full of thoughts of how kind she was going to be. The next day was Sunday, so, as she did not go to play in the square she had no opportunity of putting her plans in practice, and was obliged still to content herself with thinking about them, which she did so constantly that I am afraid she heard very little of the service in church; but when the clergyman gave out the text for his sermon, she almost thought he must have known what she was thinking of, for it was, "We love him because he first loved us."

The sermon was very plain, and easy for a little girl to understand; and Mary forgot herself and her own affairs in listening to the story of that wonderful love which Jesus showed for sinners, who did *not* love him when he came to earth and lived for them, and died for them; and when they rejected him, and crucified him, loved them still. "And can we," said the clergyman. "who have been saved by this love, can we help loving him? and if we love him, can we help loving those he loves, and for whom he died? Remember this, all of you: when you are inclined to dislike any one, say to yourselves, This man, or this child it may be (for I would speak to all), that I find so disagreeable, Jesus loved enough to die for." There was more of the sermon after this, but this was what Mary remembered best. It seemed as though the clergyman had meant it on purpose for her. She thought of all the plans she had been making; of all the kindness she was to show

to everybody; how she had meant to lend her very long skipping-rope to one, and give some pretty glass beads that she had to another; but, somehow, they did not seem so satisfactory as before. It was too much like bargaining for the love of others. And a poor weak sort of love it must be that could be bought in that way. No, she felt quite sure that the clergyman meant a better sort of love than that, when he spoke of loving those for whom Christ died. And when she went to bed that night, she added to her usual prayer these words, "Lord, teach me to love everybody, for Jesus Christ's sake."

The following morning, as soon as lessons were over, the children all went as usual to join their play-fellows in the square; and this time Mary was in luck, for the votes were in favour of "Hide-and-Seek," which was quite her favourite game. But, as must always be in a large party, when one is satisfied another is not; and one little boy, who had brought out some new leather reins, seemed inclined to go off by himself, as Mary had done before, because nobody would play at horses. Mary thought this would be a capital opportunity to show how kind she could be, especially as it was the very same little boy who had been so rude to her before; so she ran after him.

"Johnnie," said she, "where are you going? Are you not going to play with us?"

"No," said Johnnie very decidedly.

"Then shall I come and be your horse?" said Mary.

"No," replied he sulkily; "I want your brother Alfred to be my horse; I don't want a horse who will get as cross as two sticks every time I pull the reins."

"You are a very rude boy," said Mary indignantly, "and very ungrateful besides." And she ran back to the others; for it was not at all part of her plan to go on being kind to people who showed no proper gratitude. But when, a little while afterwards, she saw Johnnie still standing disconsolately with his reins in his hands, it struck her that she had been going only by her own old plan of buying love by kindness, and had forgotten what the sermon said altogether. She certainly did not want to go and play with him, for she was enjoying the Hide-and-Seek very much. "But then he looks so unhappy alone," she thought; "and perhaps I may coax him to join us after all." So she went up to him again. "You had much better play with us, Johnnie," she said; "it is much nicer than being all alone."

"Why did you stop alone, then, the other day?" said he.

Mary coloured, and felt herself getting angry again, but she managed to keep her temper, and answered: "I was cross the other day, that was why I would not play; but it was not pleasant; so you had better come to us."

"You take a great deal of trouble about other people lately," growled Johnnie; but he seemed inclined to come with her. Just at that moment several of the

others rushed past them, with the hider in full pursuit, and Mary exclaiming, "Oh, run, Johnnie! Annie will catch you!" scampered off as fast as she could go, with him at her heels, to the home in the boxes; where they both arrived panting and in safety, and the run had so much improved Johnnie's temper that he was quite happy all the rest of the morning.

"I say, Maggie," said one of her brothers, late that afternoon, coming into the nursery, "can you put a new sail on this boat for me? I want to sail it in baby's bath when she is gone to bed, and the sail is all torn and in a mess."

"I am very sorry, Charlie," answered Maggie; "but I promised Bessie that I would finish her doll's frock while she was out with mamma, and I shall only just have time to get it done before tea."

"Bother Bessie's stupid doll!" said Charlie, looking vindictively at the blue-eyed waxen baby lying in the cradle, where she had been carefully placed till her wardrobe should be finished. "Dolls are always in the way, unless one wants to play at an execution!"

"Couldn't you play with your boat without a sail to-night?" asked Maggie; "I could do it to-morrow."

"Why, no," said Charlie; "you see, I am going to make a map of the Straits of Magellan, like Uncle Harry. I have got it all arranged beautifully; there are lovely straits between the big sponge and the mainland—I mean the edge of the bath; but how in the world I am to get so far without any sail, I don't exactly see!"

"Give me your boat, Charlie," said Mary, laying down her book; "I'll see about the sail."

"Will you!" exclaimed Charlie. "But," he added more doubtfully, "are you sure you know how to put it? I can't go to sea in a ship that is not properly rigged."

"I will try at least," said Mary laughing, "if you will show me just what you want."

In his anxiety to get his vessel fitted out quickly, Charlie accepted her help (though with some doubts as to her capabilities), showed her what he wanted done, and watched her set to work. Mary was very clever with her fingers, and he was soon satisfied that his vessel would be, as he expressed it, "ship-shape;" but he still stood looking at her, and at last said abruptly, "I say! what makes you such a brick to-night?"

"I don't know," said Mary, laughing; "I didn't know I was a brick. Do bricks rig ships?"

"No; but don't you see," explained Charlie, with a sort of wriggle from head to foot, as though he were trying to shake up a plainer way of expressing himself out of his boots, "you don't always do what one wants; why do you now?"

"I suppose your sister does it because she loves you, Master Charles," put in nurse.

"Oh, I believe you!" answered the boy. "She does not love me such a great deal more to-day than usual, does she?"

Mary coloured, and hesitated a little, and then she said, "I think, Charlie, it was the sermon last Sunday that made me want to try and help you."

"The sermon!" exclaimed Charlie, as though it were a new idea, "I never listen to the sermon; I never can understand it, and besides I always learn my hymn for mamma then, which saves time afterwards."

"Oh, Charlie!" exclaimed both the little girls at once, "how naughty of you. You could often understand if you would try."

"Well, never mind that now," said Charlie; "but tell me, what did the sermon say?"

"That we ought to love everybody," said Mary, "because—"

"Oh, but I say," interrupted her brother, "that's impossible! you can't love everybody; some of them are so horrid! Think of that old woman at the crossing, who calls me a pretty little dear; could you love her?"

"I don't know," said Mary, thoughtfully; "for I suppose if one loves any one, one ought to like to kiss them; and I don't think she uses much soap."

"Kiss her!" cried Charlie, vaulting into a seat on the table; "I would sooner kiss the nursery tea-kettle, or the blackened end of the poker!"

"Here is Janet," said Mary, as their eldest sister entered the room; "let us ask her about it."

"Now, Janet," said Charlie, "the girls say that Mr. Morton said in his sermon that one ought to love everybody. Is not that impossible?"

"Not at all," answered Janet. "They are quite right. You ought to love every one."

"But, Janet, I tell you it's impossible. There is Mr. Jones, who is always putting me down in class because those stupid sums won't come right; I don't love him. And there is Nanny, who always scolds so if I make the least little mess on the floor, and is always grumbling about something; I don't love her. Besides, that old woman at the crossing. And I don't see how I could love any of them."

Janet smiled at his vehemence, and answered: "I don't mean, Charlie, that you are to love every one as you love us. But you should try to have a kindly feeling for every one. Remember that Mr. Jones does not put you down for his own pleasure. That Nanny is old, and suffers from rheumatism, which, of course, makes her more inclined to be cross; and as for your ragged

friend at the crossing, though I cannot say that she is a very pleasant-looking person, still, if you try and fancy what a wretched life hers must be, I think you will pity her more than dislike her."

"I never thought of that," said Charlie. "And, after all, she may be as good as Lazarus, though she is horrid."

"But suppose she was wicked, ought we not to dislike her then?" asked Maggie.

"Oh, no, Maggie, I am sure not," said Mary; "because we so often do wrong ourselves."

"Yes, indeed," said Janet, gently; "remember the Bible says, 'Judge not, and ye shall not be judged.' Hate wickedness, Maggie dear; but though you cannot like very wicked people, always be very sorry for them. Think what we should do if mamma were to dislike us because we sometimes do wrong."

"Yes," said Mary, "that would be dreadful. But when we do wrong, mamma only looks very sad. Janet," she added almost in a whisper, "does it make Jesus Christ sad too?"

"Indeed it does, dear Mary; and that is why we should be very careful not to do wrong, that we may not grieve him. But now I want to know if you will invite me to tea with you; for Miss Moore has gone to see her sister, and has left me alone?"

"Three cheers for Miss Moore's sister!" cried Charlie. For to have Janet at tea in the nursery was quite an unheard of delight. And a very merry tea they had; and none the less so for attending to Janet's little lecture, and remembering to think of other people, and to make allowances for one another.

But you must not think that Mary was never sulky, nor Charlie impatient after this. On the contrary, they had often hard battles with themselves. But it was wonderful how many good points Charlie found, when he looked for them, in people who were "so horrid;" and how pleasant Mary found even stupid games grow, when she played at them for the sake of other people's pleasures more than for her own.

As for the girls in the square, I believe she is now quite as much liked among them as her sisters; but, oddly enough, when she thinks of the time when she used to be so often alone, she does not think of it as the time when the others did not care for her, but—when she did not care for the others.

E. E. M.



PIERRE'S PET LAMB.

BY A. L. O. E.

BRIGHTLY shone the summer sun on the home of Jacques Lefoi, a pretty little *chalet* (or cottage) nestling amongst the Swiss mountains. It could only be reached by a steep path up from the valley; and a great lofty peak towered behind it,—a peak so high that the snow on it never melted even in the hottest day of summer. The *chalet*, seen from a distance, looked like a toy-cottage, with its carved beams and wide overhanging roof, which had stones on the top to prevent the fierce mountain gales from blowing it away. The pretty little diamond panes of its windows were glittering in the sun; but though all looked so bright outside the *chalet*, there was a sad sight of sorrow and mourning within it. The small parlour was crowded with Swiss mountaineers, men and women, who had just come back from attending the funeral of the wife of Jacques. Her body had been carried that morning to the grave-yard, down in the valley, and the mourners who had borne the coffin and those who had followed it had now returned to the widower's home to partake of a little refreshment. All the guests looked grave and sad, and spoke in a low tone of voice; for Jacques himself stood in the doorway, silent and tearless, uttering no complaint, but feeling that the very sunshine was strange, and that with the dear wife whom he had lost all the brightness had gone from his life.

In the darkest corner of the room sat Pierre, his little son, on the floor, hiding his face in his hands, that no one might see the tears that were gushing fast from his eyes. His heart was almost breaking, for dearly he loved, and sorely he missed the mother whose voice he would never more hear upon earth. No one attempted to comfort him; even old Bice, his grand-aunt, who sat close to him, never spoke a word to the boy. Poor Pierre had only one solace for his grief: he said in his heart, for he could not speak aloud, "My mother is with God, and *God is love!*" These words the motherless boy repeated over and over to himself, while he kept so still that his presence in that dark corner was almost forgotten by the guests, even by the old woman against whose chair he was leaning.

The only being in the room who smiled was the one who had perhaps sustained the heaviest loss. Little Marie, a plump, merry baby, scarce six weeks old, lay laughing in her basket-cradle. She knew not—it was a happy thing for her that she could not know—that death had taken from her a mother. The infant's merry crowing, as she lay looking up at the shining window, attracted the notice of Louise, a young Swiss girl who was seated beside old Bice.

"Poor baby! what will become of her now?" said Louise to the hard-featured, stern-looking great-aunt. "Her father is out all day on the mountains, and even were he not so, he could hardly tend and bring up by hand so young an infant as that."

"I'm to bring her up," said old Bice shortly, looking down with her cold stern eyes at the baby laughing in her cradle.

"It will be a great charge for you, at your age," observed Louise, who could not help pitying the poor little creature who was to be placed under that great-aunt's care.

"A charge indeed," replied Bice peevishly; "but there is no one else to take it. I've been here this last week to look after the child; but I can't be stopping away from home any more, so I'm to carry the little thing with me. It's almost a pity," muttered the old dame, "that when the mother was taken the baby was left."

The words were uttered in a low tone, and scarcely intended to reach any ear, but they fell on that of little Pierre like drops of burning lead. Anger, grief, pity, love, struggled together in the heart of the boy. His little sister, his mother's darling, was she to be given to the charge of that stern, unfeeling woman, who cared so little for her that she thought it would have been just as well if the baby had died with her mother, and been buried in her grave? Pierre did not trust himself to say a single word to old Bice, but he started up from his seat on the floor, and gliding through the crowd of mourners, went up to Jacques, who still stood in the doorway, took his hand, and drew him into the open air, beyond the hearing of the guests.

"What do you want with me, my poor boy?" asked Jacques.

"Oh, father, why should baby be sent away?—we should miss her so—she is all our joy now!" cried Pierre, hardly able to speak from emotion.

"What can I do? I wish that we could keep her," replied Jacques with a sigh; "but I cannot tend a young baby, even if I had not often to be from home as a guide to strangers on the mountains."

"I would take care of baby," cried Pierre eagerly; "I have watched Aunt Bice washing and dressing her, and feeding her out of the bottle. I would tend her night and day; she should never want anything that I could give her. Oh, father, do not send our little darling Marie away."

Jacques Lefoi looked doubtful and perplexed; he could not without a sore pang part with his only daughter, nor did he feel satisfied with her having his

old stern aunt as a nurse; but still he thought that Pierre was far too young to have charge of a little baby.

"Nay, it would not do," replied Jacques sadly; "Aunt Bice is not all that I could wish, but still she has experience—"

"But I have *love*!" exclaimed the young brother. "Oh, father, I must tell you what I heard Aunt Bice saying just now;" and the boy repeated her words.

The cheek of the widower glowed with indignation as he listened, and his voice sounded hoarse as he said, "Pierre, you have told me enough: I will never, never part with my babe while I have a home to give her. You are young, my boy, but you have at least a heart; you shall have the charge of my precious motherless child."

"God will help me to take care of her; God loves little children," whispered Pierre, pressing the hand of his father. The boy made a resolve in his warm young heart that never should that father have cause to regret having confided to him such a trust.

There was a good deal of surprise expressed by the guests in the *chalet* when Jacques returned and announced to them his intention of keeping little Marie at home.

"It is the maddest thing that ever I heard of!" exclaimed old Bice, looking more sour than ever; "give Marie to the charge of Pierre! why, I would not trust such a child with a cat, far less with a baby. Well, one thing is sure, the poor little thing will soon be out of her troubles. For my part, I'm glad to be rid of the charge: nothing but pity for my nephew would ever have made me undertake it. But I give him fair warning,—the baby won't live for a week."

Jacques, notwithstanding the warning, kept firm to his resolution, to the great comfort of Pierre. It was, however, a relief to the boy when all the guests had departed, some taking the path up the mountain, some that which wound into the valley. When old Bice was fairly out of sight, Pierre ran to his infant sister, caught her up from her cradle, and pressed her to his heart. "Little darling, my own pet lamb!" he exclaimed, "now you are quite, quite my own!"

Very faithfully did Pierre fulfil the charge which he had undertaken; fondly did he cherish and watch over the motherless babe. For hours would he dandle and dance Marie in arms that seemed never to grow weary, speaking to her, singing to her, calling her pet names, and pressing fond kisses upon her soft little lips. At night the child's feeblest cry would rouse her brother from sleep, and bring him to her cradle in a moment: Pierre cared neither for food nor for rest if Marie needed his care. When Pierre drove his father's goats up the mountain to pasture, he fastened the little basket-cradle to his back with stout thongs, and in it carried the infant, who smiled when her fond young brother turned his head to speak and chirrup to his own pet lamb. It was hard labour for the boy to ascend the steep paths with so heavy a weight on his back; but

love made the burden lighter, and though Pierre's young limbs often ached, and his breath came in short gasps, and the toil-drops stood on his brow, he never for a minute wished his lamb under the care of Aunt Bice.

Jacques was often for days together absent from his home, but Pierre did not find time go wearily while Marie was left to his charge. He would sit and watch beside her while she slept, and when twilight darkened into night, and the stars came out in the sky, the brother would kneel down and pray by the cradle in words like these:—

"O God of love, high above the stars, look down on me and my little lamb: take care of us both, and bless us. Make us Thy children indeed. Let us grow up to know Thee, and love Thee, and walk in Thy ways; and then, for the sake of Thy Son, take us at last to that happy home to which our dear mother has gone."

The winter came on, and piercing was the cold on the wild Swiss mountains. Sometimes the snow that fell would quite block up the door of the *chalet*, till Jacques, after hours of toil, had shovelled the white heaps away. In the stillness of the frosty nights would be heard the thundering sound of avalanches,—huge masses of snow which came tumbling down the mountain, making the paths very dangerous, sometimes blocking them up altogether. Bitter as was the weather, Marie suffered little from its effects: she had the warmest place by the fire, the softest wraps covered her cradle. Pierre often put his own cloak round the baby, when he himself was shivering with cold. Aunt Bice often said to her husband that the first sharp frost would certainly kill the infant; but month after month of winter rolled on, and Pierre's little pet lamb was thriving and growing, and cooing and laughing still.

But in that wild mountain land there were other dangers to be feared than those brought by winter blast or falling avalanche of snow.

On one piercing day in February, when Jacques had gone down into the valley to purchase food, Pierre went to milk his goats in the stable. As the weather was very bitter, instead of taking his pet lamb with him, Pierre left her warmly wrapped up in her basket-cradle near the fire. Pierre left the door of the *chalet* a little ajar, that he might hear if the baby cried, as the stable was almost adjoining. Pierre could see the door from the place where he was milking the goats.

"Ha! what's that?" exclaimed Pierre suddenly, starting up from the wooden stool on which he was seated. "Something like a dog has just run into the *chalet*. I must hasten in and see that my little lamb is all safe."

Pierre quickened his steps to a run when he saw foot-prints on the snow that were neither those of goat nor of dog. Quickly was he at the *chalet* door, which had been pushed wider open by the creature, whatever it might be, that had just passed through. What was the terror of Pierre to behold a large wolf, that, pressed by hunger, had come down from the wilder parts of the

mountain, and ventured into the dwelling of men!—a thing that seldom happened save when winters were long and severe. The terrible creature was slowly, stealthily approaching the cradle in which, fast asleep, lay the unconscious baby, so well wrapped up that only a part of her chubby face and plump pink hand could be seen.

Pierre was in an agony of fear. He knew that his strength was no match for that of the wolf, which could pull him down in a minute. The creature was between him and the cradle, on the side furthest from the fire, which it, like other wild beasts, dared not approach very near. For a moment Pierre felt inclined to fly and shut himself up in the stable: to attempt to save the baby would but be to share her fate. But faithful, loving, brave Pierre would not desert his own pet lamb. Was she not under his charge, had she not been trusted to his love—would he not rather die with her than leave her to perish alone!

There was little time for thought, and yet in that little time much darted through the brain of Pierre. *God is love* came like a sudden beam of hope, and “O God, save us!” burst as suddenly in prayer from the terrified boy. Then, by a quick impulse, Pierre sprang towards the fire, on which lay a pine branch but half consumed, the nearer end of which the flame had not yet reached. Pierre caught up the brand, blazing with the bright keen light with which dry pine twigs burn, and rushed with a yell towards the wolf, that was at the other side of the cradle. Pierre felt almost desperate when he made that wild charge at the beast, and was almost as much amazed as delighted when the wolf, startled by the blaze or the yell, turned round and fled out of the *chalet*! Pierre flew to the door, shut, locked, and barred it; then falling down on his knees, thanked God who had saved both him and his darling.

Then little Marie awoke from her sleep, opened her blue eyes, and stretched out her arms to her brother,

who was trembling still from excitement. Fondly Pierre raised her and kissed her; and dearer to him than ever was his little rescued pet lamb.

The love between brother and sister became only stronger as time passed away. What a delight it was to Pierre when Marie first with tottering steps could run into his arms! It was a still greater pleasure when she became old enough to understand something of religion. The first text which Pierre taught his darling was his favourite one, *God is love*.

Many years had rolled away when on one bright summer day Pierre, then a fine young man, walked home with Marie from attending service in the church in the valley.

“Ah, Pierre,” cried the girl, “how beautiful was what our *barbe* (clergyman) told us to-day of the love of our blessed Saviour for us His helpless flock! Did he not tell us how the Good Shepherd gave His life for the sheep? I do not think that any one in the church could understand the greatness of that love better than your little Marie.”

“And why so, my darling?” asked Pierre.

“Because no one has known more of earthly love,” replied Marie, fondly pressing the arm of her brother, on which she was resting. “I say to myself, ‘Ah! if my heart warms with gratitude to a brother who watched over, cared for me, and loved me when I was a helpless babe; if it stirs my soul to think how he risked his life to save me; if I feel that I would rather die than lose that brother’s love;—how much rather should I delight in serving Him who bestowed my Pierre on me; how should I love the Heavenly Shepherd, who not only *risked*, but *gave* His life for His sheep!’”

“Truly *God is love*,” said Pierre, in a low, reverential voice.

Marie’s blue eyes were moist with tears, but they were not tears of sorrow, as she gently added, “Ah, yes; and *we love Him because He first loved us!*”





ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA:

A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration.

A SEQUEL TO "THE DRAYTONS AND THE DAVENANTS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

XIII.

OLIVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

THE last battle of the Civil Wars was fought. Or rather the battle-field was changed, and the long contest of the Commonwealth began, between Oliver governing and all the rest of parties and men who wished England otherwise governed, who wished it ungoverned, or who wished to govern it themselves.

The Royalists, Prelatical or Presbyterian, necessarily against him, the classical Republicans, the Anabaptist levellers, and, in their passive way, the Quakers. Indeed, it seemed as if all parties, as parties, were against him. The wonder was, that the arm which kept them all at bay should be strong enough at the same time to keep the world at bay, for England; and to keep England so ordered, that many of those who hated the Protector's rule confessed that the times—"by God's merciful sweetening (said they) of bitter waters"—had never been so prosperous as under it.

I confess that the change from Kidderminster to our home in London was in some measure a relief. It was like coming from a walled garden (admirably kept, indeed, and watered) into the open fields. It had not been my wont to live in a place so pervaded by one man as Kidderminster, or at least what I saw of it, was at that time by Mr. Baxter. He was so very active and self-denying and good, that do what I would whilst there, I could never get over the feeling of being,

in some way, a transgressor if I happened to differ from him. His writings and sermons were certainly mainly directed against the great permanent evils of ungodliness and unrighteousness. But he wrote so many controversial books on every kind of ecclesiastical topic, and was so convinced that they were all convincing to all sound minds, that it was difficult, while in the Kidderminster world, to regard oneself, if not convinced, as having anything but a very unsound mind.

So that it did feel like getting into a large room, to meet and converse again with people who did not think Mr. Baxter's judgment, moderate and wise as it doubtless was, the one final standard of truth in the universe. Not, certainly, that London at that time was a world free from debate and controversy of the fiercest kind. A Commonwealth in which, during the eleven years of its existence, thirty thousand controversial pamphlets of the fiercest and most contradictory kind were battering each other, each regarded by its author and his particular friends as absolutely convincing to all sound minds, was not likely to be that.

From our home, however, such debates were mostly absent. My father fled from controversy to the Bible, and to the Society for the promotion of the new experimental philosophy, which met at Gresham College; the revelation of God in His Word and in His world. Aunt Gretel had the happy exemption of a foreigner from our English debates, political and ecclesiastical, and tranquillized herself at all times by her knitting,

her hymns, and the making of possets acceptable to sick people of all persuasions. And my husband had what he regarded as the advantage of differing on some theological questions from the good men with whom he acted in religious work (he having a leaning rather to Dr. Thomas Goodwin, in his "Redemption Redeemed," than to Dr. Owen, or even to Mr. Baxter); so that he had to avoid the intermediate debatable grounds, and keep to those highest heights of adoration where Christianity is incarnate in Christ, or to those lowly duties where it is embodied in kindnesses. So much of his time, moreover, was spent in what the Protector vainly endeavoured to persuade his Parliaments to keep to, namely, the "work of *healing and settling*," that he had little left for the "*definitions*" of all things in Church and State, into which those unhappy Parliaments were so continually, to the Protector's vexation, straying.

Then there were the children, Maidie and Dolly, and the two boys who came after them, renewing one by one, in their happy infancy, the golden age; the joyous little ones, around whom it was manifestly our duty to gather as many relics of Eden, and foretastes of the thousand years of peace, as were to be had in a world where thirty thousand fiery pamphlets were flying about.

The spirit of Annis Nye, meantime, abode, listening and looking heavenward, on lofty heights far above all debate, though ready for any lowly service. And in a house in our garden, on the river bank, enlarged for his accommodation, lived our High Church friend Dr. Rich, with his eleven children, his spirit also loftily looking down on the strifes of the present, not from the heights of immediate inspiration, but from those of history; while his eleven children, lately orphaned of their mother, made no small portion of my world, with its many interests and cares.

So that, in spite of the wide divergences of judgment in our household concerning matters political and ecclesiastical (perhaps rather in consequence of the mutual self-restraint they rendered necessary), our home came to be looked on by many as a kind of haven where people might meet face to face on the common ground of humanity and Christianity.

The mere meeting face to face on common

ground, if it be pure and high, or helpful and lowly, the mere taking and giving the cups of cold water in the Master's name, the mere looking into each others' faces and grasping each others' hands as kindred, has in itself, I think, something almost sacramental. How much, indeed, of the depth and sacredness of the Highest Sacrament consists in such communion! union through what we are in Him, instead of agglomeration through what we think; union in Him who is to us all the Way, the Truth, the Life, but of whom the best we can think is so dim, and poor, and low.

In those years we learned to know and revere many whose memories (now that so many of them are gone, and that we so soon must be going), shining from the past we shared with them, throw a sacred yet familiar radiance on the future we hope to share.

Dr. Owen, coming now and then from his post as Vice-chancellor of Oxford to preach before the Parliament on state occasions.

Mr. John Howe, the Protector's chaplain, living on radiant lofty heights, far above the thirty thousand controversial pamphlets, himself a living temple of the living truth he adored.

Colonel Hutchinson and Mistress Lucy, with that lofty piety of theirs, which, as she said, "is the blood-royal of all the virtues." He with his republican love of liberty, and stately chivalry of character and demeanour: she with her pure and passionate love; with her earnest endeavours to judge men and things by high impartial standards; and her success in so far as that standard was embodied in her husband. Much of their time, however, during the Commonwealth they spent on the Colonel's estate, collecting pictures and sculpture, planting trees, "procuring tutors to instruct their sons and daughters in languages, sciences, music, and dancing, whilst he himself instructed them in humility, godliness, and virtue."

And Mr. John Milton, blinded to the sights of this lower world by his zeal in writing that Defence of the English People which wakened all Europe like a trumpet; and by his very blindness, it seemed, made free of higher worlds than were open to common mortals. Whitehall, I think, was not degraded by his dwelling there, nor

its chambers made less royal by his eyes having looked their last through those windows on

"Day, or the sweet approach of morn or even,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, and herds, and human face divine,"

before his

..... "light was spent,
Ere half his days, in this dark world and wide."

For his life was indeed the pure and lofty poem he said the lives of all who would write worthily must be.

The society of our Puritan London in those Commonwealth days was not altogether rustical or fanatical. Discourse echoes back to me from it which can, I think, have needed to be tuned but little higher to flow unbroken into the speech of the City, where all the citizens are as kings, and all the congregation seers and singers.

The first public event after our return to London was the funeral of General Ireton, Bridget Cromwell's brave husband, who had died at his post in Ireland.

He was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. The concourse was great. Dr. Owen preached the funeral sermon. There was no pomp of funeral ceremonial, of organ-music or choir. The Puritan funeral solemnities were the pomp of solemn words, and the eloquent music of the truths which stir men's hearts.

The text was, "But go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days" (Dan. xii. 13).

"It is not the manner of God," Dr. Owen said, "to lay aside those whom He hath found faithful in His service. *Men indeed do so*; but God changeth not.

"There is an appointed season wherein the saints of the most eminent abilities, in the most useful employments, must receive their dismissal. There is a manifold wisdom which God imparteth to the sons of men; there is a civil wisdom, and there is a spiritual wisdom: both these shone in Ireton.

"He ever counted it his wisdom to look after the will of God in all wherein he was called to serve. For *this* were his wakings, watchings, inquiries. When that was made out, he counted not his business half done, but even accomplished, and that the issue was ready at the door. The name of God was his land in every storm; in the

discovery whereof he had as happy an eye, at the greatest seeming distance, when the clouds were blackest and the waves highest, as any.

"Neither did he rest here. Some men have wisdom to know things, but not seasons. Things as well as words are beautiful in their time. He was wise to discern the seasons. There are few things that belong to civil affairs but are alterable upon the incomprehensible variety of circumstances. He that will have the garment, made for him one year, serve and fit him the next, must be sure that he neither increase nor wane. Importune insisting on the most useful things, without respect to alterations of seasons, is a sad sign of a narrow heart. He who thinks the most righteous and suitable proposals and principles that ever were in the world (setting aside general rules of unchangeable righteousness and equity) must be performed as desirable, because once they were, is a stranger to the affairs of human kind.

"Some things are universally unchangeable and indispensable: as that a government must be. Some again are allowable merely on the account of preserving the former principles. If any of them are out of course, it is a *vacuum in nature politic*, which all particular elements instantly dislodge and transpose themselves to supply. And such are all forms of government among men.

"In love to his people Ireton was eminent. All his pains, labour, jeopards of life, and all dear to him, relinquishments of relatives and contents, had sweetness of life from this motive, intensity of love to his people.

"But fathers and prophets have but their season: they have their dismissal. So old Simeon professeth, *Nunc dimittis*. They are placed of God in their station as a sentinel on his watch-tower, and then they are dismissed from their watch. The great Captain comes and saith, Go thou thy ways; thou hast faithfully discharged thy duty; go now to thy rest. Some have harder service, harder duty, than others. Some keep guard in the winter, others in the summer. Yet duty they all do; all endure some hardship, and have their appointed season for dismissal; and be they never so excellent in the discharging of their duty, they shall not abide one moment beyond the

bounds which He hath set them who saith to all His creatures, 'Thus far shall you go and no further.'

"The three most eminent works of God in and about His children in the days of old were His giving His people the law, and settling them in Canaan; His recovering them from Babylon; and His promulgation of the gospel unto them. In these three works he employed three most eminent persons. Moses is the first, Daniel is the second, and John Baptist is the third; and none of them saw the work accomplished in which they were so eminently employed. Moses died the year before the people entered Canaan; Daniel some few years before the foundation of the temple; and John Baptist in the first year of the baptism of our Saviour, when the gospel which he began to preach was to be published in its beauty and glory. I do not know of any great work that God carried out, the same persons to be the beginners and enders thereof. Should He leave the work always on one hand, it would seem at length to be the work of the instrument only. Though the people opposed Moses at the first, yet it is thought they would have worshipped him at the last; and therefore God buried him where his body was not to be found. Yet, indeed, he had the lot of most who faithfully serve God in their generation—despised while they are present, idolized when they are gone.

"God makes room, as it were, in His vineyard for the budding, flourishing, and fruit-bearing of other plants which he hath planted.

"You that are employed in the work of God, you have but your allotted season—your day hath its evening. You have your *season*, and you have *but* your season; neither can you lie down in peace until you have some persuasion that your *work* as well as your *life* is at an end.

"Behold here one receiving his dismissal about the age of forty years; and what a world of work for God did he in that season. And now rest is sweet to this labouring man. Provoke one another by examples. Be diligent to pass through your work, and let it not too long hang upon your hands; yea, search out work for God. You that are entrusted with power trifle not away your season. Is there no oppressed

person that with diligence you might relieve? Is there no poor distressed widow or orphan whose righteous requests you might expedite and despatch? Are there no stout offenders against God and man that might be chastised? Are there no slack and slow counties and cities in the execution of justice that might be quickened by your example? no places destitute of the gospel that might be furnished?

"God takes His saints away (among other reasons) to manifest that he hath better things in store for them than the *best* and *utmost* of what they can desire or aim at here below. He had a heaven for Moses, and therefore might in mercy deny him Canaan. Whilst you are labouring for a handful of *first-fruits*, He gives you the *full harvest*.

"You that are engaged in the work of God, seek for the reward of your service *in the service itself*. Few of you may live to see that beauty and glory which perhaps you aim at. God will proceed at His own pace, and calls us to go along with Him; to wait in faith and not make haste. Those whose minds are so fixed on, and swallowed up with, some end (though good) which they have proposed to themselves, do seldom see good days and serene in their own souls. There is a sweetness, there is wages to be found in the work of God itself. Men who have learned to hold communion with God in every work He calls them out unto, though they never see the main harvest they aim at, yet such will rest satisfied, and submit to the Lord's limitation of their time. They bear their sheaves in their own bosom.

"*The condition of a dismissed saint is a condition of rest.* Now rest holds out two things to us; a freedom from what is opposite thereunto, and something which satisfies our nature; for nothing can rest but in that which satiates the whole nature of it in all its extent and capacity.

"They are at rest from sin, and from labour and travail. They sin no more; they wound the Lord Jesus no more; they trouble their own souls no more; they grieve the Spirit no more; they dishonour the gospel no more; they are troubled no more with Satan's temptations, no more with their own corruption; but lie down in a constant enjoyment of one everlasting victory over sin. They are no more cold in communion.

They have not one thought that wanders from God to all eternity. They lose Him no more.

"There is no more watching, no more fasting, no more wrestling, no more fighting, no more blood, no more sorrow. There tyrants pretend no more title to their kingdom; rebels lie not in wait for their blood; they are no more awakened by the sound of the trumpet, nor the noise of the instruments of death; they fear not for their relations; they weep not for their friends. The Lamb is their temple, and God is all in all unto them.

"Yet this cessation from sin and labour will not complete their rest; something further is required thereto; even something to satisfy and everlastingly content them. Free them in your thoughts from what you please, without this they are not at rest. *God is the rest of their souls.* Dismissed saints rest in the bosom of God; because in the fruition of Him they are everlastingly satisfied as having attained the utmost end whereto they were created, all the blessedness whereof they are capable.

"Every man stands in a threefold capacity—natural, civil, religious. And there are distinct qualifications unto these several capacities. To the first are suited some seeds of those *heroical virtues*, as courage, permanency in business. To the civil capacity, ability, faithfulness, industry. In their religious capacity, men's peculiar ornament lies in those fruits of the Spirit which we call Christian graces. Of these, in respect of usefulness, there are three most eminent, faith, love, and self-denial. Now all those were eminent in the person deceased. My business is not to make a funeral oration, only I suppose that without offence I may desire that in courage and permanency in business (which I name in opposition to that unsettled, pragmatical, shuffling disposition which is in some men), in ability for wisdom and counsel, in faithfulness to his trust and in his trust, in indefatigable industry, in faith in the promises of God, in love to the Lord Jesus and all His saints, in a tender regard to their interest, delight in their society, contempt of himself and all his for the gospel's sake, in impartiality and sincerity in the execution of justice, that in these and the like things we may have many raised up in the power and spirit

wherein he walked before the Lord and before this nation. This I hope I may speak without offence here upon such an occasion as this. My business being occasionally to preach the Word, not to carry on a part of a funeral ceremony, I shall add no more, but commit you to Him who is able to prepare you for your eternal condition."

Often I had longed, if only for once, to hear the organ rolling its grand surges of music through the aisles of the Abbey. But when that grave voice ceased, and left a hush through that great assembly, I felt no music could be more worthy of the solemn place than those nobly reticent words of lamentation and praise; nor could England raise a nobler statue to any of her heroes than that Puritan picture of a Christian statesman.

Indeed, the public pomps of the Commonwealth which have engraven themselves most deeply on my memory were of the funereal kind.

In 1656, five years after Ireton's death, for once, by the Protector's command, the dear, long-unfamiliar sound of the old Prayer-book was heard in the Abbey, as the funeral service was read over the remains of good Archbishop Usher, buried at the Protector's expense in the great mausoleum of the nation and her kings.

In November 1654, three years after the funeral of Ireton, Mistress Cromwell, the Protector's mother, was buried beside him among the kings.

She was ninety-four years of age. She died on the 15th of November. A little before her death (we heard) she gave the Protector her blessing, saying, "The Lord cause His face to shine upon you, and comfort you in all your adversities, and enable you to do great things for the glory of your most high God, and to be a relief unto His people. My dear son, I leave my heart with thee. Good-night!"

She, living wellnigh all those fifty-five years of his beside him, knew well that his life had been no triumphal procession, but a toilsome march and a sore battle, little indeed changed by the battle-field being transferred from moors and hill-sides to palaces and parliament-houses. At sound of a gun she was wont to tremble in that stately home at Whitehall, fearing lest some of the many plots of assassination had at last succeeded in

proving to the assassins that killing her son was no murder. And once at least every day she craved to see him, if only to know that he lived.

They laid her to rest reverently among the kings in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. And so the consecrating presence of tenderly-reverenced age passed from that English home, which during the years of the Commonwealth was at the head of all the homes of the land.

And five years after came that last funeral, which was, indeed, the funeral of the Commonwealth itself.

These are the state ceremonies of the Commonwealth which have left the deepest mark on my memory. Its thanksgivings for victories, its inauguration, installation, and enthronization of the Lord Protector in Westminster Hall were not without a certain sober republican grandeur, nor did the ermine and the sceptre misbecome the true dignity of his bearing; but they did not, I think, enhance it. Clothes need some mystical links to the unseen and the past to make them glorious; and Oliver certainly did not need clothes to make him glorious. The brow furrowed with thought for England was his crown; the sceptre seemed a bauble in the hand that had ruled so long without it; and the robes of state that fitted him best were the plain armour of the Ironsides. Roger, however, thought otherwise. He would have had every symbol of the royalty within our "chief of men" outwardly gathered around him, even to the crown and title of king. Whatever may be the case in religion, in politics, (he thought), the common people are taught by ceremonial. As the Protector said, "The people love that they do know; they love settlement and known names." If Oliver, he thought, had been proclaimed king, no Stuart would have returned to proclaim him traitor.

Be that as it might, it was not done; and the omission seemed (to many) to make the rest of the state ceremonials of the Commonwealth ragged and incomplete. Crowned, Oliver might have become in the eyes of the people King Oliver; uncrowned, he seemed but Mr. Cromwell of Huntingdon, with a sceptre in his hand which did not belong to him.

But after all, the great solemnities of the Com-

monwealth were the sermons. Great sermons and great congregations to hear them. They were our state-music, our military-music, our church-music, all in one. The *Te Deum* of our thanksgiving days for victories, our coronation anthems, our requiems.

The sermons which so moved the heart of Puritan England were no empty sound of words harmoniously arranged,—a lower music, I think, than that of any true musician;—for words have a higher sphere than mere melodious tones; and, like all orders in creation, if they do not rise to the height of their own sphere, fall below the sphere below them.

It was the eloquence of men speaking to men, of things which most deeply concerned all men; of the ablest men in England speaking to her ablest men; of the loftiest spirits in England speaking to all that was loftiest in the spirit of man.

Dr. Owen's appearances in London were only occasional.

The sermons that come back on me across the years like the voice of a great river resounding with deep even flow through all the petty or tumultuous noises of the times, are those of Mr. John Howe, chaplain to the Protector.

He came to London as a country minister from his parish of Torrington, somewhere about 1654, and went to hear the preaching in Whitehall Chapel. But Oliver, "who generally had his eyes everywhere," and whose eyes had such a singular faculty for seeing men's capacity, discerned something more than ordinary in his countenance, and sent to desire to speak with him after the worship of God was over. The interview satisfied him he had not been mistaken. The great heart that so singularly honoured the worth his eyes were so quick to discern, whether those he honoured honoured him or not; and the will so strong to bend all men's wills, would not rest until he had induced the parson of Torrington, though somewhat reluctantly, to become his own chaplain.

The choice might reflect some light on the nature of the Protector's own piety.

There was abundance of vehement fiery eloquence to be had among the Puritan preachers, and (I doubt not) there could have been found too many flatterers.

But Mr. Howe so little flattered the Protector, that he deliberately preached against the doctrine of a *particular persuasion* in prayer, which was one of the Protector's strongholds.

And so far was his eloquence from being vehement, that its very glory was a majestic evenness of flow, which, while it swept the whole soul irresistibly on to his conclusion, seldom tossed it up and down with those changeful heavings of emotion that are the luxuries of popular orations. Any preacher who was less of a fiery declaimer and of a fanatic, or less of a brilliant popular orator than John Howe, Oliver's chosen chaplain, can, I think, scarcely be found in the history of preaching. If he had a fault, it is the difficulty of detaching any word, image, or pointed sentence from the grand sweep of his argument sufficiently to give any conception of its power to those who did not hear him. If his eloquence was a river, it was one without the dash and sparkle of rapids and eddies, steadily deepening and broadening, in a majestic current to its end. If it was a fire, it was no mere spark or flame to make the heart glow for a moment, but a steady furnace enkindling principles into divine affections. If it was a flight, it was no mere darting hither and thither, as of smaller birds; scarcely even the upward musical mounting of the lark to descend on her nest; but the soaring of the eagle with his eye on the sun. He strengthened you for duty by transporting you to the divine spring of all duty. He strengthened you against earthly care simply by lifting you above it to the holy order of God. "Do not hover as meteors; do not let your minds hang in the air in a pendulous, uncertain, unquiet posture," he said; "a holy rectitude, composure, and tranquillity in our life, carries with it a lively, sprightly vigour. Our Saviour says that life consists not in things, but in a good healthy internal habit of spirit. What a blessed repose, how pleasant a vacancy of diseasing, vexatious thoughts, doth that soul enjoy which gives a constant, unintermittent consent to the divine government, when it is an agreed, undisputed thing, that God shall always lead and prescribe, and it follow and obey. Discontent proceeds from self-conceit, self-dependence, self-seeking, all which despicable idols (or that one great idol

self thus variously idolized) one sight of God would bring to nothing."

He strengthened men for death, not by fortifying them against it as a sleep, but by regarding life as the sleep and death the waking. "It fares with the sluggish soul as if it were lodged in an enchanted bed. So deep an oblivion hath seized it of its own country, of its alliances above, of its relation to the Father and world of spirits, it takes this earth for its home where 'tis both in exile and captivity at once, as a prince stolen away in his infancy and bred up in a beggar's shed. Being in the body, it is as with a bird that hath lost its wings. The holy soul's release from its earthly body will shake off this drowsy sleep. Now is the happy season of its awaking into the heavenly vital light of God. The blessed morning of the long-desired day hath now dawned upon it; the cumbersome night-veil is laid aside, and the garments of salvation and immortal glory are now put on." "The greatest enemy we have cannot do us the despite to keep us from dying." To one whose spirit was thus itself a living Temple, even the great Abbey seemed an earthly house. The incense, the ritual, and the music of the heavenly city were around Him. "The sacrifice of Christ," he said, "is of virtue to perfume the whole world."

Yet I feel that these extracts give as little idea of the power of his preaching, as a phial of salt-water of the sea. You perceive from it that the water of the sea is salt and clear, but of the sea itself, heaving in multitudinous waves from horizon to horizon, you have no more idea than before.

The very titles of his books read like arguments of a divine poem—a *Paradise Lost and Regained*. "The Living Temple;" "The Blessedness of the Righteous;" "Of Delighting in God;" "The Redeemer's Tears wept over lost Souls;" "The Love of God and our Brother;" "The Carnality of Religious Contention;" "Of Reconciliation between God and Man;" "The Redeemer's Dominion over the Invisible World."

Far indeed his spirit dwelt above the small controversies of the time, engaged in the great controversy of light against darkness. "Holiness," he said, "is the Christian's armour, the armour of light: strange armour that may be

seen through." "A good man's armour is that he needs none; his armour is an open breast. Likeness to God is an armour of proof. A person truly like God is far raised above the tempestuous stormy region, and converses where winds and clouds have no place. Holy souls were once darkness, but now they are light in the Lord—darkness, not in the dark, as if that were their whole nature, and they were nothing but an impure mass of conglobated darkness. So 'ye are light,'—as if they were that and nothing else. How suppose we such an entire sphere of nothing else but pure light? What can raise a storm with it? A calm serene thing, perfectly homogeneous, void of contrariety. We cannot yet say that thus it is with holy souls, but thus it will be when they awake. Glory is revealed to them, transfused through them; not a *superficial skin-deep glory*, but a transformation, changing the soul through-out; *glory, blessedness, brought home and lodged in a man's own soul.*"

Blessedness, to Mr. Howe, consisted in godliness, and godliness manifested itself in goodness—as high a conception of Christian religion, I think, as has been realized before or since. His learning was not as fragments of a foreign language, intertwined for purposes of decoration with his own, but as a translation into the language of the day of the converse he had held, on the high places of the earth, with his kindred among the lofty souls of the past, in the language native to them all, concerning the infinite heavens above them all. This was the kind of eloquence we listened to at Whitehall and St. Margaret's during the days of the Commonwealth. And among all the great Puritan preachers this was the one whom Oliver chose for his chaplain.

We never intruded ourselves on the Protector during his greatness. There were so many to claim his notice then. And we needed it not; having work enough to occupy us and means enough to do it, and happiness enough in it, what with the sick and the prisons and the children in the home.

But Roger was always in his service, and he brought us word continually what a burden and toil that rule was to the ruler.

Above the noisy strife of parties, men like Howe could dwell in the purer air; beneath it

the people and the churches were silently prospering. But Oliver's way lay through the thick of the strife, with little intermission, from the beginning to the end. If ever "I serve" was justly a prince's motto, it was his. "Ready to serve," as he said, "*not as a king but as a constable*"; if they liked it, often thinking indeed that he could not tell what his business in the place he stood in was, save that of a good constable set to keep the peace of the parish." Oliver's parish (Roger said) being England with all her parties, and Europe with her Protestants and Catholics, ready at a word to fly on each other. He kept the peace of his parish well. Others might concern themselves with the *well-being* of the nation (as he said)—"he had to consider its *being*." The ship which the mixed crew of Anabaptists, Levellers, classical Republicans, and Royalists, were debating in Parliament and out of it how to work according to most perfect rules, had meantime *to be worked*, being not in harbour but on the stormiest sea, amidst hostile fleets.

Parliament after parliament met, debated, did nothing, and was dissolved. But still the ship of the nation sailed majestically and triumphantly on, breasting stormy waves and scattering hostile fleets, with that one hand on the helm, and the eyes of that one man on the stars and on the waves.

Roger was full of hope throughout those years. The time must come, he said, when the nation would see what the Protector was doing for her. All Europe had seen it long. Ambassadors came from Spain, France, Denmark, Sweden, Austria.

All Europe felt England a power, and knew who made her so. England herself could not fail to see it soon. Then, instead of taking her greatness sullenly from Oliver's hands, she would acknowledge him as the "single person" to whom the parliaments and people owed allegiance—her sovereign by divinest right—suffer him to rule in accordance with her ancient order instead of in spite of it—grant what he passionately craved, the privilege of making her as free as he had made her strong; rise herself to be the queen of the Protestant nations.

And then the glorious day would dawn, Roger thought, for England and the world. What tender sweet hopes lay deep in his heart, as one

of the roses strewn by this Aurora, I knew well. What England and the world said, one maiden's heart would surely be blind to no more!

So the years passed on. Our fleets, with Blake in command, were ranging the Mediterranean Sea. Rumours came of victories over Italian and Mussulman, of compensation for wrong, of slaves set free.

In the late king's reign the Barbary Pirates had carried off our countrymen from our shores near Plymouth Sound. Under Oliver, our fleets battered down the forts of the Pirates on their own shores, and set the captives free.

All nations courted his alliance. And from the plantations of New England (through Mr. John Cotton and others) came joyful voices of congratulation on the liberties and glories which these children of Old England felt still to be theirs.

All seemed advancing, Roger thought, like a triumph. Righteousness springing out of the earth, Truth looking down from heaven—when tidings burst upon us which stirred the heart of England to its depths, from sea to sea.

From the far-off valleys of the Alps of Piedmont came the cry of wrong. How a whole race of our fellow-Protestants, "men otherwise harmless, only for many years famous for embracing the purity of religion," had been tortured, massacred, and driven from their homes, to perish naked and starving on the mountains.

Never, since the Irish massacre at the beginning of the Civil Wars, had England been so moved with one overwhelming tide of indignation and pity. But with the indignation at the Irish massacre meaner feelings of selfish terror had been mingled. This wrong touched England only in her noblest part. For the time we seemed to reach the depths beneath all our divisions and turmoils. England felt herself one, in this common sympathy; and what was more, the Protestant Church glowed into a living unity, through this holy fire of indignation and pity, which, being true, failed not to burst forth in generous deeds of succour. "For," as Milton wrote, "that the Protestant name and cause, although they differ among themselves in some things of little consequence, is nevertheless the same, the hatred of our adversaries alike incensed against Protestants very easily demonstrates."

The massacre began in December 1654, that merciless "slaughter on the Alpine mountains cold." Six regiments were engaged in it, three of them the Irish "Kurisees," from whom the Protector had delivered Ireland.

It was the 3rd of June before the cry of distress reached Oliver at Whitehall. The hills had been flashing it for five months to heaven. For five months our brethren and their families had been wandering destitute, afflicted, tormented, on the mountains above their ruined, desolated homes.

Much frightful wrong had been wrought irrevocably, past all the remedies of earth. What remedy was still possible there was no delay in finding, and no lack of generous tenderness in applying.

The Protector at once gave £2000 from his private purse. A day of humiliation was appointed throughout the country, "such a fast as God hath chosen, to undo the heavy burdens, to break every yoke, to deal bread to the hungry, and cover the naked." Thirty-seven thousand pounds were contributed to the suffering brethren in the Valleys. Secretary Milton wrote six State letters in the Protector's name to the princes of Europe and the Switzer Republic. Oliver showed plainly to France that he cared more for the righting of this wrong than for the most profitable alliances in the world. The Catholic world perceived for once that Protestantism meant more than mere doubt and denial, that it meant a common faith and a common life.

And as far as might be the wrong was set right, the exiles were relieved from their destitution and restored to their homes.

It was something to be an Englishwoman then.

Roger was appointed to accompany the envoys sent by the Protector to Paris. He came to take leave of us with a face all alit with hope.

"England is beginning to acknowledge her deliverer," he said. "All Europe is flashing back on her his kingly likeness, as if from a thousand mirrors. She must acknowledge him at last."

And with a farewell which had the joyous ring of a welcome in it, he went.

The joyful confidence of his tones and hope made them linger on my heart long, like music.

"She must acknowledge him at last." They mingled with my dreams, and woke with me when I woke, but with a double meaning subtly intertwined into them; as if England were personated, as in some royal festive masque, in the form of Lettice Davenant, no more weeping and downcast, as when I had seen her last, but her bright face, and her dear joyous eyes full of serene determination and unquenchable hope.

XIV.

LETTICE'S DIARY.

Paris, Twelfth Night, 1655.—My birth-day. More than four years since I wrote a word in this book. The pages begin to look faded, like my youth. I scarcely know why I have left such an interval, except that it is so difficult not to look on the whole of this life of exile as an interval; a blank space, or an impertinent episode in the history of life, which, by-and-by, when the true history begins again, we may just tear out or seal together.

All this time I have heard nothing from the old friends in England, except two letters; one from Mistress Dorothy, wherein she gave me a terrible picture of the wrong-doings and thinkings of certain religious people of an entirely new kind, whom she calls "Quakers." It seems that Olive brought one to her house at Kidderminster, which Mistress Dorothy thought a great wrong. As far as I can make out, Olive has no thought of becoming a Quaker; nor can I find out distinctly what the Quakers are or do, except that every one seems enraged against them, and that on that ground Olive and Dr. Antony took this Quaker maiden under their wing. Poor sweet Olive, she always had a way of getting entangled into defending people under general ban; from witches downward or upward. I suppose Annis Nye is Olive's present Gammer Grindle. In which case, Olive at least seems little changed. But that letter was written before the Battle of Worcester. From Mistress Dorothy's account they might be a new kind of sect, with a new elaborate ceremonial or ritual, to which they adhere very strictly. Mistress Dorothy speaks of their refusing to take off their hats, and to bow or courtesy. This must evi-

dently be a ritual observance; because people would scarcely be sent to prison simply for keeping on their hats and not courtesying.

Mistress Dorothy spoke, too, by the way, of Olive's two children, Maidie and the babe.

The babe must be now a prattling child of five, and Maidie probably a little person invested with the solemn responsibilities of the eldest sister. I fancy her with Olive's fair, calm face, thinking it her greatest honour to share her mother's household occupations, or to run by her side with a basket of food to supplement Dr. Antony's medicines. I fancy Mistress Gretel smiling at the babes, and letting them entangle her knitting with the feeblest of remonstrances, and in a serene way undermining all Olive's "wholesome discipline." I fancy Mr. Drayton a little older, a little graver, not quite satisfied with the fruits of the war, wishing Mr. Hampden back, and Lord Falkland, and England as they might have made it; and taking refuge with the stars and his grandchildren. I fancy—till I am angry with myself for fancying anything, as if it made shadows out of realities. For they live; *they live*, in the old solid living England. If any are shadows, it is we, poor helpless, voiceless exiles on this shadowy shore; not they. And then I begin to think not of what I fancy, but what I *know*. I know they are good, and kind, and godly still. And I know—yes, I *know*—they have not forgotten; they still love and think of me.

Only sometimes it troubles me a little that they are going on thinking of me as the young Lettice they knew so long ago; which is scarcely the same as thinking of the middle-aged Lettice Davenant who has reached her twenty-ninth birth-day to-day.

I think sometimes now of the scorn with which I was wont to speak of middle-states of things, saying there was no poetry in mid-day, mid-summer, middle-stature, middle-age. And often and often the answer comes cheerily back, how *he* spoke of "manhood and womanhood, with their dower of noble work, and strength to do it;" and how he could not abide "to hear the spring-tide spoken pulingly of, as if it faded instead of ripening into summer; and youth, as if it set instead of dawned into manhood." "It was

but a half-fledged poetry," he said, "which must go to dew-drops and rosy morning clouds for its similes, and could see no beauty in noon-tide with its patient toil or its rapturous hush of rest."—It comes back to me like an invigorating march music, now that the joyous notes of the réveillé have died away, and the vesper hymns are not yet ready, and the march of noon-tide life has fairly begun.

What, then, makes evening and morning, spring and autumn, the delight of poets? The light then blossoms or fades into colour. The light itself then is a fair picture to look at. At noon it sinks deeper, no longer on the surface of clouds, but into the chalices of flowers and into the heart of fruits; it is painting pictures on the harvest-fields and orchards; it is ripening and making the world fair, and enabling us to see it. It is light not to look at, but to work by. Its beauty is in making things beautiful. And so I think it is with middle-age. Its beauty is not in itself; but in loving thought for others, and loving work for others. Looking at ourselves in middle-life, we see only the glow faded, the dewy freshness brushed away. Therefore we must not look at ourselves, but at the work the Master gives us, to do, the brothers and sisters the Father gives us to love. In Olive's heart, no doubt, the thought of youth passing away scarcely arises. She sees her children growing around her, and works and plans for them, and counts the hours again as morning, not as evening hours, renewing her life in the morning of theirs. And although that lot is not mine, I have scarcely more temptation to "talk pulingly of morning fading into noon" than she. Madame la Mothe takes me close to her heart. With her I am her friend's child. Then these revenues which come to us so much more regularly than to most of the Cavaliers, give us so many means of helping others, that this alone is an occupation. Especially as these revenues are, after all, not unlimited, and my father and Walter believe they are (as the wants of the Cavaliers certainly are), so that it requires some planning and combining to make things go as far as they can. Which in itself is a great occupation to Barbe and me, and makes our daily house-keeping as interesting as a work of charity. And since the English Service has been prohibited at the Louvre, as it

has been since the Battle of Worcester, I have some happy work in a kind of little school of young English girls, amongst whom it is sweet to do what I can, that when they go back, the Holy Scriptures and the prayers of the dear old Prayer-book may not be unfamiliar to them.

Then my father is wonderfully forbearing with me. For it has vexed him that I could not listen to some excellent Cavaliers, who wished for our alliance.

Madame la Mothe also sometimes lectures me a little on this score with reference to a nephew of hers. But as the project was primarily hers and not his, this little proposal was much easier to decline. Only sometimes she shakes her head and says,—

"There has been a history, my poor child! Every woman's heart has its history. But heaven forbid that I should seek to penetrate into thy secret. Yet thou art not like thy mother in all things. She suffered. Thou wilt conquer. Her eyes were as those of Mater Dolorosa by the Cross. Thine are as those of Regina Cœli above the storms."

And I cannot tell her. Because I can never look on that love as a history. I know so well he could not change. It is scarcely betrothal, for there is neither promise nor hope. It is simply belonging to each other in life and in death.

Then sometimes she smiles and kisses me and says, "There is some little comfort even in thy being of 'the religion.' On that rock of thine, no torrent of Port-Royalist eloquence will sweep thee away from us into a convent. And for the rest, God is merciful; and having made islands, it is possible He has especial dispensation suited to islands."

For Madame la Mothe has entirely relinquished my conversion. Seeing that I can honour the ladies of Port Royal from the bottom of the heart, without being attracted myself to Port-Royal, she has given me up.

She says I have no restless cravings, no void to fill, and it is to the restlessness of the heart that the repose of religion appeals.

In one way she is right. Thank God she is right. Or rather my whole heart is one great craving unfathomable void. But Christianity fills it. Christ fills it. He Himself; satisfying

every aspiration, meeting every want, being all I want. Pitying, forgiving, loving, *commanding* me. The commanding sometimes most satisfying of all. Always, always; all through my heart. Redeemer, that is much; Master, that (afterwards) is almost more. Father! that is all.

There have been sorrows. After Worcester, my father was so terribly cast down and gentle. I remember it was almost a relief the first time he was really a little angry after that; although it was with me he was angry; and quite a relief to hear him begin to storm at the French Court again, when they suppressed our English Service at the Louvre, and did what they could with any civility to suppress or dismiss us, and began to pay court to the Arch-Traitor.

Since then the success of the Usurper in making England great, and the baseness of some of the attempts to assassinate him (not discouraged, alas, by some of our Court)! have strained my father's loyalty to the utmost.

But *the* sorrow is Walter, the wrong which sometimes makes us ready, in desperation, to pay our allegiance anywhere but there whence the evil came, is the sore change in him. We made some little sacrifices in old times to the royal cause. But what were poor Dick, and Robert, and George, slain on the field, or even Harry laying down his life at Naseby, or even that precious mother stricken into heaven by his death, compared with a life poisoned in its springs like Walter's at this selfish wicked Court. All the fair promise of his youth turned into corruption; his very *heart* slain!

Our martyred king required the lives of our dearest, and they were given willingly for him. But this king takes their souls, themselves, their life of life, not as a living sacrifice, but to be trampled, and soiled, and crushed in the dust and mire of sin, till their dear familiar features are scarcely to be distinguished by those who love them best.

The gladness of heart my mother delighted in changed into a fickle irritability, or frozen into mockery at all sacred things human or divine. The generous spirit degraded into mere selfish lavishment, caring not at what cost to others it buys its wretched pleasures.

And then the miserable reactions of regret and

remorse, which I used to rejoice in, until I learned to know they were the mere irritable self-loathing of exhausted passion, as little moral as, when (at other times) the same irritation turned against my father or me instead of against himself. Until at last I *dare* not profane the sacred names of mother and of God, by using them as a kind of magic spell to unseal the springs of maudlin sentimental tears. Oh, how bitter the words look! Walter, Walter, my brother! tenderly committed by my mother to me, living in the house with us day by day, yet farther off—more out of reach (it seems of pleading or prayer) than those who lie on the cold slopes of Rowten Heath and Naseby! Is there no weapon in God's armoury to reach thy heart? Good Mistress Gretel used to say God had so many weapons we knew not of in His store-houses. In mine, alas, there seems none; none except *going on loving*. And perhaps after all that is the strongest in His.

Going on loving. Yes; our Lord surely did that, does that. When "He turned to the woman" in Simon's house, it was not the first time He had so turned to her. Not the first. How many times from the first! Yet at last she turned and came and looked on Him. And she was forgiven. And in loving Him a new fountain of purity was opened in her heart, the only purity worth the name, the purity of love; the purity not of ice but of fire. Yes; in Him there is the possibility of restoration.

But, oh, for these desecrated wasted years, for the glory of the prime turned into corruption, for all that might have been and never can be, for this one irrevocable life ebbing, ebbing so fast away, for the terrible possibility of there being no restoration. For some looked, and listened, and longed, but never came!

May.—Barbe came into my chamber this morning, weeping and wringing her hands.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" she said; "another St. Bartholomew—a second St. Bartholomew!"

"Have they risen against the Protestants in Paris?" I said. And my first thought was of Walter,—a wild thought, whether this might be the angel's sword to drive him back into the fold. If we were to be hunted hither and thither, who could say but in the severe destitution of some den or cave of refuge, or even in the prison of the

Inquisition, sacred old words might come back to him, and he might turn and be saved ! And then another flash of thought ! If we were seized as Protestants, England would rise ; Cromwell, Englishman and Protestant that he was, would demand us back. We should no more be Royalist and Rebel, but all English and Protestant ; and return to England to Netherby, and Walter with us, and a new life begin. Wild hopes, flashing through my mind between my question and Barbe's answer, delayed, as it was, by her tears.

"Not in Paris yet, mademoiselle ; that is to come. No doubt, the tyrants will not end where they began. It is the people of the valleys—the Vaudois—men of the religion, before France knew what the religion was. My mother's kindred came thence,—quiet, loyal peasants, tilling their poor patches of field and vineyard among the savage mountains. The Duke of Savoy would have them all forswear the religion in three days. They held firm. He sent six regiments—herds of monsters, wild beasts, among the people. They tortured, killed, wrought horrors I cannot name, but which those faithful men and women had to bear." And her sobs choked her words ; until by degrees she told me all she knew of the dreadful story of outrage and wrong.

"And is there none to help ?" I said.

"There is none ;—unless it be this Mr. Cromwell," she said, with a little hesitation, knowing how abhorred the name was amongst us. "These poor, exiled, outraged Christians have appealed to him."

June 8.—My father says all the world is ablaze about this letter of Mr. John Milton, the Usurper's Latin secretary, concerning these persecuted exiles from the valleys. Its words are very strong. It seems not unlikely the French Court may be moved to interfere on their behalf. "It is some comfort," said my father, "to see that the old country has a voice which must be listened to, even though she speaks through the mouth of this murderous Usurper."

June 9.—My father came in, with his eyes enkindled with a look of triumph such as I had not seen in them for years.

"We must have a rejoicing, Lettice, cost what

it may. There is no help for it, but an English gentleman's heart must be glad at such news ! Robert Blake has been pounding them right and left—Pope and Turk, Duke and Dey. The Blakes of Somersetshire—a good old family : I knew them well. The English fleet calls at Leghorn, and the Pope and his Italians eagerly grant whatever they demand. The English fleet calls at Tunis, demanding justice from the Dey and his pirates. The Dey refuses : Blake batters down his forts, and burns his fleet in the harbour. The Dey will not refuse us our rights again. The world begins to know what the name of an Englishman means. Already these French courtiers practise a little civility. The very rascal boys in the streets seemed less impudent. We must have a merry-making, Lettice. What can we do ? At home we would have all the village to a feast, set all the ale-barrels flowing, and all the bells in the country ringing. But here the people, poor half-starved creatures, drink nothing but vinegar. And as to these everlasting bells, that are always dropping and trickling, no one knows why ; it would do one's heart good if one could wake them up for once, and set them free all together, to burst out in the torrent of a grand old English peal. But we cannot. Who can we give a feast to, Lettice ? One cannot exactly have a Cavalier dinner, because it might look like celebrating the victory of the Usurper. Yet somebody or other must be made the merrier, that the old country has done such a good stroke of work. Whom can we have ?"

I could think of no one but Barbe, her father and mother, and the seven hungry little brothers and sisters she helped to support. Accordingly the next day we made them a supper in honour of the victory over the Turks, an attention which seemed to gratify our guests much, although my father was not a little dissatisfied at having to entertain guests on what he scornfully termed "broth, vinegar, and sugar-plums." But I think to the end Barbe and her family remained in a very misty state of mind as to what they were to rejoice about ; and but for my father's imperfect acquaintance with the French language, I am afraid the closing speech of Barbe's father, who was an old gentleman with political theories, and of a lofty and florid style of eloquence, might

have caused an explosion. For the point of it was :

"Excellent Monsieur and amiable Mademoiselle, your country is a great country ; though sometimes to us Frenchmen a little difficult to understand. No doubt, this Monseigneur Cromwell has not the advantage of a descent as pure as could be wished ; but he has the advantage of making himself understood in all languages. The Turks seem to have understood Mr. Blake. There is, also, Mr. Milton, who writes Latin with the elegance of the renowned Tully. The Duke of Savoy will have to understand him. The poor exiled Vaudois are to be restored to their valleys. Monseigneur Cromwell has insisted on it. He has also sent two thousand pounds of his own for their relief, and your nation has added more than thirty thousand ;—a sum scarcely to be calculated by simple people. It is a pity Monseigneur should be out of the legitimate line of your country's kings. But such changes must happen at times in dynasties. Our own has changed more than once. And, no doubt, your magnanimous nation understands her own affairs, and ere long will arrange herself to the satisfaction of all parties. Monsieur and mademoiselle, I thank you in the name of my family. Such hospitality is the proof of a tender and generous heart, worthy of the great nation which has sent this princely succour to the oppressed."

"What does he say, Lettice?" whispered my father.

"That England is a great nation," I replied ; "and that it is a pity Oliver Cromwell was not of the house of Stuart."

For a moment my father's eyes flashed ; but then, shaking his head compassionately, he only said : "Of course, the poor foreigners cannot be expected to understand our politics. We must make allowances, Lettice ; we must make allowances. Every man cannot, after all, be born an Englishman."

June 10.—The meaning of Barbe's father's speech is plain. The Usurper has sent an Embassy Extraordinary to the French Court and to Savoy, and all the redress he demands for the Vaudois is to be made. They are to be restored to their mountain homes, and protected from future ill usage. He styles himself "Oliver,

Protector." The poor Vaudois, at least, are likely to think the title not undeserved.

June 11.—My father says Roger is here. If any one in the world could help Walter, he might. He has been terrible lately. Walter's reckless, mocking ways drive my father wild. He storms in righteous anger. Walter recriminates with cool, reckless jests. My father commands him to go. Walter goes ; does not come back for days. My father grows more and more restless and wretched during his absence ; reproaches himself ; taps at my door at night, and says : "Lettice, I shall never rest any more. I have driven the lad to destruction. I will go and seek him." In a few hours he returns with Walter, destitute and affectionate. He returns as a prodigal ; but, alas ! not come to himself ; aggrieved against the husks—against the beggarly citizens, who would not give him any—but chiefly against the father, who, having given him his own portion, refused him his brother's. And so, for the hundredth time, we welcome him, weep over him, make much of him, and provide him with such best robes and portions of our living as we can possibly spare. And in a day or two he meets his old associates, has some good-natured message from the king, and, before long, is drawn off into the old tide of riotous living. Away from us, heart and soul, in the far country, where we at the old home are mere shadows to him. We mere shadows to him ; and he the core of our hearts to us !

I feel that these tender changes of feeling of my father's, the very anger springing from affection, and the affection making him repent of his just anger as of a sin, are not good for Walter. I cannot help, sometimes, telling him what sacrifices my father makes for him ; how ungrateful and unjust he is in return. But he merely laughs, and talks as if women were creatures with quite another edition of the Ten Commandments from men ; or, sometimes, he says my Puritan friends have taken the spirit out of me ; or that I should have married, and then I should have understood the world a little, and had something else to do than to educate my brothers. But when he says such things to me, he is always, or often, sorry afterwards, and tries to expiate them by some little extra gift or attention.

And often my father also is vexed rather with me than with Walter, when he and Walter have differed. He seems to think I ought in some way to have made life more cheerful to them both. But this I know he does not mean. Such words are only as an inarticulate cry of pain. He means it no more than he means what he says far oftener and more vehemently, that he will never waste another groat, nor hazard a drop of blood again, for the heartless, faithless family ("Scottish and French, not English," saith he, in his bitterest moments), which fate has smitten England with; when I know that, at the next glimpse of a hope of Restoration, he would spend his fortune to the uttermost farthing, and his blood to the last drop, to see the young king enjoy his own again.

June 12th.—We have met, Roger and I, for a few minutes, but those minutes seem to have bridged over all the years between, and it is as if our lives had been lived side by side all the time. Yet we said scarcely a connected sentence, that I can recall.

It was in one of the little tumults which now and then arise in the narrow streets out of disputes for precedence.

I was in Madame la Mothe's coach, when we met a coach which happened to belong to a seigneur, whose lands are close to Madame la Mothe's in the country. Neither of the coachmen would give way and back his horses. It was a rivalry of centuries. As happens in so many contests, the immediate interests of the chiefs were lost sight of in the vehemence of their followers. Madame la Mothe and I were left solitary and uneasy in the coach, while the servants contended for our dignity in the street. At length the tumult of voices grew fierce, the hoofs of the horses clattered on the stones as the postillions urged them with a defiant crack of their whips, and it seemed as if the two coaches and their inmates were to charge each other bodily, as if we had been batteries or battalions.

"There will be bloodshed," exclaimed Madame la Mothe, "bloodshed for a title, for my title!" and pushing open the door, she sprang on the pavement, and threw herself among the combatants with words of peace.

The lady in the other coach seeing her descend,

did the same. Advancing rapidly towards each other, they made reverences to each other.

Madame la Mothe held out her hands. "Let us make a compromise, madame," she said; "we will both reascend one coach with my young friend. Let it be yours. We will then proceed together, while my coach retires. Bloodshed will be avoided. The loyal rivalry of our people will be satisfied. Your side will gain the victory, but it will be in my service."

The ladies embraced, and hand in hand entered the other coach. The retainers shouted long life to both the illustrious houses; and the little drama was ending in a general embrace, when an obstacle presented itself in the determination of one of Madame la Mothe's horses, which absolutely refused to sacrifice his own sense of dignity by retreating.

The perplexity was great, when Madame la Mothe, turning to me, exclaimed, "My child, you will excuse my making you the victim of a slight *ruse de guerre*, to avoid wounding the honour of these excellent people. We will make it a question of national courtesy." And having obtained the other lady's consent, leaning from the window, she said to one of the young gentlemen in attendance, in a voice that all around might hear: "See, this young lady is of a noble English house, in exile for loyalty to the unfortunate king. All noblesse yields to noblesse sacrificing itself for royalty. Conduct Mademoiselle Davenant, I pray you, to my carriage, and let us retire before her."

I was being reconducted to Madame la Mothe's carriage, pale, perhaps a little anxious, for there were murmurs of discontent among the retainers of the adverse company, when suddenly Roger appeared before me, and in a moment my hand was in his before I knew how, and I was alone in the carriage, slowly advancing, while he walked beside the window.

"A friend of mademoiselle's father! Move forward!" he said to the attendants, in slightly broken French, with that quiet expectation of obedience which always gave credentials to his commands. He was obeyed; and we moved slowly on.

"You excuse me?" he said to me. His hand was on the ledge of the window. "I heard your name, and saw you looking alarmed, and before I

had time to question my right to do it, I found myself taking care of you."

He said no more. And I said nothing. It was one of those moments which seem not to belong to the hours but to the ages; because one does not think of looking backward or forward while they last, the rest they bring is so complete.

But as we came to the end of the narrow street, and were about to turn into a broader place, there was again a little tumult which delayed us. Looking out, I saw it was caused by a company of young cavaliers arrogantly pushing the crowd aside. Among them I saw the faces of one or two whom I recognized as friends of Walter's, and I thought I caught a glimpse of Walter himself.

Then I forgot everything but Walter, the long-ing I had so often had that he could know Roger, and the possibility of Roger saving him.

"Roger," I said, "you remember Walter, the youngest of us, the boy my mother thought so much of. Those are some of our king's courtiers. They are Walter's friends. They are bad friends. They are ruining him for life and for ever. I have thought sometimes if you could have been his friend, it might have been different."

"I will do what I can, Lettice," he said, and that was all. But his "what I can," and his "Lettice," are volumes that need no commentary.

Madame la Mothe re-appeared.

I introduced Roger as best I could.

She lavished thanks on him, and kept him some little time in conversation, while the men were setting something right about the harness.

But he replied only in monosyllables.

For some time after he had taken leave we drove on in silence.

I was thinking whether I had done right. In committing my brother to Roger, had I not, as it were, made him my knight, sent him forth on a sacred enterprise for my sake, which he might interpret into an atonement for that terrible deed which separated us?

That terrible deed which all the blood in the world, and all the good deeds in the world cannot expiate, which nothing but repentance can blot out! And Roger will never repent.

They came sweeping back on my heart with his voice, all the old familiar sacred recollections, my mother's affection for him, the touch of her hand

clasping ours, the sound of her voice blessing us. And far away, like a ghost, at cock-crowing, glided that dreadful scaffold. "Politics!" did not every one say; "what have women to do with politics!"

And after all, what had Roger to do with that terrible deed? He had sat near on horseback, as a soldier of Parliament, while it was done. As a soldier of the Parliament, what could he do otherwise? As a man, would he not rather have risked his life to save the royal sufferer's life? All the consequences of rebellion are involved in the first act of rebellion. War means life or death, victory or death to all involved. All the terrible results were unfolded in the first fatal lifting up of the rebel standard at Edgehill; a shot might have ended His Majesty's life then as easily as the axe years afterwards. Roger's loyalty is to England, and, for her sake, to whomsoever he believes will rule and serve her best. That first act of disloyalty once committed, in the choice of a wrong leader, the more loyal the character the more disloyal must be the acts ever after. It was Roger's fatal hereditary misbelief which had enlisted him in Cromwell's army. And that my mother knew, and knowing, had sanctioned his love. But once enlisted, it was the very loyalty of heart which would have led him to die with Montrose for the king's cause, however hopeless, which had led him thus to guard the king's scaffold, however he hated to be there. For I knew he did hate to be there! If he would but once confess that his heart had bled at the sight, as I am sure it did! But I knew too well how that fatal loyalty of nature which had prevented his resisting the worst deed of his traitorous leader, would keep his lips sealed for ever from disclaiming his share in it, when done.

But if I knew his heart, ought I not to accept the reverent pity which I knew *must* have moved him, and made his presence at the martyrdom a torture to him, in place of any mere words which a heart less true than his would have uttered so easily? Indeed, whether I accepted it or not, had not it been already understood and accepted above? As the mistakes of Port Royal were understood and forgiven, and of Aunt Dorothy, and, as we trust, our own mistakes will be.

Then came the thought,—

"You are getting sophistical. Right and

wrong are right and wrong for all and for ever. If you try to put yourself into the place, and feel the temptations of every criminal, as he feels them, you will end in condemning no crime."

Thus as I sate silent by Madame la Mothe's, side, while in a few moments all those arguments rushed in conflict through my heart, there was anything but silence there.

At last Madame la Mothe spoke. Very quietly she laid her hand on mine, and without looking at me, said,—

"My child, forgive me. I shall never ask what your secret is again, nor wonder why you keep your heart sealed like the doors of Port Royal."

"It is no secret, madame," I said. "We were betrothed by my mother's sanction. Only this dreadful war has separated us."

"Your young Cavalier is not on the king's side?" she said. "It is a pity. He has the manners of the ancient chivalry. Deferential and loyal. His politeness has something at once protecting and lofty in it, as if he were a king, and all women as queens to him. Alas, for these English politics and these consciences!"

"It is not politics that separate us, madame," I said, almost mechanically; "it is the king's death."

"Surely the young Cavalier was too noble to be concerned in that!" she said.

"He was a soldier of the Commonwealth, madame," I said, "and as a soldier, had to obey."

I found myself defending him in spite of myself.

"The king's death was not the work of the soldier, was it?" she said, "but of the head-man."

"The soldiers guarded the scaffold," I said.

"This young Cavalier was among those who guarded the scaffold," she said. "Was that all? Being a soldier, what would you have had him do? Surely there is absolution on earth and in heaven for such a mistake as that."

"He does not repent, madame."

"Ah, my child," she said, "see what it is to be a Protestant; you have to be your own Supreme Tribunal, even when your conscience is on the Judgment-seat, and your own heart at the bar, to be broken by the sentence. Now, if you would only believe the Pope and the Church, whatever the unavoidable pain of the sentence, you would at all events escape the torture of at once inflicting and enduring it."

"Alas, madame," I said, "can the masters of Port Royal escape the torture of being their own tribunal? Can they believe a fact is a fact because a Pope says it? They distinguish, indeed, between fact and right; but are not rights really but facts of a higher sphere, if we only know them? And as unalterable? We only want to *know* what is right, madame. And it seems to me no decision on earth, or in heaven, can *make* a thing right, any more than it makes it true."

"My poor child," she said tenderly, "heaven guide you. Only take care your heart does not get into the judgment-seat, and persuade your conscience that the very anguish of the sentence is a proof of its justice. Noble hearts have made such mistakes ere now. One, I think, very dear to thee and to me."

She was silent some minutes, and then said in a more cheerful tone,—

"He was silent, this young Cavalier. His character is perhaps rather grave?"

"It is the way of all the men of our nation who are worth anything, madame," I said. "Your countrymen have a natural eloquence. Feeling enkindles them into speech. With us it oftener fuses men into silence. An Englishman who has no dumbness in him is not to be trusted."

She smiled.

"Ah, my friend," she said, "if I defend, you attack; if I attack, you defend. I will leave you to defend your own cause against yourself."



THE MISSING RECEIPT.



LD ROBIN was seated by his window, with spectacles on face, busily rummaging a little drawer filled with loose papers, when the door opened, and a cheerful voice called out—

"There's fine weather, Robin. This will fit your rheumatics nicely. How are ye coming on?"

"Oh, is that you, Mirran? come awa' ben and see," said the old man, flinging down his handful of papers, and hastening to bring a chair.

"Never mind a chair, thank ye, Robin, for I mustn't sit down," said Mirran. "I was passing up the gate, and thinks I to mysel, I havens seen Robin for a month, so I'll just lift his sneck, and ask how he is. Are ye any better, think ye, Robin?"

"Oh, thank ye, Mirran, I'm a great deal better; but will ye not try to bide a wee?"

"I canna bide lang," said Mirran. "However, since I'm in, I may venture to sit for fifteen minutes. But I'm disturbing you, I fear."

"No, no," cried Robin; "that business can stand ower a wee. I hae been huntin' after a receipt for a bit sum o' money, which I'm almost sure I paid already, and which I have sweer-will to pay twice ower, if it can be avoided."

"Na," said Mirran; "maybe I could help you to seek for't, I'm rather quicker in the sicht than you."

And the two renewed the search, which Mirran speedily brought to a successful issue by discovering the desired document.

"Now, Robin," said Mirran, "ye see that it's worth while to keep your auld receipts beside you, for you may come to want them some day."

"'Deed is it," replied Robin. "I paid pretty dear in my youth to be taucht that lesson; but I have kept good mind o't."

"And, Robin," said Mirran, in a low and tender voice, "aye be sure to keep your accounts weel red up between God and your soul; for it is a mischancie thing to lose any o' his receipts."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Robin, with a puzzled air.

"Ah," said she, "I have paid dear, dear—rather dearer maybe than you did—to be taucht this lesson, and, like you, I wad fain keep good mind o't. When ane begins at first to discover his deplorable state before God, as a bankrupt sinner, who has neither money to pay nor yet excuse to offer, it is fearsome to feel anesell in the grips o' the angry and merciless law, and to hear it cry, 'Pay me that thou owest, to the uttermost farthing—even to the eternal death.' But what a happy outcome frae such a sorrow, when ane is led to the blood of Jesus as the sufficient ransom for a sinfu' soul; and

sees that, through what his Son has done, God can be just, and yet also be the justifier of the guilty sinner that believes in Jesus. And when such a broken-hearted one ventures into God's presence with fear and trembling, to urge the precious blood as his only plea, oh, who can tell his joy when his plea is at once sustained, and he finds that, so soon as he confesses his sin and asks forgiveness in the name of the great Sin-bearer, the just and faithful God forgives his sins, and scores the debt for ever out o' his book, and writes a discharge in full on the purged conscience, in a peace that passes a' understanding! Ye have felt a' this, Robin, have ye no?"

"Deed have I, Mirran, at least in some sma' measure; but I wish that I could feel it more."

"Weel, then, Robin," continued Mirran, "did ye ever lose God's receipt after ye had gotten't? Did ye ever, by your carnal sloth and your careless walking, lose faith's sicht o' the precious blood, and let go your hold on a good conscience, and forget, as Peter says, that ye were purged frae your auld sins? If so, Robin, ye'll remember how distressed ye were, when God in mercy wakened you out o' your shamfu' slumbers, and conscience started up to accuse you, and the law rushed on you again, claiming not only new debts, but the auld ones frae the very beginning; and ye stood bewildered and dumb, for ye had lost a' your auld receipts, and hadna the scrape o' a pen to show for your past discharge. Ken ye aucht about this, Robin?"

And as Mirran slowly uttered the foregoing words, her voice became soft and tremulous, as if they had awakened memories in her own heart of the most tenderly solemn kind.

"Ay, woman," said Robin, in a similar tone; "I ken ower much about it—mair than the maist o' folk, I fear. 'Deed, to tell you the truth, after that I lost the first receipt, I've never got the business right red up sin' syne; and I have never had the same sweet and strengthening assurance o' the Lord's being my God. At the best, I'm aye troubled wi' the fear that I'm only a hypocrite; and now and then, when I'm at the worst, I feel quite assured that I am."

"I believe you, Robin," said Mirran; "God abhors backsliding above everything else; and therefore he makes the backslider's life bitter to him, that we may learn to abhor it, and to dread it, and to watch in prayer against it. And so, when we lose our receipts through carelessness and unbelief, He often leaves us to have more trouble and heart-breaking sorrow about their renewal than we had in getting them at the first."

"Very likely, very likely," said the old man, with a melancholy shake of the head; "but what's to be done in a case like mine, when the receipt's fairly gone!"

I wad gladly give a' that I have to feel as I ance felt; but I canna see how that is ever to be. I opened my mind to your cousin, but he said that I was lookin' ower much in to mysel, and ower little out to my Saviour; that I should walk more by faith, and never trouble mysel wi' frames and feelings."

"And did ye take his advice?"

"I tried hard, hard to do it, but it winna work wi' me; an' here I am the nicht, greatly distressed wi' the consciousness of something far wrong in me, and yet I kenna how to get it richtet. Think ye, Mirran, that it wad be possible to get my auld receipt back again?"

"No," said Mirran, after a moment's pause; "I do not think that God ever gives a mere duplicate o' an auld receipt. But what would be the use o' the auld ane, seeing that he is as ready as ever he was to give you a new ane, containing a full and free discharge frae everything up to the present moment? This is your only course, Robin: ye must ask him for a new receipt which will cover a' bygones, and settle accounts to this very day."

"That's what I'm wantin', Mirran; but that's the very thing I canna get accomplished!"

"Then be sure, Robin, that the fault's your ain."

"I ken that; but I wad fain have it mended if I could see how it's to be done. Whereabouts lies the fault in me, think ye?" said Robin, anxiously.

"Robin, ye ken that Jesus receiveth sinners, chief sinners, but only sinners. His Word speaks o' grace to him that cometh—any him; he offers mercy to 'whosoever will'—any whosoever. All are bidden, all are welcome. And among sinfu' men, I cannot conceive of any more guilty or more needy than him that's been a backslider. So, Robin, you must take care to go, not as something better than you were when you went at first, but as something worse—as a chief sinner among chief sinners; but still go as one who has all the grace that's in God's heart to encourage him, and all the merit that's in Christ's blood to trust in; and say, 'Lord, fulfil to a guilty backslider this word of thine own: I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; for in thee the fatherless findeth mercy.'"

"Weel, Mirran," said Robin, "I think I have been trying to do that, ower and ower again; but still I don't seem ever to get a renewal o' my receipt."

"Maybe, Robin, ye havena been going to the throne of grace to receive grace merely as a sinner, a backsliding, inexcusable sinner, who needs that mercy be quite free if it is to be a mercy that can reach his case at all; and who, accepting the invitation which bids him come for this mercy, comes for it as a thing which God delights to give for Jesus' sake. Maybe, instead o' coming with this singleness o' plea, ye have been trying to pay a little o' your ain debt, or, at least, been trying to write a bit o' your ain receipt. And if ye have been doing either, I can well understand that ye wadna get the restoration of your peace with God."

Robin sat musing for a little.

"I can see," he said at last, "what you mean by payin' pairt o' my ain debt, and I have been watching against the thoct that anything o' mine can commend me to God; but what ye mean by writing the receipt mysel, I dinna see clearly see."

"The receipt, Robin," replied Mirran, "is the peace of a pacified conscience—a conscience which has been purged from its painful sense of guiltiness by being sprinkled with the blood of Christ. And just as it is Christ's office to pay all the ransom for the sinner without the sinner's help, so it is the Holy Spirit's office to write the receipt himself; in ither words, to pacify conscience, to satisfy the heart, and to give that sweet repose of soul on Christ's person and Christ's work which constitutes peace in believing. And I fear, Robin, lest you have been presuming to thrust in your help in either or in both of these points. I fear that you may have been trying, first, to do a very little towards furnishing a plea which could help to give you confidence before God; and then, after that, I fear, too, lest you have been trying to do a little towards writing your own discharge. You have been certainly doing the first, if ye hae been thinking before God o' your ain humblings o' heart, your ain tears, your ain resolutions, your ain faith; in short, your ain anything. The fact is, there is but one solitary plea that we can present to God, and that is the atoning blood of the divine Redeemer; and we must remember in his presence naething o' our own whatever, unless it be the heinousness o' our guilt and the extremity o' our need."

Mirran paused, but Robin was silent. Her words were felt by him to be more applicable than he had thought that any remarks on self-righteousness could have been; so, after a brief silence, Mirran resumed.

"And then, as for writing the receipt, that also it is God's part to do, and not yours. Ye mauna try to pacify your conscience wi' your prayers, or your resolutions, or your duties; and when you fail to find peace in this way, to fall back on efforts after more praying, and more feeling, and more believing. It winna do. Conscience cannot be lawfully pacified in this way; it is God's commissioner, and when he bids it speak, it will not be silent at your bidding. The Holy Spirit calms its clamour, by revealing to it Jesus in all his grace and glory. Oh, Robin man, look simply as a needy sinner to the Saviour of needy sinners, and faith's happy sight o' him will give you instant deliverance."

"That's what I feel I'm needin'," said Robin, "and your words give me a bit glimmer o' licht; but I'm in great darkness, not so much about general gospel truth, as about its personal application to mysel. I'm an uncommonly dark and hard-hearted man."

"Just like the rest o' us, Robin. Ye're a clear case for free and sovereign mercy; for if that dinna meet us, you and I are gone. But when was it that you got that receipt which you have in your hand?"

"I got it when I paid the money," replied Robin.

"Exactly! You had no right to it before, and your

creditor had no reason to withhold it after; and therefore, so soon as you settled his claim, you received your discharge. Now, Robin, though we canna o' ourselves settle God's claim on us as debtors to his holy law, the Lord Jesus has fully done it; and all the settlement that is required at our hands is, that we consent to be indebted to the grace of the Lord Jesus, and that we present his finished work as our only plea for complete forgiveness. As many as receive him are made one with him, and his death becomes for them the full payment of all their debts. Urge this, Robin, in humble faith, as your only payment, and God will not delay to write a full discharge on your heart and conscience. 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God.'

"Weel, then, Mirran, I canna be a believer at all, seeing that I haena the receipt that ye mention. At this moment, though I have some sma' hope that the Lord winna leave me to mysel, under a' my fearfu' provocations, yet I darena profess that I have the peace o' pardon which you speak o'."

"Weel, weel, Robin, we're not going to argue that point; it is not in the least degree needful to prove that you are a true believer. It is enough just now to see clearly that you are commanded, invited, entreated to put all your confidence in the Saviour, on the instant. And why should you not? At the same time, I would feel free to say, that many a tempted and downcast disciple has had his great debt scored out of God's book, while yet he had sma' comfort o't, frae his sinfu' losing o' his auld receipts. But, Robin, allow me to say, that I'm afraid your first joy which you mourn the loss of had a great deal o' the carnal and the self-righteous in it; and I'm led to think this by seeing the earnestness with which you cling to self in all your attempts to recover the lost joy. Like Peter, ye maybe had confidence enough; but then, there might be much of it confidence in an unknown and undiscovered self. And so, like Peter, self has been left to fall, that it might get its neck broken; and that your joy, henceforward, may be joy only in the Lord. It was a fearfu' thing to hear an apostle curse and swear and deny his Lord; but maybe it was a hantle better for Peter's own soul that he should be left to do so, than that he should have been able to stand in his fleshly confidence of his own strength. And, similarly, it may have been better for you, Robin, that ye have been left to learn a little more o' your ain deceitful heart, in order that ye might be hunted out o' all your self-righteous confidences, and be cast on Jesus only. I'm afraid, Robin, that ye have far ouer high a notion, even yet, of your ain goodness, and far ouer low a notion of the goodness o' your infinitely-gracious Saviour."

This last remark fairly took Robin's breath from him. He had thought that if there were anything whatever with which he was less justly chargeable than another, it was with forming too high an estimate of his own goodness. Was he not, at this moment, brought to the verge of despair by a sense of his incurable badness?

If his surprise had been less, he might have denied the charge; but, as it was, he could only stammer out, confused and troubled,—

"What makes ye think sae, Mirran?"

"Ah, Robin, I can make a lucky guess about the workings o' unbelief in your heart, because I have been sae often afflicted wi' the same workings mysel. There is an auld bye-word that says, 'The wolf kens what the ill beast thinks,' for, ye see, it's an ill beast itsel; and, on the same principle, I can discover the sproutings o' that accursed root o' self-righteousness in your heart, for I've had so much to do wi't in my ain. It was a lang time before I could detect it as self-righteousness, for it works in two very different forms; but, whatever the outward form be, it is always the same self-righteousness at the bottom."

"And what are the twa forms o't?" asked the old man; "ye see I'm but a bairn, Mirran, beside you, though I'm auld enough to be your faither."

"There is, first and foremost," replied Mirran, "the manifest self-righteousness that nobody is deceived wi'. It boasts of its doings and its feelings, and is pleased wi' its own goodness, saying, like the Pharisee in the parable, 'God, I thank thee that I'm a good man.' That isna the form in which the trouble afflicts ye, Robin. But there is anither form o't; more hidden, indeed, but only, on that account, the more dangerous. This second kind o't doesna set a man on taking comfort from his being so good; but it does the same thing in reality: it sets him on desponding, because he is so bad. What has a man's own goodness or badness to do wi' the question, when salvation is based only and alone on God's free grace, and the perfection of Christ's finished work? The man that seeks for goodness in himsel, and rejoices because he thinks he has found it; and the man that seeks for goodness in himsel, and is near despair because he canna find it; why, Robin, baith o' them alike are turning their backs on the grace of God, and the sufficiency of Christ's finished work—baith alike are seeking to establish their own righteousness. Ye have seen a man in the fever, Robin. Well, then, ye have noticed that at one stage o't, the fever took a high turn, while at anither stage o't, it took a contrary turn; but whether high or low, it was aye the same fever. And so, Robin, is it wi' self-righteousness: it has a high stage, and it has a low stage; but, whether high or low, it's aye the same self-righteousness. And let me say't in kindness, that it's the low stage o't the trouble that's afflicting you just now. What I would fain be kept at, Robin, for mysel, is, neither to be lifted up wi' anything that seems good in me, nor yet made desponding by any discoveries of evil (though I desire to be deeply humbled by it); but I would fain find a' my comfort in the person and work of Christ—that Christ who is 'made of God unto us wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption.'"

Robin's face was brightening up a little.

"I think, Mirran," said he, "that ye've really dis-

covered the root of the whole evil; and yet I never suspected it. Oh, woman, I hae a wonderfu' hard and unbelieving heart; however, I feel jist a wee kennin' o' the warmth and sweetness that I wad like to feel mair o'. Ye wadna hae me to sit down contented jist as I am, wad ye? Should I not seek to feel very differently frae what I am doing?"

"Certainly," said Mirran; "press on, press on; but still, take good care to see that you are on the richt road before you press onward in't. If ye be seekin' for a state o' soul in which ye'll be better pleased wi' yoursel, then ye'll never get it; and the more you press forward in this road, the farther will you go wrong. As the prophet says, 'My people shall be satisfied with my goodness, saith the Lord;' while, we, alas! often try unco hard to be satisfied wi' our own. But the Lord will keep his children frae gettin' a rest except in himsel. If, however, ye want to attain to more satisfaction o' heart in the Lord's goodness, press on, press on, Robin; for, outside o' yoursel, there's neither hinderance to your speed nor limits to your journey. His goodness is infinite. What we need, Robin, is a lively faith that ever looks on the glories of the Father as revealed to us in the person and the work of the Son; and then, while faith is lively, feeling and a' else will be lively likewise."

"Yes, Mirran," said the old man; "this is the victory that overcometh the world, and overcometh a' else, even our faith. But how is decayed faith to be revived, think ye? Ye see I'm jist like a schule wean that has to begin at the beginning, for I ken naething."

"Faith cometh by hearing," said Mirran, solemnly, "and hearing by the Word of God." Faith is the fruit o' the Spirit; but the Holy Spirit produces or increases it only in connection wi' his own Word. Be much ta'en up wi' the Word of God, Robin. Dinna think your own thoughts about spiritual things, but let God tell you his thoughts; hearken carefully to him, and believe a' that he tells you. This is a main point. Whatever God says, be ye sure to receive his word, and to mix it wi' faith. Unless you mix the word wi' faith, the word alone will do you harm instead o' good. So, then, as your understanding comprehends some part o' the meaning o' each glorious utterance, let your heart assent to it as an undoubted truth, because God speaks it; and let its precious lessons of warning, comfort, or in-

struction fill your soul wi' their heavenly sweetness. But, Robin, see to keep by God's Bible, and take care never to open, or to read a verse of Satan's. Ye have been reading ouer much o' the Deevil's Bible this while back, and much sin and sorrow has come out o't."

"Deevil's Bible! that's an extraordinary name, Mirran. What mean ye by that?"

"I mean simply that ye have been thinking your ain thochts on subjects, about which your ain thochts arena able to give you licht. Na, more than that, ye have preferred to lean on these thochts which were suggested to you by the enemy, to leaning on the true and gracious words of the God of all grace. Who told you, Robin, that you were such a sinner? God's Bible, maybe. Well, but who told you, on the back of that, that such a sinner as you would not at once meet God's pardoning mercy in Christ Jesus? Ye gotna that information in his Bible. There isna a verse wi' such a word in't between Genesis and Revelation. Ye got that, where there's a hantle mair o' a similar kind to be got, out o' your ain foolish and self-righteous heart, the thoughts of which, on spiritual subjects, are jist Satan's Bible. You must give it up for ever, Robin, and in spiritual things ye must believe naething but what ye have chapter and verse for. Oh, look up, Robin, from amid your poverty and ruin, and instead o' letting your sense o' poverty and ruin drive you in despair away from God, let it rather increase your joy in that Saviour who has come to give to the chief of sinners the full adoption of a child of God. Yes, look up, and, as your heart warms at faith's sight of Jesus on the Father's richt hand, remember that whenever you take him for your portion you get him for your portion; and that, wi' a' his riches o' grace and glory, he's as much your ain, ay, far more your ain, than that poor, sinfu', wearifu' heart is yours. And so, while you are humbled with a sense of what you are in yoursel, let your heart be lifted up in the joyous faith of what Jesus is to you. But there's the eight-hour bell, and I'm past my appointed time. Good-nicht Robin. I'm unco houpu' that ye're about to get your receipts again; but take care not to lose them this time. 'Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.' Good-nicht, Robin."

"Good-nicht, Mirran."

J. D.

SELF-DEDICATION TO GOD.

BY CHARLES J. BROWN, D.D., EDINBURGH.

"O LORD, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds."—Ps. cxvi. 16.

LOOSSED my bonds." Whatever reference the psalmist may have had in that expression to deliverance from the grave—from impending bodily death, we gather, I think, sufficiently from

the whole strain and spirit of the psalm, that he points in it, over and above, to the anguish of a more inward, soul bondage, the effect of departure from the living God, out of the depths of which he had called on the name of the Lord, as

he speaks at the third verse, "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the LORD: O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul." In answer to his cry, the Lord had not only preserved his temporal life, but loosed his spirit from its bonds,—restored to him the joy of his salvation,—brought him back again into the blessed liberty of His children. And so—just as he thus opens the psalm, "I love the LORD, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live:" and as, at the seventh verse, he says, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the LORD hath dealt bountifully with thee. For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living"—so now, in our text, he renews, reiterates, his everlasting self-dedication to God, saying, "O LORD, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds." The particular occasion of the psalm is uncertain. If David, as I think every way probable, was the penman of it, would not the occasion of the rebellion of his son Absalom—that fruit of his terrible sin in the matter of Uriah—together with his restoration at length to Jerusalem and to his kingdom in peace, fulfil somewhat remarkably the whole conditions of the psalm? But however this may be, I mean to take the words more at large and in general, even as the Holy Ghost evidently designed them to embody the feelings and the exercise of God's children in every age, remembering and realizing their redemption from the bonds of sin and death and the curse, and, again and again, thus thankfully devoting themselves to the God of their salvation, "O LORD, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds."

Notice two things here—the *old bonds*, and the *new*. First, the old bonds loosed; and second, the new and blessed bonds that have come in the place of them for ever, "O LORD, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds."

I. First, the old bonds loosed—the *old bonds*. This psalm is but one of many places of Scripture, where a deep resemblance or analogy is traced between the bondage of the soul, and the death of the body,—between the condition of a sin-bound, sin-imprisoned soul, and the strong dark bondage of the grave. For, first, the bondage is, in both cases alike, desperate as to all human power of loosing from it. And second, it is, in both cases alike, unknown and unfelt by them that are held the fastest bound in it. And this, because, thirdly, it is *death*—death in both cases, soul and body alike. I can conceive some one here saying within himself, "So you tell us, but I cannot understand it well. It is easy, of course, to see what the strong dark bondage of the grave is—not so easy to see what that death, death-bondage, of souls is of which you speak." Dear friends, may not that just be what I have said, that the bondage is, in both cases alike, unknown and unfelt by those who are held the fastest bound in it? However—there is at least this difference between the two cases, that we cannot even speak to a body dead and in the grave. But we can speak to a sin-bound, death-bound soul. And I would fain speak a little to you, who are thus silently speaking to me, about this matter.

Suppose some man to have been guilty of a capital crime—say, murder—to have been convicted of it on the fullest evidence, and to have been sentenced to die in a fortnight. You can easily understand how that unhappy person is already dead in the eye of the law—already as good as dead, because held in the bonds of a death-sentence,—of a sentence of death. Ah! it is your case—it is *you* I speak of. For every sin is, in the government of the adorable God, capital—"the wages of sin is death"—the punishment annexed to it is death. You have sinned. The sentence has gone out already against you, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." You are held, at this hour, in the bonds—I speak to those who have not been in Christ loosed from them—the bonds of a death-sentence,—a sentence of eternal death, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them."

But this is not all. You are not only held in the

bonds of a sentence of death, but you are already *dead in sin*. So the Holy Ghost declares, when, speaking of some who had been for ever loosed from their bonds, he says, "You hath he quickened, who were *dead in trespasses and sins*." Oh, we have grown so familiar with these words that we fail to realize the fearful import of them. "Dead in sins"—not only chargeable with ten thousand thousand iniquities, but *dead* in them—as thoroughly, that is to say, estranged from, and incapable of, all righteousness, as a body dead and in the grave is incapable of all activity. Do not misunderstand me. It is not that we are incapable of activity, intense activity, in *sin*. "Dead in trespasses and sins," are the words, "wherein in time past ye walked"—*walked*. Alas! we are dead only to God,—too fully alive to sin—"dead in trespasses and sins, wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air." Thus are you in the bonds, also, of Satan, and of the world. Suffice it for my purpose, however, to say—the bondage of a manifold, terrible death. I said a little ago, that the bondage is, in both cases, body and soul alike, *deperate* as to all human power of loosing from it. But, in the case of the soul, the bondage is *unspeakably* more dreadful for this reason, to which I crave your attention, that the power of God, at least, though not the power of man, can loose from the bondage of the grave. It needed but the simple word and will of the Lord Jesus to bring Lazarus from his tomb—"Lazarus, come forth: and he that was dead came forth." But the power even of omnipotence (to speak reverently) cannot loose from the bondage of a dead soul, consisting, as it partly does, in that sentence of death in the law of which I just now spoke. For to that sentence, *power*, simple power, can have no kind of application. God no more can loose the sentence of his law by any mere act of will or power, than he can deny Himself, or falsify his whole character and perfections.

But, strange to say, it is just at this point, where the bondage of the soul has reached its strongest and deadliest—for, "the strength of sin is the law" (1 Cor. xv. 56)—that we are ready to hear of the loosing of all the bonds together—the old bonds *loosed*. For, that sentence of the law

which the power of God could not loose, the *blood* of the Lamb of God could. "God" could and doth loose it "with his own blood." "God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law." The everlasting Son of the Father took our nature upon him, and, with it, and in it, our very bonds—our very sentence,—girt himself round with it,—bore it,—exhausted it. And now, no sooner is a sinner united to the Crucified One by true and living faith, than the sentence, borne by the Surety, falls from off him, as it is written, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us"—and, with the sentence, all the other bonds together—sin, Satan, the world. None of them can survive that sentence. For, "the strength of sin is the law:" and, as it is written, "sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace."

II. But thus you will perceive that we are already in our second head, namely, *the new bonds which have come in place of the old for ever*. For, "sin shall not have dominion over you." But to be free from the dominion of sin is but another word for the serving of God—and that is the *new bonds*—as Paul again and again speaks of "being made free from sin, and becoming the servants of righteousness,"—"being made free from sin, and becoming servants of God." "O LORD," says David, "truly I am *thy servant*; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds." Thus, secondly, I speak to you of the *new bonds of the service of God* which have come in place of the old for ever. First here, I offer a general remark. It is, necessarily, an alternative for us all—a choice for us of bonds—of the old or the new. For we cannot possibly be free from bonds of every kind. We are creatures, and must needs be under some master,—God or Satan. It is a choice for us, I repeat, between the old bonds of sin, Satan, the world, hell; and the new and blessed bonds of the service of the adorable God, of which now I speak a little to you. Two remarks will suffice on the new bonds of the service of God, as presented in the text—the one having respect to the *na-*

ture of them, the other to the *spring and source* of them.

1. First, as to the *nature* of the new bonds, we are taught here that, as they consist generally in the service of God, so that service is, in the kind and character of it, first, true; second, entire; and, third, hearty and free.

(1.) It is *true*—"O LORD, *truly* I am thy servant." It is no such hollow, simulated, false-hearted service of God, as men too often vow at communion tables, leaving them only to serve their own lusts, and the world, and the devil. See how David is speaking here to God, the Searcher of hearts. "O LORD," says he—"O LORD, truly I am thy servant." Just as, at the ninth verse, he had said, "I will walk before the LORD"—as under the eye, and in the immediate presence, of the LORD, "in the land of the living," so here, "O LORD, truly I am thy servant." The truth is, that those self-deceivers at communion tables do not speak to God at all. If they would but observe with care their own feelings, they would find that they either speak to no one, or, at best, speak to the outer world, but do not speak at all to God. "O Jehovah," David says, "truly I am thy servant."

(2.) And, as the service is true, so it is *entire*—not a half, divided service, shared deliberately between God and mammon, sin and righteousness, Christ and Belial. The Psalmist, by a beautiful figure, tells the entirety of his service, "O LORD," he says, "truly I am thy servant, and *the son of thine handmaid*." For, as a slave born in the house,—born of a bondmaid in the family, was esteemed more thoroughly and unquestionably a slave, than one reduced for the first time to servitude, so says David, "I am thy servant, and *the son of thine handmaid*"—although I do not see why he may not include, over and above, the idea of a godly mother—since the two thoughts are in fullest harmony—"I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds."

(3.) And as the service is true and entire, so also it is *hearty and free*. See how the spontaneity of it comes out in every word, "O LORD, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds." David, in fact, does not call it *bonds* at

all. "Thou hast *loosed* my bonds," he says. And yet it is bonds, though very strange ones—bonds of liberty, the very defence and safeguard of liberty, yea, liberty itself, as he elsewhere speaks, "I will walk at liberty, *for* I seek thy precepts." O yes, the service of God is the very freedom and happiness of the creature—"Man's chief end," and highest good also, "is to glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever." Thus much, shortly, of the new bonds in the *nature* of them.

2. Then, my second remark has respect to the *spring and source* of the new bonds. It is taught here as to this, that *the loosing of the old bonds, is the source and spring of the new*, "O LORD, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds." It is so in different ways. Thus,—

(1.) First, the loosing of the old bonds is the source and spring of the new, in that it is indispensable to the whole forming of the new. So long as the old are unloosed, the new cannot possibly exist. If we cannot be free from *both* old and new—as I said—no more can we be *under both* at the same time. A man who is under sentence of death cannot serve his country. His country can take no service at his hands. The sinner under sentence of death in the divine law cannot serve God. God can accept no service from him. And, besides, he is serving sin, the devil, the world, and cannot serve both masters—God and sin—together. First, I say, the loosing of the old bonds is the indispensable condition of the whole existence of the new.

(2.) Second, the loosing of the old bonds is the source and spring of the new, inasmuch as it fires the new, many ways, sweetly and strongly on the soul—enhances, many ways, the obligation of God's service on the soul. True, the believer is said to be "*delivered from the law*." But only, of course, in the curse and penalty of it—from the law as the condition of eternal life and death—from the law as a covenant of works. Considered as the *rule* and *standard* of the soul's service, not only does the law abide unchanged, but the obligation of it is in many ways enhanced. For it is not now the will of a Master only, a Law-giver, a Sovereign, but of a Father also, a Husband, a God in covenant—"O LORD, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the

son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds."

(3.) Third, the loosing of the old bonds is the source and spring of the new, in that God's express purpose and design, in the loosing of the old, was to fix the new upon the soul,—to set the soul free to serve and glorify Him for ever—as it is written, "Now we are delivered from the law, being dead to that" (margin) "wherein we were held, *that we should serve* in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter;" and again, "What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh; *that* the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." The purpose of God, I say, in the loosing of the old bonds was to fix the new upon the soul for ever—"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people *that we*, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life."

(4.) Fourth, the loosing of the old bonds is the source and spring of the new, in that it brings into the soul an almighty power and strength, even the strength of the Holy Ghost, to effectually persuade, enable, and constrain the soul to the service of God. O yes, in the same hour in which the curse falls from off the soul, the Holy Ghost enters it—"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us, that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ, that we might receive *the promise of the Spirit* through faith." "Sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but *under grace*"—the grace of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of holiness, of whom it is written in the new covenant, "I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them."

(5.) But yet again, the loosing of the old bonds is the source and spring of the new, in that, along with power, it brings to bear on the soul all manner of inducements, persuasives, arguments, considerations, motives, to the service of God; and, specially, among these, the motive of an

overpowering gratitude and love, under the influence of which it comes to pass that, whereas we could not before serve God, now we cannot *but* serve him, as David sings in this psalm, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me?"—"Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee, for thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living." "A certain creditor," said Jesus, "had two debtors; the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty: and when they had nothing to pay he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered, I suppose that he to whom he forgave most"—"The love of Christ constraineth us"—"We love him, because he first loved us." In one of the Southern States of America, in the old days of slavery, there was a slave girl whom a noble-hearted Christian man purchased at a large price, for the purpose of bestowing her freedom upon her. When the writing of liberty was placed in her hand, she did not at first understand it. But when it was explained to her, she refused to leave her benefactor—insisted on following him, and serving him all her days. And when afterwards, strangers, visiting at the house of her master, marked her untiring, devoted, eager, service of him, and would learn the secret of it—"he redeemed me!" was her one answer—"he redeemed me! he redeemed me!" The song of heaven is, "Thou art worthy, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood." "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Thus of the old bonds loosed; and of the new, which have come in the place of them for ever. I would address a closing word or two, first, to those who are strangers altogether to the new bonds; and, second, to those that are not strangers to them, but have exchanged for them the old for ever.

First, I speak a word to you who are strangers altogether to the new bonds. You are not strangers

to *bonds*, however. You are in the old bonds—"Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?" The Apostle goes on to ask of those to whom he wrote, and who had been loosed from their bonds, "What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed?" Ah! it may be that *you* are not ashamed. But will you just read the text thus, "O Satan, world, self, sin—truly I am your servant." You shrink from that. Well; you cannot be loosed from the old bonds, save by exchanging them for the new. And the Lord Jesus bids you welcome to make that exchange: "Come unto me," he says, "all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you"—I will give you rest from your own yoke, from the old bonds—then "take *my* yoke upon you," the new bonds, "and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Ah! I can speak to you. But God can speak after another manner, "When I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, Live; yea, I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, Live." "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Second, to those who are not strangers to the new bonds, but have exchanged for them the old for ever, I would simply say, Happy, thrice happy, servants of the Lord! When the Queen of Sheba visited Solomon, and witnessed the grandeur of his court, she exclaimed, "Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee." Oh, poor, poor Solomon! Happy servants, I repeat, of *our* Solomon—of the King of kings, the blessed and only Potentate! What a service! What a Master! What a reward (though, indeed, this service is its own reward), "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!" "There shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it: and his servants shall serve him; and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads." What remains, but that you remember well, and meditate often on

the old bonds loosed—the bonds, and the wondrous loosing of them; that you may again and again renew your self-dedication to the Lord, saying, "O LORD, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds." It may prove helpful to you in this, to bring under your notice the following *Leaflet*, which I have long esteemed very precious:—

A HELP TO SELF-DEDICATION.

"I, the Lord, will make an everlasting covenant with you."—Isa. lv. 3
 "One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord."—Isa. xlv. 8.

LORD God of hosts, thou didst enter into covenant with Abraham, as he waited beside the sacrifices which *he* had prepared (Gen. xv. 18), and thou art now graciously waiting beside Jesus, the sacrifice which *Thou* hast prepared, in order that sinners may come and enter into covenant with thee (2 Cor. v. 19). Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and I am no more worthy to be called thy child; but thou, in thy rich mercy, art willing to receive me, and I, through thy grace, am willing to be thine. I lay all my sin (Isa. liii. 6), the sin of my nature (Pa. li. 5), the sin of my heart (Jer. xvii. 9), the sin of my life (Job xxxiii. 27), the sin of my lips (Isa. vi. 5), my secret sins (Pa. cxxxix. 3),—I lay all my sins, and iniquities, and unrighteousnesses, and transgressions, upon Jesus the Lamb of God; and, cleansed by his blood, and made acceptable in his righteousness (Eph. i. 6, 7), I desire now to give myself to thee (2 Cor. viii. 5) in an everlasting covenant, never to be broken (Jer. xxxii. 40).

I am not my own, I am thine (1 Cor. vi. 19). My heart is not my own, it is thine; I will endeavour to keep it for thee, and to make it Bethel, a temple for the Holy Ghost (2 Cor. vi. 16). My thoughts are not my own, they are thine; I will cultivate godly and heavenly meditations (Pa. i. 2, and lxiii. 6). My words are not my own, they are thine; I will avoid all idle, unprofitable, vain-glorious, flattering, uncharitable discourse (Eph. iv. 29; Col. iii. 8, 9); and I will seek to have my conversation always savouring of Christ and heaven (Deut. vi. 7; Matt. xii. 34-37; Col. iii. 16). My eyes are not my own, they are thine; I will withhold them from looking upon sin and vanity (Hab. i. 13). My wealth is not my own, it is thine; I am only thy steward; I will therefore lay it out prudently and faithfully for thee, avoiding all unnecessary expense upon myself (Deut. xxiv. 19-21; Job xxix. 12, 13; Prov. iii. 9, 10; Matt. xxv. 35, 36; Luke xxi. 2-4). My time is not my own, it is thine; I will employ it for thee, doing all I do as unto the Lord, striving every day to grow in grace and in knowledge, and to make myself useful to my fellow-men; I will redeem my time from too long or needless visits, idle imaginations,

fruitless discourse, unnecessary sleep, and more than needful care about my worldly affairs (Eph. v. 16; Col. iv. 5). I desire to commit all I have to thee; my friends, my family, my health, my business, my esteem in the world. I am willing to receive what thou givest, to want what thou withholdest, to relinquish what thou takest, to suffer what thou inflictest, to be what thou requirest, and to do what thou commandest.

Lord God of hosts, I desire deliberately, cheerfully, and with full purpose of heart, thus to surrender myself wholly and for ever to thee; I feel that this is my duty, my interest, my privilege, my glory;—I believe that thou wilt receive what I thus give (2 Cor. vi. 17), I believe that thou wilt keep what I have thus committed to thee (2 Tim. i. 12); I will trust in thee for temporal provision (Ps. xxiii. 1); I will trust in thee for support under daily cares and labours (Isa. xxvi. 3); I will trust in thee for pardon of daily sins (Ezek. xxxvi. 25); I will trust in thee for growth and fruitfulness (Hos. xiv. 5); I will trust in thee for strength in the hour of death (Isa. xliii. 2). If I sin, may I grieve without despair; if I walk uprightly, may I rejoice without pride.

Lord Jesus, I take thee for my Prophet, my Priest, my King, my Life, my Light, my Rest, my Joy, my Glory, my All in All.

Spirit of Adoption, that proceedest from the Father and the Son, I desire to receive thee into my soul, that thou mayest abide with me. Convince me of sin, convince me of judgment, guide me into all truth, take of the things of Christ and show them unto me; be as the dew and rain of heaven to my soul, causing the word of life to take root, and grow, and bear the fruits of peace, joy, love, gentleness; enable me to mortify the flesh with its affections and lusts,—when the enemy comes in like a flood, do thou lift up a standard against him; be in me as a well of living water,—be in me as the earnest of the inheritance, as the first fruits of heaven,—sealing me unto the day of redemption. Holy and Blessed Spirit, help me to distinguish between thy voice and the voice of the evil one,—between thy suggestions and the impulses of the flesh,—between thy leadings and the frowardness of my own heart. I will labour not to resist, nor grieve, nor dishonour, nor quench thee; but with a humble, broken, mortified, self-denying spirit, will endeavour to fall in with thee in all things, and to think, and speak, and act in thee.

“O LORD, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.”

HENRY VENN AND HIS MINISTRY;

OR, ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Continued.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE.

HENRY VENN was vicar of Huddersfield from 1759 to 1771. These twelve years, we need not doubt, were the period of his greatest public usefulness. In the full vigour of his bodily and mental faculties, with his mind thoroughly made up about all the leading doctrines of the gospel, with his heart thoroughly set on his Master's business, he entered his new sphere with peculiar power and acceptance, and soon made full proof of his ministry. His time there was certainly short, if measured by years alone, in consequence of his failing health; but if measured by action and usefulness, like Edward the Sixth's reign, it was very long indeed.

For more than one reason a peculiar interest attaches to Venn's ministry at Huddersfield. For one thing, he was the only one of the seven spiritual heroes of the last century who ever became incumbent of a large town population. Wesley and Whitefield were itinerant

evangelists, whose parish was the world. Rowmaine was the rector of a little confined district in the City. Rowlands lived and died among Welsh mountains, Grimshaw on Yorkshire moors, and Berridge in Bedfordshire plains. Venn was the only man among the seven who could number his lawful parishioners by thousands.—For another thing, he was the first evangelical clergyman in the Church of England who proved that the manufacturing masses of our fellow-countrymen can be thoroughly reached by the gospel. He proved to a demonstration that the working-classes in our great northern towns are to be got at just like other men, if they are approached in the proper way. He proved that the preaching of the cross suits the wants of all Adam's children, and that it can “turn the world upside down” among looms and coal-mines, just as thoroughly as it can in watering-places, country parishes, or metropolitan chapels-of-ease. We all know this now. Nobody would dream of

denying it. But we must remember it was not so well known a hundred years ago. Let honour be given where honour is due. The first clergyman in England who fairly proved the power of evangelical aggression on a manufacturing parish was Henry Venn.

A clergyman's work in a large town district in the last century was very unlike what it is in these times. A vast quantity of religious machinery, with which every one is familiar now, in those days did not exist. City missions, Scripture readers' societies, Pastoral aid societies, Bible women, mothers' meetings, were utterly unknown. Even schools for the children of the poor were few, and comparatively defective, and utterly out of proportion to the wants of the population. In short, the evangelical minister of a great town a hundred years ago was almost entirely shut up to the use of one weapon. The good old apostolical plan of incessant preaching, both "publicly and from house to house," was nearly the only machine that he could use. He was forced to be pre-eminently a man of one thing, and a soldier with one weapon, a perpetual preacher of God's word. Whether in the long run the minister of last century did not do more good with his one weapon than many do in modern times with an immense train of parochial machinery, is a question which admits of much doubt. My own private opinion is, that we have too much lost sight of apostolical simplicity in our ministerial work. We want more men of one thing and one book, men who make everything secondary to preaching the word. It is hard to have many irons in the fire at once, and to keep them all hot. It is quite possible to make an idol of parochial machinery, and for the sake of it to slight the pulpit.

These things ought to be carefully remembered in forming an estimate of Venn's ministry at Huddersfield. Let us never forget that he went to his great Yorkshire parish, like David against Goliath, with nothing but his sling and stones, and an unwavering faith in the power of God. He went there with no sympathizing London committee to correspond with him, encourage him, and assist him with funds. He went there with no long-tried plans and approved modes of evangelical aggression in his pocket. He went there with

nothing but his Bible, and his Master at his side. Bearing these things in mind, I think the following extracts from his admirable biography ought to possess a peculiar interest in our eyes.

His son, John Venn, says: "As soon as he began to preach at Huddersfield, the church became crowded to such an extent that many were not able to procure admission. Numbers became deeply impressed with concern about their immortal souls; persons flocked from the distant hamlets, inquiring what they must do to be saved. He found them in general utterly ignorant of their state by nature, and of the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. His bowels yearned over his flock, and he was never satisfied with his labours among them, though they were continued to a degree ruinous to his health. On the Sunday he would often address the congregation from the desk, briefly explaining the psalms and the lessons. He would frequently begin the service with a solemn and most impressive address, exhorting the worshippers to consider themselves as in the presence of the great God of heaven, whose eye was in a particular manner upon them, while they drew nigh to him in his own house. His whole soul was engaged in preaching; and as at this time he only used short notes in the pulpit, ample room was left to indulge the feelings of compassion, tenderness, and love, with which his heart overflowed towards his people. In the week he statedly visited the different hamlets in his extensive parish; and collecting some of the inhabitants at a private house, he addressed them with a kindness and earnestness which moved every heart." A letter written in 1762 to Lady Huntingdon, informs us that in that year, besides his stated work on the Lord's day, the vicar of Huddersfield generally preached eight or ten sermons in the week in distant parts of the parish, when many came to hear who would not come to church. It also mentions that his out-door preaching was found especially useful.

His grandson, Henry Venn, has gathered some additional facts about his Huddersfield ministry, which are well worth recording. He tells us that "Mr. Venn made a great point of the due observance of the Sabbath, both in the town and parish. He induced several of the most respectable and influential inhabitants to perambulate the town,

and by persuasion, rather than by legal intimidation, to repress the open violation of the day. By such means a great and evident reformation was accomplished."

"He endeavoured to preserve the utmost reverence and devotion in public worship, constantly pressing this matter upon his people. He read the service with peculiar solemnity and effect. The *Te Deum*, especially, was recited with a triumphant air and tone, which often produced a perceptible sensation throughout the whole congregation. He succeeded in inducing the people to join in the responses and singing. Twice in the course of his ministry at Huddersfield he preached a course of sermons in explanation of the Liturgy. On one occasion, as he went up to church, he found a considerable number of persons in the churchyard, waiting for the commencement of the service. He stopped to address them, saying, he hoped they were preparing their hearts for the service of God, and that he had himself much to do to preserve his heart in a right frame. He concluded by waving his hand for them to go into the church before him, and waited till they had all entered."

"He took great pains in catechizing the younger members of his congregation, chiefly those who were above fourteen years of age. The number was often very considerable; and he wrote out for their use a very copious Explanation of the Church Catechism, in the way of questions and answers." *

The immediate effects produced by Henry Venn's preaching appear to have been singularly deep, powerful, and permanent. Both his son and grandson have supplied some striking illustration of them.

His son says: "A club, chiefly composed of Socinians, in a neighbouring market-town, having heard much censure and ridicule bestowed upon the preaching of Henry Venn, sent two of their ablest members to hear this strange preacher, detect his absurdities, and furnish matter of

merriment for the next meeting. They accordingly went to Huddersfield Church; but were greatly struck, on entering, by seeing the multitude that was assembled together, and by observing the devotion of their behaviour, and their anxiety to attend the worship of God. When Mr. Venn ascended the reading-desk, he addressed his flock, as usual, with a solemnity and dignity which showed him to be deeply interested in the work in which he was engaged. The subsequent earnestness of his preaching, and the solemn appeals he made to conscience, deeply impressed the visitors, so that one of them observed, as they left the church, 'Surely God is in this place! There is no matter for laughter here!' This gentleman immediately called on Mr. Venn, told him who he was, and the purpose for which he had come, and earnestly begged his forgiveness and his prayers. He requested Mr. Venn to visit him without delay, and left the Socinian congregation; and from that time to the hour of his death became one of Mr. Venn's most faithful and affectionate friends." *

"Another gentleman, highly respectable for his character, talents, and piety, the late William Hey, Esq., of Leeds, used frequently to go to Huddersfield to hear Mr. Venn preach, and he assured me that once returning home with an intimate friend, they neither of them opened their lips to each other, till they came within a mile of Leeds, a distance of fifteen miles, so deeply were they impressed by the truths which they had heard, and the manner in which they had been delivered."

Henry Venn's grandson visited Huddersfield in 1824, fifty-three years after his honoured grandfather had left the place. On inquiry, he found that even after the lapse of half a century the fruits of his wonderful ministry were yet remaining on earth. The memorials he gathered together from these survivors of the old congregation are so deeply interesting, that I am sure my readers will be glad to hear them, though in a somewhat abridged form.

Mr. Venn's grandson says: "Through the kind assistance of Benjamin Hudson, Esq., of Huddersfield, I saw all the old people then living in the

* I cannot make out whether this Explanation of the Church Catechism was ever published. It certainly does not appear in a complete manuscript catalogue of Mr. Venn's writings which, by the kindness of one of his descendants, is now lying before me. If it was ever published it seems a pity that it has fallen out of sight, and is not better known. Something, perhaps, would be known of it in the town of Huddersfield at this day. Can any reader throw light on the point?

* This gentleman was James Kershaw, Esq., of Halifax.

town and neighbourhood who had received their first religious impressions under my grandfather's ministry, and still maintained a religious character. They were all in the middle or lower ranks of life; none of a superior class had survived. What I am about to record must, therefore, be received as the genuine and unstudied testimony of persons of plain, unpolished sense.

"Mr. William Brook of Longwood gave me the following account of the first sermon he heard at Huddersfield Church: 'I was first led to go by listening with an uncle of mine, named W. Mellor, at the door of a prayer-meeting: we thought there must be something uncommon to make people so earnest. My uncle was about nineteen, and I was about sixteen; and we went together to the church one Thursday evening. There was a great crowd within the church, all silent, and many weeping. The text was, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." W. Mellor was deeply attentive; and when we came out of church we did not say a word to each other till we got some way into the fields. Then W. Mellor stopped, leaned his back against a wall, and burst into tears, saying, "I can't stand this." His conviction of sin was from that time most powerful, and he became quite a changed character. I was not so much affected at that time; but I could not after that sermon be easy in sin. I began to pray regularly; and so, by degrees, I was brought to know myself, and to seek salvation in earnest. The people used to go from Longwood in droves, to Huddersfield Church, three miles off. Some of them came out of church together, whose ways home were in this direction; and they used to stop at the Firs' End, about a mile off, and talk over, for some time, what they had heard, before they separated to go to their homes. That place has been to me like a little heaven below!'

"'I never heard a minister like him. He was most powerful in unfolding the terrors of the law. When doing so, he had a stern look that would make you tremble. Then he would turn off to the offers of grace, and begin to smile, and go on entreating till his eyes filled with tears.'"

"The next person I saw was George Crow, aged eighty-two, of Lockwood, a hamlet about a mile from the town. When I asked him whether

he ever thought of old times, he answered, 'Ah, yes! and shall do to the last. I thought when Mr. Venn went I should be like Rachel for the rest of my days, weeping and refusing to be comforted. I was abidingly impressed the first time I heard him, at an early period of his ministry. He was such a preacher as I never heard before or since; he struck upon the passions like no other man. Nobody could help being affected: the most wicked and ill-conditioned men went to hear him, and fell like slaked lime in a moment, even though they were not converted. I could have heard him preach all the night through.'

"I also visited Ellen Roebuck, eighty-five, living at Almondbury. She was very deaf and infirm, but when she understood the object of my visit she talked with great energy. 'I well remember his first coming to Huddersfield, and the first sermon he preached. It was on that text, "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they may be saved." and it was as true of himself as it was of St. Paul. He took every method for instructing the people; he left nothing unturned. Always at work! it was a wonder he had not done for himself sooner. The lads he catechized used to tell him that people said he was teaching a new doctrine, and leading us into error; but he always replied, "Never mind them, do not answer them; read your Bibles, and press forward, dear lads; press forward, and you cannot miss heaven."'

"I saw also John Starkey of Cawcliff, aged eighty. As I conversed with him, he seemed gradually to wake up, till his countenance glistened with joy. He said, 'I esteemed Mr. Venn too much for a man. I almost forgot that he was a creature and an instrument. His going away went nearer to my heart than anything. He was a wonderful preacher. When he got warm with his subject, he looked as if he would jump out of his pulpit. He made many weep. I have often wept at his sermons. I could have stood to hear him till morning. When he came up to the church, he used to go round the churchyard and drive us all in before him.'"

I make no excuse for giving the above extracts. They speak for themselves. I pity the man who can read them without interest! If after fifty years such living witnesses to the power of

Henry Venn's ministry could be found, what may we suppose must the effect of his preaching have been in his own day and generation? If the direct good he did was so marked and unmistakable, what a vast amount of indirect good must have been done by his presence in the district where God placed him?

We must not for a moment suppose that Henry Venn's labours in Christ's cause were entirely confined to Huddersfield during the time that he was vicar of that parish. So far from this being the case, there is abundant evidence that he occasionally did the work of an evangelist in many parts of England very distant from Yorkshire. We possess no journal of his movements, but a close examination of that interesting but oddly-arranged book, "*Lady Huntingdon's Life and Times*," shows plainly that the vicar of Huddersfield preached every year in many pulpits beside his own. It could hardly be otherwise. He was on terms of intimate friendship with all the leading evangelists of his day; such as Wesley, Whitefield, Grimshaw, and Fletcher. These apostolic men not unfrequently found their way to Huddersfield vicarage, and preached for him in his pulpit. We cannot wonder that, so long as health permitted, Venn helped them in return. In fact, he seems frequently to have made excursions through various parts of England, and to have laboured in every way to preach the gospel, as an itinerant, so far as parochial engagements would allow him. We hear of him constantly in Lady Huntingdon's chapel at Oathall near Brighton, and at Bath. At one time he is at Bretby near Burton-on-Trent. At another he is at Fletcher's famous establishment at Trevecca in South Wales. Occasionally we read of his preaching at Bristol, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Worcester, and London. The half of his labours, probably, outside his own parish is entirely unknown.

The truth must be spoken on this point. It is vain to attempt to draw any broad line of distinction between Henry Venn and his great coteremporaries in the revival of the last century. No doubt he had a large town parish, and of course found it more difficult than others to be long absent from home. But in all spiritual points, and in his judgment of what the times required, he was entirely one with Whitefield and Grimshaw. He

delighted in their labours. He stood by their side and helped them, whenever he had an opportunity. When Grimshaw died it was Henry Venn who preached his funeral sermon in Luddenden Church. When Whitefield died, the man who preached the noblest funeral sermon in Lady Huntingdon's Chapel at Bath was the same Henry Venn. Conduct like this, I am afraid, will not recommend my hero to some churchmen. They will think he would have done better if he had confined his labours to Huddersfield, and abstained from apparent irregularities. I content myself with saying that I cannot agree with them. I think that in keeping up intimate relations with the itinerant *evangelists* of last century, Venn did what was best and wisest in the days in which he lived. I think his unhesitating attachment to Whitefield to the very last a singularly noble trait in his character. It ought never to be forgotten that the last sermon preached by Whitefield in Yorkshire before he sailed for America to die, was delivered in the pulpit of Huddersfield Church.

An extract from a letter written by Venn to Lady Huntingdon, about the year 1768, will give a very clear idea of the unhesitating line which the vicar of Huddersfield took, and the boldness with which he supported Whitefield. It was written on the occasion of Whitefield preaching on a tombstone in the churchyard of Cheltenham Parish Church, after permission had been refused to preach in the church. Venn says: "To give your ladyship any just description of what our eyes have witnessed and our hearts have felt within the last few days at Cheltenham, exceeds my feeble powers. My inmost soul is penetrated with an overwhelming sense of the power and presence of Jehovah, who has visited us with an effusion of his Spirit in a very eminent manner. There was a visible appearance of much soul-concern among the crowd that filled every part of the burial-ground. Many were overcome with fainting; others sobbed deeply; some wept silently; and a solemn concern appeared on the countenance of almost the whole assembly. But when he pressed the injunction of the text (*Isa. lv. 1*) on the unconverted and ungodly, his words seemed to act like a sword, and many burst out into piercing cries. At this juncture, Mr. Whitefield made an awful pause of a few seconds, and wept

himself. During this interval Mr. Madan and myself stood up and requested the people as much as possible to restrain themselves from making a noise. Oh, with what eloquence, what energy, what melting tenderness did Mr. Whitefield beseech sinners to be reconciled to God, to come to Him for life everlasting, and to rest their weary souls on Christ the Saviour! When the sermon was ended the people seemed chained to the ground. Mr. Madan, Mr. Talbot, and myself found ample employment in trying to comfort those who seemed broken down under a sense of guilt. We separated in different directions among the crowd, and each was quickly surrounded by an attentive audience still eager to hear all the words of this life. Of such a season it may well be said, I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation I have succoured thee; behold! now is the accepted time—behold! now is the day of salvation!”

In the year 1771, Henry Venn's useful Yorkshire ministry came to an end. Most reluctantly he left Huddersfield, and became the rector of Yelling, a small country living in Huntingdonshire. This happened when he was only forty-seven years old. There were many who blamed him for the step, and thought that he ought to have died at his post in Yorkshire. But really, when the circumstances of the case are fairly considered, it seems impossible to say that he was wrong. His health during the latter period of his residence at Huddersfield failed so completely, that his public usefulness was almost at an end. He had a cough and spitting of blood, beside other symptoms of approaching consumption. He was only able to preach once a fortnight; and even then the exertion rendered him incapable of rising from his couch for several days. In short, it is very evident that if he had continued at Huddersfield much longer, he would have died. Just at this crisis, his friend the Lord Chief Baron Smythe, who was one of the Commissioners of the great Seal, offered him the Chancellor's living of Yelling. The offer appears to me to have been a providential opening, and I think Venn was quite right to accept it.

It is easy to find fault with Venn for “over-working” himself at Huddersfield, and to hold him up as a beacon and warning to young ministers

who are full of zeal and abundant in labours. I venture to doubt, however, whether it is quite just and fair. Nothing, I suspect, had so much to do with his removal from Huddersfield as the death of his wife in 1767, leaving him a widower with five young children. Up to this time, his position at Huddersfield had been one of many trials, partly from the bitter opposition of many who hated evangelical religion, partly from the straitened circumstances to which his very scanty income often reduced him. But so long as his wife lived, none of these things seemed to have moved him. Mrs. Venn was a woman of rare prudence, calmness, good sense, affection, and sympathy. She was, in fact, her husband's right hand. When she died, such a load of care and anxiety was accumulated on his head, that his health gradually gave way. People who have not been placed in similar circumstances, may probably not understand all this. Those who have had this cross to carry, can testify that there is no position in this world so trying to body and soul as that of the minister who is left a widower with a young family and a large congregation. There are anxieties in such cases which no one knows but he who has gone through them, anxieties which can crush the strongest spirit, and wear out the strongest constitution. This, I strongly suspect, was one chief secret of Venn's removal from Huddersfield. He left it, no doubt, because he felt himself too ill to do any more work there. But the true cause probably of his breaking down was the load of care entailed on him by the death of his wife. It was just one of those secret blows from which a man's bodily health never recovers.

Venn's own private feelings, on leaving Huddersfield, are best described in a letter which he wrote at the time to Lady Huntingdon:—“No human being,” he says, “can tell how keenly I feel this separation from a people I have dearly loved. But the shattered state of my health, occasioned by my unpardonable length and loudness in speaking, has reduced me to a state which incapacitates me for the charge of so large a parish. Providence has put it into the heart of the Lord Commissioner to offer this small living to me. Pray for me, my most faithful friend, that God's blessing may go with me, and render

my feeble attempts to speak of his love and mercy efficacious to the conversion of souls. At Yelling, as at Huddersfield, I shall still be your ladyship's willing servant in the service of the gospel; and when I can be of any use in furthering your plans for the salvation of souls and the glory of Christ, I am your obedient servant at command."

It is recorded that the last two or three months of Venn's residence at Huddersfield were peculiarly affecting. At an early hour the church was crowded when he preached, so that vast numbers were compelled to go away. Many came from a great distance to take leave of him, and tell him how much they owed him for benefits received under his ministry. Mothers held up their children, saying, "There is the man who has been our faithful minister and our best friend!" The whole parish was deeply moved; and when he preached his farewell sermon (Col. iii. 2) he could hardly speak for deep emotion.

The parish of Yelling, to which Henry Venn retired on leaving Huddersfield, is a little agricultural district on the south-east border of Huntingdonshire, about seven miles south of Huntingdon, five east of St. Neots, and twelve miles west of Cambridge. At this present day it has a population of about 400 souls. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than the great evangelist of Yorkshire found between his new cure and his old. Vast indeed is the transition from the warm-hearted and intelligent worshippers of a northern manufacturing district to the dull, and cold, and impassive inhabitants of a purely agricultural parish in the south of England! Venn felt it deeply. He says himself in a letter to Stillingfleet, "Your letter found me under great searchings of heart, upon the point of beginning my ministry in this place. What a change from thousands to a company of one hundred! from a people generally enlightened, and many converted, to one yet sitting in darkness, and ignorant of the first principles of the gospel! from a house resounding with the voice of thanksgiving, like the noise of many waters, to one where the solitary singers please themselves with empty sounds, or gratify their vanity by the imagination of their own excellence! from a Bethel to myself, and many more, to a nominal worship of the God of

Christians! A change painful indeed, yet unavoidable. With a heavy heart, therefore, did I begin yesterday to address my new hearers."

Trying, however, as the change was to Henry Venn's mind, there can be no doubt that it was exceedingly beneficial to his body. The comparative rest and entire change of his new position in all probability saved his life. Little by little his constitution rallied and recovered its tone, until he was able to get through the work of his little parish with comparative ease. In short, after going away from Huddersfield, apparently to die, he lived on no less than twenty-six years, to the great joy of his friends, the great advantage of his family, and the great benefit of the Church of Christ. How little man knows what is best for his fellow-creatures! If the vicar of Huddersfield had remained at his post, and died in harness, his children would have lost the best training that children perhaps ever had, and the world would have lost a quantity of most valuable correspondence.

Venn's life at Yelling was singularly quiet and uneventful. His second marriage, soon after his settlement there, appears to have added much to his happiness. The lady whom he married was the widow of Mr. Smith of Kensington, and daughter of the Rev. James Ascough, vicar of Highworth, Wilts. In her he had the comfort of finding a thorough help, and a most wise and affectionate stepmother to his children. She lived with him twenty-one years, and was buried at Yelling. The domestic arrangements and employments at his country home were truly simple and edifying. The following sketch, drawn out by himself for a Huddersfield friend, gives a pleasing impression of the way in which his life went on: "You tell me you have no idea how we go on. Take the following sketch. I am up one of the first in the house, soon after five o'clock; and when prayer and reading the blessed Word is done my daughters make their appearance, and I teach them till Mrs. Venn comes down at half-past eight. Then family prayer begins, which is often very sweet, as my own servants are all, I believe, born of God. The children begin to sing prettily; and our praises, I trust, are heard on high. From breakfast we are all employed till we ride out, in fine weather, two hours for health,

and after dinner employed again. At six, I have always one hour for solemn meditation and walking in my house till seven. We have then sometimes twenty, and sometimes more, of the people, to whom I expound God's Word. Several appear much affected; and sometimes Jesus stands in the midst, and says, 'Peace be unto you!' Our devotions end at eight, we sup and go to rest at ten. On Sundays I am still enabled to speak six hours, at three different times, to my own great surprise. Oh the goodness of God in raising me up!"

Quiet, however, as Henry Venn's life was at Yelling, we must not suppose that he had no opportunities of being useful to souls. Far from it. Though he seldom came before the public as he did in his Huddersfield days, he still found many ways of doing his Master's business, and proclaiming the gospel which he loved. The value of his preaching was soon discovered, even in his secluded neighbourhood, and he had the comfort of seeing fruit of his ministry in Huntingdonshire as real and true, if not so abundant, as in Yorkshire. Occasionally he preached out of his own parish, though not perhaps so often as his friend and neighbour Berridge could have wished him. Sometimes he preached in London, and was not ashamed to appear in the pulpit of Surrey Chapel so late as 1786. His vicinity to Cambridge gave him many opportunities of seeing members of the University who valued evangelical truths, and men like Simeon, Jowett, Robinson, and Farish, long testified their deep sense of the advantage they derived from his society and conversation. Above all, the leisure that he enjoyed at Yelling enabled him to keep up a very extensive correspondence. He lived in the good old time when letters were really well thought over and worth reading, and the letters that left Yelling parsonage are a proof to this day how wisely and well he used his pen.

On the whole, the evening of Henry Venn's life seems to have been a singularly happy one. He had the immense comfort of seeing his four children walking in their father's footsteps, clinging firmly to the doctrines he had loved and preached, and steadily serving their father's God. Not least, he had the joy of seeing his son John an able minister of the New Testament, and of

leaving him rector of Clapham, and a man honoured by all who knew him. Indeed, it is recorded that there were few texts so frequently on Henry Venn's lips, in his latter years, as the saying of Solomon, "A wise son maketh a glad father."

At the age of sixty-eight, he withdrew almost entirely from the public work of the ministry. His constitution had never entirely recovered from the effect of his work at Huddersfield, and old age came prematurely upon him. Yet even then he was never idle. In fact, he knew not what it was to have a tedious or a vacant hour.

His last days are so beautifully described by his grandson, in his admirable biography, that I shall give the account just as he has set it down. He tells us that "he found constant employment in reading and writing, and in the exercise of prayer and meditation. He often declared that he never felt more fervency of devotion than whilst imploring spiritual blessings for his children and friends, and especially for the success of those who were still engaged in the ministry of the blessed gospel, from which he was himself laid aside. For himself, his prayer was, that he might die to the glory of Christ. 'There are some moments,' he once said, 'when I am afraid of what is to come in the last agonies; but I trust in the Lord to hold me up. I have a great work before me, to suffer and to die to his glory.' But the spread of his Redeemer's kingdom lay nearer to his heart than any earthly or personal concerns. Even when the decay of strength produced occasional torpor, this subject would rouse him to a degree of fervency and joy, from which his bodily frame would afterwards suffer. I have understood that nothing so peacefully excited his spirits as the presence of young ministers whose hearts he believed to be devoted to Christ.

"About six months before his death he finally left Yelling, and settled at Clapham, near his son. His health from this time rapidly failed, and he was often on the brink of the grave. A medical friend who often visited him, observed that the near prospect of death so elated his mind with joy, that it actually proved a stimulus to life. On one occasion Mr. Venn remarked some fatal appearances, and said, 'Surely these are good symptoms.' Mr. Pearson replied, 'Sir, in this state of joyous excitement you cannot die!'

"At length, on the 24th of June 1797, his happy spirit was released, and, at the age of seventy-three, Henry Venn entered into the long anticipated joy of his Lord."

I have yet more to say about this good man.

His preaching, his literary remains, his correspondence, and the leading features of his character, all seem to deserve further notice. But I must reserve all to another paper.

Sketches of Church History.

VI.—THE PEACE-MAKER, AND THE MARTYRS OF CARTHAGE.

"In such a scene, in such an hour,
The weak are strong, the timid brave;
For Love puts on an angel's power,
And Faith is mightier than the grave."

IT was destined, in the providence of God, that the Church should enjoy an interval of repose, under Commodus, the weak and wicked successor of Marcus Antoninus (A.D. 180). This prince, although a slave to every vice that Christianity condemns, was, strange to say, no enemy to the Christians, but rather disposed to act as their protector. Only one special instance of martyrdom stands recorded as having taken place in his reign. The story is remarkable, and has occasioned a good deal of perplexity to the learned. Apollonius, a Roman senator, was accused as a Christian before the city prefect. The accuser was immediately sentenced to die, and suffered the ignominious punishment of having his legs broken. But the accused, who made an open confession of his faith before the senate, was also, by a decree of that body, beheaded. From this incident, as well as from certain expressions in Eusebius and Tertullian, many have inferred the existence at this period of a law which provided for the safety of the Christians, still nominally amenable to the former persecuting edicts, by denouncing the penalty of death against their accusers. But this does not appear very probable; and it is on the whole more reasonable to suppose that the accuser, in this instance, was a slave of Apollonius; and that he suffered, not for molesting a Christian, but for violating the duty of slave to master.

If we take this view of the matter, we shall be led to the conclusion that the Christians, although protected by the personal favour of the Emperor, were still a good deal at the mercy of individual governors and proconsuls. This was especially the case in remote provinces of the empire. It is recorded, for instance, that the proconsul of Asia Minor, Arrius Montanus, showed a disposition to persecute them cruelly. As soon as this became apparent, a great multitude of Christians presented themselves simultaneously before his tribunal, and confessed their faith; probably intending either to intimidate him by the sight of their numbers, or to convince him of the folly and uselessness

of attempting to destroy by violence a religion which had taken root in the hearts of so many thousands. The desired effect appears to have been produced upon the proconsul. Concealing, we may suppose, a real sense of his defeat under assumed contempt, he sentenced a few to death, and dismissed the rest, saying to them, "Miserable wretches, if you want to die, you have precipices and ropes."

Mention has been made already of Irenæus, presbyter of Lyons, and a scholar of Polycarp. Upon his return from the singular mission on which, during the hottest season of the persecution, he had been sent by his brethren, he was elected bishop in the room of the martyred Pothinus. Mournful indeed must have been the task that awaited him; even although the storm had then spent its strength and the sun shone out once more. He had to gather together the miserable remnants of the churches, once so fair and flourishing; and to ordain new presbyters and deacons to fill the places of those who had gone to receive the martyr's crown, while their ashes had been scattered upon the blue waters of the Rhone. And not only was the Church despoiled of these its recognized leaders, but even from the bosom of lowly homes, and from among the very lambs of the flock, had persecution taken its victims and Christ ordained his witnesses. Probably there was not a Christian family in either of the two churches in which there was not at least one dead.

Faithfully and zealously did Irenæus fulfil his difficult task. Not only did he prove a true shepherd to the flock of Grecian colonists, who were his especial charge; but he also performed the part of an evangelist to the barbarous Gauls, the original inhabitants of the land. That they might hear in their own tongue the wonderful works of God, the refined and polished Greek undertook the labour of studying their language himself, and employing it in their instruction. His efforts were largely blessed; so largely indeed that he was able, in his great work against the heretics, to appeal to the testimony of "several barbarous nations (or tribes), who

believe in Jesus without paper and ink, having the doctrine of salvation written in their hearts by the Holy Ghost, and carefully keeping up to ancient tradition concerning one God the creator, and His son Jesus Christ." And he adds a striking testimony to the character of these illiterate converts,

"Who could not talk or write, but only loved."

"Those who have received this faith without Scripture are barbarians as to their manner of speaking compared to us; but as to their sentiments and behaviour, they are very wise, and very acceptable to God; and they persevere in the practice of justice and charity."

Besides his pastoral and missionary work, two kinds of labour for the benefit of the Church occupied the energies of Irenæus. He was very zealous for the confutation of heretics; indeed, his work against them is the principal source of our information about those variations from the faith which, at that early date, had already troubled the Church. He makes use both of Scripture and tradition for the purpose he has in view; and he also manifests considerable intellectual acuteness in dissecting and analysing the fantastic schemes of the Gnostics. What is much better, he shows a heart profoundly impressed with the great truths of Christianity, and particularly with the reality and necessity of the Lord's incarnation. One short sentence may be given as a specimen of the writing of Irenæus, and at the same time an admirable epitome of that Gospel which he spent his life in proclaiming and defending. "The Word of God, Jesus Christ, on account of his immense love, became what we are, that he might make us what he is."

But "the wisdom which cometh from above," if first pure, is "then peaceable." Seldom perhaps has this maxim been more aptly illustrated than in what history has preserved to us of the life and character of Irenæus. Eminent as a defender of the purity of the faith, he was still more eminent in his own day as a peacemaker. The old writers, who were fond of such plays upon words, failed not to trace the correspondence between his character and his name. Once and again did he "seek peace and ensue it," when it was threatened by the mistakes or the failings of some of his contemporaries who occupied high places in the Church.

The frivolous but troublesome controversy respecting the time of observing Easter had been revived. The general opinion of the Church seemed to be in favour of the Western usage; but some of the Asiatic bishops were very decided in their refusal to abandon the customs they had received by tradition from the Apostles. One of their number, the aged Polycrates, wrote in behalf of his brethren to Victor, bishop of Rome, contending strongly for the Eastern practice. He adduces in its favour the example of a long list of apostles, bishops, and martyrs who then slept in Jesus;

nor can it be denied that "I, Polycrates, who am the least of all of you," occupies a sufficiently prominent place, and that enough is said of his "gray hairs," and of his "long experience."

But if Polycrates betrayed some of those lesser weaknesses of our nature which are common to all times, the arrogance of Victor's conduct seems like a premonition of the overbearing pride of his apostate successors. He actually proceeded to cut off the Asiatic churches from communion with Rome; and endeavoured to induce the other bishops of the West to excommunicate them also. Here Irenæus interfered; nor did he hesitate to rebuke Victor severely for his high pretensions and his arrogant behaviour; while he pleaded with much candour and good sense for a wise toleration in things indifferent, and for mutual love and forbearance.

In this instance Irenæus no doubt expressed the feelings and convictions of most of his brethren. It is gratifying to learn that Victor was completely foiled in his uncharitable design; and that the Asiatics were permitted to retain their favourite custom, and at the same time to live in peace with all their fellow-Christians, until the period of the general council of Nice. It is scarcely necessary to point out the strong argument furnished by the whole transaction against the Papal assumptions of a later date. It is evident that at least until the days of Irenæus the bishop of Rome possessed no superiority over his brethren; and that if the natural temper of an individual led him to assume anything of the kind, he was liable to unceremonious rebuke from his associates.

Victor's unfortunate quarrel with the Asiatics, nearly betrayed him into the mistake of formally acknowledging the Montanists as orthodox members of the Church. For it was during the heat of the dispute with Rome that the Eastern churches condemned them as heretical; and this circumstance, perhaps not unnaturally, pre-disposed Victor to regard their case from a favourable point of view. He was prevented, however, from taking a step that might have proved highly detrimental both to the peace and purity of the Church, through the influence of Praxeas, an Asiatic confessor, who, arriving opportunely at Rome, gave the bishop clear information as to the real principles and practices of the sect. Unfortunately, Praxeas himself afterwards lapsed into heresy, of the kind that at a somewhat later period was maintained by Sabellius, and still usually bears the name of Sabellianism. Its tendency is to "confound the Persons" in the Triune Godhead; and to obliterate from our view the mysterious, but most real distinction, which, as we gather from the general tenor of Holy Scripture, exists between them.

About the same time Victor very properly excommunicated one Theodotus, a native of Byzantium and a carrier by trade, for the more common error of denying the divinity of our Lord. This man had been led, through fear, to abjure Christ in a period of persecution;

and afterwards, instead of humbling himself for his sin, he sought to excuse it by the daring assertion, that he "had not denied God, but man."

Amidst these conflicts within the pale of the Church, the precious years of comparative outward peace wore by. In 193 A.D., Severus succeeded to the imperial throne. At first he seemed inclined to imitate the policy of Commodus, and to abstain from molesting the Christians. It is said that he was the rather disposed to this course because he had once been cured of a dangerous illness through the means of a Christian, who, according to the apostolic precept, prayed over him, "anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord." Severus was grateful to his deliverer, and kept him near his person. During the earlier part of his reign he even allowed those attached to his court to profess Christianity. But nine years after his accession (A.D. 202) he was induced to publish an edict forbidding his subjects, under heavy penalties, to embrace either the Jewish or Christian religion.

Though this edict ought not to have affected those who were already Christians, yet, through the hostility of the governors or the people, it became, in several provinces of the empire, the signal for a furious persecution. The Gallic churches seem to have passed again through the fires; but the accounts we have of their sufferings are at once very vague and very meagre. No martyr names of any note are preserved to us, except the illustrious one of the Bishop of Lyons. Gregory of Tours (who is not a very trustworthy witness however) informs us that "after several torments Irenæus was put to death; and together with him almost all the Christians of that populous city, whose numbers could not be reckoned, so that the streets of Lyons flowed with the blood of Christians." This account bears the evident impress of exaggeration. Still we have little reason to doubt that Irenæus, after having served his generation, received the crown of martyrdom at this period.

Besides his great work against the heretics, he bequeathed several other writings to the Church, but of these only a few fragments remain to the present day. Eusebius quotes what he styles "a most delightful remark," from the conclusion of one of the treatises of Irenæus. It is curiously illustrative of the ages when printing was not, and when, in consequence, the most precious books were sorely at the mercy of careless or fraudulent transcribers. "I adjure thee," writes the bishop, "whoever thou art that transcribest this book, by our Lord Jesus Christ and by his glorious appearance when he shall come to judge the quick and the dead, to compare what thou hast copied, and to correct it by the original MS., from which thou hast carefully transcribed. And that thou also copy this adjuration, and insert it in the copy." The good bishop's "adjuration" will scarcely seem more solemn than the occasion warranted, if we remember that thoughtless or deliberate mis-transcribing, was in truth no other than thoughtless or

deliberate lying, and that of the most mischievous kind. What might not have been the consequences to us had careless or dishonest hands been allowed to sully at their source the very streams of the water of life, the Scriptures of truth themselves?

The persecution in the reign of Severus fell with great severity upon the churches of Egypt and pro-consular Africa. Some interesting records of individual sufferers remain to us. In the town of Scitilla, belonging to the province of Carthage, a little band of Christians were brought before the pro-consul Saturninus. They were twelve in number—nine men and three women. Saturninus offered them the pardon of the Emperor, if they would return to the service of the gods.

One of them, Speratus, replied, in the name of all: "We have injured no man; we have spoken ill of none; for all the evil you have brought upon us we have only thanked you. We give praise for all His dispensations to our true Lord and King."

"We also are pious," the pro-consul answered; "we swear by the genius of the Emperor our lord, and we pray for his welfare, as you also must do."

"I know not the genius of the Emperor," said Speratus. "I serve my God in heaven, whom no man hath seen or can see. I have been guilty of no crime against the laws. I never failed to pay custom upon all which I purchase, for I acknowledge the Emperor as my ruler; but I can worship none but my Lord, the King of kings, the Lord of all." As they all signified their agreement in this confession of faith, the pro-consul ordered them to be remanded to prison, and put in irons until the next day.

When they were brought again before his tribunal, he addressed himself particularly to the women. But the simple faith of these witnesses for Christ was not to be shaken either by threats or by persuasions. "We honour Cæsar as Cæsar, but to God we offer prayer and worship," said one. "I also am a Christian," added another. "I also believe in my God, and will continue steadfast to him; and in regard to your gods, we will not serve and adore them," was the frank profession of the third.

Speratus having made a similar declaration in behalf of his brethren, the pro-consul said to them, "You will neither consider your danger nor receive mercy."

They answered, "Do what you please; we will die joyfully for the sake of Jesus Christ."

"What books are those which you read and revere?" asked the pro-consul.

Speratus replied, "The four Gospels of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Epistles of the Apostle St. Paul, and all the scripture that is inspired of God."

The pro-consul then offered them three days for deliberation. But, like an obscure but faithful band of later witnesses for the truth, these simple Christians wished to die "while their hearts were hot within them."

"I am a Christian," said Speratus, "and such are

all those who are with me; and we will never depart from the faith of our Lord Jesus. Do with us as you please."

The proconsul accordingly sentenced them to be beheaded. On receiving their sentence they thanked God; and when they came to the place of execution, they knelt down together and joined in another fervent thanksgiving, to be resumed, after a brief interval, before the throne of Him who loved them, and washed them from their sins in his own blood.

In the city of Carthage, five young catechumens were seized and imprisoned. Their names were Revocatus and Felicitas, slaves to the same master; Saturninus and Secundulus; and Vivia Perpetua, a young lady of rank, only two-and-twenty years of age. It is observable that this little martyr band of five contained two women and two slaves. Amongst the early witnesses for Christ, both the sex and the social class which he, by the influence of his gospel, so signally redeemed from degradation, were frequently and amply represented. Both Felicitas and Perpetua were married; and Perpetua was the mother of an infant. She seems to have been a loving, gentle, simple-hearted woman, heroic only through the faith that can make the weakest strong. There is no mention of her husband made in the whole narrative of her sufferings (much of which was written by herself), from which we gather, almost with certainty, that she was already a widow. Her parents however were both living. Her mother was a Christian; but her father, to whom she was greatly attached, still continued a heathen. He visited her in prison, and endeavoured to induce her to disown her faith. She was steadfast, and he reproached her bitterly; for his heart was torn, not only at the anticipation of the fearful doom that awaited her, his beloved and favourite child, but at the thought of the disgrace which her suffering as a Christian would entail on the whole family. Little did he imagine that the victories of the faith he despised would ere long change that disgrace into glory—even earthly glory—greater than that of kings or emperors.

As their imprisonment at first was easy, Perpetua and her companions found means to be baptized. Indeed it seems that the clergy, and other Christian friends, seldom failed in procuring, by bribes or otherwise, such access to the imprisoned confessors as might enable them to minister to their spiritual and bodily necessities. At her baptism, Perpetua prayed only for patience. Her prayer was answered, but the grace given her was soon after sorely tested. The prisoners were taken from their comparatively comfortable apartments, and thrown into a loathsome dungeon. This was no very keen trial, either to slaves or to young men accustomed to a rough and hardy life, but to one who had been brought up in every luxury that love and wealth could surround her with, the change was terrible. "I was tempted," she said, "for I had never been in such darkness before. Oh, what a dreadful day!" And worse even than darkness or bodily discomfort was her anxiety for her babe.

But relief was at hand. Two deacons of the Church, who, as the custom then was, had come to the Christian prisoners with the consecrated elements from the communion, succeeded in bribing the jailer to allow them to remain by themselves in a more comfortable apartment. What was still better, her babe was brought to Perpetua, and able to tend and care for the little one and to keep it with her, the poor young mother grew content, and even quite happy. "The dungeon," she says, "became a palace to me."

But the time for their trial at length drew near. Perpetua's aged father came once more to the prison to see her; but now there were no angry or reproachful words. Grief had crushed the old man; and he could only entreat his child, with tears of anguish, to live for his sake, for that of her babe, and of all who loved her. "Have pity on my gray hairs," he said. "Have pity on your father, if I was ever worthy of that name, if I have brought you up to this age, if I have preferred you to all your brethren, make me not a reproach to mankind. Have compassion on your son, who cannot survive you; lay aside your obstinacy, lest you destroy us all; for if you perish, we must all shut our mouths in disgrace." Saying this, he kissed her hands, then throwing himself weeping at her feet, he called her no longer his daughter, but his lady, and the mistress of his fate.

"My father's gray hairs pained me," says Perpetua, "when I thought that of all my family he alone would not rejoice at my sufferings." But though her heart was wrung with anguish, it was still steadfast in its allegiance to Him whom she loved more than father, or mother, or child. To all entreaties she only answered, "What will happen when I come before the tribunal depends on the will of God; for know, we stand not in our own strength, but in the power of God."

It was not likely that the faith which withstood the prayers of an agonized father would fail before the threats and persuasions of the governor. In vain he urged her to have pity on her aged father and her helpless child, and to offer sacrifice for the welfare of the emperor. In vain her father himself stood beside the tribunal with the babe in his arms, to make one last appeal to her filial and maternal love. She confessed Christ steadfastly, and was sentenced, with all her companions, to be thrown to the wild beasts. But the consolations of God were not small with his suffering child; she returned to her dungeon not only calm, but actually enabled to rejoice in him.

Whilst the martyrs remained in prison, awaiting the day of their execution, which was a festival in honour of the young emperor Geta, one of their number, Secundulus, died. But another had voluntarily joined himself to them; an impetuous African, named Saturus, more remarkable, it would appear, for zeal than for gentleness or discretion, but an honest and faithful disciple of his Lord. During this interval also Felicitas became a mother, and the babe, born in the dreary prison, was

given to a Christian woman, who promised to care for it as her own. Felicitas happening in the hour of suffering to utter some complaint, the jailer expressed his surprise, "If you cannot bear this," he said, "what will you do when you are thrown to the wild beasts? This you did not think, when you refused to sacrifice."

She answered, "What I now suffer, I suffer myself; but *then* there will be Another who will suffer for me, because I also will suffer for Him." So well had this poor slave-woman learned the sublimest mystery of the Christian faith.

On the eve of their execution, the martyrs were indulged, according to custom, with what was called a "free supper," in which condemned persons were permitted to behave themselves with all kinds of license and excess. But the little band of Christians transformed the feast into an *agape*; and as they partook of it in public, the joy and peace that filled their hearts became evident both to their brethren in the faith and to the crowds who, from curiosity, thronged around them. To these last, Saturus addressed himself, saying, "Mark well our faces, that ye may know us again at the day of judgment."

It is noticeable that the jailer, Pudens, was himself converted to Christianity by the behaviour of his prisoners.

The next morning the martyrs went joyfully to the amphitheatre. Perpetua, especially, was so filled with the presence and the peace of Christ, her Saviour, that she rather felt it necessary to restrain the outward expressions of her rapture. But she sang hymns, as if the conflict were already over and the victory won. Saturus, on the other hand, denounced the vengeance of God against their persecutors, a trait we but rarely notice in the records of the early witnesses for Christ.

According to a peculiar Carthaginian custom, they were required, like other criminals condemned to die, to assume the dresses of idol-priests. The men were to wear scarlet, like the priests of Saturn; and the women yellow, like the priestesses of Ceres. But they remonstrated, saying that they suffered in order to be free from all such abominations; and the Pagans themselves acknowledged the justice of the plea, and yielded.

The men were exposed to lions, bears, and leopards; the women to a furious cow. Perpetua, after being torn by the animal, quietly re-arranged her disordered

dress, and even gathered up her hair; then seeing Felicitas bruised, she gave her her hand, and assisted her to rise. They went together to the gate, where her brother and a friend were waiting to receive them. "I wonder," said Perpetua, like one waking out of sleep, "I wonder when they will expose us to the cow." Nor could she believe that the hardest part of her conflict was over, until they showed her the marks of her sufferings on her person and her clothes. So tenderly had He for whose sake she suffered dealt with His child.

They were then led once more into the centre of the amphitheatre to die. They gave each other the kiss of peace, and submitted joyfully to the stroke of the executioner. The task of killing Perpetua devolved however on an inexperienced youth; who, in his agitation, performed his part very unskillfully. Appearing for the first time conscious of pain, she cried out, and then herself guided his trembling hand to her throat. Thus she, with the others, slept in Jesus.

There is no reason to doubt the authenticity of this simple and natural story of what men and women, of like feelings and weaknesses with ourselves, were strengthened to do and suffer for the Lord they loved. There are indeed a few visions ascribed to Perpetua in the Acts of her Martyrdom (partly, as we have mentioned, written by herself), which are not particularly interesting or profitable. Some of these may be interpolations; but if not, it is easy to discern in them the effect of the terrible circumstances in which she was placed, acting upon the imagination, and producing fancies that haunted her nightly slumbers and daily reveries.

Not through what she saw, or dreamed she saw, but through what she did, does this young Christian, of sixteen hundred years ago, yet speak to our hearts. She takes her place as one among many witnesses to the great truth, that He in whom she trusted indeed "giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might, he increaseth strength." The foremost of the apostles failed in faith, when, walking on the sea, he beheld the waves boisterous and withdrew his eyes from Jesus. But the weakest of his followers have trod the waters—even the dark and troubled waters of death—without fear when he bade them, "Come;" and while they by faith were steadfastly beholding him.

D. A.



NOTES INTRODUCTORY TO THE PSALTER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BINNIE, D.D., STIRLING.

NO. III.—THE PSALMS OF DAVID.



ONE who is in search of the facts and testimonies which must be taken into account in forming an estimate of the number of David's psalms, naturally turns, in the first place, to the *superscriptions*. Of these no fewer than seventy-three bear the name of the royal psalmist. Thus the number of the psalms that are expressly ascribed to him wants only two of amounting to half the entire collection. Proceeding on this datum alone, we should be entitled to infer that his single contribution to the Bible treasure of sacred song equals, as nearly as may be, those of all the other psalmists put together—so well is he entitled to be denominated, by way of eminence, The sweet Psalmist of Israel.

I am not forgetting or overlooking the fact that the trustworthiness of this source of information has been challenged. It has been maintained by many critics, especially of late years, that the superscriptions are of no authority; that they form no part of the sacred canon, having been inserted neither by the psalmists themselves, nor by the person—Ezra, or whoever he was—who finally edited the Old Testament Scriptures; that they merely represent an ancient tradition of the Hebrew schools, resembling in this respect the little notes appended to the Pauline Epistles, which, as everybody knows, form no part of the New Testament canon, and are full of errors. This question of the superscriptions involves several points of not a little interest and importance, and we shall have to revert to it by and by. One consideration may be mentioned at present as furnishing a strong presumption in their favour. The parallel case of the notes affixed to the Pauline epistles, goes to show that in ordinary hands, and indeed in any hands but those of persons who happen to be uncommonly expert in the modern art of criticism, the attempt to assign author and date to fugitive compositions, after the lapse of many years, is precarious in the extreme; or,

rather, is sure to result in conjectures which can easily be convicted of error. Do we find then, that, like the notes referred to, the superscriptions in the Psalter are always worthless and often demonstrably in error? On the contrary, it is universally admitted that in many instances (the Ninetieth psalm for example) they afford most valuable indications regarding the authorship and date; and the keenest impugner of their authority must admit that, although in some instances their testimony has been challenged, they have not, in any one case, been finally and conclusively convicted of error. Facts like these, if duly weighed, would, I believe, satisfy most minds that the scepticism with which the superscriptions are regarded in many quarters is quite unjustifiable, and that there is no good reason to question either their authority or the trustworthiness of their testimony. We hold ourselves entitled, then, on the ground of the superscriptions, to set down seventy-three of the psalms as king David's.

Do these constitute David's entire contribution? or are we to set down to his account some of the remaining seventy-seven also? The whole of these he certainly did *not* write. That other pens besides his were employed on the Psalms, is not only universally acknowledged by modern critics, but has been known all along. It is hardly fair in some recent writers (Dean Stanley among the rest) to cite the opinion of Augustine and Chrysostom, who imagined that all the psalms were David's, as if that had been the universal opinion of the primitive times. Augustine himself mentions that many held what we now know to be the more correct view. Besides, we have already had occasion to observe, that the title prefixed to the book in our Bibles, which *seems* to ascribe the whole to one psalmist, is not the most ancient. The title in the Hebrew Bible is not "the Psalms of David," but *Sepher Tehillim*, "the Book of Praises;" and the title found in the most ancient manuscripts of the Septuagint is "*The Psalter*,"

or "*The Psalms*." It would have been strange if the primitive students of the Scriptures had all failed to discover the truth in this matter; for the superscriptions are quite as express in ascribing some psalms to Asaph and the sons of Korah, as they are in ascribing so many to David. Of the anonymous psalms, moreover—"the orphan psalms" as the Jewish writers style them—not a few can be demonstrated to be of later date than David's reign. There are several which bear on the face of them indubitable evidence of having been first sung either by the exiles who hanged their harps on the willows by the rivers of Babylon, and wept as they remembered Zion; or by the remnant who returned with songs to the hills of Judah, and drank again of the soft-flowing waters of Siloa.

All this, however, still leaves undecided the authorship of a considerable number of psalms, especially in the latter part of the collection—psalms which, although not bearing David's name in their titles, exhibit nothing, either in their titles or contents, that is plainly inconsistent with a Davidic origin. What shall we say in regard to these? Shall we set them all down to David's account? or shall we refuse to attribute to him any save the seventy-three that bear his name? It must be admitted that any answer that can be given as yet to these questions can only claim to be regarded as an hypothesis, a more or less probable conjecture. Critics of great note have taken up a position on either extreme. Dr. Lightfoot, for example, the famous Cambridge Hebraist, maintained that we are to presume that any given psalm is David's unless the contrary can be proved; that all are his whose titles or contents do not indubitably point to some other pen. So far as my observation goes, this is the view that pervades the writings of the older divines, and indeed of most of the recent divines too, who have not made the subject a special study. The grand objection to it is the very obvious one, that it seems to leave nothing for the Davidic superscriptions to do. If the Ninety-ninth psalm, for example, although anonymous, is to be ascribed to David, as a matter of course, simply because there is nothing in it but might well enough have been written by him, it is difficult to see what use there was in prefixing his

name to the Hundred-and-first. There is such obvious force in this objection, that one cannot be surprised to find that the tendency of late years has been to run to the other extreme, and refuse to recognize David's pen except in the psalms that bear his name. For my part, I do not doubt that the truth lies between the two extremes. The second hypothesis is the more feasible of the two, and may be regarded as lying nearer the truth. I am satisfied, nevertheless, that it cannot be accepted without qualification. There are some facts which refuse to be reconciled to it. For example, it would compel us to attribute the Seventy-first psalm, and even the Second, to some unknown pen, whereas in both cases internal probability, and in the second New Testament authority also, point to David as the writer. If I might venture to lay down a rule, it would be to this effect: *First*, that all those psalms are David's which bear his name in the title; *secondly*, that the absence of his name may be taken as affording a presumption that he was not the writer; but, *thirdly*, that this presumption is to be regarded as counterbalanced and set aside, in any given case, if it can be shown that there is something, either in the psalm itself, in the place assigned it in the Psalter, or in the citation of it in the later Scriptures, which distinctly points to David. We have already ascertained that, by the first part of this rule, *seventy-three* psalms fall to be assigned to David. In addition to these, Dr. Hengstenberg, for a variety of reasons, attributes to him other *seven*; and probably his estimate is not far from the truth. Thus we arrive at the result that rather more than half the Psalter proceeded from the pen of Jesse's son.

More interesting than the computation of the number of David's psalms, is the attempt to allocate them to their respective periods in his chequered life. It must be admitted that this cannot be done with anything like completeness or perfect accuracy. The psalms have not been arranged in chronological order; and although the titles, viewed in connection with the contents, sometimes indicate the date, they quite as often leave us in the dark.

This impossibility of fixing the chronology of so many of the sacred lyrics, let us remark in passing, is by no means to be deplored. It is

fitted rather to awaken a sentiment of gratitude, recalling as it does one of the most precious characteristics of some that are very memorable. Take the First psalm, or the Nineteenth, the Twenty-third, the Thirty-seventh, the Hundred and third, the Hundred and thirty-ninth, the Hundred and forty-fifth,—these are all from David's pen, but who will venture to affix a date to one of them? They present an entire absence of such allusions to David's personal history, or the events of his time, as would have fixed them down to some particular period in his life. If the superscriptions had not informed us that they came from David's pen, the psalms themselves would have afforded no hint of their origin;—except, indeed, that their inimitable power, freshness, thoughtfulness, and beauty, might have warranted the conjecture that they could have proceeded from no other harp than David's. They are the most catholic songs that were ever sung since the making of the world, the most entirely free from those local and temporary elements which might have bound them to the age and country of their birth. One consequence is, that while the lyrics of Gentile antiquity have, in every instance, failed to strike root in any nation of modern Europe, these psalms of David are domesticated everywhere—"familiar in the ear as household words." The metrical version of the Twenty-third psalm in use in Scotland is a translation and nothing more; it is really David's psalm in English verse; yet it has taken as kindly to the soil as any of the native songs, and is lodged in the memory of every child. I mention this singular quality of David's finest lyrics at the present stage of our inquiry, that the reader may not think it an oversight if he should find that some of these have had no place assigned them in our chronological arrangement of the psalms.

These explanations being premised, it will serve a useful purpose to point out the historical position of the most noteworthy of those Davidic psalms whose date can be determined with tolerable certainty.

It may be affirmed without hesitation that the Psalter contains no psalm written by David before he was anointed at Bethlehem; indeed, it is very doubtful whether there is any psalm prior in date to the victory over Goliath. The sorrows of

David's life began with the envy and jealousy consequent on the defeat of the Philistian champion; and his sanctified genius did not give forth its perfect fragrance till it was bruised in God's chastening hand. It was the storm of affliction that awoke the full harmonies of David's harp. We know for certain that a very considerable number of the psalms were written in the course of the ten years, or thereby, that Saul's persecution lasted—not fewer than ten of them, perhaps as many as sixteen. The character of these psalms is remarkable. They often take the form of complaint: "How long wilt thou forget me? Wilt thou forget me for ever? Why standest thou afar off, O Lord? Why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?" This is not surprising. It may well be believed that David found it difficult to hold fast his faith in God, when he saw himself a fugitive and outlaw on account of the jealousies awakened by honours which he had never grasped at, which the providence of God had thrust on him unsought. It ought to be remembered, moreover, that David was conscious not only of sincerity towards God, but of the most perfect rectitude, both of intention and of conduct towards Saul and the royal house. Accordingly we find that the psalms belonging to this period are not of the penitential order. On the contrary, they abound in protestations of rectitude, and appeals to God to bear witness of that rectitude. Indications even here are not wanting that the psalmist was sensible of his unworthiness before God—that he knew very well that he was not clean in God's sight;—the leaven of the Pharisees is nowhere found in the psalter;—but in the psalms now under consideration, the thing principally insisted upon is the fact that in relation to the men who sought his life the psalmist was blameless, and could therefore, without misgiving, appeal from their unrighteous judgment to the judgment of the Most High, and could even venture humbly to remonstrate with Him for so unaccountably exposing him to the fury of their malice. This is well exemplified in the Seventh psalm:—

"O LORD my God, in thee do I put my trust:
Save me from all them that persecute me, and deliver me:
Lest he tear my soul like a lion,
Rending it in pieces, while there is none to deliver.
O LORD my God, if I have done this;
If there be iniquity in my hands;

|| I have rewarded evil unto him that was at peace with me;
(Yea, I have delivered him that without cause is mine enemy.)
Let the enemy persecute my soul and take it; yea, let him tread
down my life upon the earth;
And let mine honour in the dust. (Selah.)
Aries, O Lord, in thine anger,
Lift up thyself because of the rage of thine enemies:
And awake for me to the judgment which thou hast commanded.

The Lord 'judgeth the peoples':
Judge me, O Lord,
According to my righteousness and according to mine integrity
in me!"

The Fifty-seventh psalm may be referred to as exemplifying a somewhat different aspect of the Psalmist's exercise of soul during these years of peril and unrest. We still hear in it a cry for mercy and an appeal to the just judgment of God, but the thing that principally strikes a thoughtful reader is the unwavering confidence expressed in the faithfulness of the Lord. Let us listen to the psalm, and mark how David's faith, soaring above the clouds and tempests, bathes itself in the light of God's countenance:—

"Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me:
For my soul trusteth in thee:
Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge,
Until these calamities be overpast.
I will cry unto God Most High;
Unto God that performeth all things for me.
He shall send from heaven, and save me:
From the reproach of him that would swallow me up. (Selah.)
God shall send forth his mercy and his truth.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed:
I will sing and give praise.
Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp:
I myself will awake early.
I will praise thee, O Lord, among the 'peoples':
I will sing unto thee among the nations.
For thy mercy is great unto the heavens,
And thy truth unto the clouds."

"I will sing unto thee among the nations." These are remarkable words. They show that David, from his early days, was filled with the presentiment that he was inditing songs in which not Israel only, but the Gentiles, far and near, would one day praise the God of Abraham. How remarkably has the anticipation been fulfilled! David now "sings to God among the nations," in this very psalm which so many nations have already learnt to sing.

It is not likely that David's muse went to sleep when the death of Saul at Gilboa opened his way to the throne, or that it produced nothing but such comparatively secular songs as the exquisite Lament for Saul and Jonathan. It is rather remarkable, however, that there is not a single psalm of which one can affirm with confi-

dence that it was written during the seven years and a half that David reigned at Hebron over the tribe of Judah. If Hebron was the birth-place of psalms, they must have belonged to the class formerly described as containing no trace of the circumstances of their origin: a class that, including such psalms as the Hundred and third and Twenty-third, are in some respects the most honourable and precious of all. It is a pleasing thought that some of these golden songs may have been first heard in the ancient frontier city, where the ashes of the patriarchs await in hope the resurrection of the just. An exception to this general remark about the Hebron psalms may perhaps be found in the Hundred and thirty-first; the brief song which, teaching us to "become as little children," and breathing the very spirit of little children, has always been such a favourite in the nursery. If it was not written during this period of the royal prophet's life, it certainly expresses the feelings which were then predominant in his heart:—

"Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty,
Neither do I exercise myself in great matters,
Or in things too high for me.
Surely I have behaved and quieted myself,
As a child that is weaned of his mother:
My soul is even as a weaned child.
Let Israel hope in the Lord
From henceforth and for ever."

This little psalm, I may remark, is in the title ascribed to David, and furnishes one of the instances in which the testimony of the titles is summarily rejected by many recent critics. Having first of all made up their minds (for reasons which will come before us again) that there are no Davidic psalms so far on in the Psalter, they either set aside the testimony of the title, in the present instance, as "unworthy of refutation" (Dr. Hupfeld's words); or at best explain it away as meaning no more than that this is a psalm written "after David's manner." This latter explanation is adopted by Dr. Delitzsch, who, however, is obliged to admit that the sentiments of the psalm agree perfectly with all we know of David. The truth is, that the grounds on which the testimony of the inscription, in this instance, has been set aside, are fitted to confirm the impression that the scepticism with which these have come to be regarded cannot be justified. Dr. Delitzsch is undoubtedly in the right, when he says that

"David was a pattern of the sentiment expressed in this psalm," and that "resignation to God's guidance, submission to His dispensations, contentment with whatsoever He was pleased to mete out, were among the essential features of his noble character." By some of his many critics, the royal prophet has been accused of ambition, and it is by no means unlikely that his youth showed some blossomings of that proud flower—that "last infirmity of noble minds." The sharpness with which his brothers accused him of pride, when they saw his valour roused by the disdainful challenge of the Philistine before whom the host of Israel quailed, would seem to indicate that the family at Bethlehem had observed in him aspirations and powers which looked beyond the tending of Jesse's flocks. But if ambitious thoughts found entrance into his mind, they were not cherished or permitted to betray him into the measures characteristic of ambitious men. Of all the brilliant company of gifted men who have risen from a low rank to sit amongst the mighty—Princes, Statesmen, Warriors—it would be hard to name one who could have sung the Hundred and thirty-first psalm with such perfect truth as the son of Jesse. His exaltation was of God's doing rather than his own. Samuel's call found him among the sheep; it was the king's commandment that introduced him to the court; it was what men call a mere chance that brought him to the battle-field where Goliath fell by his sling; and if, after that victory, he obtained the hand of Michal, and so reached the steps of the throne, it was the king who pressed on him the alliance. When Saul was in his power, he refused to deal the blow that would have ended his wanderings and put the crown on his brow. Even after Saul and Jonathan were taken out of the way by the sword of the Philistines, he allowed Ishbosheth to set up his throne at Mahanaim, and was content to wait long years till, without word or deed from him, the Lord moved all the tribes to offer him their allegiance.

When the whole house of Israel chose David for their king, and the throne was established at Jerusalem, the new capital, he lost no time in bringing up the Ark from Kirjath-jearim, and restoring the Tabernacle Service with more than

its ancient splendour. And these great events were accompanied with a gush of sacred melody. They constituted the most memorable epoch in the history of the Hebrew Church, between the Exodus from Egypt and the Incarnation of Christ. Accordingly the songs belonging to this period are of a peculiarly lofty and joyful character. How does the Psalmist exult in the re-union of the whole House of Israel, in the Hundred and thirty-third psalm; a song which has, times without number, enabled God's people to give tuneful utterance to the grateful feelings of their hearts when "the Lord has built up Jerusalem, and gathered together the dispersed of Israel."

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is
For brethren to dwell together in unity!
It is like the precious ointment upon the head,
That ran down upon the beard,
'The beard of Aaron':
That went down to the skirts of his garments.
As the dew of Hermon
That descended on the mountains of Zion;
For there hath the Lord commanded the blessing,
Even life for evermore."

The Prophet-King, when he found himself established in his palace at Jerusalem, crowned with the uncontested sovereignty over all Israel, did not forget that the increase of power and honour was attended with an increase also of responsibility and of danger. Accordingly, in at least one psalm, the Hundred and first, we find him offering up to God vows appropriate to his new circumstances, and prayers for that continual presence of the Lord with him which would enable him to keep the vows:—

"I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way.
Oh, when wilt thou come unto me?
I will walk with a perfect heart,
Within my house.

• • • • •
Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land,
That they may dwell with me:
He that walketh in a perfect way,
He shall serve me.
He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house:
He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight.
I will early destroy all the wicked of the land;
That I may cut off all wicked doers from the City of the Lord!"

This is the psalm which the old expositors used to designate "The Mirror for Magistrates;" and an excellent mirror it is. It would mightily accelerate the coming of the time when every nation shall be Christ's possession, and every capital a "City of the Lord," if all magistrates could be persuaded to dress themselves by it every time they

go forth to perform the functions of their god-like office. When Sir George Villiers became the favourite and prime minister of King James, Lord Bacon, in a beautiful Letter of Advice, counselled him to take this psalm for his rule in the promotion of courtiers. "In these the choice had need be of honest and faithful servants, as well as of comely outsiders who can bow the knee and kiss the hand. King David (Psalm ci. 6, 7) propounded a rule to himself for the choice of his courtiers. He was a wise and a good king: and a wise and a good king shall do well to follow such a good example; and if he find any to be faulty, which perhaps cannot suddenly be discovered, let him take on him this resolution as King David did, *There shall no deceitful person dwell in my house.*" It would have been well, both for the Philosopher and the Favourite, if they had been careful to walk by this rule.

The Twentieth and Twenty-first psalms belong to the same class as the one just mentioned, and may be very probably referred to the same time: the Thirtieth also, which, as we learn from the title, expresses the exercises of David's heart when he took up his residence in the House he had built for himself in Jerusalem. To these I am inclined to add the Hundred and forty-fourth, which concludes with such a pleasant picture of national felicity—the felicity of the people whose God is the Lord.

It was observed before that David's ruling passion was zeal for the house and worship of God. He could take no pleasure in his palace so long as the ark lay neglected at Kirjath-jearim. I believe, therefore, that if he had been asked what were the brightest days in his life, he would have named among the first the day that saw the representatives of the twelve tribes bearing the Ark of God in solemn procession from Obed-edom's house, and depositing it in the New Tabernacle erected in Jerusalem, the day when the Lord of Hosts with the ark of his strength came within the gates of Sion, and Sion became the City of the Great King. No one can read the Twenty-fourth psalm without perceiving that it must have been composed expressly for the purpose of being sung on the occasion of this great solemnity. The Fifteenth psalm also appears to have been coined in the same mint.

To these the reader may turn at his leisure, for our diminishing space forbids citation.

No sooner was the Ark established in the city, than David resolved to rear on the rocky summit of Moriah a temple whose magnificence might worthily express his reverent love of the Lord, his zeal for the Lord's worship and glory. "It came to pass, when the king sat in his house, and the Lord had given him rest round about from all his enemies; that the king said unto Nathan the prophet, See now, I dwell in an house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth within curtains" (2 Sam. vii. 1, 2). We may well imagine that the king was disappointed when he learned from Nathan, next day, that the approbation the prophet had expressed was recalled, and that the project on which his heart was set must be abandoned. He had shed much blood, and must therefore relinquish the hope of building the Sanctuary in which the typical glory of the Old Testament Church was to be manifested in its utmost splendour. The honour he so much coveted was to be reserved to another generation. But if this was a disappointment, it was more than counterbalanced by the oracle which followed. Nathan was commissioned to let the king know that it was well that his heart had been so occupied with projects for the honour of God's name. The Lord whom he had thought to honour had prepared honour for him, and for his house after him. When his days were fulfilled, and he slept with his fathers, his throne was not to perish as Saul's had done. He was to be the founder of a stable dynasty; a dynasty that should continue as long as the sun. "Thine house and thy kingdom shall be established for ever before thee; thy throne shall be established for ever." These were astonishing disclosures, and David did not fail to perceive and appreciate their drift. He connected them with former promises made to the fathers. He saw that the promise of redemption by the Seed of the woman, which rekindled hope in Adam's heart before the expulsion from Eden, the promise whose accomplishment Abraham was afterwards taught to expect in connection with his seed, and which was at a later time linked to the tribe of Judah, was now linked to his own house and lineage. He perceived that his Lord, the Star of Jacob, the

Anointed One, the Christ of God, was to be his son, the heir of his throne, and that he would extend its dominion over all the nations, and establish it in perpetuity.

The king was deeply moved. The prayer in which he poured out his heart before God on the occasion, expresses just those feelings which were to be looked for in such a man on hearing disclosures so far-reaching and so glorious. He is not jubilant as when he welcomed the ark into Sion. It is not exactly gladness that possesses his mind. Rather it is awe, adoring reverence, an overwhelming and almost oppressive sense of his unworthiness, his nothingness, in the presence of God. "Who am I, O Lord God? And now, O Lord God, the word that thou hast spoken concerning thy servant, and concerning his house, establish it for ever, and do as thou hast said. For thou, O Lord of hosts, hast revealed to thy servant, saying, I will build thee an house: therefore hath thy servant found in his heart to pray this prayer unto thee." It would seem that David's feelings were too much oppressed to find vent in song. No psalm can be traced to the day of this oracle, although it was the Psalmist's brightest day. It marks, nevertheless, an epoch in the history of the psalms. From this time forward there are new strings audible in David's harp. Henceforth there is in the psalms continual articulate mention of Christ, the divine king and hope of Israel. The reader will recall the Twenty-second psalm, where the prophet celebrates Messiah's Cross and Crown, "The sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow." He will recall also the Hundred and tenth, the psalm which furnished our Lord with the dilemma that silenced the Pharisees, the song which holds forth David's son as David's lord, a Priest on his throne like Melchizedek. Even had these psalms not borne David's name, we might safely have attributed them to his pen. And internal evidence, as well as the place it occupies in the Psalter, warrants us to add to them the Second also, which tells how Christ establishes his throne in the midst of his enemies. These psalms are the most prominent examples of a class—the Messianic psalms of David—to which it may be impossible to affix exact dates, but in which we undoubtedly hear the echo of Nathan's oracle.

The delivery of Nathan's oracle marks the highest noon of David's felicity. Thenceforward its sun declined. It was not long afterwards that the king fell into the sin which darkened all his sky. After what was said before, regarding that great transgression and manner in which it was overruled by God for the enrichment of the Bible Treasury of penitential song, nothing needs be added except that it is to this period that we owe the Thirty-second and the Hundred and forty-third as well as the Fifty-first psalms—the three Pauline Psalms, as Luther loved to call them.

Another fruitful occasion of psalms in the same middle period of David's reign was found in those great foreign wars with the nations to the east and north, in the course of which the fate of the throne, and even of the nation, seemed more than once to tremble in the balance. The superscription of the Sixtieth psalm connects it with one of these wars; and there is one of the most beautiful of the Songs of Degrees—the Hundred and twenty-fourth Psalm—which seems to have been composed at the restoration of peace. This happy event called for a solemn national Thanksgiving, and there is reason to believe that it was on the occasion of this solemnity that the king delivered into the hands of the Levites and Congregation the Sixty-eighth psalm. This is the earliest in date of the *historical* psalms, and is in every respect remarkable even among David's lyrics. It is a magnificent triumphal ode, sparkling with gems from the earlier scriptures, and is by many critics esteemed the loftiest effusion of David's lyrical muse.

The rebellion of Absalom was in David's pilgrimage a valley of the shadow of death. But if the sorrows it brought him were dark and chilling, God gave him songs in the night, in so much that the Psalter owes to this period some of its most precious treasures. To it we owe among others the Third and the Fourth psalms, the Morning and Evening Hymns which God has prepared for his children to sing in the wilderness. From it proceeded also those expressions of unquenchable thirst for God, which have made the Sixty-third so dear to the hearts of God's children that its echoes ring through all Christian literature and devotion.

"O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee,
My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee,

In a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;
To see thy power and thy glory,
So as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.
Because thy loving kindness is better than life,
My lips shall praise thee."

There is reason to believe that some of the able and unscrupulous men who participated in Absalom's revolt, were partly moved to do so by hostility to the cause of religion, of which David was the main representative and bulwark. Accordingly it is in the psalms belonging to this period—the Fifty-fifth for example, and the Sixty-ninth—that we meet with those denunciations of God's judgments on the enemies of the king, of which a handle has so often been made to depreciate the morality of the Old Testament Scriptures. We cannot turn aside at present to set forth the considerations by which they may be satisfactorily vindicated from the imputation of vengeance and cruelty. Sober and devout readers will think twice before they brand, as full of hatred and cursing, Bible songs which were written by a man whose unrevenging, placable spirit was as remarkable as his genius, and which

the Lord Jesus sanctified by appropriating them to himself.

The Eighteenth psalm was written by David in celebration of the Lord's goodness in delivering him from all his enemies; and the Seventy-first, from which citations were given in a former article, was the plaintive song he uttered on his harp in his old age, when his sun was setting amidst clouds. It was the dying song of the swan of Israel. The immediate occasion of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth psalms is unknown. They are both from David's pen, and may be named here, in the last place, on account of the expression they give to the faith with which David contemplated the approach of the king of terrors.

"My heart is glad and my glory rejoiceth:
My flesh also shall rest in hope.
For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell ("in Hades");
Neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption.
Thou wilt show me the path of life;
In thy presence is fulness of joy;
At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.
As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness:
I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

LEAVES FROM AN HOSPITAL VISITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.



ONE day last winter, in the corner bed of one of the hospital wards, I found a great stalwart man propped up by pillows, and labouring painfully for breath. He seemed in the prime of life, his vigorous frame as yet untouched by decay, and his curly black hair and bushy beard unmingled with gray. An acute attack of heart-disease had suddenly seized him, and caused the distressing symptoms under which he was labouring. I hesitated about addressing one in such distress; but he looked eagerly at me, and asked me to sit down.

"What comfort have you in such sore trouble?" I began to say; when, with eyes filling with tears and a sorrowful gesture, he replied, "I can have no comfort looking back upon the past, at any rate." And then he proceeded to speak, although with much difficulty, of the light in which his past life now appeared to him—so dark, so degraded, so guilty and vile. Not that he had been by any means a "wild-living man;" far from that, but when the Lord sets the sins of a man's life in order before his eyes, and says, "Now consider this, ye that forget God; lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver," sin in all its forms becomes exceeding sinful. He told me another man ill of the same disease had just died in the ward; and he had no doubt such a fatal termination of his own illness was not far off. He earnestly besought me to tell him what hope there was

for such a sinner, and how salvation could yet be found by one in his circumstances.

Meantime, it was apparent to me, from the way in which he spoke, that though he was a man of native intelligence, he was very ignorant, and belonged to one of the lowest and roughest classes of mechanica. I afterwards found that he was an iron-moulder, and that he had been brought up a Roman Catholic, although for some time past he had been attending a Protestant mission-station and reading the Bible.

I was rejoiced to comply with his request, and read him, in Scripture words, how "God could be just, and yet the justifier of the ungodly," through Him whom he hath set forth to be the propitiation for our sins.

I marked various passages in a large-printed Testament for him to read for himself, and gave him a little book I had with me containing a simple statement of gospel truth. His humble, earnest air interested me much; and the shame and contrition which he seemed to feel for the sin of his past life, made me hope there was more in his case than mere alarm at the thought of death and desire of safety. Subsequent visits confirmed me in this opinion, and left no doubt on my mind that the Spirit of God had begun a gracious work in his soul.

Very various are the ways by which sinners are brought into the kingdom, and very diverse are the

views of the truth used by God for this great end. Samuel's case was not exactly like any other which I have ever been privileged to witness, and yet, of course, the process of conversion was in the main the same as that of every other, and, above all, so was the end reached.

I have sometimes thought his experience could be best described by the answer to the question in the Shorter Catechism, "What is repentance unto life?" "Repentance unto life is a saving grace, whereby a sinner, under a true sense of sin and apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ, doth with grief and hatred of his sin, turn from it unto God, with full purpose of and endeavour after new obedience."

His sense of sin seemed a true sense; it seemed to humble him in the dust, to set his heart and life in the light of God's countenance. He loved the Fifty-first Psalm, "Against thee, thee only have I sinned and done this evil in thy sight." And many a time, too, with tears, he spoke of his sin towards his children, in leaving them neglected and untaught.

And yet what struck me as remarkable in his case was, that the humbling sense of his own sinfulness, which he had from the first, and which only deepened to the last, never seemed to hinder him from a simple, childlike "apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ." He had none of that struggle with unbelief which so often keeps anxious souls from at once receiving and resting on Jesus for salvation. When he heard and understood that the free gospel offer was made to him, he seemed at once to lay hold of it; and never, so far as I could see, was afterwards troubled by any doubts of his personal interest in Jesus and his salvation.

He had not only a growing, deepening sense of his own sinfulness, but a very great thirst for instruction in the things of God. The paroxysm of violent suffering passed off, and he began to entertain hopes of recovery. One day he asked me to get him a large printed Bible, as he had only a Testament, for, said he, "if both parts are God's Word, why should they ever be separated?" He slept little at nights, and was in the habit of reading then, as he refused to use the opiate ordered by the doctor, saying, "If it please God to give me natural sleep I will be thankful for it, but I don't like to have my senses confused." At last he grew so well, that he spent most of his time out of bed, by the fire; but when I entered the ward, he always came back to the side of his own bed to hold a little conversation with me. It was very affecting to see the great giant of a man, coming with the docility of a child to be taught—asking me questions, telling me of his difficulties, or showing me some passages in the books he was reading which had taught him "something he needed to know." One day he told me in great spirits he was getting so well, the doctor meant to send him to the Convalescent Home; and he said he was so thankful for spared life, because of his wife and children, as he hoped, by God's blessing, if he was allowed to go home again, he might be enabled

to bring them to the knowledge of the same blessed Saviour whom he had found for himself.

"I was speaking to the wife this morning, and trying to tell her about Jesus; but oh, woman," said the poor man, with a sorrowful shake of the head, "ye ken she's just as dark as I used to be myself!"

I afterwards heard that every morning he laid aside his bread for her, and when she came to see him, read her regularly a portion of Scripture, and tried to explain it, as neither she nor any of the children could read for themselves.

Next day I saw him, he was hoarse with cold, and evidently a good deal disappointed with the inopportune illness. I comforted him with the hope that it would not be serious, and gave him some garments to keep him comfortable at the Home, adding a small sum of money for him to leave with his wife, as the nurse had told me how destitute she seemed to be. The poor fellow covered his face with his great brawny hands, and burst into tears. He gave me a grateful look, but could speak no thanks.

He had asked the chaplain to furnish him with a prayer-book, as he had great difficulty in expressing his thoughts in words; and Mr. — had asked him if he would care for his children addressing him in fine speeches (for he was a most affectionate father) or whether the broken language of even the youngest did not at once prevail with him to grant its request. So now I read part of the 12th of Hebrews to him, and sought to teach him, through his own fatherly feelings, how our Father in heaven deals with those who are not bastards, but sons. I told him, that God was no weak parent who sought only the present comfort and pleasure of his children; it was their highest good He sought, even to make us partakers of His holiness; and that He made pain, sickness, suffering, death itself to work out only good to those who love Him. I said, "You have told me how you often shut up your children at home, to prevent them from mixing with bad companions on the stair, and no doubt they often think you very hard and unkind; but you know it is out of real love to them." I wanted to prepare him for a possible relapse, and for the disappointment of being kept from going to the Home. He was greatly struck with the passage "as a true picture of God's way with His children." "I believe He laid this trouble upon me, and brought me in here, just to teach me the way of salvation." Then he told me what a struggle he had with some former evil habits. "Before I know where I am," he said, "when sitting round the fire with the rest, I find myself saying something I ought not. Oh, it is so hard, so hard, to give up doing what you've been used to do!" He was so afraid of the temptation to this, that he had made his cold worse by sitting away at his bedside, which was far from the fire-place. So I told him of the wonderful promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee, my strength is made perfect in weakness."

At length I bid him good-bye, saying I would look in

the day he was to go to the Home, and hoped to find him better, and able to go.

I did so. But alas! he was much worse; sitting up in bed with every breath whistling shrilly through his windpipe. He gave a mute gesture of great distress as I stood dismayed by his bedside. He could not speak to me, nor I to him, beyond a few words to strengthen his faith in this sudden and fiery trial. The Bible-woman was in the room, and she had already prayed with him, and so I came away, promising to return next day. He followed us with his eyes to the door, and then we nodded farewell—a last farewell. Next day as I entered the ward every eye was directed towards the bed in the corner, and all who were able to be up were grouped at a little distance from it watching the passage of their fellow-sufferer through the dark valley. Just as I went up he drew his last breath. The nurse laid her hand on his eyes, as I stood beside her and looked for the last time on the noble frame, now grand and still in death. When the chaplain asked him where his hope was, he had stretched up his dying arms towards heaven and whispered, "Lord Jesus, into thy hand I commit my spirit!"

His poor wife was expected to arrive every moment, and the nurse begged me to intercept her at the hospital gate, and break the sad news to her, that she was too late to see her husband in life.

I will not dwell on this harrowing scene, nor describe the passionate grief of the poor woman, rocking her infant in her arms, and loudly lamenting over the sudden extinction of all the fond hopes she had entertained of her "poor man's" recovery.

Next day (it was the Sabbath), after church, I went to visit the poor widow in her affliction, hoping that when the violence of her grief had spent itself, I might be able to comfort her with the hope which had sustained her dying husband. It was a wretched place, in a densely crowded land of ticketed* houses. The short December day was already closing, and in the gathering twilight the mother and her five children were cowering round a handful of fire. The only movable piece of furniture in the room (all the rest had gone to the pawnshop) was a large wooden stool, on which the fragments of a scanty meal were spread. These were hastily removed, and I was invited to sit down on the dinner-table. I found the poor woman to be as her husband had described her, "dark, dark," indeed. She could receive little from me, so I let her pour out her lamentations freely. She told me how sober and industrious, as long as he was able, Samuel had been, and what a good, kind "man" he had been to her, and related many touching instances of his considerate thoughtfulness which quite confirmed the opinion I had formed of him, as a loving husband and father. "He never struck me, nor spoke a hard word," said she, "and was

that good and gentle to me, that folks aye thought we were brither and sister, and no man and wife ava;" an unconscious satire on the connubial manners of her class, which the poor woman uttered in perfect simplicity.

Poor thing! There was no doubting the strength of the natural instincts of love to husband and children which possessed her, and I hoped, through these, to be enabled to do something to raise up her and the little ones from the degrading depths of dark ignorance and helpless penury in which they were sunk; but hitherto it has been a vain and thankless struggle.

I told her how often Samuel had spoken to me about her and them, and how strong his desire was that they should all be brought to know and fear the Lord. She told me he had often spoken to her in the same way, and of the plans he had made for getting the younger ones sent to school and teaching the older ones himself in the evenings, if he had been spared to return to them again. So long as her husband's memory was fresh in her mind, the thought of his wishes had some weight with her; but when these impressions wore off, which they soon did, the life-long habits of mental apathy and indolence resumed their sway. Now, the supply of their mere bodily wants, by whatever means, is all she seems to care for, whilst there is every prospect of poor Samuel's children being suffered to grow up as thieves, and liars, and all that is vile.

I used to wonder, when the poor man spoke with tears of the ignorance and degradation in which he was leaving his family, why he did not also dwell on their abject poverty; but now I understand his feelings. Where there is such utter ignorance, and utter want of all moral sense, and moral training, there is nothing to lay hold of by which to help such to help themselves.

Amongst the little crowd of patients who gathered round Samuel's dying bed, was another man suffering under another form of the same deadly disease. He too was far above middle height, but of slender make and martial carriage. He was still a comparatively young man, of three or four-and-thirty, but he had seen much of the world, and much of life in his day. He had been a soldier, and all through the Crimean War and the terrible scenes of the mutiny in India. He was a reserved, quiet man, sparing in his words, but thoughtful and intelligent. I had had many interesting conversations with him, and when my eye fell upon his grave, serious face, solemnly regarding another encountering that momentous crisis which he was so soon to be called on to face for himself, I felt the deepest sympathy for him. He told me, however, he had "often faced death on the battle-field without fear when he had no hope, and why should he fear to die now, that he had a good hope."

He had passed through all the solemn scenes of the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny without any concern about his soul, and when at last awakened, it was by a

* The full number of lodgers each room should contain, marked on the doorway, to aid the police in keeping down overcrowding.

strange instrumentality. It was the news of revival times in his own native place, in the north of Ireland, and hearing of the conversion of relatives there, that first impressed him, and awakened in his soul the desire for similar blessings. He returned to his country, was discharged from the army, made a profession of religion, and married a Christian wife, who, he said, had been a great blessing to him. But his views of the gospel and of the way of a sinner's acceptance with God were indistinct, and so I found him when he first came into the Infirmary, much tossed by doubts and fears.

I remember the first day I saw him; he said, "I find it hard to believe that a man whose whole life has been spent in direct opposition to the holy law of God, can find forgiveness simply through believing in Christ." But here it was evident that it was upon the act of believing that his attention was fixed, not on the infinite satisfaction made to divine justice by the offering up of Him who is the propitiation for our sins—the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.

He too, however, exhibited a docile, teachable spirit, and by the blessing of God on the reading of His own word, his views seemed to clear up, and his feet to be guided more and more simply into God's way of peace.

One day I found him confined to bed, and with a ghastly look of suffering on his face. Poor fellow, he told me he had no rest night nor day, and could not keep in the same position for a minute at a time. I had often to change his pillows during the short time I sat beside him; and I was quite touched to see how he struggled with his restlessness through his desire to hear me read. "Read me 'Rock of Ages,'" he said, "that was my dead mother's favourite hymn; there's much comfort to me in that hymn."

Next day, exactly a fortnight after Samuel's death, James's wife came for him and took him home to die.

On the Sabbath afternoon I went to inquire how he had borne the removal. What a different home his was from Samuel's!

He lay in a bed spotless and clean, and everything about the small room breathed domestic quiet and comfort. A tidy, sweet-looking young woman, his wife, waited on him with tender care.

He had been free of pain since his return home, but neither he nor his wife attached any hope to that circumstance, whilst he expressed thankfulness for the relief afforded.

"But," said his true helpmate, "James is content to leave himself in the Lord's hands; and though he is still sometimes troubled with doubts and fears, still he feels that, come life, come death, to him all is well."

"I think you are seeing things more clearly now than you did, James," I remarked.

"I am seeing now," said he, in his quiet, concise way, "that *Christ must be all*."

What more could he have learned than this, though his life had been spared to see old age, and filled with the lessons of a ripe Christian experience. "Christ is

all," is the alpha of a believer's learning, and it is the omega, and all the Lord's dealings with him here only tend to ground and settle him more fully in this all-important truth.

I retain a most pleasant recollection of my visit in the gloaming of that winter Sabbath day. The patient's eyes were weak and he could not bear the gas, so we sat quietly conversing, with only the flickering fire-light fitfully lighting up each others' faces. I spoke of the sermon I had been hearing, on the beautiful text, "Such an High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens"—repeating some parts peculiarly suitable to the dying man's circumstances. Then, at his own request, I sang his favourite hymn, "Rock of Ages," and after a few words of prayer, I took leave, promising to return in a few days. I felt so thankful that he was permitted to end his days in his own quiet, peaceful home, and waited on by his tender, gentle wife; and I rejoiced that he had been removed in time, and supposed that he would probably linger beside her for some weeks. Three days after I returned.

His wife opened the door, and in answer to my somewhat anxious inquiry, replied, very gravely and sweetly, "I trust it is all well with James now."

A few hours after I left them, ere yet the Sabbath had closed, when his wife had laid herself down beside him, he took her hand in both his and pressed it to his heart. She felt a fluttering throb, and then all was still; and as she hastily rose to look at his face, with a last faint sigh, the wheel was broken at the cistern and the pitcher at the fountain, and the spirit returned to God who gave it,—leaving the poor young widow alone with the lifeless clay of the husband of her youth, but with Him also to whose loving, gracious care he had, almost with his dying breath, commended her.

It was very plain that that wonderful sustaining presence was with her, giving her such quiet dignity and chastened composure in the midst of her grief. How different I felt it to be, to mingle my tears of sympathy with those of one who sorrowed not as those who have no hope. As we stood together beside the coffin and took a last look of the calm manly face, ere it was sealed up from mortal sight till the resurrection morning, she told me many interesting particulars about her husband in his long illness. "He was a *still* man," she said, "and never in the way of speaking much." But long before he went to the Infirmary she had gathered from his expressions at worship, that he looked forward to nothing else than death as the termination of his illness. She, too, gave me many pleasing instances of his thoughtful care for her, and the provision he had made for her comfort, and when I remembered how he had spoken about her and what a help and blessing he had found a godly wife to be, I thought what a sacred and noble thing true Christian marriage is, where the union is formed, *not* simply by the ties of mere natural affection, or mutual interest,

but as between those who are heirs together of the grace of life. Death had come in and parted for a time, two true and tender human hearts, but only for a time. They are united still in all that is highest and most enduring, and yet a little while, and they will be fully united for ever.

I do not know whether the reader can appreciate, as I do, the amazing contrast which I felt to be presented by these two.

Not between these two men who thus died within a fortnight of one another. On the contrary, their cases were in many respects very similar. Both died of the same disease. Both possessed, far above many, much deep and true natural affection. Above all, both were, I believe, made alive unto God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and were under the remoulding, renewing, purifying influence of his good Spirit. Both, I cannot doubt, departed this life to be for ever with Him. But the difference was in those they left behind.

The widow of the one, dark, ignorant, almost incapable of realising a world beyond the present; certainly incapable of taking any due comfort from the blessed hope in which her husband died — lamenting with violent and hopeless grief only the loss of the "man" who had ever been kind to her and had provided her and her children with bread; and the Christian woman — who seemed of another order of beings altogether — reasonable, composed, hopeful in her sorrow, with beautiful unselfish love, drawing her comfort from the thought that what was her mournful loss was the beloved one's unspeakable gain.

How do examples such as these convince of the one refining, vital power which can alone elevate the masses! The waters of life which can alone heal the dark, sunken, marshy places, from which at present the pestilential moral miasma of evil is ever arising, and spreading vice and crime through all grades of society!

A. B. C.

ARTHUR ERSKINE'S EXPERIENCES.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

V.—THE GOLDSMITH'S APPRENTICE.

"Yon fairy land, that seems so real,
Retreats while you pursue it;
But while you wait for times ideal,
I take my work, and do it."

IT was a lovely day for a walk from Old Edinburgh to the Harbour of Leith. The April sky was fair to see, and the sunshine pleasant to feel; while occasional showers were very little regarded, either by Arthur Erskine, whose mind was engrossed by the expectation of finding a ship bound for France, or by George Duncan, who had been kindly spared by his master to accompany him as far as the harbour.

Allan Durie's conduct in this matter might have surprised any one that knew him; indeed, when he reflected upon it afterwards, it surprised himself. His theories would have led him to shut Arthur up in prison, and to subject him to *peine forte et dure*, until he was brought to a fitting sense of the wickedness of his conduct, and induced to sue for pardon to his offended guardian. But, instead of this, he had reasoned with him on the folly and guilt of his conduct; and when nothing availed to change his determination, he had tried, at all events, to promote his temporal wellbeing. Since the poor foolish boy would, at all hazards, go to France, he might

as well make the voyage in a good ship, and under a respectable Scottish captain, with whom Durie was acquainted; and it was the hope of his arranging this matter satisfactorily that had induced him to dispense with Duncan's services for half a day.

Notwithstanding the difference of rank between the two lads, each seemed to find the other a very pleasant companion. Perhaps, indeed, rank was the only point in which the young gentleman could boast any superiority over the apprentice. Friendless and almost penniless as he was, Arthur Erskine might rather have envied George Duncan, who had thoroughly mastered a profitable calling, had gained an honourable position among his equals, and was certain to command a favourable start in life as soon as his term of apprenticeship should have expired. There was something in the reserved and quiet youth that piqued Arthur's curiosity, and he questioned him with no little interest about his home. Duncan told him, in reply, that he was the eldest of ten children, and that his father was "guidman," or tenant-farmer of Dunsinane Brae, in Angus.

Arthur expressed his surprise that, as the eldest son, he did not remain at home, and learn to manage his father's farm.

"Atweel," said Duncan, "there were mony

reasons. I had aye a muckle love for drawing and fashioning, and sic like; and folk say," he added, with a slight blush, "a kind of ingyne thereanent."

In point of fact, Duncan had a passion for art, and had he lived at a period or in a country offering greater facilities for its indulgence, he might have distinguished himself with the pencil or the chisel. Circumstanced as he was, the best substitute for these, and the nearest approach to them, was found in the art of designing tasteful ornaments in gold and silver; and although, on account of the rudeness, and still more of the poverty of the country, this art was certainly at a very low ebb, still it began to exhibit symptoms of vitality, and was appreciated in a higher degree than we might at first sight be tempted to imagine, by Scotchmen of the sixteenth century. But other considerations had even greater weight than this, in determining George Duncan's choice of a calling.

"Forby that," he continued, "Hugh—that's my next brother—is more gleg and canty about farm work, and sic like; but he wadna learn a trade, and there's sae mony bairns to fend for—Jamie, and Jock, and Janetie, and the twina, and wee Mary and Effie—that I'm keen to work my way, and win the bit siller, that the lads may hae their trades, and the lasses their penny tocher."

"How many sisters have you?" asked Arthur.

"Four, and five brithers; and they're a' brave lads and bonny lasses, God be thankit. Hugh, and Jock, and Jamie are as pretty* fellows as ye'd see in a' the country-side; and, forby that, Jamie's sae fond of his book that he'd mak a braw minister, gin we could get him the book-lear."

"And which of them do you love the best?" asked Arthur.

"I dinna just ken, Maister Arthur; I hae never tried to think."

"I have one sister," Arthur began, with a little hesitation.

"Weel, sir," answered Duncan, with a smile, "she maun hald the room wi' you o' the hail nine wi' me."

"Duncan," said Arthur, impetuously, "gif I could find the man who would bring her faithful tidings of me, I would give him all the gold I have, with my whole heart."

"It mightna be that hard to do, maister. Whaur does the young lady bide?"

Arthur told him.

"I think, sir," replied Duncan, after a moment's reflection, "ye may trust me wi' your ado;* for maister hath affairs wi' Maister David Forres, the general o' the mint, wha bides in Haddington. I ken he'll gar me gang there to settle them. Ainst there, the gait to Wedderburn 'ill be a sma' matter."

"I thank you heartily," said Arthur; "gif I could write a letter."

"And what for suld ye no, Maister Arthur! There's a guid hostelry in Leith, foreanent the harbour. We'll just gang in there, and drink our four-hours, and they'll be blithe to gie us pen and paper."

They put this plan into execution, and Duncan left Arthur comfortably established, with pens, paper, and an inkhorn, in a private room of the inn, while he went to make inquiry for the good ship *Ulysses*, in which he hoped, through his master's influence, to secure a passage for the wanderer on easy terms. He came back in about an hour, and knocked at the door. Receiving no answer, he entered quietly. Arthur was still sitting at the table, but he had pushed away the half-written letter, and his head was resting on his hands. When Duncan came close to him, and gently touched his shoulder, he looked up, his eyes red with weeping.

"Oh, Maister Arthur," said Duncan, with deep compassion, "sure ye needna do this thing. Yer ain heart's against it, forby the law o' God and man, and the weelfare o' yer ain anely sister. Oh, sir, do ye no think what a blithe welcome she'll gie ye, gin ye daur to gang back like a man, and a brave man too, wha's no fear't or shamed to come and say, 'I hae dane wrang—forgie me?' Ye'd do or thole mair than that for her sake, ony day."

"It's ouer late," murmured Arthur.

"Late! Oh, no, sir; gin the battle was lang

* Tall, strong, and active.

* Business.

and hard, the better and braver to conquer in it."

"Oh, but, Duncan, you know not. They would gar me follow your new-fangled doctrines—the Evangel, as you call it; but I hold the true and ancient Catholic faith, and, God helping me, I'll live and die in the same."

"I am a Catholic too," said Duncan, quietly.

"You?"

"Ay, Maister Arthur. They say Catholic's naebut 'general,' and mine's the general faith of Christ's Kirk frae the day He left it—the faith taught by our Lord himsel, and by the holy apostles, Paul, and Peter, and John."

"That's all clavers," said Arthur, hastily; "you know you learned your doctrine from John Knox."

"My ain mither taught me the Word o' God when I was a wee bairnie, years before the voice of Maister John was lifted up in the land. But sma' matter wha teaches us, after a', sae what we learn is the truth."

"But, Duncan," interposed Arthur, "how may we know the truth save by the voice of the one true Kirk?"

"And how may we ken whilk Kirk is the true one save we first ken the truth? Na, na, Maister Arthur, the guid Lord has na left us in the dark aenat that. He has gi'en us twa guid guides to show us the right gait. First, there's the written Word. Ane needna be a braw scholar to read the Evangel frae end to end, and to find out unco weel gif our Lord taught ony thing o' masses, or purgatory, or prayers for the dead, or sic like; gif he said to the folk, 'Ye maun bring me a hantle guid warks, that ye may win eternal life;' or ellis gif he said na word ava', but this ane, 'Come unto me—believe on me—look unto me.' But, forby a' that, there's anither help to ken the truth. I tell ye, Maister Arthur, the truth gies ye a' ye want, as naething else in the muckle warld can do. It gies ye peace and pardon, and a bright and siccar hope here and hereafter. It makes the sinfu' heart clean, the sair heart hail, and the dour heart dounce and gentle."

"I think," said Arthur, looking up, and speaking with a little hesitation, "I think my heart is good, and that I mean to do right."

"That ye mean to do right, Maister Arthur,

I'se no misdoot; but, sir, a guid heart's anither matter. Gin I may speir the question, hae ye ever loved and served, wi' yer hail heart, the guid God that gied ye life, and breath, and being?"

"Nobody does that," said Arthur. "But, George, I may not stay talking thus. I must finish my letter."

And he drew the paper towards him, glanced hastily over it, wrote as hastily a sentence or two, then paused, looked perplexed, frowned, and bit his lips, and finally threw away the pen.

"Can't do it," he said.

Duncan remained silent.

"George, you will see her yourself. You will tell her, will ye not, that it grieved me sore to go thus? Tell her it was my worst pain to think that I bade her no farewell. But say that I am bound for the pleasant land of France—my mother's land; that, God and the saints helping me, I will win fame and fortune there, and come back to share it all with her. You will not forget?"

"I'll tell her ilka word ye hae said, Maister Arthur. But will it please you to sign and seal your letter? I'll fetch wax and a light."

He did so; and Arthur having signed his half-finished letter, sealed it with his father's signet ring, which, with a few other small articles of value, he had concealed about his person.

Then Duncan told him all he had learned about the *Ulysses*. As it happened, she was to sail that very night; and the captain, or "shipper," was willing to allow Arthur a passage on the terms he proposed, in case he should seem, on personal inspection, a likely and active lad.

"Thank you," said Arthur. "You have been a true friend to me, and so has Master Durie. Will you come with me to the ship? And, oh, but you must take this, you know, gif you be the bearer of yon letter."

"This" was the little store of gold, the contents of his mother's purse.

"Na, na, sir," said Duncan, flushing; "not ane plack or bodle."

"Nay, but take these two crowns at least, to buy a new kirtle for one of your sisters."

"Dinna ask me, sir, lest I think ye grudge the

'prentice lad the pleasure o' doing ye sae sma' a service."

Duncan saw Arthur on board, and introduced him to the skipper, who, being rather short of hands, agreed to allow him to work for his passage; not, however, without a good deal of grumbling at his youthful and too gentlemanly appearance. Then the two lads shook hands with each other in a very friendly manner, and parted.

VI.—THE INNER LIFE OF A COMMON-PLACE PERSON.

"Think! the shadow on the dial,
For the Nature most undone,
Marks the passing of the trial,
Proves the presence of the sun."

E. B. BROWNING.

DUNCAN, on his return home, showed his master Arthur's letter, and acquainted him with the commission he had undertaken.

Durie mused for a while. "Gin it were to any ither airt or corner of the land," he said at length, "I'd be amaist minded to gang mysel—forby that, I'd manage the ado wi' Maister David a wheen better than *you*, Duncan—but I've no see the wa's o' Manderston again wi' my ain guid will."

Duncan was about to ask why, but he chanced to look up first in his master's face, and something that he saw there warned him to be silent.

He hung up his gown and blue bonnet, and then, returning to the work-room, inquired if his master wanted him. Being answered in the negative, he took a pencil and a piece of paper, and established himself as near to the window as possible. He was soon engrossed in his employment, which was that of drawing an elaborate design for a large silver cup or tankard.

Now there were two subjects, and only two, upon which the master and the apprentice were not quite of a mind. One was, that when the apprentice was entrusted with any discretionary power in dealing with customers, he was apt to use it with greater liberality than his master exactly approved. Durie often murmured at the time; but as he afterwards experienced the result in larger and more profitable orders, and as Duncan never marred the due effect of these by saying, "I told you so before," the goldsmith, in spite

of his prejudices, employed him every day more frequently in such matters. The other subject of difference was perhaps more serious. Durie was an excellent workman, and understood the mechanical parts of his trade fully as well, if not better, than any goldsmith of his time; but he had no imagination, and little taste, he therefore, in all ornamental work, contented himself with following bad models correctly, but tamely. He could not in the least understand, that what was merely a trade with him, became an art in the hands of his really gifted apprentice. He greatly doubted the propriety of spending valuable time and labour (which were money's worth) on such trifles as the drawing of a figure or a flower. On the present occasion, he reminded Duncan, with some sharpness, that this was the third essay he had made upon a design for "My Lord of Murray's muckle drinking-cup." Yet though disappointed and irritated at his slowness, he thought it safest, after all, to leave in his hands so important a matter as their first order from the second person in the realm.

He busied himself, accordingly, with some calculation; and there was silence, until Duncan suddenly exclaimed, "I hae done it, maister!"

"Weel, laddie, gin ye hae, ye needna deave me sic a gait. Let's see the thing."

"It's ouer dark the noo. Let it bide till the morn. I think—" he added hesitatingly, "I think it's no that ill. Aiblins my Lord will condescend to approve it."

"George Duncan," said his master, "I canna mak ye out ava', whiles. For a douce, eident,* God-fearing lad, wi' guid paitrs and wit, to ware his haille heart on sic trifles, and be as fond to draw a wee bit leaf, or flower, or sic like, as though folk were to gie him a purse o' gowd for ilka hand-straik!"

"I love my wark," answered Duncan quietly, "and I dinna scorn the things my wark may bring."

"Vanity o' vanities," said his master. "Sae the Word o' God sayeth, and sae I hae fand to my bitter dule."

Duncan might have said with truth that he believed his master had never loved his work

* Industrious.

itself, but only its reward. He preferred, however, to remain silent.

"But ye're young, Geordie, and hae the warld before ye. I pray God it willna bring you as wae'fu' lessons as it has brought me."

"But, maister," said the youth softly, "this warld's nae a' to us, wha ken the true Evangel."

"God be thankit for the same!" answered Durie, with unusual energy. He rose, walked to the window, and stood leaning against it, and shading his face with his hand. "Gin it were, I ken ane laird's son wha wadna hae been a breathing man.—But God forgie me the sinfu' thocht! For he's dead the noo. Dead, Geordie. Did ever aeboddy dee wha had done ye bitter wrang?"

"Naeboddy ever did me wrang, maister. Frae God and man hae I had naething but guid. But wha has deed?"

"Do ye no mind yon puir senseless Papist callant telling us, as by chance like, that the brither o' the Laird o' Manderstone had deed sudden, the day before he left his hame?"

"I dinna mind," said Duncan, "I maun hae been in the shop, I think."

"It's liddle he guessed," Durie resumed, "that he was telling me the death o' my bairn's husband, wee Elsie's ain father."

"But she never kenned him. It willna be ony dule to her."

"The wae'fulest thocht ava'! Better for a lassie to greet till her heart breaks, than to say she never kenned her mither, and had nae cause for dule when her father deed. But it's ouer true that like suld win to like, and lad and lass forgather in their ain degree. Nae guid ever came of a laird's son and a craftsman's daughter. It's no the will o' God."

Duncan did not controvert this sentiment, and Durie presently continued, "I hae thocht aft and aft it was a' God's punishment for my ain sin. For I toiled, and tholed, and strove, to get the gowd thegither, that *she* might hae a better tocher than ony ither lass in the city. I won a hantle mair in thae days than we can do *the noo*. For James Mosman hadna set up *that* muckle krame o' his in Forrester's Wynd. And I had affairs wi' mony o' the barons and gentlemen wha gied me their siller to keep; sae I loaned the gowd again where I might adventure it,

and mony's the honest penny I gained that gait."*

It was not without some pleasure that Durie dwelt upon these remembrances. For unquestionably he loved—his nature loved—the gleam of gold and the glitter of silver.

"Weel," he went on, "the store o' gowd grew, and grew, and grew. And the lassie grew too, blithe and winsome, and a hantle bonnier than wee Elsie. Mony an honest lad in her ain degree wooed her fairly, but fule that I was, I wad hear nane o' them. I aye and aye thocht to do something better wi' her. Then came young Manderstone wi' his ring on his finger, and his feather in his hat, wi' his saft, saft speech, and his cauld, cauld heart. Naeboddy ever dreamed o' sic a thing as that, for the laird's son to wed the goldsmith's daughter. Sae our hearts were lifted up wi' pride and vanity; and we didna think it was unco little he'd hae speired after her, but that he was puir and a dyvour,† and the lees and clashes o' the silly folk had made her tocher ten times mair than it was like to be.

"Weel, it was a' done; and he took her hame to his father's halls. Dinna ask me mair. My bairn's heart was broken. The great folk scorned and lichtlied her, and he,—sin God taught me his truth I hae tried hard no to hate him, Duncan. And I hae prayed for him night and morn, though aft and aft the words deed on my lip, and my heart turned to fire at the thocht of my puir, simple, sorrowfu' bairn, her lane amang thae cruel folk. Atweel, he is gone to God's judgment noo; I trust, I hope that aiblins he has pardoned him, for his dear Son's sake, even as he has pardoned me."

"And Mistress Elspeth, ye hae cared for her sin' she was a wee bairnie?" asked Duncan, after a pause.

"Ay, my bairn deed young. I was no wae for that. But ane thing I'd hae wared my life for in the after-days—that she had come to ken the true Evangel. Weel, God is aboon a', and he does what pleaseth him in heaven and upon earth."

"And we dinna ken what he does the noo, but we sall ken hereafter," said Duncan gently; half unconsciously quoting one of the most precious of

* In those times the goldsmiths generally acted as bankers.

† Spendthrift; bankrupt.

those "words of Jesus" which have been as stars in the midnight darkness to thousands of perplexed and sorrowful hearts.

"I gaed to Manderstone and brought wee Elsie hame, for the which they were no laith. And sae that was the end on't. But, Geordie, I felt my heart within me turnit to ane stane. I didna care for onything as I cared for *her*." His voice trembled as he spoke; and had there been light enough, Duncan might have seen that his face was pale with emotion, as he looked earnestly, through the gathering twilight, at his listener.

His was one of those strong narrow natures that, perhaps, only once in the whole course of their lives, give to another the deepest love of which they are capable. He had really loved the wife of his youth; still the privilege of unlocking the secret place within his heart had been reserved for the tiny hand of his little daughter. Stern men, such as he was, have not seldom given to a winsome, gentle child what they have refused to all beside. After a pause, he continued, "But my wark helpit me to forget, and sae I gaed on. I got mair gowd ilka day thae times, and I tried to think it wad help me to be vengit on young Manderstone, or ellis to mak wee Elsie's life mair bright than her puir mither's. Then came the time o' Maister John's first hame-coming. The guidwife gared me gang wi' her and hear him preach in Saint Geills, albeit I misliked sic fashions. Duncan, Maister John's a true prophet o' the Lord. He told me a' that was in my heart."

"Did he comfort ye?" asked Duncan, to whose soul God had come not in the earthquake or the fire, but in the still, small voice. Very different had been Allan Durie's experience.

"Comfort me, lad! As ye'd comfort a border thief, ta'en redhand in reiving and robbing. He gared me see I was a muckle sinner, and that the wages o' sin was death; gin ye ca' that ony comfort."

"For a guid wee bit I was sae down-cast, I didna ken whaur I was, nor what I maun do for my puir saul. But belyve I began to think that, tho' 'twas an ill case, siller 'id help it, ony gait. Ye mind I had found out that siller couldna heal a sair heart, but I thocht it wad gang far to save a sinfu' saul. Sae I fixed wi' mysel that I'd

ware the gowd I had stored sae carefu', and hae a hantle masses said for my ain puir saul, and for my bairn, and for us a'. Forby that, I'd do guid warks. Eh, but Maister John dang that out o' me unco quick! The guid warks, and the saints, and the bit masses, and a'; he just smashed them as ye'd smaaish an egg-shell in yer han'. Oh, Geordie lad, it was awfu'! For he took me up, and left me, a puir miserable sinfu' saul, my lane before the God that made me, but aething ava' to put between us and turn his wrath aside. Gif there's onything fearsome on this airth, it's to think on the presence o' the Lord Almighty about yer path, and yer bed, and ilka gait ye gang, gin ye havena seen the blessed face o' the Saviour Christ. Mony's the time I'd hae langed sair to dee, but that I kenned weel that wadna save me; for 'gif I gang down to hell, Thou art there also.' Hae ye ever felt like that, Geordie?"

"No just like that," said George, slowly and reverently. "I think I hae kenned the guid Lord loved me, for Jesus Christ's sake, a'maist as soon as I kenned the love o' father or mither. Sin' I could mind aething, I've aye been right siccar o' that."

"Weel, I canna mak it out," replied Durie, rather doubtfully. "Truth is truth, George Duncan, and I'm no shamed to say I hae thocht ye a hantle better in the Lord's sight than mysel. But that gowd suld be guid to wark wi', gin it's no passit thro' the fire, hae I never heard. Forby that, I canna think how ane could come to ken the warth o' Christ, or his saving mercy, gin his sins hadna gared him cry aloud in the bitter dule and the vera anguish o' his saul."

"Maister," answered Duncan, "what ye say o' the fire's unco true. Still that's *his* business, no mina. 'Twere an ill case an' the gowd had to do aething for itsel, but just to bide still in the Maister's han', wha'll take guid care to gie it its ain turn in the furnace, as he thinks best. And as to sin, I jalouse a man can scarce tell rightly what sin is ava', till he comes to ken that it grieves the heart o' the Lord that loves him. But how gaed it wi' ye after that, Maister?"

"After lang time the guid Lord had mercy on me. My lad, I hae tald ye the anguish, but I canna tell ye the joy. Wonnerfu' it looked to

me then, wonnerfu' it looks the noo, when I think on't. He came to me himsel. And he didna come to me in the kirk, whaur I gaed to hear Maister John; nor yet in yon bit chalmers whaur I cried to him aft and aft on my twa knees; it was here, in this vera room, and I sitting busy at my wark. I mind I was setting a signet ring, a cornelian in gold, for Bailie Sandeman. I mind, too, it was the vera morn I caught that young ne'er-do-weel of a 'prentice, Rob Maxwell, wi' his han' in the till; and I had but just settled wi' mysel to forgie him, and mak the trial gin dounce and faithfu' dealing mightna bring the puir fatherless lad to a better mind. Thae silly trifles are unco clear to me, but the lave—I canna tell it. I just heard His voice saying to me, 'Thy sins are forgien;' and frae that minute there came back on my mind like a spate* ilka sweet promise I had read in the Evangel. What I thoct aforetime mair hard than Greek or Latin, seemed just the simplest thing I had heard in a' my life. I wonnered muckle at the guidness o' the Lord Almighty, aiblins as muckle at my ain folly. To think I was that lang afore I could find out the meaning o' plain words, as 'trust,' 'believe,' and sic like! But I kenned a' then. 'The wages o' sin is death, but the gift o' God is eternal life, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.' 'Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!'"

An ordinary observer would not have thought Allan Durie capable of the strong feeling, tempered with deep reverence, that breathed in every tone of his voice as he said this.

George Duncan added "Amen;" and then the conversation dropped. But for several minutes these two, usually so busy and active, remained silent and motionless in the darkness.

At length Durie suddenly resumed the conversation, and brought it back from the deep channels into which it had glided unawares, to the ordinary track of practical life; such transitions being never very difficult to him.

"Atweel, Duncan," he said, "ane thing's unco clear to me. Folk suld marry in their ain degree. Wee Elsie 'ill be no that ill off for tocher, ony gait. And I'll tak guid care she shall marry

some dounce, honest, God-fearing craftsman; gin it suld be ane that can carry on this business o' mine when I'm in the kirkyard, sae mickle the better for a'."

It was night now, but had the noonday sunshine been streaming into the room, still no look of consciousness could have been detected in the quiet face of George Duncan. To speak the truth, he was much more interested in Allan Durie's own history than in the fate of his pretty grand-daughter. Yet, because he knew the secret of a friend, he made an effort to do the duty that friendship demanded. "Ay, maister," he said; "and I'm thinking its like ye hae in yer mind young Wilson, the horloger o' the Nether Bow. He's a dounce—"

"Hoot awa', ye fule callant!" Durie interrupted quite angrily. "The lass wadna look twice at him. Gang yer ways, and bring us a creusie; we've been ouer lang claverin here, and I maun finish Maister David's account, gin sae be ye gang to Haddington."

So ended the talk of the master and the apprentice. It has been said that it glided into unexpected channels; but in such cases the previous preparation of the channels must always be taken for granted. It had become almost necessary that some such explanation, some such unveiling of their inner and real selves, should take place between these two, who notwithstanding great differences of character and disposition, yet loved each other nearly as father and son. It is true indeed that fathers do not very often talk thus even to grown-up sons; but then Duncan, somehow or other, seldom failed to receive the confidence of those he was with, whether older or younger than himself. Half of the apprentices in the Canongate used to come to him, when in any trouble, for counsel and assistance. These his equals in age and position had at first looked upon him rather doubtfully; because, although he excelled in the athletic games in which they delighted to spend their summer evenings, he was wont to keep himself aloof from the brawls and frays upon the "Hie Gait," of which they were, unhappily, almost as fond. But he was fortunate enough to establish his reputation for courage, by a brilliant defence of one of his comrades, who had

* Flood.

been attacked by some French soldiers for singing one of the many ballads against Popery then in vogue. From that time he was cordially liked, as well as respected, by his associates.

To the power of winning the confidence of others, Duncan joined what was perhaps a still greater power, that of drawing out whatever was noblest and highest in their characters. Those with whom he kept company were usually their best selves in his presence, and were also disposed to think favourably of each other. It was owing to him that Jock Fleming had made the discovery that his master, if sometimes "crabbit" in manner, was always fair and often kind in action; though the boy was wont to announce it to his companions as the result of his own unaided observation and experience. While, on the other hand, it would be impossible to calculate the number of "palmies" from which Duncan saved his fellow-apprentice; nor how greatly he had influenced the master's verdict, which though qualified, was much from him, "Jock's *that* careless, but he's no an ill bairn ava."

Nor was this power of Duncan's to be traced to any one particular quality; it was rather the result of his whole character. There are some combinations of colour which do not, in themselves, at first sight attract particular attention, for they rather satisfy than strike the eye. But if we place against them any objects of taste, as paintings or statuary, we find, to our surprise, that these never before looked so beautiful. Every grace of form or colour is enhanced by the background, and seems to take a double

charm from its quiet but perfect harmony. There are characters of the same stamp, which are rather known by what they make of others than by what they appear themselves. They are rare, however; for there must be found in them a particularly harmonious combination of qualities, a large measure of sympathy, and a singular absence of selfishness.

George Duncan would have been greatly surprised had he heard himself classed amongst such. But nothing conduces so much to harmony and completeness of Christian character as *real* and unobtrusive early piety. And George was the child of devoted Christian parents; who were also, for their station in life, unusually thoughtful and intelligent. It was with many tears that they had dedicated him to God in his infancy, for the shadow of a great sorrow had fallen over his cradle; but through that sorrow they had learned to draw very near—nearer than ever before—to Him who was indeed the light of their lives. Prayerfully, wisely, tenderly, had they trained their child for Him, and He had abundantly blessed their labour. Many other children were given them, whom they brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and who gave fair promise of doing well, both for this world and the next. But the babe that was baptized in mourning and tears was more honourable than all his brethren; and like him of old whose name was "Sorrowful," God "blessed him indeed, and his hand was with him, and he kept him from evil, that it might not grieve him."

D. A.

ANOTHER STARRY NIGHT.

THE following evening was again calm and clear. The stars shone out brightly, as twilight faded into darkness, and Lucy Martyn, with her brother, lingered long together out of doors.

"Here is a comfortable fire for you," said Mrs. Martyn, as they returned to the parlour at last. "Even astronomers must not quite despise the meaner lights below."

"Indeed, we shall not despise them at all, mamma," said Lucy, "for it is really cold now."

She threw off her bonnet and shawl, and both the young astronomers gladly drew, with their mother, round the cheerful hearth.

"And what have been your meditations in your rambles this evening? Any new planet discovered, or only a sonnet composed to the evening star?"

"Oh, mamma, it was so curious and beautiful to watch the stars appearing, one by one, after the daylight was gone. I tried to count them, and it was easy for a while; but soon I got quite bewildered, so many seemed to shine out at once on every side."

"Then we thought of the promise, given to Abraham," said John, "that his children were to be 'as the stars in heaven for multitude.'"

"That is, indeed, a remarkable scene in the patriarch's eventful history. Imagine the glorious 'vision' given to him at the solemn midnight hour:

all sounds of earth hushed to silence, all its scenery veiled in darkness, but the 'heavenly host' above shining in all the splendour they display through the clear atmosphere of an eastern sky, and the voice of the Creator only heard. 'And he brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them. And he said unto him, So shall thy seed be.'

"Are the stars really innumerable, mamma?"

"I believe those visible to the naked eye have been counted, and reckoned at about one thousand; but those which the telescope brings within view may be well called innumerable. And in this respect the expressions of Scripture agree with the discoveries of modern science. The figurative promise to Abraham, and its fulfilment, is repeatedly alluded to in the books of Moses; and in later times the prophet Jeremiah was commissioned to confirm it. 'Thus saith the Lord, As the host of heaven cannot be numbered, neither the sand of the sea measured: so will I multiply the seed of David, my servant, and the Levites that minister unto me' (Jer. xxxiii. 22). To be able to number the stars is spoken of as a special attribute of Jehovah, as in the passages I referred to last night when we were talking together."

"What a marvellous discovery the telescope was!" said John. "How I should like to look through a really large fine one!"

"There is no reason why you should not have an opportunity of doing so some future day; and even a small night-glass, which does not cost much money, may give great pleasure. I have never seen a very fine telescope, but I have been delighted with a peep at the moons of Jupiter and the ring of Saturn through a comparatively small one."

"Yes; I should enjoy that. The moons of Jupiter and the other planets are like something we can understand about; but to hear of finding the Milky Way, and the nebulae, all resolving into myriads and myriads of worlds!—oh, mamma, the giddy feeling comes over me again when I think of it! I could almost, at such times, wish the wonderful instrument had not been invented."

"Nay, that is cowardly, my boy. When we once believe, on reasonable, incontrovertible evidence, that the Holy Scriptures are the Word of God—the revelation of Himself and his will which it has pleased him to make to man—then we may rest assured that the works of the Creator will never contradict his word; and we need not fear that any discoveries of his glory and greatness in the works of creation will shake our faith and hope, if pursued in a humble, prayerful spirit. On the contrary, they ought only to enlarge our ideas of what he is in himself, and our confidence of what he will be to his believing people. Thus he speaks to us by his prophet: 'I am the Lord that maketh all things; that stretcheth forth the heavens alone; that spreadeth abroad the earth by myself. I have made the earth,

and created man upon it: I, even my hands, have stretched out the heavens, and all their host have I commanded' (Is. xlv. 24; xlv. 12). And we may reply, with his servants of old, in adoring confidence: 'Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high, who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth! Thou, even thou, art Lord alone; thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their host, the earth, and all things that are therein, the seas, and all that is therein, and thou preservest them all; and the host of heaven worshippeth thee. *Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth*'" (Ps. cxlii. 5, 6; Neh. ix. 6; Ps. cxxiv. 8).

"Oh, how grand the language of Scripture is!"

"Yes; the difference between the Bible and all other books, even in this respect, forms one of that is called the 'internal evidences' of its being the inspired Word of God, which, to a heart capable of such feelings, becomes stronger and clearer the more it is studied. But let us return to the telescope, John. You are startled and alarmed by the sudden impression it has given to your mind of the stupendous extent of creation, in the multitude of new worlds revealed, and their enormous magnitudes and distances in space. It has made you feel our poor planet to be such a small insignificant item of the list, hardly worthy of the least attention from the great Creator. But has *He* thus considered it? I am not now speaking of the wonderful scheme of his redeeming love; but when we merely open our eyes, and look around us upon 'things seen and temporal,' is there any appearance of neglect, of carelessness, on the part of the Maker and Preserver of all? Has God forsaken the work of his own hands?"

"Oh no, no, mamma!" exclaimed Lucy. "How beautiful *everything* is just now! The trees, the flowers, all budding and blooming with fresh beauty, and the birds singing and making their nests, and bees and butterflies flying about, and the very animals looking so happy! Oh, surely our world is not forsaken!"

"You are right," said John. "This earth is full of wonders, and it does one good to think of them."

"Then," said his mother, "did you ever think of another instrument which science invented about the same time as the telescope, only of different, I may say an opposite, use?"

"Do you mean the microscope, mamma? I had not thought of the two in connection; but that is a remarkable idea. I know that the microscope shows such wonders in the very smallest things—living creatures in a drop of water, and so on."

"Dr. Chalmers, in one of his most eloquent discourses against the infidel arguments of unbelieving men of science, has a very fine passage on this subject. I was looking over the volume—which Hugh Miller calls 'one of the sublimest philosophic poems of modern times'—this morning, in consequence of our last night's conversation. Let me read a few sentences to you.

"It was the telescope, that, by piercing the obscurity which lies between us and distant worlds, put infidelity in possession of the argument against which we are now contending; but, about the time of its invention, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man with a discovery which serves to neutralize the whole of this argument. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the universe. The one has suggested to me, that, beyond and above all which is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that, within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles. . . . By the telescope, astronomers have discovered that no magnitude, however vast, is beyond the grasp of the Divinity; but, by the microscope, we have also discovered that no minuteness, however shrunk from the notice of the human eye, is beneath the condescension of his regard. Every addition to the powers of the one instrument extends the limit of his visible dominions; but, by every addition to the powers of the other instrument, we see each part of them more crowded than before with the wonders of his unwearying hand. The one is constantly widening the circle of his territory; the other is as constantly filling up its separate portions with all that is rich, and various, and exquisite. . . .

"They, therefore, who think that God will not put forth such a power, and such a goodness, and such a condescension, in behalf of this world, as are ascribed to him in the New Testament, because he has so many other worlds to attend to, think of him as a man. They confine their view to the information of the telescope, and forget altogether the information of the other instrument. They only find room in their minds for his one attribute of a large and general superintendence; and keep out of their remembrance the equally impressive proofs we have of his other attribute, of a minute and multiplied attention to all that diversity of operations where it is He that worketh all in all. . . . Now that the microscope has unveiled the wonders of another region, I see strewed around me, with a profusion which baffles my every attempt to comprehend it, the evidence that there is no one portion of the

universe of God too minute for his notice, nor too humble for the visitation of his care."

The young people listened with much interest; and John requested and readily obtained permission to carry the volume of Dr. Chalmers' works back with him next day to school.

"Do you believe the stars to be inhabited?" he asked, "or not?"

"Oh," said Lucy, "surely we cannot doubt that! Would all these beautiful worlds have been created for no purpose but to shine upon us by night? They must be full of inhabitants, like this earth, only I hope without our sins and sorrows."

"That is a natural conclusion on first considering the subject," said Mrs. Martyn, "yet men of science have written on both sides in answer to John's question. The fixed stars, you know, are apparently 'suns,' centres of light and heat, and as such, we cannot conceive of life being possible in them. But then doubtless they have, like our own sun, planets revolving around them. Are all the planets of our own system inhabited by rational beings? We know that these worlds have like our own earth changes of day and night, summer and winter; but the degrees of light and darkness, of heat and cold, of the power of gravitation, &c., must differ so immensely, according to their nearness or distance from the central sun, that life there must be of a different kind from what we have here any examples of. The mind becomes lost in conjectures—interesting indeed, but still mere speculations after all. We must wait patiently. I believe we may venture to say as to this and many other kindred subjects of thought, what we know not now we shall know hereafter."

"You mean in a future life, mamma? That is a comforting thought."

"It is; and I often take the comfort of it. We are at present in the mere infancy of our immortal being. It would, I doubt not, be as perfectly impossible for angels now to make us comprehend what they know, of the works and attributes of the Almighty, as for you to explain to your baby cousin the truths which are perfectly plain to your own mind, and which will be so to his if he lives to your age."

"But how often one wishes that it were possible to know more!" said John, with a sigh.

"About the planets at least," said Lucy. "Oh, it would be delightful to be assured that they were the dwellings of holy, happy beings!"

"Hugh Miller wrote some most interesting papers on this subject, which I was looking over to-day. I could not make you understand all his views and theories, unless you knew more of the principles of both geology and astronomy. But I shall read one passage which will please you, Lucy, because it speaks of the natural wish to know more regarding our companion worlds.

"There does certainly exist," he says, 'a wide-

spread desire to know, so far as can be known, the extent of God's living creation. The planet which we inhabit is but one vessel in the midst of a fleet sailing on through the vast ocean of space, under convoy of the sun. Far on the distant horizon what seem to be a great many other convoy ships appear, though such is their remoteness, that even our best glasses enable us to know very little regarding them. But in the vessels of the same group as ourselves, we see evolutions similar to those which our own ship performs; we see them maintain relations similar to those of our own to the great guardian vessel in the midst; we see them regulated by her in all their movements, and that when nights fall dark, most of them have their sets of lanterns hoisted up to give them light: and there is a desire among us to know somewhat respecting the crews of these neighbour vessels of ours, and whether—as we all seem bound on a common voyage—the expedition, as it is evidently under one and the same control, may not have a common purpose or object to accomplish.”

“What an interesting illustration,” said Lucy; “the convoy ship and the fleet under its care! I shall think of it often, when I see our neighbour vessels and the ‘other convoy ships’ appear in the evening sky.”

“Listen to one other sentence from the same gifted writer. He argues, that as it is proved from the facts of geologic science that our earth was long ages in existence before it became the abode of reasoning, immortal beings, so it is quite possible that some or even all of the planets in our system may be as yet in the same stage of preparation, and intended hereafter to form the dwelling-place of the ‘spirits of just men made perfect.’ ‘They may be merely some of the “many mansions” prepared in the “Father’s House,” for the immortal existence of kingly destiny made in

the Father’s own image, to whom this little world forms but the cradle and the nursery.’”

John expressed delight at this speculation.

“But now,” said his mother, “we must speculate no longer for the present. It is late, and you will have to leave us very early to-morrow. Only I may repeat to you some verses which I used greatly to admire in my young days, and which perhaps chiefly for that reason have still a charm for me. I do not know who is the author: the poem is called ‘A Midnight Hymn,’ and it will be a good close to our speculations for this evening.

“‘Star gemmed floor of the land I love,
Tell me, and tell me now,
What are the many glittering gems
Which hang on thy jewelled brow?

“‘Schoolmen write in the lettered page,
‘That each is a world like ours,
Where sky birds sing their melodious songs
In more delightful bowers.

“‘Where the wolf and the lamb in concord dwell,
Where the leopard harmless lives,
And where, undewed with the sweat of man,
The field its harvest gives.

“‘Where sin hath shed no withering blight,
Where death no entrance gains;
Where the men of a thousand years ago
Still bound across the plains.

“‘Many, if such ye be, fair worlds,
Would ask no brighter doom,
Than within your gorgeous palaces
To find a lasting home.

“‘So let them! more ambitious, I
More towering wishes frame;
I would not dwell in these, but with
The Lord of all of them!

“‘They may be near to the pearly gates,
They may stand close to heaven;—
But who would dwell in the servant’s lodge
If the mansion-house were given?’”

H. L. L.

The Children's Treasury.

MY LITTLE TEACHER.

I WENT to spend a fortnight with my friend Agnes Bell. It is long, long ago, yet I remember that visit as if it were yesterday: first, because I had never been away from home alone before; secondly, because such a great event happened at the time. But I ought to tell you at once that my name was Bessie Campbell, and that I was seven years old. I do not remember much of my life before I was seven. I suppose nothing particular had happened to me. I had no brothers or sisters; and so in my play I had nobody to please but myself. I went to school every day, in the village where we lived. Agnes Bell was one of my school-fellows, and

she was my great friend. Her mamma had often asked me to come and stay a few days with Agnes; but my parents would not let me go, for they thought I was too young to visit by myself, and that I should give a great deal of trouble. However, at last a day came when my mamma told me I was to stay with Agnes for a whole fortnight, and I was to go home with her after school that afternoon. My joy was so great that I did not hear half of what mamma said to me afterwards. I recollect her saying, “I am afraid a little spoiled thing like you will be very troublesome!” and she charged

* From “Sacred Poetry.”

me to be a good girl, to do all I was told, and to be willing to give up my own way. I do not think, after all, I *was* very troublesome while I was at Mrs. Bell's, because I was treated like a visitor, and everything was done to please me; and, not being crossed, I felt good-tempered and happy all the time. Agnes was a sweet, unselfish child, and she always gave way to me when we were together. One great delight to me was her little brother, two years old, who I had scarcely seen before. Oh, how I wished I had a little brother, to make a pet of! I wondered why I had ever cared for dolls, which could not speak. I was sure I should never care for them again, after having had this "live doll" to play with. Agnes was often allowed to take Charlie out for his run in the garden, and sometimes she was even trusted to undress him and put him in his bath at night. How happy I thought her! I began to think my own home was very dull. Well, the pleasant fortnight ended, and one day, when we came from school, I found my papa at Mrs. Bell's, waiting to take me home. I did not feel glad, for I did not want to leave Agnes and Charlie. Little Charlie ran into the room, and I found it hard work not to cry as I snatched him up on my knee.

"Look papa," I said, "what a little darling! O Agnes, if you would give him me, to take home!"

Papa smiled, saying, "Yes, Bessie, Agnes is much richer than you, isn't she?" and as I left the room to get ready to go with papa, Mrs. Bell laughed and said, "Ah, Bessie will soon forget Charlie."

The tears came before I had got through my good-byes.

As we started papa said, "You wouldn't be so sorry to come home, Bessie, if you knew what a nice present we have got for you."

I brightened up.

"What is it, papa?"

"A doll," he answered.

I was going to say I didn't want any more dolls, but remembering that this would sound ungrateful, I said gravely, "Thank you, papa."

"It isn't so big as Charlie," he added.

"Oh, I *wish* I had a Charlie!" I said. "Mrs. Bell thinks I shall forget him, and I *shan't* forget him!" with which I fairly burst out sobbing.

Papa smiled.

"I hope, at any rate, I shall see no more crying after to-day," he said. (I must confess here, that I was much addicted to crying.)

So our walk was a dull one.

When we reached home, papa said, "Come, child, and see if you like your new doll after all."

He took me to the nursery. There, beside the fire, was a bassinette, with pretty blue curtains, and blue frills all round it. I looked in. Oh, wonderful sight! a beautiful little baby—a real, living baby—lying asleep.

"This is your doll, Bessie," said papa. "This is your little brother, a week old."

I threw myself into papa's arms, and wept, this time

for pure joy. "Oh, papa! papa!" as soon as I could speak.

"I'm sorry you don't like him," said papa.

"Oh, papa, it is what I have been wishing so for! I've been dreaming every night I had a little brother, like Agnes. O papa, is he really *our* baby? Will he stay here? You are *not pretending*? Oh, I must look at him!" and papa left me, telling me "not to eat him up."

I knelt by the cradle for an hour, devouring him with my eyes, and feeling as if my heart would burst with intense joy. Then he woke, and, oh, rapture! nurse took him up, and I had the unspeakable delight of examining his hands and feet, seeing his blue eyes, and feeling his soft cheeks. Mamma soon sent for me to her room. I was sorry to leave baby, yet I longed to pour out my joy to mamma.

After I had talked about this marvellous event to my heart's content, mamma said, "And do you think you will love your brother, Bessie, nearly as well as you love yourself?"

"Oh, mamma, I will love him *a hundred times* better than myself!"

"My darling, I have often tried to teach you to like to make others happy. You know how I have talked to you about being selfish, and it *was* hard for you to be unselfish when you were all by yourself. But now your dear little brother will teach you what it is to love somebody else as much as yourself—perhaps even more. And you will be far happier, Bessie dear, than you have ever been."

Papa called me away now, and he gave me a card on which he had written these texts:—

"Charity (Love) seeketh not her own" (1 Cor. xiii. 5).

"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others" (Phil. ii. 4).

"For even Christ pleased not Himself" (Rom. xv. 3).

"My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth" (1 John iii. 18).

Papa made me read these to him, and said, "Your little brother is going to teach you what all this means."

"How, papa?"

"Because you will often now have to 'seek not *your own*' comfort and pleasure, but baby's. If God spares him to us, you will often have to *give up* to him; give up, for instance, doing something you like, to play with him, or take him out. You will have somebody to think of, and please, besides yourself. Will this be easy?"

"Oh, yes, papa; I shall never like doing anything half so much as playing with him! I liked playing with Charlie better than anything, and I let him have all my things. You'll see, papa, I'll never care about *myself* again."

"Well, dear Bessie, I do believe baby *will* be a good little teacher of unselfishness to his sister. Now, run away and look at him again."

I cannot stop to tell you how happy I was for many a day. I did not cry for a long time. Baby was my first thought in the morning, and my last thought at

night. To see him dressed and undressed was, for three or four weeks, daily a new delight. The pride and joy of showing him to Agnes could not be described. Then came the day when he first smiled at me, the day when he first *cooed*, and the day when he first crowed out loud. I used to run straight to the nursery as soon as I came in from school, feeling that I had a treasure-house of happiness there.

Once I asked mamma "if I had not learned to be unselfish, *quite* unselfish?"

She said she "hoped I was learning;" and I thought she might have said more.

One day as I entered the room, papa was saying, "He has improved her already;" and mamma answered, "You see, he is a *new toy* to her at present."

I knew they were speaking of baby and me.

But, of course, as baby grew older, I got used to having a little brother, and by degrees I found that there were trials as well as pleasures in the new state of things. Nurse did not make such a pet of *me*, now she had baby to pet. She often scolded me for making a noise when baby was asleep. Many things, too, which she had always done for me, I now had to learn to do for myself, because her time was so occupied with baby.

One day, when he was nearly six months old, I came back from school (it was my half-holiday), and having taken off my walking things, I left them as usual for nurse to put away.

She said, "Put them away yourself. Don't you see I'm feeding baby! It is time you learned!"

I thrust them all in a heap into the nearest drawer, and left the nursery very cross.

Mamma must have gone in soon after, for she presently called me: "Bessie, come and arrange your things neatly, in their proper places."

I was sure nurse had complained of me.

Everyone knows that when a day begins badly, it is apt to go on badly. After dinner, I wanted my paint-box, which was kept on the top shelf of a closet in the nursery. I burst in, saying, "Nurse, will you——"

"*Hush!*" whispered nurse; "I'm just trying to get baby off to sleep! he has been awake since five this morning, and he's so poorly with his teeth. *THERE!* you see you've woke him up, coming in making such a noise. What a troublesome child you are."

I lowered my voice to the proper standard, and resumed, "But, nurse, will you reach me my paint-box? It is up there, on the top shelf."

"I can't get it you now. Didn't I tell you I was trying to get him to sleep?"

"I'll take him while you get it."

"You take him! Go away, and don't come back disturbing him, poor little darling! he was just gone off, when you woke him."

I was angry, and I exclaimed aloud, "What a fuss you do make about baby! You never will do *anything* for *me* now!"

Nurse said, "I know who *once* made a fuss about baby!"

This stung me, and crying out, "I wish he had never come!" I shut the door behind me with a loud slam. I threw myself on the floor of the passage outside the nursery door, for I was so miserable I did not know what to do. Passion always makes one miserable. I hated nurse, and I hated myself. I heard baby fretting, and I knew I had put him quite off his sleep. I remembered the time when I thought I should never be cross or unhappy again as long as I had my little brother; and now, for a single moment, I had hated *him*, and had *meant* the words I said, "I wish he had never come!" I was sobbing on the floor half an hour afterwards, when mamma came upstairs on her way to the nursery to see if baby were asleep. I told her "he wasn't asleep;" and she raised me up, and led me into her room, where she desired me to tell her what had happened. I managed, between bursts of tears, to say that "I had woke baby up—nurse had been very cross—she wouldn't get me my paint-box—I had said there was so much fuss about baby—and I wished he—he—"

Mamma said she would rather not hear what I had wished; she would come and talk to me when I was quieter. She came back after some time, and said, "Bessie, you thought you had learned to be unselfish all at once. The first time baby crossed you—the first time you found *he* had to be considered before *you*—you have shown that you are as selfish as ever. He has only been a pleasure and a plaything to you till now. You will often have to give way to him as he gets older, and it will be hard work as long as my Bessie loves herself and her own way so much. Baby was to teach you 'not to seek your own,' and you have broken down in the first lesson. You never thought you could be unkind to your little brother, for you did not know how selfish you were. He is crying still, quite worn out by want of sleep."

This grieved me bitterly, and I said, "It is no use! I shall *never* be any better."

"My darling, you need not be discouraged. I have great hope you *will* be 'better,' now you have learned, by this, how weak and sinful your heart is. This fall must lead you to seek God's strength to hold you up. We will pray together that God may forgive you, and help you to be humble and watchful from this time. You see how easy it is to 'love in *word*,' how hard to love 'in *deed* and in *truth*.'"

Thus the first lesson my little teacher taught me was, to know something of *myself*. Not a pleasant one. Another time I may tell you about some lessons he gave me when he grew older.

H. A. B.



LITTLE CARL.

LITTLE Carl sat by the brook at the bottom of the orchard, thinking—thinking—thinking. And this was what he thought about. His mother had told him only that morning, that although he was a child he could serve God; and when he had asked her “how,” she had told him by being a good boy. This puzzled Carl very much, and so he came out into the orchard to think about it.

“I don’t understand it,” thought he to himself. “Grown-up men and women can serve God, for some of them preach sermons to teach people to be good, and some give clothes and things to poor people; but I am only a little boy, I can’t preach sermons, and I have got no money, so I can’t give things to poor people; I can do nothing but play and learn my lessons. I wonder how I can serve God.”

As little Carl thought this, he lay upon the grass, looking up at a white cloud in the sky; and as he lay and looked, he all at once heard a voice coming gently down like soft wind. The cloud was speaking to him.

“I rose up from the sea like mist,” said the cloud, “and I have travelled a long way in the air; I am going further still, to carry rain to a place far away from here, where the fields are dried up, and the harvest is spoiling. The rain I bring will refresh the corn, and make the farmers glad, and so there will be food for the people next winter. This is what God has given me to do, and so I serve God.”

Then the little brook which ran at Carl’s feet answered the cloud, and said: “I cannot water broad fields as you do, and save the land from famine, for I am only a little brook; but as I ripple through woods and meadows, I give water to the little flowers upon my banks; and keep the blades of grass fresh and green, and sometimes I creep close up to a cottage, that the good woman may not have far to go to fill her pails. These little things are what God has given me to do, and so I serve God.”

“I drink of your water, little brook,” said the primrose in the grass, “and it refreshes me; but I can give you nothing in return; I can only open my bright eye and look straight up to heaven, that those who see me may rejoice in my beauty, and remember how good God is, who made me so fair. This is what God has given me to do, and so I serve God.”

Carl listened and wondered, and when the primrose was silent the little brook spoke again, and said: “You can do as we do, little boy. When your mother is tired and sad, or your father comes home weary, if you are

bright and happy you will refresh their hearts, as I refresh the little flowers, and they will thank God who gave them such a good and happy child, and so you will be a bright spot in their home like the bright primrose in the soft green grass. This is what God has given you to do, and so you can serve God.”

And Carl listened again, and he understood what the brook meant; but still another thing puzzled him, so he said: “If all I have got to do to serve God is to be good, and make my father and mother happy, what is the use of learning lessons? I shall do it none the better for understanding Latin! Indeed, I don’t see any use in Latin at all.”

Then he heard another voice behind him, and as he turned round, the apple tree under which he was sitting bent its boughs, covered with pink and white blossoms, towards him, and said: “I am more like you, little boy, than the primrose, for I too have bright and beautiful flowers, as she has, but that is only the beginning. All the time that I am making them glad with my beauty, I am preparing my fruit.”

“But apples are more useful than Latin,” said Carl.

“Not all of them,” said the apple tree. “Some may fall off and be lost, and some may rot away and die, while some are useful; but my business is to attend to *all* as well as I can, for how can I tell which will be useful? Just the apple I neglected might be the one that would have ripened best, if I had let the sun get at it.”

“But if I were to die, like my little sister,” said Carl, “all that time I have spent in lessons would be wasted.”

“You are not sure of that, little boy,” said the apple tree. “Some of my apples are gathered before they are ripe; but they ripen none the less in the store-rooms where they are put. Spread your flowers to the sun, little boy, that all who know you may rejoice, and praise God for their beauty, but do not neglect your fruit; for be sure that, sooner or later, here or in heaven, God will find a use for it. These things are what he has given you to do, and if you neglect them, who can tell how many ways you may miss by which you might have served God.”

Then Carl awoke, and behold it was a dream! But he ran home with new spirit to his lessons and his play, and with the words of the apple tree other words seemed to mix that he had heard before: “Whatever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord.”

R. E. E.





SAVONAROLA.

L

NOW kneeleth the monk at prayer
In his desolate cell,
Pale as death his lifted brow,
His hands are clenched and pale;
He cannot heed, in this hour of need,
The call of the convent bell.

In the cloisters fair without,
In the moonlight sweet,
May be heard the passing sound
Of sandalled feet;
For the monks are risen at dead of night
To pray in the Church for grace and light,
The dim new year to greet:

The voice of the midnight bell,
On the crystal air,
Hath summoned the men that slept to wake
And think of prayer;
As the old year dies, and the curtains rise,
On a strange new year.

But the monk who kneeleth alone
In his desolate cell,
Is wrapped already in prayer too deep
To hear the voice of the bell;
Eight nights hath he watched in agony
Which none may tell.

His hands are clenched and raised
In the conflict dread,
His passionate gaze is on the cross
Above his head;
On the face of One who hangs thereon,
With pierced hands and thorny crown,
Dying or dead.

And scarce more worn and sad
That awful face,

That leans, in the heaviness of death,
From its high place,
Than the wasted face upturned to plead
For strength and grace.

He prayeth low for aid,
To meet the frown
Of those who shall give him to share that
cross—
That thorny crown;
But, voiceless, upon the mournful prayer,
The mournful Christ looks down.

How dreadful is this place!
A living man in his woe,
And a marble Christ, who never stirs
Where they nailed Him long ago;
Awfully gazing face to face
With the anguished soul below.

Fair walketh the moon in heaven
With her silver tread,
As the sweet saints walk in robes of snow
In the land of the blessed dead,
And she casteth a radiance tender and pale
Upon the Saviour's head.

The sun grew faint in heaven
Before His woe,
But now the moon with her gentle gaze
Can face Him so;
Knowing that Christ, from the sorrows of
death,
Was comforted long ago.

The monk hath turned at length
To those shining skies,—
"Surely God is not in this place,
I will arise,
And watch afar till the morning star
Shall bless mine eyes.

"I turn me from the cross,
 To the Crucified—
 Will He strengthen me to tread the path
 His own feet dyed ?
 Will He look forth from His lattice to-night,
 And show me the smile, serene and bright,
 That cheers His bride ?

"Is the fire that burns in my heart alway
 The fire of God ?
 Is my voice to bear the awful sound
 Of His wrath abroad ?
 Saviour divine, show me a sign
 To light my road !"

In that same hour the Lord
 Unveiled His face,
 Sending His Spirit down to bless
 The solitary place ;
 Teaching those weary eyes to see,
 No marble Christ in agony,
 But a living King of Grace :

And the King hath laid His hand
 On the watcher's head,
 Till the heart that was so worn and sad
 Is quiet and comforted ;
 And the soul is strong once more to stand,
 And face the wrath of all the land,
 With His message dread.

II.

The people are met to pray
 Before the shrine,
 Where day and night, from year to year,
 The pale lamps shine,
 To light the darkness of a Face
 That bendeth from the altar-place,
 Sad, yet divine.

The clouds of incense rise,
 The sweet bell tolls,
 Down all the darkness of the church
 A music rolls,
 And stirs, as with a wind from heaven,
 The gathered souls.

But when the passionate voice
 Of the music dies,

And even the echo, faint and sweet,
 Hath ceased her sighs,
 Another voice, more solemn and grand,
 Is heard to rise :

Ah ! well fair Florence knows
 That voice of doom,*
 This is her Prophet, stern and sad,
 Whose soul doth loom
 So dark and awful from its place,
 That they who dare to meet his face
 Pale at its gloom.

How fair and sweet on the hills
 Their footsteps glow,
 Who come with tidings of peace and love
 To the world below ;
 As angels of light, by day and night,
 They come and go :

But those whom God has appointed
 Heralds of wrath,
 From His secret place of thunder
 Come by a darker path ;
 A voice of doom, a brow of gloom,
 This herald hath.

To him the smiles of earth
 Are little worth,
 His eyes have seen the lifted sword
 Gleam wild in the north,
 And he speaks as one to whom is given
 To know the wrath of outraged heaven
 And to pour it forth.

Yet are there softer hours,
 When his voice sinks low,
 And they see, as it were, an angel's face ;
 So sweet the glow
 With which he prays them all to come
 To the arms of Christ, who is our home,
 And loveth so.

"I have longed as other men
 To be at rest,
 To follow the sinking, smiling sun
 Down the shining west,
 Or to take the wings of the morning and flee
 To my Saviour's breast :

* "His voice was as the blast of the archangel's trumpet."

"Yet, might I go to Him
 This night in peace,
 How could I sing in the silver dawn
 Of that sweet release,
 Whilst my people darkly stand without,
 And lift to heaven the rebel shout,
 That will not cease ?

"O that mine eyes were fountains
 Of flowing tears,
 That I might weep through the sunless hours
 Of my bitter years ;
 For my land hath filled her cup of sin,
 And the judgment nears !"

Then all the people trembled
 For fear of God,
 As if they saw in heaven the sign
 Of His lifted rod,
 And felt the truth that, a little while,
 And instead of the light of His fatherly smile
 His wrath should be shed abroad.

III.

They brought him forth to die
 In the face of the sun,
 They took his sacred robes away
 One by one,
 Whilst the city gazed, he stood amazed,
 As a man undone.

The lips that were bathed in fire
 Are silent and pale,
 The marks of tempest and agony,
 And of hope that doth fail,
 Are on the brow that *was* so high—
 It faced God's thunders in the sky,
 And could not quail.

Has he missed the cup of joy,
 Whose rich wine glows
 With heavenly radiance, poured forth
 For the lips of those
 Who dare to face a martyr's death,
 A martyr's gathered woes ?

Is there no cup for him
 But the cup of agony ?

No ecstasy of faith and prayer,
 No parted sky ?
 Yet, steadfastly he standeth there,
 Unaided in his last despair,
 And dares to die.

Within the chambers dark
 Of his wrapt soul,
 Strange scenes are passing fitfully,
 Strange voices roll ;
 He lives again the last dark days,
 Whilst the bell doth toll.

He hears once more the witness
 Of the accusing band :
 "Thy words have been bold against the men
 That rule in the land,
 Yea, and the Church of God, amazed,
 Has heard thy voice in thunder raised
 To blast her hand !"

They said he bore it well—
 The torture dread—
 They racked his broken frame again
 From foot to head,
 Till the quivering lips denied the truth—
 He knew not what he said !

"When the blood-red mists had cleared
 From my reeling brain,
 And the pale daylight that had been lost
 Crept back again,
 I looked on the white robe of my soul
 And saw its deadly stain.

"How awfully that stain
 Did grow and gloom,
 Even whilst I hastened to speak the words
 That sealed my doom,
 Denying the false denial, wrung
 From lips to which the cold sweat clung,
 In the torture-room.

"And now they bid me yield
 This weary breath ;
 I, who have lost my Saviour's smile
 And shipwrecked faith,
 Am still allowed to die for Him,
 In my poor raiment, soiled and dim—
 A martyr's sacred death.

"Last night I saw God's hosts
On the moonlight ride,
And as they passed each martyr drew
His stainless robe aside,
Lest I should seek to touch the hem
That floated wide.

"They died for the love of Christ
By fire and sword,
And He Himself stood by to cheer
With smile and word;
I die, alone, for Him to-day,
My lost, lost Lord!"

Within the chambers dark
Of his rapt soul,
Such thoughts were passing drearily
Whilst the bell did toll,
And sunny Florence smiled to see
Her noblest son, in agony,
Draw near the goal.

He was aware of a voice
That cried aloud,
"We blot thy name this day," it said,
"From the Church of God;
O homeless soul, the thunders roll
Along thy downward road!"

But even as it spake—
Through all the place
A murmur ran, for a nameless change
Was on the martyr's face,

As if a golden hope, that slept
Deep in his soul, had waked and leapt
To meet a coming grace.

A glorious gleam of heaven *
Lighted his eye:
"Ye may blot my name from the Church on
earth;
But the Church of the sky,
Christ's radiant Bride, is opening wide
The Gates of Victory.

"And I, a man despised,
Shall enter there
Amongst the priests of the House of God,
Clean and fair,
The clouds are broken overhead,
The smile of Christ's own lips is shed
On my despair."

No golden dawn that glitters
On the Eastern sea,
No burning glories of the West
Which transient be,
Can image how that light broke forth,
O blessed martyr, on thee!

He stood transfigured there,
In the smile of God,
Not noting the fear and wrath that shook
The cruel crowd,
Not knowing how they set him free,
To stand with Christ in ecstasy,
Where the angels sang aloud.

FLORENCE, 1867.

THE MODERN APOTHEOSIS OF DOUBT.

IF Doubting Castle ever was demolished, except in Bunyan's dream, it has recently been rebuilt; rebuilt too on a magnificent scale, furnished with every modern appliance and improvement, especially in the department of the library; but, instead of being the residence of old Giant Despair and his wife, it is now the headquarters of a zealous school of theologians, which, self-confident and aggressive, aims to make itself a sort of nucleus to the church that is to be.

Hitherto the grand inspiration of the Church of Christ has been her simple faith. This has supplied his dauntless courage to every soldier in her "noble army of martyrs;" this has girded with superhuman

vigour each worker in his loving labours; this has strengthened with all might unto all patience, every unit among her myriads of sufferers. And this simple faith, receiving constant supplies of grace from the faithful God, has hitherto been amply sufficient for every want of the church or of her members. But many around us seem to be weary of this style of living, as if it were too poor for the dignity of man; and so they aim at a development into something higher. And

* During the ceremony of stripping him of his sacerdotal dress, Savonarola stood gloomy and abstracted; but when the bishop pronounced the words, "I separate thee from the Church," a sudden hope lighted his face, and he answered aloud, "From the Church Militant, but not from the Church Triumphant."

the grand inspiration of this party of boasted progress is, not faith, but *doubt*. Of course, they do not avow the term, neither do they quite disown it; but practically the issue comes to this, their grand inspiration is hesitating, joyless, enfeebling doubt.

The Old Church has hitherto believed the Bible to be *all and always* inspired (excepting, of course, the errors of transcribers and the mistakes of translators); and she has been contented with a "Thus saith the Lord," as a settlement of every difficulty, and an end of all strife. But faith like this is too childish for Doubting Castle; and so they have many prior questions to settle regarding degrees of inspiration here and there, nay, regarding the fact of inspiration anywhere; and there has to be so much discount taken off for Jewish prejudices and for slips of various kinds, that to all, except to the fully taught, ay, and to the fully taught themselves, the issue of the whole matter is a state of the most painful doubt.

Hitherto, the old-fashioned Christians have been glad to welcome the Bible's views of sin, and of salvation through the atoning blood of the Divine Kinsman-redeemer. Hitherto, they have been delighted to find so plainly revealed in Scripture, a wonderful method of recovery, which, while on the one hand it gloriously reveals the perfect character of God, on the other it abundantly satisfies every longing of the sin-afflicted soul. But these old-fashioned views are being set aside by many in our day, who, instead of dealing with God about sin in the court of conscience, and coming to him with nothing but the blood of his son, presume to deal with him on a variety of other grounds, and yet on grounds which, because they neither provide for the glory of God's name, nor yet for the complex wants of man's soul, are felt not to meet the case at all, and therefore leave the speculating worshipper a prey to distressing doubt.

Hitherto, believers have readily found in the Bible the whole controversy between God and man reduced to a very simple issue. All are alike lost, but free salvation is offered to all, and every sinner is commanded to accept at once the gift of God. He that by faith accepts it, feels, in exact proportion to his faith, that he is actually enjoying its promised blessings; while he who, by unbelief, neglects the great salvation, is solemnly assured that, continuing to do so, there is no escape for him. But in Doubting Castle they have got the whole matter put on a different footing. So entangled and perplexed has the question been made, that the believer can scarcely be warranted to feel assured of his salvation, neither need the unbeliever be unduly alarmed lest he should not finally escape. The completeness of pardon, on the one hand, and the certainty of everlasting punishment on the other, have been so mistified, that the one doctrine is nearly useless for the comfort of the believer, while the other is nearly powerless for the awakening of the careless. As on other points, the finding on this one, too, comes in practice only to distressing doubt.

And these disciples of Doubt are to some extent aware of their position; indeed they accept it, and almost glory in it. They are fond of repeating the couplet,—

"There dwells more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds"

And so, unlike our old-fashioned believers, they are far from being humbled to the dust, with shame and sorrow, for their unbelief. No; they live and move in it, and, as a party, it furnishes their characteristic distinction. They *doubt*, and profess to doubt; and, as a consequence, they assume an attitude of the most patient endurance towards every form of doubting error, reserving their dislike for the strong conviction which strongly affirms or strongly denies; especially for that doctrinal decision which simple faith in the Word of God imparts. They do not like the confidence which, David-like, makes bold to "*say*" what God has already solemnly "*sworn*" (Ps. lxxxix. 2, 3).

Now, what can be the cause of this extraordinary irruption of scepticism into the realm of professing Christianity? The fact is plain, that such an irruption has been taking place; and not a few around us have been disturbed by the unholy assailant. The line of its operations is a somewhat extensive one, beginning with those whose position, as regards doctrinal belief, is, as yet, but a single step beneath that of their godly fathers, and extending down to those who have already reached a point scarcely a step above the scoffing infidels of the last age. We have, somewhat towards the upper end of the inclined plane, men who speak, as a recent writer has done, in the following words: "It is our humble notion that every thinking man, not only in this century, but in every century on which the sun ever shone, has had his doubts and difficulties, and that every minister of the gospel discharges his duty not worse but better of these. . . . They may sadden, but they strengthen his mind. . . . Many great preachers of the gospel, and writers on gospel truth, have *doubted* before they believed, *doubted* while they believed, and *doubted* after they believed." And F. W. Robertson says, "Nay further, a man may be more decisively the servant of God and goodness while *doubting his existence*, and in the anguish of his soul crying for light, than while resting in a common creed and coldly serving him." Now, while both of these statements may, with modifications and explanations, be admitted as in some measure true, their manifest spirit is considerably different from that of New Testament *faith*. Again, as a sample of those who stand near the lower end of the plane, just where one is ready to topple over the edge into formal infidelity, we may quote Dr. Williams, who identifies Bible inspiration with ordinary Christian intelligence in this fashion: "If that Spirit by which holy men spake of old is for ever a living and a present power, its later lessons may well transcend its earlier; and there may reside in the Church a power of bringing out of her treasury things new as well as old." In other words, the Bible is denied

to be the Word of God in *any peculiar sense*, and denied, therefore, to be the infallible resting-place of faith; it is reduced to a level with, nay, it is set beneath, the feverish speculations of men like Dr. Williams himself; and the drowning man who had been clutching to the rope which he believed to be held at the other end by God, is coldly assured that the rope is idly floating on the waters, and that he may as well clutch the drifting sea-weed which is perplexing him with its fatal tangle. Surely, surely the locust-like regiments of Doubters, with which Diabolus has for long been investing Mansoul, have forced the wall and made a breach upon us, and are assailing us now, not only in the streets, but in our houses. Whence has this come about, for there must be a reason?

Perhaps our unusual and long-continued national prosperity has much to do with the phenomenon. Worldly ease is as little helpful to church purity as it is to the growth in grace of the individual believer. We have been long undergoing an unparalleled trial, not in the fires of adversity which only refine the gold, but in the more perilous furnace of prosperity, which threatens to consume it. And one peculiar effect of protracted prosperity is, that it fosters this spirit of unbelief. Bacon tells us that times of peace breed doubt; and the Bible assures us that they who covet after money wander from the faith (1 Tim. vi. 10). Perhaps we have it as one of our peculiar trials in the present day, to conflict with these terrible hosts of doubts; instead of struggling, as our godly fathers often did, with the strong terrors of the scaffold or the dungeon. If it be so, possibly the balance is not so much in our favour as some might hastily conclude. Certain it is, that there are Christian pilgrims now, who are more enfeebled and more afflicted by perplexing doubts, than they would have been by any form of terrible death, if only their doubts were solved. And so, after all, the path of the heavenly pilgrim lies, in every age, pretty equally through the waste and howling wilderness. But it would have been incomparably better for the Church herself, as well as for the world, if, instead of sharing the world's prosperity in selfish ease, her active love and Christ-like spirit had been all along making the world a wilderness to her. If we had been searching out the ignorant to teach them, going out after every heathen to bring him in, if we had been gathering the orphans in our homes, and lifting up every ragged Lazarus from his lair among the dogs to lay him in our own bed, it would have been as much better for us, as it would have been for them, at this day. Ah, if we had been spending our strength and employing our means in fashion like this, instead of feeding our fleshly cravings with our riches, and reserving our mental strength for the criticisms and speculations of Doubting Castle, many would have been spared the agonies of an uncertainty which weakens and torments them, but which brings no blessing.

Another cause of this increase of the sceptical spirit

is the peculiar intellectual character of the day. We have made unprecedented progress in the direction of scientific discovery; and this has fostered a state of mind the most adverse to the self-mistrusting, child-like spirit which characterizes true faith in God. As Lord Macaulay, in his *Essay on Bacon*, says, "The true philosophic temperament may . . . be described in four words—Much hope, little faith:" and this true philosophic spirit of little faith, that is, the spirit of the age, has been largely imported into the Church, and even into the closet. Perhaps the greatest evil in certain sections of the Church at present, greatest because it is the fruitful mother of so many others, lies in our leaning so much to our own understanding, as to make it often impossible for us to trust in the Lord *with all our hearts*. We presume to use our eyes when we should seal them up, to use nothing but our ears. We are reasoning, sifting, testing, when God wants, in us, only quiet and patient listeners. The *understanding heart*, in God's eye, is a *hearing heart*. (Compare text and margin of 1 Kings iii. 9.) And what can reasoning on themes too lofty for us do to help us? In the world's politics, philosophies, and business, it has its appropriate sphere; though even there we see its imperfection in the endless controversies which it begets; but in the sublime region of divine revelation, it is altogether out of place. Here it will only work misery if we listen to it, and ruin if we follow it. And yet, no Baal of the old idolatry ever seduced the worshippers of Jehovah more sadly, than the spirit of rationalism is perverting those who should be the children of simple faith. Brethren, let us never forget that our name and character is *believers*; that we have received the adoption of sons by faith, and live by faith, and stand by faith; that we are called to be strong in faith and steadfast in the faith, fighting the good fight of faith, that faith which has no ground for its confidence save this alone,—*The God of truth has said it*.

Perhaps the temper of the age too, as well as its intellectual character, is unfavourable to the deep convictions of assured faith. Such convictions are easily mistaken for, indeed, are not unfrequently accompanied by, the narrow-mindedness of the sectarian; and when it is so, they are exceedingly offensive to a people who pride themselves on their religious *charitableness*. Some, John Ruskin for instance, would ascribe chiefly to the sectarianism of Christians, the fact that many of the leaders of the age's intelligence have ranged themselves along the front of the great army of Doubters, assuming attitudes of hostility which differ in degree from quiet protest up to vehement opposition. The reason assigned for this may be questioned; but it cannot be questioned that religious narrow-mindedness is peculiarly offensive to certain classes of educated minds in our day, and that such minds are morbidly jealous of anything that seems to resemble it. And yet, alas, what is the charity which they so cultivate, and on which they so plume themselves? Is it only a new

phase of the restless enmity of man's fallen heart to the Holy God and the Word of his grace; or is it a genuine fruit of the Holy Spirit? We cannot think that it is the latter, else it would never be so popular in a world which cannot receive the Spirit of Truth (John xiv. 17). If it were a fruit of the Spirit, it would be most seen in those who live in the Spirit, and walk in the Spirit; while it would be least of all seen in the godless men of mere science and philosophy. And yet, is the reverse not commonly the case? Ah, this vaunted charity is often only a thing of earth; therefore the world loves it, seeing it is the world's own. It is a mere wild weed growing by the wayside, whose flowers may have a certain measure of beauty and smell, but which are altogether unlike the fragrance and the loveliness of the true plant, which blooms in the garden of the Lord. Jesus knew it not, Paul acknowledged it not, let us seek the Spirit of the Master. And there is the more need for this, seeing that this so-called charity so much abounds. Let us therefore feel our obligation to cultivate prayerfully the highest measures possible of the true meekness of wisdom, the genuine Christian love, which, while faithful to God's truth, is also meek and gentle, kindly and compassionate to erring men. Unless we attain this, the evil of our good things may be a stumbling-block to neighbours, who are only too ready to halt.

After all, the source of the evil we lament lies at the very starting-point of Christian profession. It comes from the presumption of unhumbled man (and by this we mean nothing more offensive than man in his natural state—unbroken before God—and unconscious of having a mind wholly darkened in regard to spiritual things by the fall) trying to grasp the things of faith by the hands of reason. We cannot do it. God's righteousness, which the sinner can attain to faith-wise, is revealed only to faith, and not to carnal speculation. He has come to us, in his Word, on a happier errand than that of seeking sharp-witted philosophers to dispute with; he has come to speak with ruined men having sin-burdened consciences, and hearts that pant for the assurance of his pardoning mercy and his Fatherly love. To such souls he speaks, with such souls he pleads; and such listeners never fail to find his meaning; while those who only carp, and test, and reason, never fail to miss it.

God speaks—man only listens and believes. This is the divine order, and we may not presume to alter it. Our faith is to be based *only* and *always* on the awful authority of the Divine Speaker. Our solitary reason for believing anything spiritual is this—God has said it. Having believed, we go on to search the Word of God, and in their due place the works of God, for further light. To our *faith* we are enjoined, not forbidden, to add *knowledge*. Faith having led the way, sanctified reason with purged eye follows as her handmaid. But we must not attempt to reverse the order; we may not try to lay first the foundation of knowledge, and then

proceed to build our faith upon it. This were to build the pyramid on its apex; and this is precisely the original mistake which is being made by the disciples of Doubting Castle. They would fain build faith on human knowledge, instead of resting it, in calm assurance, on divine testimony. They say, with all the world besides, that "seeing is believing;" but they refuse to say with God's children in every age (see Heb. xi.), that "believing is seeing." And so they come at last, if they only travel long enough, to the very point which those had reached whom Paul spoke of, who, though "sick about questions and strifes of words," yet "*know nothing*" (1 Tim. vi. 4). Ever learning, they have never been able to come the length of *knowledge*. Yes; they may have thought and speculated about almost everything, and may have their opinion on every question; but it is only an opinion and no more, for they really "*know nothing*." They never feel with good old Bishop Hall, "I were no Christian if my faith were not as sure as my sense." And this opinion, worthless as it is to give strength for conflict, has not even the merit of being steadfast. Unbelief—and doubt is unbelief—has no firm anchorage, but is tossed about, a very wave of the sea. Like Dr. Priestley, every man of mere reasoning will have to confess, if he be candid, "that he does not know when his creed will be fixed." But—

"Faith is the sun of life, and her countenance shines like the Hebrew's,
For she hath looked upon God."

The childlike believer has not only the sure Word of God to lean on, but he also finds *God himself* in his Word, and has communion *with him*; and his convictions are not opinions merely, but actual knowledge; for he enjoys the unction of the Holy One, which makes him *know* all things.

And true faith is a business that cannot be done by proxy. We must each lean on God for ourselves, not on another who, we fancy, is leaning on God. Nothing must be allowed between the soul and its everlasting Father, save the gracious Daysman who lays his hand upon both. For though, to repeat the words of Thomas Scott, "we should thankfully use the help of others to point out objects to us; yet we must at last see them with our own eyes or not at all." If our faith stand in the wisdom or in the faithfulness of men, then, as Coleridge says, "we do not believe, we only believe that we believe." And this faith of the fancy may do to talk about, and to speculate with, but it will be sure to burn up, like tinsel, in the white heat of the trial furnace. True and hearty service to Christ, under any circumstances, implies such a devotedness to his will as involves the complete surrender of our all for time and for eternity into his hands (Luke xiv. 33). What a stupendous venture! who will ever risk it, unless, like Paul, he knows well whom he is trusting? If we have doubts, we may stand for long shivering on the brink, torn asunder by conflicting feelings; but we will never

have the courage to make the desperate plunge, as to nature the self-surrender of faith must ever seem to be. "At all turns," says Thomas Carlyle, one whose word is an authority in Doubting Castle, "at all turns a man who will *do* faithfully needs to *believe* firmly;" and his witness here is true.

Is it then, my reader, as a philosophic critic, or as a sinner, that you come to read the Word of the living God? Are you a sinful man, who has known what it is to tremble beneath the eye of the Holy God, and in front of the terrible eternity, and are you seeking in the Word light that you cannot dispense with, and food for your heart's most vehement hunger; or, are you only an easy minded speculator, at leisure to overlook the jewel, and to expend all your concern on the beauties, or the blemishes, of the casket that contains it? Remember that that book in your hand involves you in the weightiest responsibilities which lie, this day, on any creature, in any world. It has come to you—in the same spirit in which the incarnate Word came centuries ago to Israel—to be *a test*, and, if you welcome it, to be *your Teacher*. Like him, it has no outward form or loveliness to draw the carnal eye; nay, to men who are nothing else but learned scribes, it seems illiterate, while to self-satisfied Pharisees it is offensively familiar with the sinners. But, like him too, it is to all whose hearts the Lord has touched, the power of God, and the wisdom of God. For them it contains all the hidden treasures of God's wisdom and knowledge. But all others are sure to modify it, to neglect it, to doubt it, to deny it, to do anything rather than receive it simply as the Word of God. Yes, my reader, the Bible is a perfect test, revealing, like its great burden, the thoughts of many a heart: and this solemn touchstone of the Word is being applied to your heart, and to mine, this day. To us all it brings a cross, which, to the humble sin-convicted soul, longing for God's friendship, and justifying God's dealings, is no cross at all; for such a soul, like the Syrophenician woman, will be offended with nothing that God can say to it, not even if he should call it—dog. The heart has more to do with the form of doctrine which we welcome than the head has, for "evil men understand not judgment, but they that seek the Lord understand all things" (Prov. xxviii. 5). Let us, then, seek to have greater simplicity and greater boldness of faith in God. Captain Incredulity was, and still is, the devil's chief general in his war upon Mansoul; and one of the most effective of the forces under his control, was, and still is, a great army of Doubters. Satan's chief instrument for mischief is unbelief;—unbelief which works with deadly effect, whether under the form of modest doubt or impudent denial. But, under all its forms, unbelief is weakness, misery, and death. Doubt, however candid-seeming, has never quickened one pulse of joy, never fired with holy zeal, never braced to a single work of love, never strengthened a man to offer decided testimony for God. Let us, brethren, flee from it, as our greatest danger; and, if we should happen to be placed,

for trial, in the peculiar circumstances of darkness that are thought to warrant doubt, let us choose rather to honour God by exercising faith, even then, that faith which can as easily find God in the darkness, if he only speak, as in the clearest light of reason. Indeed, true faith in God implies the darkness, implies a total want of all other light besides his own,—a relinquishing of all other reasons for believing, save the one, that God has said it. "As I grow older," says Bishop Wilson, "my faith grows simpler."

"But there are so many difficulties," it may be said, "and when I look at the one side and then at the other, I am hopelessly perplexed." Exactly so!—and the mere reasoner will remain hopelessly perplexed to the end of life. But besides the difficulties suggested by reason, is there not also an evidence, even the overwhelming authority of the God who speaks, which, *to faith*, overpowers the murmurs of unhumiliated reason, and completely annihilates all its difficulties for ever. So long, then, as a man complains that he "cannot see it," and continues to insist on "seeing;" so long will he be the prey of distressing uncertainty. But though we cannot see it, is it not enough for us that God sees, and that he is telling us so in words as plain as any words can be? Is not his Word a better resting-place for our faith than any seeing for ourselves could furnish? So then, the question is not—can I see it?—but, can I, without seeing it, believe that God who tells me that it is true?

And where else can we get rest but here? Christ is to us our only Prophet, as he is our only Priest and King. As we are permitted to acknowledge no regal authority but his, and are bound, by our loyalty, to resist the usurpation that would lord it over us in his stead; as we make mention of no righteousness but his righteousness, no expiation but his blood, no intercession but his own; so, too, are we to be true to him as our only Teacher. God has sent him to us as our one great Prophet. If we use him as one teacher among many teachers, and regard his Word as one authority among many authorities, we disown him as completely as if we acknowledged his atoning blood, and perfect righteousness, to be only one among many methods of attaining peace with God. No; he is the one true light, which enlighteneth every man who is enlightened at all. In saying so we do not contrast him with the inspired prophets of the Bible, for we include their messages in his; we contrast him only with all authorities whatever outside of the written Word of God. Now, what lower ground can we occupy than this, if we profess to be Christians at all; and, occupying this ground, how is it possible for us to be distracted with doubts about the very truths on which our solitary informant has spoken to us so plainly?

Of old, in the tabernacle in the wilderness, there was no light in the holy place but from the golden candlestick. There might be blazing round the sacred tent the bright sunshine of an Arabian noon; but all this

light was carefully shut out by heavy curtains, while the golden candlestick alone illuminated the house of God. The world's light outside might suffice for doing the world's work outside; but in God's holy place, the service of God must be performed, not by the natural sunlight, but by a lamp which typified a better Sun. And does not this teach us, that while the natural light of reason may give excellent help in its own sphere, of which the man of God may avail himself so far as he is allowed; yet in spiritual things, in the region of divine truth and divine serving, we must be careful to reject all light save that which streams forth in glad abundance from the Sun of Righteousness?

If, then, we are in the darkness of doubt, I mean doubt as to vital doctrinal truth, we are not walking in the light, and having our whole bodies full of light. No; this inestimable privilege is enjoyed only by those who have the eye single, and who with the faith of childhood yield their understandings to the one great Teacher. And this doubting is not merely a misfortune, it is a sin; it comes not from uninstructed ignorance, but from partial rejection of the light. With God speaking to us so plainly, doubt implies the want of becoming reverence for his Word; and however smoothly he may affect to do it, the doubter is virtually saying *No*, to God. It is unbelief under one of its most deceitful forms, unbelief

which is the most deceitful of sins. However, like the most of modern things, it is the repetition of an old story after all. When the Jews pressed round Jesus in Solomon's porch, saying, "How long dost thou make us to doubt? If thou be the Christ, tell us plainly;" he very quickly took them up from the ground of doubt, on which they professed to stand, and set them down on that of positive unbelief, saying, "*Ye believe not*" (John x. 24-26). We do not for a moment presume to say, or to think, that there are not many of the troubled disciples of doubt who are true disciples of the Lord Jesus; we feel assured that there are many genuine believers towards the upper side of the inclined plane: but still we will make bold to affirm, that their doubt, so far as it exists, is the child of their unbelief; and, that unless the cause of it be detected, confessed, and forsaken, it is likely to grow to more distressing doubt. With Chillingworth, whose name as an accomplished reasoner we will venture to cast into the scale against any two of the greatest teachers in Doubting Castle, we desire to say, "Propose me anything out of this Book, and require whether I believe it or no, and deem it never so incomprehensible to human reason, I will subscribe it with hand and heart, as knowing no demonstration can be stronger than this—God hath said so, therefore it is true." J. D.

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA:

A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration.

A SEQUEL TO "THE DRAYTONS AND THE DAVENANTS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

XV.

OLIVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

ROGER brought back from Paris an account of the life led by the son of the late king and his companions, that might perhaps have enfeebled Aunt Dorothy's prayers for his restoration, could she have believed it, which, however (having her belief much under the control of her will), she doubtless never would, on any evidence we could have brought. Of the Davenants he said little. But he had seen them, and from his tone I judged that the intercourse had done more to cheer than to sadden him. Sir Walter's face, he thought, looked somewhat lined with care; but, as far as

I could gather, he saw no change in Lettice. To him she was the same he had parted from seven years before, the same he had held in his heart all the seven years through.

"Was she looking older?" I asked.

"In one way, not an hour," he said; "in another, seven years."

"Paler?"

He could not tell; "her colour always came and went like sunshine; like her smile."

"As loyal as ever?"

"To the late king, and to royalty; yes."

"Graver?"

"They spoke of grave things. He thought, with all the old changefulness in her countenance, the calm beneath seemed deeper."

"Then she must be fairer than ever?"

"He thought not. She was the same."

And to him that was evidently the utmost he desired. If she had in any way changed, it had only been as he had changed, keeping parallel with him; therefore from him evidently no more was to be learned. Yet something in his interview had evidently strengthened him, like a new dawn of hope. Sir Walter, no doubt, would not hear of alliance with an adherent of "the Usurper;" yet he accepted, with scarcely disguised triumph, the glory England had won under the Usurper. A little more experience of what the Court of the young king was like to be; a little more proof of what free England could be; a little more of the hallowing touch of time on the new Power's new glories; perhaps the title belonging to the Power once boldly claimed recognized by the nation; and in the end for the sake of the old England the new dynasty might be recognized.

So Roger hoped; and to him, therefore, the debates in 1657, on the Protector's assuming the title of king, had a twofold interest.

The year 1656 closed, and the year 1657 began, stormily.

On the 27th of December my husband came to the house looking dispirited, and, catching up Maidie in his arms, he said to me,—

"I have a mind to sell all we have, and seek our fortunes in the wilderness, among the Indians."

Then he told me the scene he had just witnessed, Annis Nye and Job Forster standing by, whilst he narrated how the poor fanatic, James Naylor, had stood in the pillory in front of the Exchange, weakened by the terrible scourging four days before from Whitehall to the Exchange, while his tongue was bored with a hot iron by command of the Parliament "for blasphemy."

"Twenty years have rolled away," he said; "countless precious lives have been sacrificed, a dynasty displaced, the king and the archbishop executed, the Star Chamber destroyed; and here stands the pillory again in the open day, with fierce fire in the hearts of those in power, to carry out a sentence cruel as any of Archbishop Laud's, to the uttermost."

"But the people?" I asked.

"As pitiful as in the days when Prynne, Bastwick, and Barton suffered in Palace Yard! Scarce an insulting word or gesture. While the cruel iron was at work, the crowd stood bareheaded, and Mr. Rich, the brave merchant, who had waited at the doors of the Parliament House imploring the members for mercy from eight till eleven this morning, held the sufferer's hand all the while, and afterwards licked his wounds."

"But they say the poor wretch was indeed guilty of blasphemy," I said. "His crime was at least very different from Mr. Prynne's."

"It was indeed mad blasphemy," he replied; "the madness of spiritual vanity veiling itself under some mystical notion that the homage was paid to Christ in him. The poor wretch suffered half-a-dozen deluded men and women to lead his horse into Bristol, scattering branches and garments before him, and crying hosannas."

Job, who was near, could not let the occasion pass.

"Take warning, Mistress Annis," he said, in a low voice aside to her; "this is what your Quaker inspiration leads to."

"I have need of warnings, Job Forster," she replied, "and so hast thou. This is what your tyranny over men's consciences leads to. This is what ambition has led thy Oliver Cromwell to; once a man of whom George Fox had hope, and over whose soul the Friends have been very tender."

"The Lord Protector protests against this cruelty," said my husband.

"His work is not to protest, Leonard Antony," said she, "but to prevent. But he has been faithfully warned. George Fox hath told him what will come upon him if he heeds not; and George's warnings are not to be scorned. Before now, more than one who has despised them has come to a fearful end."

For once my husband was roused. "Annis Nye," he said, "you and your Friends are as unmerciful in heart as the rest. The voices that denounce God's lightnings for their own private wrongs are moved by the same spirit as the hands that heat the irons for the pillory. Verily ye know not what spirit ye are of. Denunciatory prophecies are the persecution of the persecuted." And he turned sadly away.

Aunt Gretel wept many tears when she heard the narrative of James Naylor's sufferings, afterwards completed by a second scourging at Bristol, the scene of his mad and blasphemous entry. But she reached the source of consolation sooner than any of us. Looking, according to her wont, beyond all the middle distance which is the battle-field of the great national questions of churches and governments, and seeing in the whole primarily the Good Shepherd seeking the sheep and leading the wandering flock, she said, wiping her eyes,—

"Poor foolish creature ! if Annis speaks right, he was once a humble and devout Christian. He had fallen deep and wandered far. Perhaps he will have to thank the good Lord that he has found the ways of the wilderness so cruel. Perhaps even now, if we could see, he is beginning to creep back, torn, maimed, and bleeding as he is, body and soul, to the feet of the Good Shepherd. Thou wilt not forget him, Leonard, when thou visitest the prison."

My husband did not, and afterwards brought us word how, during his imprisonment in Bridewell, James Naylor came to true repentance, and published his confession of his fall, when "darkness came upon him, and he ran against that Rock to be broken which had so long borne him, and whereof he had so largely drunk, and of which at last he drank in measure again, praising God's mercy in delivering him, and greatly fearing ever to offend again, whereby the innocent truth, or the people of God might suffer."

After that the poor restored penitent's career was brief, but blameless.

Aunt Gretel watched it to the close with a tender pity. He survived his fall and punishment four years, dying at the age of forty-four. And Aunt Gretel was wont to keep the record of what he spoke shortly before his death among her treasury of trophies of the triumph of God's good over men's evil. The words were these:—

"There is a spirit which I feel that delights to do no evil nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things, and hopes to enjoy its own in the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty. If it is betrayed, it bears it; for its ground and spring is the mercies and forgiveness

of God. Its crown is meekness, its life is everlasting love unfeigned; it takes its kingdom with entreaty and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind."

And two hours afterwards, the brief journey, so full of bewilderment and pain and repentance, was over. To a heart burdened with the dishonour of that blasphemous entry into Bristol, the pillory in Palace Yard and in the City must, I think, have been a dishonour not bitter to bear, but rather one for which he would bless God who suffered him to suffer it. Perhaps those, his judges, who had in their memories the dishonour of issuing and enforcing such a sentence, had also in their turn their sentences to suffer, for which they also afterwards learned to bless God.

For the wheel went quickly round in those days. Laud in the Star Chamber, Prynne in the pillory; the Presbyterians and Prynne in the Parliament, the archbishop on the scaffold; Naylor in the pillory; his judges in the prisons of the Restoration.

A quarter of a century accomplished it all. But no one saw the wheel turning. Each revolution, as it came, seemed the last. For there was a pause between each. And in the pause the people who were uppermost looked round on the earth, and shouted, "Now the Kingdom is come, and the world will stand still;" while the people who were underneath looked to heaven, and sighed, "Will the years of peace never come? O Lord, how long?"

But I think it a noble trait in the Quakers that, accused as they were on all sides of fanaticism, and strong as the temptation must have been to disown any connection with such a fallen man as Naylor, nevertheless, although they faithfully rebuked him in secret, they generously stood by him in his degradation, and did not leave him until they had brought him to repentance, and tenderly welcomed him back among them.

With James Naylor's torturing sentence, the year 1656 closed. The year 1657 began with stratagems and plots.

Towards morning, on the night of the 8th of January, the drowsy voice of the bellman, speaking benedictes on our homes, and calling us to "hang out our lights," had just died away at the

corner of the silent street, and his bell was faintly echoing in the distance, mingling with the dream it had broken, when a call at the door aroused us.

It was Job Forster.

His first words as my husband opened the house-door to him (I listening on the stairs), were an alarming assurance that we need not be alarmed. In a minute I was wrapped in my mantle and beside them.

Job's face was haggard and his eyes ringed with dark circles of anxiety.

"All danger is over!" he said. "The assassin has been taken after a hard struggle. He is in the Tower. Miles Sindercombe, an old comrade of mine," added Job with a groan, "one of those that were sentenced with me at Burford!" It was another attempt on the Lord Protector's life. Some time since, the assassin (having received £1500 from the baser spirits among the Royalists for the purpose) had hired a room at Hammersmith, on the road by which Oliver rode every Saturday to his Sabbath rest at Hampton Court, watching for an opportunity to murder him. But in vain. And at length this night the attempt was to have been made at Whitehall. At midnight the sentinel had smelt fire, a match had been found close to a basket of wildfire, the locks of the doors were discovered to have been picked, and all prepared for a conflagration, in the confusion of which Oliver was to have been assassinated. But it had been found out in time, the danger was averted, and the Protector had refused to have the city alarmed, or the train-bands roused. "But, oh!" groaned Job, "Mistress Olive and Master Antony, think of what a pit I stood on the brink! 'Mutiny the first step;' and the last, murder. No doubt, the poor deluded wretch went down easy enough after that first step. And I had taken the first!"

He was very gentle and subdued, and said nothing at breakfast. Not even Annis Nye's gentle "hope that the Protector would take warning at last, and see that the poor Friends' prophecies had some meaning in them," could rouse him. He only shook his head and said,—

"Poor maid! She has got to take her lesson by Burford steeple yet."

The excitement in the city that day was great. It was one of the few occasions which I remember

in which a strong and general display of personal feeling was called out towards the Protector.

The Parliament ordered a Thanksgiving Day, and numbers went to offer congratulations. One sentence of Oliver's reply Roger repeated to us,—

"If we will have peace without a worm in it," said the Protector, "lay we foundations in justice and righteousness."

Roger kept full of hope through all. This danger of death to its head, as with so many refractory families, had at last (he thought) roused the nation to gratitude.

The offer of the title of King followed. Roger believed the Protector would accept it. King was a name dear to the English people, who "love not change," and "love settlement and familiar words." King was a name known to the laws, "honoured, and bounded" by the laws. Any other name, said the Protector, in comparison, was too "large and boundless." The *power* he possessed—and on that he suffered no debate; the end of all the fighting, he said, had been *settlement*. A Parliament voting itself to sit constantly, and debating everything, from the nation's faith to the forms of governing—"debating three months the meaning of the word encumbrance"—"*committees elected to fetch men* from the extremest part of the nation *to attend committees* set to determine all things," Oliver considered would never lead to "settlement." Between this nation and general "topsy-turvy" he had submitted to take his stand; and there, while he lived, whether honoured or reviled, he *would* stand, whether as King, Protector, or Constable, to keep the peace of the parish; "not so much hoping to do much good as to prevent imminent evil;" to "keep the godly of all judgments from running on each other;" to keep some men from the kind of liberty which consisted in "liberty to pinch other men's consciences;" to keep other men from such liberty as resulted in license or "orderly confusion;" to keep all Protestants from ruin; to keep England from becoming "an Acedama." This the Protector regarded as the thing God had given him to do; and by whatever weapons, by whatever title, he was determined to do it; and then was ready, as he wrote to his son-in-law, to "flee away and be at rest," being meantime lifted above men's judgment by the consciousness

of "some little sincerity in him." Roger said that the new work could have been better done under the old names ; so much necessary change in substance being made more acceptable to the common people by the least possible change in forms (the principle, according to Aunty Gretel, on which Luther had carried out his Reformation). And so, he believed, thought the Protector. But his son-in-law, Fleetwood, and so many of the best men around him, either considered the very name of king doomed with the dynasty which had abused it, or valued the forms of a republic as of the essence of liberty—that his Highness yielded what to him would indeed have been nothing more than a "feather in a man's cap ;" an adornment at no time sacred or precious to Puritan men for its own sake.

Thus the debate on the kingly title ended in the solemn inauguration of Oliver as Lord Protector.

It was on the 25th of June, in Westminster Hall, that the last great ceremonial of the Commonwealth, except the Great Funerals, took place. The old stone of the Scotch kingdom, the purple robe, the canopy of state, the sword, the Bible, the sceptre given by the Speaker of the Commons to be "the stay and staff of the nation," into the hands that, as we believed, had been their stay and staff so long ; the foreign ambassadors of all nations around him, they, at least, recognizing him openly as England's ruler and deliverer ; and, outside, the multitudes shouting "God save the Lord Protector,"—the hearts of all men still aglow with the news of the great victory of Blake over the Spaniards in the harbour of Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe.

There was no lack of enthusiasm ; nor, indeed, of colour and music. Some picture our Puritan times as draped in funereal black. The Puritan ministers had a very different impression of them as they bemoaned the glory and bravery of their people's attire ; and Mistress Hutchinson's colonel, in "his scarlet cloak, richly laced," was not solitary in his splendour.

Music graced all the Protector's festivals. It was, I think, to him, as to Martin Luther, *the* festive thing in the world. And the music of lofty and significant words was not wanting in the Speaker's address, or in the solemn prayer which followed.

Nevertheless there were not a few who, with our friend Dr. Rich, could not forget what the last great scene in Westminster Hall had been, when a king discrowned sat at the bar of his subjects, alone, yet defying their authority. And among such it was murmured ominously that there was one thing even the "murderers of his sacred majesty" did not dare to take ; the crown which had fallen from the "anointed" head.

So the grand ceremonial ended, and all men went again to their work ; the Protector to protect England and the Protestant Church against the world ; the Parliament (as he hoped) to reform laws, "manners," and especially the Court of Chancery,—*"the delays in suits,"* the excessiveness in fees, the costliness of suits,—to see that "men were not hanged for six and eight-pence, and acquitted for murder."

And we to our humble work, each in his place. My husband went to his patients and his prisons. Roger, strong in trust in the Protector, and in hope for England, joined the troops which were fighting the Spaniards with those of Marshal Turenne in Flanders. My father, on the verge of seventy, had withdrawn altogether from politics. Having as firm a faith in the triumph of truth as Roger, he yet deemed the cycles wider in which she moved. Love with him was the reverse of blind. It was natural to him to see with painful clearness the faults of the cause dearest to him. Much as in many ways he honoured the Protector, he nevertheless deemed his government a beneficent despotism undermining the foundations of law. "Had the Protector been immortal," he said, "a better government than his could scarce be. But Laws and Constitutions are remedies against the mortality of all men, as well as against the fallibility of the best men. Therefore I cannot rejoice in a rule which interposes but the heart and brain of one man between the nation and anarchy."

He turned therefore from the whirlwind of political affairs to the calm rule of law in stars and seas ; and the wonderful circulation of life through all the animated world, as, according to Mr. Harvey's discovery, through the veins of those fearfully made bodies of ours. Through him we heard much of the proceedings of the Society of Art, and of such patriotic efforts as the rescue of Raphael's cartoons, by the Protector's desire. In

promoting such works he hoped to serve England (he said) as an old man best might.

For if there were an idolatry among us in those Commonwealth days, it was that of England.

Patriotism with the nobler Commonwealth men was a passion and a religion; what love is to a lover, and loyalty to such a Royalist as Montrose.

It was England for whose sake Cromwell was content to be called a hypocrite and a despot, and to be a "constable," and a man worn to old age at fifty with care and toil.

It was the love of England which kindled the calm heart of the glorious blind poet, who then dwelt among men, to a fanaticism of passionate invective against all who assailed her.

To him she was "a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; as an eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means."

"Thou, therefore," he wrote, "that sittest in light and glory inapproachable, Parent of angels and men. Next, Thee I implore, omnipotent King, Redeemer of that lost remnant whose nature Thou didst assume; ineffable, and everlasting Love! And Thou the third subsistence of Divine Infinitude, illumining Spirit, the joy and solace of created things! one tri-personal Godhead!

"O Thou that, after the impetuous rage of five blustering inundations, and the succeeding sword of intestine war, soaking the land in her own gore, didst pity the sad and ceaseless revolution of our swift and thick-coming sorrows; when we were quite breathless, of Thy free grace didst motion peace and terms of covenant with us, and having first well-nigh freed us from antichristian thralldom, didst build up this Thy Britannic Empire to a glorious and enviable height, with all her daughter-islands about her; stay us in this felicity; let not the obstinacy of our half-obedience and will-worship bring forth the viper of sedition, . . . that we may still remember in our solemn thanksgivings how for us the Northern Ocean, even to the frozen Thule, was scattered

with the proud shipwrecks of the Spanish Armada, and the very maw of hell ransacked, and made to give up her concealed destruction, ere she could vent it in that terrible and damned blast. Hitherto Thou hast but freed us, and that not fully, from the unjust and tyrannous claim of Thy foes; now unite us entirely, and appropriate us to Thyself; tie us everlastingly in willing homage to the prerogatives of Thy eternal throne.

"Then, amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may, perhaps, be heard offering on high strains, in new and lofty measure, to sing and celebrate Thy divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages; whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and inured to the fervent and continual practice of truth and righteousness, and casting far from her the rags of her whole vices, may press on hard to that high and happy emulation, to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people at that day, when Thou, the eternal and shortly-expected King, shalt open the clouds to judge the several kingdoms of the world, and, distributing national honours to religious and just commonwealths, shalt put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming Thy universal and mild monarchy through heaven and earth, where they, undoubtedly, that, by their labours, counsels, and prayers, have been earnest for the common good of religion and their country, shall receive, above the inferior orders of the blessed, the regal addition of principalities, legions, and thrones, unto their glorious titles, and, in super-eminence of beatific vision, shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss, in over-measure for ever!"

This was what ambition meant, and titles and crowns, to the nobler Puritan men in the days of the great Commonwealth. This was what England meant, and patriotism. This was what made it so bitter to them to see sedition undermining all this glorious possibility; to see feeble meddling hands untwisting the cordage with which the good old ship had to be worked through battle and storm; so unutterably bitter to see good men blindly (as they believed) helping bad men to undo that glorious past, and render that glorious future, if not impossible for the world, impossible for ages longer; and for England perhaps impossible for evermore.

"For if it should fall out otherwise—if you should basely relinquish the path of virtue, if you do anything unworthy of yourselves—posterity will sit in judgment on your conduct. They will see that the foundations were well laid; that the beginning—nay, it was more than a beginning—was glorious; but with deep emotions of concern will they regret that they were wanting who might have completed the structure. They will see that there was a rich harvest of glory, and an opportunity for the greatest achievements; but that men only were wanting for the execution, while they were not wanting who could rightly counsel, exhort, enforce, and bind an unfading wreath of praise around the brows of the illustrious actors in so glorious a scene."

So he wrote whose hand could best have bound the unfading wreath of praise, whose vision, as he dwelt under the hallowing "shadow of God's wing," became prophetic.

But Roger and the brave "labouring men" around him, who reached not to those clear prophetic heights, toiled cheerily on, not seeing the chasm which yawned between them and the glorious goal they deemed so near.

XVI

LETTICE'S DIARY.

January 1658.—For a twelvemonth now my father and I have been alone. The usurper demanded the banishment of our king from France, and Mazarin and the French Court submitted to the indignity; an indignity, it seems to us, to all courts and all kings.

Walter accompanied the king to Bruges, and has scarce written to us since. My father and I seldom mention him to each other, but I know he is seldom absent from the thoughts of either of us. The only things which seem to interest my father now are the movements of our exiled Court, which he watches with a feverish solicitude, and the triumphs of the English arms by land and sea, of which he eagerly learns every detail with a mixture of patriotic pride and loyal indignation which it moves me much to see.

Last May, for instance, he told me how the French King Louis had come back from reviewing the united French and English troops at Boulogne, and how the French soldiers and

courtiers could not say enough of the soldierly bearing of those English horsemen and pikemen.

Roger saw Walter before he left France, and my father. But I did not see him again.

It was from Walter I learned of their interview.

"An act of sisterly loving-kindness, Lettice," said he, "to turn a Puritan battery on your brother!"

His tone was light, but not bitter, and he went on in a softened voice.

"He has a princely temper, Lettice, and bore from me what I would not bear from the king. But all the time he made me feel I lowered myself and not him by my words. 'Tis a thousand pities, Lettice, those gentlemen keep us out of house and home. I might have been worth something at old Netherby with Roger Drayton for a neighbour. But what is a fellow to do who has no choice but to amuse himself or kill himself? And to throw oneself against Oliver and his England is nothing less than suicide. Oliver is responsible, at all events, for the mischiefs idleness has wrought among loyal men. Do you know, Lettice," he continued, affectionately, after a pause, "who manages the old estates for us, and sends us their rents so regularly?"

"I guessed," I said.

"I had been told," he replied, "and I asked Roger, and he could not deny it. He and Mr. Drayton manage the estate as if they were our hired bailiffs. Roger himself paid the fine to the Parliament. But he made me promise never to let my father know."

I did not answer him. My heart was too full.

"Lettice," he exclaimed, "you are a brave maiden, and a good sister to me. Forgive me if ever I said anything ungenerous to you. I would not care to own for a sister the woman whom Roger Drayton loved, if she could forget him for another. He is the kind of good man it would be worth while to be like. If it were not too late—altogether too late for me," he added, despondingly.

"You know it is never too late," I said. "Oh, Walter, that is just what you might have been! So my mother thought."

"You cannot say might be, Lettice," he replied; "not even with Roger Drayton always by my side."

"No one can be like Roger," I said, "who can only be like him with some one always by his side."

"No," he replied, bitterly; "Roger is a man to be leant on, not to lean."

"He is a man to be leant on," I said, "because he *does* lean. On One always by his side, Walter; the only One who can be always with any of us; the only One we can depend on always, and not grow weak, but strong in depending."

He said no more, but sat in silence some time, which seemed to me more like what I longed for in him than anything I had seen. And in the evening he took leave of me with the old kind way he had after our mother died. And for some weeks he was much with us.

But, soon after, the king was desired to quit France, and Walter would accompany him. It would be base, he said, to desert his master when these perfidious Courts and all the world abandoned him. My father could not remonstrate. I ventured to ask if he was strong enough to go into that temptation. But he answered, gaily,—

"We shall have work to do, Lettice. There is promise of fighting. The Spaniard is to help us, and we him; and together we will bear you back to Netherby in triumph, proclaim amnesties and tolerations without bounds, and bring back the golden age."

But there has been no fighting; and since he left we have scarce once heard from him. And we know too well what that means, in a company where nothing good or great is really believed in; neither in God, nor man, nor woman.

February.—M. la Mothe is dead. And Madame, when she has arranged his affairs, has determined to retire to a convent there to pray for his soul, and to accomplish her own salvation.

She is somewhat distracted what Order to join. The ladies of Port Royal seem to her the holiest people in the world. But, at the same time, the condemnation pronounced by the Pope on this book of Jansenius, which they regard as so excellent, perplexes her.

Two years ago the world of Paris was set in a blaze by the "*Lettres Provinciales*" of M. Blaise Pascal, in reply to the Jesuits, and the attack on Jansenius and Port Royal. These letters were

said to combine the eloquence and wit of the most finished man of the world with the devotions of a saint.

Since then the war has waxed fiercer and fiercer between the Jansenists and the Jesuits. To a Protestant the controversy seems strange. Both parties seem to agree that the Pope can pronounce authoritatively as to doctrine. But the offence of the Jansenists, as it appears to me, is that they deny his power to create facts.

But whatever the hinge of the controversy is (and in most controversies how insignificant the hinge is on which all nominally turns), the combatants seem to me divided by very real distinctions. I judge chiefly from their weapons. The weapons of the Jesuits seem to be assertions, anathemas, and prisons; those of Port Royal eloquent words and a most devout and blameless life.

Truth seems as sacred to them in its minutest expression as the noblest of the Puritans. They *cannot* lie. They can be banished, imprisoned; they can die, if such is the will of God, who loves them, and of those who hate them. But they cannot solemnly declare before Him, they believe a thing true which they believe to be false. "Where is the Christian," Jacqueline Pascal wrote, "who would not abhor himself, if it were possible for him to have been present in Pilate's council; and if, when the question of condemning our Saviour to death arose, he had been content with an ambiguous way of pronouncing his opinion so that he might appear to agree with those who condemned his Master, though his words, in their literal meaning, and according to his own conscience, tended to an acquittal? M. de St. Cyran says the least truth of religion ought to be as faithfully defended as Christ Himself. The feebleness of our influence does not lessen our guilt if we use that influence against the truth. Truth is the only real liberator, and she makes none free but those that strike off her own fetters, who bear witness to her with a fidelity that entitles them to be acknowledged as the true children of God the true. Poverty, dispersion, imprisonment, death, these seem to me nothing compared with the anguish of my whole future life, if I should be wretched enough to make a league with death."

Noble Catholic Puritan woman !

Nevertheless Jacqueline Pascal's regulations for the little orphan girls whom they charitably train at Port Royal freeze my heart even to read. The poor little ones are to abstain from all kissing or caressing each other. Even in their jealously limited hour of recreation, they are to play, each alone, without noise !

And Thou hast been on earth, O Christ, tender and gracious, folding the little ones in Thine arms, and these holy sisters of Port Royal love Thee, and read the gospel of Thy birth and death, and think this is what pleases Thee !

The world was made by Thee, and the world knew Thee not. Alas, the Church which was made and redeemed by Thee, does she also know Thee so little !

What a surprise, what a rapture of surprise, when these Thy servants who, seeing Thee so dimly, love Thee so much, wake up and see Thee as Thou art, as (if they could but see it) Thou art now !

June 1658.—Dunkirk has been taken from the Spaniards (chiefly they say by English troops), and has been given over to an English garrison. At last (my father writes), the blot of the loss of Calais is wiped out of the escutcheon of our country. All through those last months he had been watching the movements of the French and English forces with jealous interest. "That crafty Italian," he said, "(Mazarin) would overreach the usurper yet. The French Court would use the help of England as long as they needed it, and as long as they could pay with fair and flattering words. And when the time came to pay in fortunes and solid territory, they would politely bow Cromwell and his pikemen out of the country."

But when we heard that the "Protector" had insisted on some of the fruits of the war being made over to England, and that the united armies were on the Flemish coast preparing for an attack on Dunkirk, my father's faith in the courage of our countrymen entirely got the better of his indignation against their politics ; and he found several unanswerable reasons for being present at the seat of war.

June.—Barbe came to me to-day in tears. Sad news had come again from her kindred in

the Piedmont Valleys. Protestant surgeons forbidden to live there ; trade prohibited ; public worship suppressed ; a new fortress, from which insolent troops sally to plunder and maltreat the people ; commands to sell lands ; dim rumours of a second massacre.

"And Monseigneur Cromwell," she said, "so busy with his wars and sieges, that there can be little hope he will have leisure to remember those poor forsaken ones ! What hope is there ? For beside the English, these sufferers have no friend or protector in the world."

July 3rd.—My father has returned.

"It was worth while to travel round the world," he said, "truly, to hear the shout of the English pikemen before the fight. Marshal Turenne could not say enough of their soldierly bearing. He asked what that shout meant, and he was told, 'They ever rejoice thus when they behold the enemy.' And to see the Spanish veterans driven back before them from post after post, on the sandy dunes by the sea, was a sight to make an old man young. For the old country is young, Lettice, as young as when she stood up alone against old Spain and her Armada ! I would the Duke of York had not been on the Spaniard's side. He seemed as out of place as Condé. I scarce know the cause," he added gloomily, "which saves a man from being a traitor in fighting against his country."

"Then Walter was not there," I asked.

His brow darkened.

"Would to heaven he had been there, on any side !" he answered fiercely. "Better fight for any cause than fight or work for none, but lead a sluggard's life, a Court-jester's, a Fool's, with the recreant idlers around the king."

He was silent for some minutes, going to the window and watching the melancholy dropping of the water from the urn of his old enemy, the moss-green nymph.

Then he turned and said hastily,—

"Drayton has found his service better rewarded than mine. Not a gentleman in England or France but might be proud of such a son as his. Firm as a rock, and calm, who could guess the dash and fire that are in him, unless they saw him head a charge, as I did ? 'Tis a labyrinth of a world,

Lettice," he added, "and sometimes a man is tempted to throw down the clue in despair, and let the Fates take him and his where they will. Old Will Shakspeare saw to the bottom of it all a hundred years ago, 'an unsubstantial pageant, the baseless fabric of a vision.' Shakspeare and the Bible! There is nothing else worth reading or thinking of."

Then Roger was there; and has come out of the battle unscathed! Otherwise my father would have told me.

But I know not whether they met or no.

July 4.—I told my father of Barbe's sad tidings of the Vaudois.

"That will all be set right, you may feel sure," he replied, grimly. "There was talk enough about it in the midst of all the fighting. There is nothing that this base and cringing court will not do to court the alliance of that Traitor. I laugh when I hear these French courtiers talk of their ancient nobility, and the glory of their Royal House. Our kings and princes, cousins by blood of their own, may creep about as beggars and outcasts in any poor trading town that is not afraid to take them. But when 'my lord Fauconbridge' comes as 'ambassador from this brewer of Huntingdon, Louis, the glorious monarch, descendant of a line of glorious monarchs (up to Nimrod, for what I know), talks to him bare-headed; and Mazarin, the Cardinal, conducts the rebel and heretic to his door with more than royal honours. I am sick of the whole hollow pageant, kings, statesmen, churchmen, all."

My father's indignation had led him far from Barbe and the Vaudois.

"But I may tell Barbe the poor mountaineers will be saved?" I asked.

"Yes, yes!" he said impatiently. "There was a Latin letter about the oppression of these people, written, they say, by this Mr. John Milton, whom foreigners seem to think another Cicero or Virgil, the 'wisest of Englishmen,' and what not; why I know not, except that he writes good Latin, and they cannot read English, so that of course they cannot know anything about the wisdom of Englishmen. And the king was all attention, and the fox of a Cardinal all sympathy with those poor plucked geese, of whose fate he was (of course) in entire ignorance. And the

Duke of Savoy is to have an exhortation; and the massacre is to be forbidden."

But Barbe when I told her was altogether overcome. She burst into tears, and clasping her hands, exclaimed,—

"To our dying day we will pray for the great heart that in the midst of wars by sea or land could remember those few poor persecuted brothers in the far-off mountains, and would not rest until they were rescued. To our dying day we will pray for him and for the great English nation. Mademoiselle will pardon, if I wound her loyal feelings," she added, remembering what the name of Cromwell was to the Cavaliers, and kneeling for a moment and kissing my hand in apology; "English politics are so difficult for us to understand. To you this Monseigneur may be such as you cannot approve, but to us poor Protestants, he is a Protector, Deliverer, Brother. Can we err in praying for him?"

"You can scarcely err in praying for him, or for any one Barbe," I said. "God will not give wrong because we ask wrong. If one of your little brothers, being thirsty, asked you for a drink from a cup of poison, you would smile and put it aside, and give him the cup of water he wants instead."

XVII.

OLIVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

The taking of Dunkirk in June 1658, and the relief ensured to the threatened Christians in the Valleys, was a brilliant moment in that stormy time.

All England triumphed. The dishonour of the loss of Calais was undone. The Protestant Commonwealth had avenged the disgrace which sank so deep into the heart of the poor dying Popish Queen.

Once more the Lord Protector had shown that the Protestant Church was not a heap of disjointed fragments, but a living body, which felt with a pang of actual pain an injury inflicted on its feeblest member. A living body to feel, and a living power to avenge.

England was no more an island (except in as far as her seas and ships were her impassable trench and impregnable walls against the world), but, as in the old days before the Reformation,

one of the great commonwealth of nations, nay, rather, the queenly protector of the great commonwealth of Protestant nations.

Nevertheless this sense of unity and strength seemed but the passing consciousness of a waking moment. The rest of the months seemed too much like a restless feverish dream. At least so they appear to me as I look back. How far the great calamity of that autumn has to do with darkening the whole year in my memory into a valley of the shadow of death, it is hard to say.

The clouds gathered and gathered again, thick and dark throughout the year, over the Commonwealth and over the Protector's household.

The prophets of doom saw sorrows enough break on Oliver's head to satisfy them that their predictions were just.

On February the 4th, his last Parliament was dissolved, with words which seem to me noble and mournful as any with which a great man ever uttered his grief that his people would not understand him, and that he had to tread his way alone.

A fortnight before he had opened it with words of stern warning, yet of hope:—"I look upon this to be the great duty of my place," he had said, "as being set on a watch-tower to see what may be for the good of these nations, and what may be for the preventing of evil." Then warning them of the dangers which environed England and the Protestant nations he said,—"You have accounted yourselves happy in being environed with a great ditch from all the world beside. Truly you will not be able to keep your ditch, nor your shipping, unless you fight to defend yourselves. If you shall think this is a time of sleep and ease and rest,—we may discourse of all things at pleasure, there is no danger,—I have this comfort to Godward; I have told you of it."

And now the warnings were fulfilled, the hope had vanished, and with stern voice he said:—

"I had very comfortable expectations that God would make the meeting of this Parliament a blessing. That which brought me into the capacity I now stand in was the petition and advice given me by you. There is not a man living can say I sought it; not a man nor woman treading upon English ground.

"I can say in the presence of God—in comparison with whom we are but like poor creeping ants upon the earth—I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep." "I thought I had been doing that which was my duty, and thought it would have satisfied you. But if everything must be *too high or too low*, you are not to be satisfied." (Theologies puffed up too high on airy heights, above plain "virtue and honesty, justice, piety," and all the sober work of men; disorders plunging too low.) "Yet you have not only disjoined yourselves, but the whole nation; which is in likelihood of running into more confusion in these fifteen or sixteen days that you have sate, than it hath been from the rising of the session to this day; that some men may rule all! And they are endeavouring to engage the army to carry that thing!

"These things tend to nothing but the playing of the King of Scots' game (if I may so call him), and I think myself bound before God to do what I can to prevent it.

"The King of Scots hath an army ready to be shipped for England; and while this is doing, there are endeavours from some who are not far from this place, to stir up the people of this town into a tumulting. Some of you have been listing persons by commission of Charles Stuart. And if this be the end of your sitting, and this be your carriage, I think it high time an end should be put to your sitting. And I do dissolve this Parliament. *And let God be Judge between you and me.*"

The Protector, at least, was not afraid to appeal to the highest tribunal. Royalists, Quakers, Fifth-Monarchy men, good men of various kinds, threatened him with the judgment of that bar as a terror. He invoked it as a refuge.

So his last Parliament went its way, leaving him to bear the whole burden alone for the rest of the journey. It was not long. Six months, and he should stand at the tribunal to which he had appealed. He had appealed to the Highest; to the Highest he was to go.

The blows of death fell thick on those he loved;—on the few who steadfastly trusted and honoured him. On the August before, Blake had

died, the sea hero, coming home from his victories. He had died off Plymouth, in sight of shore.

Could we have seen it, the Protector also was in sight of shore; the shore he longed for, and did not fail to reach.

In February one of his young daughters was widowed, the Lady Frances, bereaved in the first year of their marriage of her husband, young Mr. Rich, a widow at seventeen.

In April died the good Earl of Warwick, one of the noblemen who had honoured Oliver from the first, Mr. Rich's grandfather.

In July and early August the shadow drew closer. The Lady Claypole—his dearest daughter Betty—lay sorely smitten at Hampton Court.

The tumults around the palace and the kingdom, for the time, must have seemed faint, far-off echoes to the father's heart, compared with the sufferings and fears of the sick-chamber, where his daughter lay dying.

Yet these were not few.

General Lambert, his old friend and comrade, plotting to throw him out of one of the windows of Whitehall, under pretence of presenting a petition; "knowing," Roger said, "how open the brave heart which no treachery could make suspicious was to cries for redress of wrong."

Colonel Hutchinson, Independent and Republican, also his old friend and comrade, while warning him of this plot, piercing his heart, belike, deeper than the assassin's knife by deeming the "affection" and trusting words and tears with which the Protector thanked him (almost beseeching the return of the old friendship) mere "arts" and "fair courtship."

The Presbyterians coldly holding off from him, or persistently conspiring with the Cavaliers.

Lord Ormond in London in disguise, organizing a Royalist insurrection.

The tract, "Killing no Murder," warning him that "the muster-roll" of those who thought it doing God service to kill him, was "longer than he could count," and some of them "among his own friends."

Fifth-Monarchy men raising the standard of the "Lion of the tribe of Judah," against what they called his tyranny.

George Fox and the Quakers, in awful letters

of denunciation, "laying on him the weight" of all the persecution of the Friends throughout England, inflicted under the authority of his name, although, as far as I know, never by his order.

Aunt Dorothy wrote that deliverance must be at hand, for she understood that a "synagogue of Portuguese Jews had been suffered to pollute the land by celebrating publicly their anti-Christian rites in London."

Annis Nye said little. "But Thomas Oldham, Margaret Fell, George Fox, and Edward Burroughs have warned Oliver," she observed, "that if he listen to lies against the innocent, and fail to release the Friends from prison, God will suddenly smite him, and that without remedy."

"Not so easy, Mistress Annis," replied Job, "for a mortal man, protector or king to know what are lies, and who are the innocent, nor to set all the wrongs right in a day. Not so easy, it seems, even for the Almighty, who has been ruling all these ages. I thought once it could be done all in a day. But I had to learn otherwise, and so wilt thou. Seems to me one half of the godly grumble at the Protector because they think he wants to be almighty, and the other because they want him to be all-seeing and all-present."

Meanwhile, the ambassadors of all nations thronged to pay homage to the man who made all men honour England, whether she honoured him or not. Through those summer months after the victory and capture of Dunkirk, the streets were brave with coaches of ambassadors and princes, from France, Denmark, Austria, and the ends of the earth.

The strong hand was still on the helm, the clear strong eyes were still on the waves and stars, keeping watch for England, whether she acknowledged it or not.

No man saw the hand relax its grasp, or the eyes waver from their purpose, for all the noise and clamour, or the aiming at his life. He saw all, and calmly put aside the danger when too near; but never turned from his steadfast watch, watchfully piloting the good ship on.

Until at last, for a brief season, the brave heart gave way. His dearest child was dying; and for fourteen days the Lord Protector could attend to nothing save the dying moans and tears of that

bed of anguish. For her death was slow, and approached through terrible pain, so that her anguish was more than her father could bear to see.

George Fox wrote to her some words of warm and tender sympathy:—

"Be still and cool in thy own mind and spirit from thy own thoughts, and be staid in the principle of God in thee, that it may raise thy mind up to God, and stay it upon God, and find Him to be a God at hand. The humble, God will teach His way. The same light which lets you see sin and transgression will let you see the covenant of God which blots out your sin and transgression, which gives victory and dominion over it. For looking down at sin and corruption and desolation, ye are swallowed up in it; but looking at the light which discovers them, you will see over them: that ye may feel the power of an endless life, the power of God which is immortal; which brings the immortal soul up to the immortal God, in whom it doth rejoice. So, in the name and power of the Lord Jesus Christ, God Almighty strengthen thee."

Good words, though no new truth to the daughter of him who had written, years before, to General Fleetwood, his daughter Bridget's husband: "Faith, as an act, yields not grace; but only as it leads to Him who is our perfect rest and peace." But when they were read to the poor suffering lady, she said they "stayed her mind." She had need of all the stay that could be given. And her father was not one to keep one word of comfort from her fainting heart because he could have spoken it better, or because it dropped from lips which had denounced him.

On the 5th of August the long watch by the bed of anguish in the mournful palace-chamber was over. The weary body and spirit were at rest. The Lady Elizabeth lay dead.

The Protector roused himself once more to take up the burden of the State, which, while she suffered, he had been, for the first time, unable to bear. Attempts at assassination, insurrections, had not interrupted his work a day. But for fourteen days even England was forgotten, as he watched the slow death agonies of his child.

Now that she was dead, he arose and girded himself once more for his warfare.

Another fourteen days, and he would put his armour off and lie down for the long rest!

The sources of his strength were not altogether hidden from us. We heard that a few days after his daughter's death he called on one to read him from the Bible the words: "*Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.*"

"This Scripture did once save my life," he said, "when my eldest son died, which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did."

"It's true, Paul," he went on, after a pause, "you have learned this, and attained to this measure of grace, but what shall I do? Ah, poor creature, it's a hard lesson for me to take out. I find it so." Then, looking on, he read aloud: "*I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me;*" and his heart seemed comforted, for he said: "He that was Paul's Christ is my Christ too."

He was standing near the end of the arduous journey, though neither he nor any knew it; and from the height he looked back over the many battle-fields of his life; from this last sorrow to that first, to the grave of his first-born, and all the promise buried with him in the quiet old church at Felsted.

A day or two after George Fox met him, riding at the head of his life-guard. Oliver stopped and listened, and spoke to him about the sufferings of Friends. Always so ready to listen to men he believed good and true, denounce him as they might! And he bade George Fox come to his house. But on the morrow when George went to Hampton Court to wait on him, the physicians deemed the Protector too ill to see him, and the Quaker went away and never saw him more. He thought that he had felt a "waft of death" go forth against the Protector when he met him at the head of his guard. It would be long before George Fox found again one in king's palaces, lord of England, and dread of Europe,

who would "catch him by the hand," as Oliver did, regardless of discourtesies and denunciations, and say with tears in those searching and commanding eyes, "Come again to my house. If thou and I were but an hour of the day together, we should be nearer one to the other. I wish no more harm to thee than I do to my own soul."

Perhaps as George went away from the door so freely opened to him, the memory of these welcomes and farewells came back to him. And he may have thought that in prophesying death to the Protector, he and his Friends had uttered rather a promise than a threat. But I know not.

On Friday, the 20th of August, uneasy rumours began to spread of his Highness's sickness. On the following Tuesday, the 24th, the symptoms were worse. It was tertian ague, and the doctors had him removed to Whitehall for drier air.

The anxiety in the city grew speechless; brief questions to any who knew of his state; brief unsatisfying answers. And then prayers, fervent, frequent, constant, in churches, in cathedrals, in palaces, in homes; from Owen and Goodwin in a room at Whitehall adjoining that in which the Protector lay. Prayers so fervent, that those who poured them forth from hearts made eloquent by hope and fear, mistook this inward glow for a responsive divine fire, and assured others that their offerings were accepted, that their petitions would be granted, and the precious life be spared to England yet.

But through all those days Roger, who had returned from France, spoke scarce a word, save in answer to our questions about his Highness's health, when he came from the palace. He looked pale as death himself, and well-nigh as rigid. The longings in his heart for Oliver's life were so fervent, that to himself his own prayers and those of other men seemed in comparison as if struck with a death chill. "I cannot pray, Olive," he said to me once. "When I look up to heaven I seem to see nothing but a great silent, stately Company, making a path between them for him, straight to the Throne, and waiting to see him pass."

Once when coming from a place where many had met in prayer, broken by tears and sobs, I

said to Roger: "Surely God only suffers this to show England what he is. The people begin to understand him now! They will never forget!"

"They begin to understand now," he said. "Wayward children do begin to understand many things by a father's death-bed."

The word fell from his lips like a tolling bell. I knew well he could not have uttered it, if he had felt any hope.

Annis Nye was quieter than even her wont, and very gentle, during those days. Once having heard how his Highness' "spirit was stayed," she said a thing which drew my heart to her very closely.

"Maybe the words of the Friends are being fulfilled otherwise than we looked. Maybe the angel is smiting, not Oliver, but only the fetters, and the prison doors to set him free."

Roger brought us word from time to time of sacred words from the sick-chamber.

"The Covenants were two—Two, put into One before the foundation of the world."

"It is holy and true—it is holy and true—it is holy and true! Who made it holy and true? The Mediator of the Covenant."

"The Covenant is but one. Faith in the Covenant is my support. And if I believe not, He abides faithful."

Solemn, slow, broken utterances, not to man, but to God.

And then to his wife and children weeping by his bedside—

"Love not the world. I say unto you it is not good that you should love this world."

It was becoming "*this*" world, no longer "*the*" world to him; but one of two worlds. For a little while longer *this* world to him, soon to be "*that* world" still surging in tumult below, where he had fought the good fight which is now over for ever.

"Children, live like Christians, I leave you the Covenant to feed upon."

Then (belike, passing through a chaos of darkness and doubt, such as seems to edge round her and usher in every fresh creation of light), "three times, with great weight and vehemency of spirit"—

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

And afterwards (the light beyond the darkness being reached)—

"All the promises of God are in *Him*, yea, and in *Him*, Amen, to the glory of God by us—in *us*—in Jesus Christ."

"The Lord hath filled me with as much assurance of his favour and his love as my soul can hold."

"I think I am the poorest wretch that lives; but I love God, or, rather, am beloved of God."

"I am a conqueror, and more than a conqueror, through Christ that strengtheneth me."

So through the weary days and nights he passed, nearer and nearer to the end, the tumult in men's hearts growing deeper, when on the Monday, the 30th of August, the fearful storm of wind which none who heard can ever forget raged over the land, as if it were over the sea; beating back carriages on the roads, as if they had been boats on the rivers; raging, wailing, rending, destroying, as if the angels who held the "four winds of the earth" had relaxed their hold, and set the wild creatures all free together.

But to us who loved Oliver and the Commonwealth, that tempest seemed but the simple and natural accompaniment to the tumult in our souls, a response to the storm in men's hearts; simply a fitting dirge to the life that went out with it.

And meantime, through the storm, his Highness was praying thus:—

"Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched sinner, I am in covenant with Thee through grace. And I may, I will, come to Thee for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee some service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death. Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue to go on and do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample on the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer. Even for

Jesus Christ's sake. And give us a good night if it be Thy pleasure. Amen."

He knew it, then, and *he had felt it*; it had pierced his heart, that those he deemed good men should mistrust him, and be glad that he should die. *That* arrow had gone home, yet with the barb in his heart it could not make him think evil of those that launched it, nor leave them out of his prayers.

The last night came. It was the 2nd of September, the eve of his day of victory, the day of his "crowning mercy," a Thanksgiving Day in England since the battle of Worcester. The voice was low now, and the words not always to be understood.

"Surely God is good. He is—he will not—"

And often again and again, "with cheerfulness and fervour in the midst of his pains,"—

"God is good."

This was the key-note to which "all along" his other tones kept recurring—

"Truly God is good—indeed he is."

"I could be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and his people. But my work is done. Yet God will be with His people."

Through the night much restlessness, yet much inward rest. Broken words of holy consolation and peace, "self-annihilating" words, words of kingly care for England, and God's cause there; these among the very last.

Some drink being offered to him, with an entreaty to try to sleep, he answered—

"It is not my design to drink or sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone."

And on the morrow he had fallen asleep, and was gone.

Amongst us who were left behind, the Thanksgiving Day was turned into weeping. But his long day of thanksgiving had begun. The long night of his faithful watching of the wars and storms for England was over; the clear eye, the steady hand, were gone from the helm. The day of victory, and rest, and coronation, had dawned for him at last.

For, as his chaplain Mr. John Howe said: "The greatest enemy we have in the world cannot do us the despite to keep us from dying."

HENRY VENN AND HIS MINISTRY; OR, ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Continued.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE.

IT is no easy matter, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, to form a correct estimate of Henry Venn's gifts and character. In fact, the materials for forming it are singularly scanty. He was peculiarly a man of one thing, absorbed in the direct work of his calling, always about his Master's business, and regardless of the verdict of posterity. He spent the greater part of his life in Yorkshire and Bedfordshire, in days when the public press was in its infancy, and there was but little communication between county and county. The only trustworthy biography of the man is a short account begun by his son, but not completed, and finished by a grandson who never saw him. As a specimen of biography, Venn's "Life" is beyond all praise; but still it is the work of a loving relative, and not of a bystander. Under these circumstances I feel unusual difficulty in handling the subject of this paper. I cannot help thinking that the famous vicar of Huddersfield was a man who is scarcely understood by the present generation. However, I must throw myself on the indulgence of my readers, and do the best I can.

There are two things which I propose to do in this paper. I will first give some account of my hero, as a preacher, a writer, and a correspondent. I will then point out certain prominent features in his character, which appear to me of such rare beauty and excellence that they deserve the special notice of Christians.

As a *preacher*, I venture to think we know next to nothing of what Venn was. His sermons still extant, consisting of fourteen preached at Clapham, before he removed to Huddersfield, and eight single discourses preached on various special occasions between 1758 and 1785, most certainly fail to give us any idea of his pulpit powers. Perhaps the best of them are his funeral sermons for Grimshaw and Whitefield. In doctrine they

are all, no doubt, sound, scriptural, and evangelical. But it is useless to deny that, at this day, they seem rather tame and commonplace. There is nothing striking, brilliant, or powerful about them. There is nothing that appears likely to lay hold of men's minds, to arrest or to keep up attention. In short, you find it hard to believe that the man who preached these sermons could ever have been considered a great preacher.

Yet it is clear as daylight that Henry Venn was a great preacher. The extraordinary effects that his sermons produced at Huddersfield—his undeniable popularity with congregations accustomed to hear such mighty orators as Whitefield—the high opinion entertained of his powers by Lady Huntingdon and other good judges—all these are facts that cannot possibly be explained away. The vicar of Huddersfield may not have possessed the glowing eloquence of Rowlands or Whitefield. But for all that he must evidently have been a man of great pulpit powers.

The truth of the matter, I suspect, is simply this. Venn's sermons were precisely of that sort which are excellent to hear, but not excellent to read. Listened to, they are clear, satisfying, interesting, and instructive. Written down, they seem poor, and ungrammatical, and diffuse, and commonplace. Whether men will believe it or not, it is a fact that English for hearing, and English for reading, are almost two different languages, and that speeches and sermons which sound admirable when you listen to them, seem curiously flat and lifeless when you sit down to read them in cold blood. Of all the illustrations of this principle in rhetoric, I venture the conjecture that there seldom was a more remarkable one than Venn. To read his sermons over, there seems no more life or fire in them than there is in an empty stove in July. And yet the vicar of Huddersfield, by the universal testimony of all his cotemporaries, was a mighty preacher.

Let us add to all this that Venn's action and delivery, by all accounts, were singularly lively and forcible. The witness of his hearers at Huddersfield, on this point, was unanimous. His face, his voice, his hands, his eyes, his whole manner in preaching, arrested attention, and clothed all that he said with power. Who can deny the immense effect of good delivery? The ancients went so far as to call it the first, second, and third qualification of a good orator. Who can fail to see, from the traditional account, already quoted, that Venn had a peculiar gift of delivery? The sermons of a man who "looked as if he would jump out of the pulpit," may contain nothing that is original or remarkable, but they are just the sermons that often turn the world upside down. Printed sermons can show us a preacher's matter, but they cannot show us his manner as delivered. Second-rate matter well delivered, will never fail to beat first-rate matter badly delivered, as long as the world stands.

After all, we must never forget that we know nothing of the nature of Venn's sermons in the days of his greatest power. They were extempore sermons, or sermons preached from notes; and that fact alone speaks volumes. Not one of these sermons, I believe, was taken down shorthand, as most of Whitefield's were, and the consequence is that we have not an idea what they were like. But every intelligent hearer of the present day knows well that a man may be a most powerful extempore preacher, who is a very dull and uninteresting writer. There are scores of men whom it is pleasant to hear, but very wearying to read. Perhaps if we possessed good shorthand reports of some of Venn's best Huddersfield sermons, we should see at a glance the secrets of his popularity as a preacher. As matters stand, I must frankly confess it is a subject which is now wrapped in some obscurity. I have done my best to throw some conjectural light upon it, and must leave it here. I only wish to remind my readers, in passing on, that there are few things so little understood in the world as the true causes of pulpit power.

As a *writer*, Venn's reputation rests almost entirely on two works, which are pretty well known,—*"The Complete Duty of Man,"* and *"Mistakes in Religion."* The first of them is a

"System of doctrinal and practical Christianity," and was intended to supply something better than that mischievous and defective volume, the *"Whole Duty of Man."* The second of them is a collection of essays on the prophecy of Zacharias (the father of John Baptist), in which the erroneousness of many common views of religion is faithfully and scripturally exposed. Besides these, Venn published two or three smaller pamphlets, which are but little known.

The two works above-named were undoubtedly very useful in their day, and are still to be found on the shelves of most collectors of religious literature. They are sound, scriptural, and evangelical. But I strongly suspect that they stick to the shelves on which they stand, and are books which most people know better by name than by reading. The plain truth is, that every age has its own peculiar style of writing. Popular as the *"Spectator,"* and *"Tatler,"* and *"Rambler,"* were in their times, it may well be doubted whether they would be much read if published now. Even the pens of Addison, Johnson, and Steele, would not command success. The same remark applies to the sound and scriptural writings of Henry Venn. They did good service in their day, when men loved a somewhat stiff and classical style, and would have turned with disdain from any other sort of English composition as unworthy of an educated person. But like the jawbone of an ass, which Samson once used so effectively, they are now laid aside. Their work is done. Like the famous long-bows which our forefathers used at Cressy and Agincourt, we still view them with respect, and are proud of the victories which they won. But we do not use them ourselves. Rifled artillery and breech-loaders have superseded them. The fashion of our weapons is changed.

After all, a close examination of Venn's two volumes will soon show an intelligent reader why they are no longer popular. The composition is of that stately and somewhat high-flown style which was thought the standard of excellence in the last century. The sentences are often very long, and somewhat involved. The words are frequently of Latin or French origin. There is a curious absence of that rich fund of ready, happy illustration, which Whitefield and Rowlands had

at their finger ends. The appeals to the imagination are few, and come in stiffly and awkwardly when they do come, like men dressed in new or borrowed clothes. In short, the style of the books is neither Saxon, nor sparkling, nor racy, nor pithy, nor anecdotal, nor pictorial. We must not wonder that they are no longer popular. Let us thank God for them. They were read in their day and generation by hundreds, who would probably have read no other evangelical literature. They may still do good to good men, and be liked by those who are really hungering for spiritual food. But we must not count it a strange thing if many call them heavy, and dry, and cold.

As a *correspondent and letter-writer*, Henry Venn deserves the highest admiration. Nothing gives me such a high idea of his mental and spiritual stature, as the collection of letters which accompanies his biography. I never wonder at his reputation when I read these letters. I consider them above all praise, and commend them to the special attention of all who want to form a just estimate of the seventh great evangelist of England a hundred years ago. The true measure of the vicar of Huddersfield and Yelling is to be found in his letters much more than his books or printed sermons.

Letter-writing, we must never forget, was a much more important business in the last century than it is at the present day. The daily newspaper was a very different affair from what it is now. Periodicals and cheap publications had a very limited circulation. The result was, that letters became most powerful instruments either for good or evil. Men of the world, like Lord Hervey, Lord Chesterfield, or Horace Walpole, were not ashamed to throw their whole minds into their correspondence. Religious men entered so fully into doctrinal, practical, and experimental questions with their correspondents, that their letters were almost as useful as their sermons. John Newton's well-known volume of letters, called "*Cardiphonia*," has perhaps done as much good to Christ's cause as anything that ever came from his pen. In days like those, it is no mean praise to say that Henry Venn was second to none as a letter-writer. Compare the letters that he wrote after settling down in Huntingdonshire, with the very best that Newton published, and I

venture to say boldly that no impartial judge would hesitate to pronounce that the epistolary mine at Yelling yielded quite as rich metal as that at Olney.

It is curious, indeed, to observe how free Venn's letters are, comparatively, from the faults which impair the usefulness of his books and printed sermons. There is a striking absence of that stiff and laboured mode of expression to which I have already adverted. He writes easily, naturally, and pleasantly, and makes you feel that you would like to hear again from such a correspondent. Like the letters of Mrs. Savage (Matthew Henry's sister), you cannot help regretting that the editor made so small and limited a selection from the stock he had in hand. You close the volume with the impression that you would have liked it better if it had been twice as long. For my own part, I confess to a strong suspicion that we have in Venn's published correspondence the real key of Venn's popularity as a preacher. I suspect that his extempore sermons must have closely resembled his letters. I give it, of course, as my own private conjecture, and nothing more. All I say is, that if the vicar of Huddersfield preached in his pulpit in the same clear, pithy, and direct fashion that he wrote to his friends, I do not wonder that he was a preacher of mighty power. Once more, I advise those who want to know the secret of Venn's reputation to study his letters.

It only remains for me now to point out what seem to me to have been the prominent features in Henry Venn's character. I approach this subject with much diffidence. I have no other means of forming an opinion than a close examination of my hero's life and letters. I am very sensible that I may err in my judgment, and may say too much of some points and too little of others. But after dwelling so much on this good man's life and ministry, I cannot help inviting the attention of my readers to some characteristics which appear to me to stand out with peculiar brightness, as we look at him from a distance.

1. The first excellency that I notice in Venn's character is the *soundness of his judgment on difficult and disputable points in theology*. He lived in a day when the controversy between Calvinism and Arminianism was at its height, and when violent and exaggerated statements were con-

tinually made on both sides. In a day like this, he seems to me to have been singularly happy in observing the proportion of truth in doctrine. I can put my finger on no leading minister of last century whose views of the gospel appear to have been so truly scriptural and well balanced. Of course he was alternately claimed as an ally, or abused as an enemy, by extreme partisans on both sides. But I can find no man of that era who seems to have understood so thoroughly the relative value of every part and portion of evangelical Christianity.

Let us hear what he says about Calvinism : "As to Calvinism, you know I am moderate. Those who exalt the Lord Jesus as all their salvation, and abase man, I rejoice in. I would not have them advance further till they see more of the plan of sovereign grace, so connected with what is indisputable, that they cannot refuse their assent. Difficulties, distressing difficulties, are on every side, whether we receive that scheme or no. We must be as little children; we must be daily exercising ourselves in humble love and prayer; we must be looking up to our Saviour for the Holy Ghost. And after this has been our employment for many years, we shall find how much truth there is in that divine assertion,

If any man think that he knoweth anything yet as he ought to know, that man knoweth nothing.' I used to please myself with the imagination, fifteen years ago, that by prayer for the Holy Ghost, and reading diligently the lively oracles, I should be able to understand all Scripture, and to give it all one clear and consistent meaning. That it is perfectly consistent I am very sure; but it is not so to any mortal's apprehension here. We are so proud, that we must have something to humble us; and this is one means to that end."—(15th Feb. 1772.)

Let us hear what he says about assurance : "I believe that the knowledge of our acceptance with God is to be constantly urged as one of the greatest motives to lead a strict life, and to abstain from all appearance of evil, seeing the Holy Ghost, whose testimony alone can satisfy the conscience, will never dwell with the slothful or lukewarm, much less with presumptuous offenders. Scripturally to state, and firmly to maintain by sound argument, the knowledge of salvation, is,

I believe, a most useful way of preaching—guarding against hypocrites, who will sometimes speak great swelling words about these matters, though themselves the servants of corruption, and conscious of the lie they tell in speaking of their joy in the Lord. I judge that one great reason of the worldliness prevailing amongst orthodox Dissenters is their teachers not pressing this point; and that, amidst very much error, one great cause of Mr. Wesley's success, some years ago, was his urging Christians not to rest without joy in God from receiving the atonement."—(1775.)

Let us hear what he says about holiness : "True holiness is quite of another character than we, for a long time, in any degree conceive. It is not serving God without defect, but with deep self-abasement, with astonishment at his infinite condescension and love to sinners, to ungodly enemies, and to men who in their lost estate are exceedingly vile. It is pleasing to consider how we are all led into this point, however we may differ in others; and were it not for the demon of controversy, and a hurry of employment which leaves no time for self-knowledge or devout meditation on the oracles of God, I am persuaded we should very soon be so grounded on this matter, that bystanders would no longer reproach us for our divisions."—(1776.)

Let us hear what he says about weak faith : "Weak faith seeks salvation only in Christ and yields subjection to him, and brings the soul to his feet, though without assurance of being as yet saved by him. There is not one duty a weak believer slights. Weak faith is attended with sorrow and humiliation; as in his case who said with tears, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.' It produces new desires and affections, new principles and purposes, and a new practice, though not in such strength and vigour as is found in old established believers. Ask the weakest and most disconsolate believer, whether he would forsake and give up his hope in Christ; and he will eagerly reply, 'Not for the whole world!' There is, therefore, no reason why weak believers should conclude against themselves; for weak faith unites as really with Christ as strong faith, just as the least bud in the vine draws sap and life from the root no less than the strongest branch. Weak believers, therefore, have abundant cause

to be thankful; and while they reach after growth in grace, ought not to overlook what they have already received."—(1784.)

Hear, lastly, what he says about indwelling sin: "I sympathize with you in your troubles from the corruption of nature. I feel myself harassed with hardness of heart, and coldness of affection toward God and man, and by slightly performing secret duties, when I know so well that God is 'a rewarder (only) of those who diligently seek him.' How totally does the estimate I made of myself thirty-five years ago differ from what I know now to be my real condition! I then confidently expected to be holy *very soon*, even as St. Paul was; and then there would be no other difference here between me and angels, than that I by watching, fasting, and praying without ceasing, had conquered and eradicated sin, which they had never even known. *Now*, when I compare myself with the great apostle, I can scarcely perceive a diminutive feature or two of what shines so prominently in that noble saint."—(1787.)

2. The second excellency that I notice in Venn, is his *singular wisdom and good sense in offering advice to others about duties*. This is a rare qualification. I sometimes think it is almost easier to find a man of grace than a man of sense. How few are the people to whom we can turn for counsel on practical questions in religion, and feel a confidence that they will advise us well. The vicar of Huddersfield appears to me to have possessed the spirit of counsel and of a sound mind in an eminent degree. His letters to Jonathan Scott, John Brasier, and Lady Mary Fitzgerald, containing directions for living a Christian life, and a solution of doubts and fears, ought to be read in their entirety to be fully appreciated. They are so thoroughly good all the way through, that it is not fair to quote from them. I know nothing in the English language, of a short kind, so likely to be useful to those who are beginning a Christian life. His letter to a clergyman on the study of Hebrew and the value of translations of the Bible, is a model of sensible advice, and furnishes abundant proof that evangelical clergymen of the last century were not, as their enemies often insinuated, "unlearned and ignorant men." Last, but not least, his letters to his son and

other clergymen on the ministerial office, and its duties and trials, and the mistakes of young ministers, are a magazine of Christian wisdom which will amply repay examination. Indeed, there are few books which I would so strongly recommend to the attention of young clergymen as "Venn's Life and Letters." The truth is, the whole volume is full of strong Christian good sense, and it is difficult, in giving selections from it, to know where to begin and where to stop. The following quotations must suffice.

To a friend at Huddersfield he says, in 1763: "The first thing I would press upon you is to beg of God more light. There is not a more false maxim than this, though common in almost every mouth, that 'Men know enough if they would but practice better.' God says, on the contrary, 'My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.' And as at first men live in sin, easy and well pleased, because they know not what they do; so, after they are alive and awake, they do little for God, and gain little victory over sin, through the ignorance that is in them. They have no comfort, no establishment, no certainty, that they are in the right path, even when they are going to God, because the eyes of their understanding are so little enlightened to discern the things that make for their peace. In all your prayers, therefore, call much upon God for divine teaching."

To a rich widow residing in London, he says: "In the day when the eternal state of man is determined, the greater part of those that are lost will perish, not through any gross and scandalous iniquity, but through a deadness to God and his love, an ignorance of their own sinfulness, and, in consequence of that, through reigning pride and self-sufficiency. Now, the one great source of all this miserable disorder, or that at least by which it is maintained and strengthened, is keeping much company with those whom the Scripture marks out as engaged in talk without sense, company not with near relatives or chosen friends, not with those for whom we have any real regard, but with those who come to see us and we go to see them, only because the providence of God has brought us into one town. It is this that devours infinitely precious time, and engages us in mere trifling when we other-

wise should be drawing nigh to God, and growing rich in divine knowledge and grace. And such slaves are we naturally to the love of esteem, so eagerly desirous of having every one's good word, that we are content to go on in the circle of fashionable folly, while our hearts condemn us, and a secret voice whispers,—‘This manner of spending time can never be right.’”

To the same lady he says: “You certainly judge right not to restrain your son from balls, cards, &c.; since a mother will never be judged by a son of his age capable of determining for him; and perhaps after your most strict injunctions to have done with such sinful vanities, he would be tempted even to violate your authority. The duty you are called of God to exercise now, is to bear the cross borne at different times and in divers measures by all the disciples of a crucified Saviour. True, it is painful to see one's dear child a lover of pleasure more than of God; painful to see a young creature, born for communion with God and acquaintance with heavenly joys, wedded to trivial gratifications, and the objects of sense alone. But such are we! God prevented us with his goodness, and sounded an alarm in our souls, or we had been such to this hour. He expects, then, that your experience should teach you to wait for patience till mercy apprehend him also.

“From the whole you see you are to learn two most important lessons from the painful situation you remain in with regard to your son. The one is your own weakness and inability to give a single ray of light, or to excite the faintest conviction of sin, or to communicate the least particle of spiritual good to one who is dearer to you than life. How ought this to take away every proud thought of our own sufficiency, and to keep us earnest importunate suppliants at the door of Almighty mercy and free grace! The other lesson is, that your own conversion and reception of the Lord Jesus Christ, as your portion and righteousness, ought to be marvellous in your eyes. You have many kind thoughts and the highest esteem for me, for which I desire to retain a dear sense in my mind; but you know I am merely a voice which said,—‘Behold the Lamb of God.’”

3. The third excellency which strikes me in

Venn's character is *his singular prudence and tenderness in the management of his children*. Few ministers perhaps have ever been more successful than he was in the education and training of his family. Few perhaps ever trained their sons and daughters with such unwearied pains, diligence, affection, watchfulness, and prayer. The families of pious ministers, like the sons of Samuel and David, have often brought discredit on their father's house, or, like the children of Moses, have not been in any way remarkable. The family of Henry Venn forms a bright exception. All turned out well; all proved Christians of no common degree; and all gladdened their father's heart in his old age.

It would be quite impossible, in the narrow limits of a paper in a periodical, to give any adequate idea of Venn's dealing with his children. Those who feel an interest in the subject, and would like to know a most successful parent's mode of communication with his children, would do well to study the hundred pages of letters to his children which are to be found in the volume of his life and letters. Rarely indeed does a father succeed in uniting faithfulness, spirituality, and deep familiar affection so completely in his correspondence with sons and daughters as Henry Venn did. I can only find room for three specimens.

To his daughter Catherine he says, in 1781, writing on the due observance of the Sabbath: “When I was of your age, I was, alas! a mere pretender to religion. Though I constantly went to the house of God on the Sabbath, I saw not the glory of the Lord. I understood not his Word; I did not hear it when it was read; I asked for nothing; I wanted nothing for my soul;—so foolish and ignorant was I! I was glad when the worship was over and the day was over, that my mouth might pour out foolishness, and that I might return to my sports and amusements. Oh! what a wicked stupidity of soul! I am astonished how God could bear with me. Had he said:—‘I swear thou shalt never ascend into the hill of the Lord, nor see my face, who findest it such a weariness to be at church, and art so proud and profane in spirit! No; dwell for ever with those whom you are like; dwell with the devil and his angels, and with all who

have departed this life enemies to my name and glory !' Oh, had the Lord spoken thus to me in displeasure, I had received the due reward of my deeds ! But adore him for his love to your father ! In this state he opened my eyes and allured my heart, and gave me to seek him and his strength and face, and to join all his saints who keep holy his day, and to be glad to hear them say, 'Come, and let us go up to the house of the Lord !' Nay, more than this, he gave me your blessed mother for a companion, who loved exceedingly the house and day of the Lord ; and repaired to you and me her loss, by giving me another of his dear children who sanctifies each Sabbath with delight, and reverences God's house with her whole heart. Thus, instead of casting me into hell, he has made me the father of one dear saint in glory, and of four more, all of whom, I trust, fear and love the God of their father and mother, and all of whom, I have a lively hope, I shall meet in the courts above."

To his daughter Jane he writes, in 1785 : "A great part of our warfare is to overcome our natural propensity to seek happiness in meat and drink, in dress and show ; which only nourish our disease, and keep us from communion with God as our chief good. More than thirty-seven years ago, he was pleased, in his adorable mercy, to give me a demonstration that all was vanity and vexation of spirit but himself. From that hour (such is the energy of divine teaching), rising up and lying down, going out and coming in, I have felt this truth. I began and continued to seek the Lord and his strength and his face evermore. I was then led to know how the poverty and emptiness of all terrestrial good could be well supplied from the fulness of an adorable Jesus. And, oh ! how unspeakably blessed I am, that I see my children impressed with the same precious and invaluable feelings, and that I hope, upon the best grounds, that we shall enjoy an eternity together in glory, where you shall know your father, not the poor, polluted, *hasty*, sinful creature he now is, but holy without spot, wrinkle, or any such thing ; and when I shall know my dear children, not as emerging from a sea of corruption, and struggling against the law of sin in their members, and needing frequent intimations to do what is right, but when naturally and continually

all within and without will be perfectly holy. Oh ! what a meeting will that be, when all my prayers for your precious souls, ever since you were born, when all my poor yet well-meant instructions and lessons from God's Word, and all your own petitions, shall be fully answered, and we shall dwell in a perfect union together."

To his son John, on his appointment to the rectory of Clapham, he writes, in 1792 : "Children, the old adage says, are careful comforts. I find the truth of this now particularly respecting you. I was careful to see you called out to usefulness ; and now providentially a great door is found, I am in daily concern lest you should be hurt, and suffer loss in your new station. You must beware of company. You must be much in secret and retirement. Visiting friends, and being seldom in a solemn spirit before the throne of grace, ruin most of those who perish among professors of godliness."

4. The fourth excellency that I notice in Venn, is his *singular unworldliness and cheerfulness of spirit*. He had his share of worldly trials, and these too of all sorts and descriptions. Sickness and severe bodily trials, the loss of his wife in the middle of his abundant labours at Huddersfield, straitened circumstances arising out of the extreme scantiness of his professional income—all these things broke in upon him from time to time, and sorely tried his faith. But he seems to have been wonderfully strengthened throughout all his troubles. He preserved a cheerful frame of mind under every cross and trial, and was always able to see blue sky even in the gloomiest day.

His very portrait gives one the impression of a happy Christian. As we look at it, we can well understand the story, that on more than one occasion he was asked to preach by clergymen who did not know him, under the idea that he was a jolly parson of the old school, and not a Methodist preacher !* They judged of him by his smiling face ; and could not imagine that the man who had such a countenance could be the friend of Whitefield, Berridge, and Wesley. Striking, indeed, is the lesson that the incident contains ! Well would it be for the Church of Christ, if all

* All Evangelical clergymen a hundred years ago were called "Methodists." Many people in the present day are not aware of this fact.

preachers of the gospel were more careful to commend thier principles by their demeanour, and to show by their bearing that their Master's service is truly happy.

One single extract from his correspondence will suffice to show the vicar of Huddersfield's unworldly spirit. He heard that a lady, who knew and valued him, had made a will, leaving him a large sum of money. He at once wrote her a letter, positively declining to accept it, of which the following extract is a part: "I understand by my wife your most kind and generous intention toward me in your will. The legacy would be exceedingly acceptable; and I can assure you the person from whom it would come would greatly enhance the benefit. I love my sweet children as much as is lawful; and as I know it would give you pleasure to administer to the comfort of me and mine, I should with greater joy accept of your liberality.

"But an insurmountable bar stands in the way—the love of Him to whom we are both indebted, not for a transient benefit, for silver or gold, but for an 'inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.' His honour, his cause, is, and must be, dearer to his people than wife, children, or life itself. It is the pious resolve of his saints, 'I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.' To be, therefore, a stumbling-block in the way of any that are seeking him, to give the least countenance to any that would gladly bring his followers into contempt, would grieve me while in health, darken my mind in sickness, and load me with self-condemnation on my death-bed. After the most mature deliberation, therefore, it is our request that you will not leave us any other token of your regard than something of little value."

5. The last excellency that I note in Henry Venn is his *extraordinary catholicity of spirit, and readiness to love and honour his brethren*. Jealousy among ministers of Christ is, unhappily, a very common feeling. Nowhere, perhaps, will you find men so slow to recognize the gifts of others, and so quick to detect their faults, as in the ranks of preachers of religion. Of all the men of last century who attained eminent usefulness, I find none so free from jealousy as Henry

Venn. He seems to delight in speaking well of his fellow-labourers, and to rejoice in their gifts and success.

It would be taking up too much room to quote all the expressions he uses about his cotemporaries. Let it suffice to say that I find in his "Life" repeated kind words about the following men,—Whitefield, Wesley, Grimshaw, Romaine, Walker, Conyers, Hervey, Howell Harris, Berridge, Fletcher, Robinson, Newton, Adams, Cecil, Scott, and Abraham Booth the Baptist. That list alone is enough to show the largeness and warmth of Venn's heart. To suppose that he agreed with all of these good men in all things, is simply unreasonable. But he had a quick eye to see grace, and a ready mind to acknowledge and admire it. Well would it be for the Church of Christ if all ministers were more of his frame and spirit in this matter! Envy and jealousy are too often the greatest blots on the character of great men.

It only remains for me, now, to conclude my account of Henry Venn by quoting the language used about him by three good judges, though very different men.

Let us hear what Cowper the poet thought of him. He says, in a letter to Newton, written in 1791: "I am sorry that Mr. Venn's labours below are so near to a conclusion. I have seen few men whom I could have loved more, had opportunity been given me to know him better; so at least I have thought as often as I have seen him."

Let us hear what Charles Simeon of Cambridge thought of him. He says: "I most gladly bear my testimony that not the half, nor the hundredth part, of what might have been justly said of that blessed man of God has been spoken. If any person now living, except his children, is qualified to bear this testimony, it is I, who, from my first entrance into orders to his dying hour, had most intimate access to him, and enjoyed most of his company and conversation. How great a blessing his conversation and example have been to me will never be known till the day of judgment. I dislike the language of panegyric, and therefore forbear to expatiate on a character which, in my estimation, was above all praise. Scarcely ever did I visit him but he prayed with me, at noon-day, as well as at common seasons of family-

worship. Scarcely ever did I dine with him but his ardour in returning thanks, sometimes in an appropriate hymn, sometimes in prayer, has inflamed the souls of all present. In all the twenty-four years that I knew him, I never remember him to have spoken unkindly of any one but once; and then I was struck with the humiliation he expressed for it in prayer next day."

Let us hear, lastly, what Sir James Stephen thought of Henry Venn. In his "Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography" (amidst some things I cannot subscribe to), he concludes his account of the vicar of Huddersfield and Yelling with the following passage: "With a well-stored memory, he was an independent, if not an original, thinker. With deep and even vehement attachments, he knew how to maintain, on fit occasions, even to those he loved most, a judicial gravity, and even a judicial sternness. He acted with indefatigable

energy in the throng of men, and yet in solitude could meditate with unwearied perseverance. He was at once a preacher at whose voice multitudes wept and trembled, and a companion to whose privacy the wise resorted for instruction, the wretched for comfort, and all for sympathy. In all the exigencies, and in all relations of life, the firmest reliance might always be placed on his counsel, his support, and his example. Like St Paul, he became all things to all men, and for the same reason, that he might by any means save some."

Such was the last of the seven great spiritual heroes of the last century. I have dwelt long on his history, but I feel that he deserves it. He was not the commanding preacher that either Whitefield or Rowlands was. He did not possess the polish of Romaine, or the originality of Grimshaw or Berridge. But, take him for all in all, Henry Venn was a great man.*

HOW THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD-SEED SPRUNG UP:

THE HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH IN GOSAU.

(Translated from the "Rheinland Sonntag's Blatt.")

I.—THE MIDNIGHT MEETING.

THAT was a storm indeed which, on a winter evening early in January of 1782, swept from the surrounding mountains through the Gosauthal, in Austrian Salzkammer (Salzburg?) It came right from the Donnerkogeln, whose steep rugged precipices rose like a wall on the south side of the valley; bringing furious blasts of drifting snow, rousing into wild agitation the Gosau Lake, till its usually clear green waters dashed in angry foaming waves against the wooded rocky shore, and shaking the tallest trees till their branches resounded against one another.

A band of travellers, entering on foot the village of Gosau, struggled with all their might against the tempest, which threatened at times to throw them on the ground, and compelled them frequently to halt and take breath, while the sharp piercing snow-drift made them glad to cover their eyes with their hands to escape being blinded. But these travellers—strong men and youths, healthy women and girls—thought little of exposure to stormy weather. Children of the mountains, with keen eyes and firm steps, they were accustomed to tread the narrow Alpine paths on the face of giddy precipices, while the winds raged around and thunders echoed through the abysses below. And, in

fact, they had been wishing and watching for a night like this, when the howling, raging storm should drown every other sound—when every door should be closed, and no one be abroad without absolute necessity—especially none of the priestly or official spies, who were to wait for them by night and day; for these nightly wanderers were secret Protestants, found in considerable numbers among the mountains between Steiermark and Austria. After the Emperor Ferdinand II. had, as he believed, thoroughly ruined the Evangelical Church in this part of his dominions, and doomed many thousand Protestants to the sufferings of exile, the remnant of the inhabitants, who would not, or could not, forsake their dearly-loved homes, apparently conformed to the Roman Catholic Church, and went to confession and the mass with rosaries in their hands. But they went no oftener than was barely necessary to escape accusations of heresy on the part of their spiritual guardians, who were mostly Capuchins. In their own hearts and homes they were still Protestants; and their children and descendants, through long years of open or refined

* In the concluding papers of this series I propose to give some account of four good men, who were great in their day and generation, though not equal to the seven leading evangelists of England a hundred years ago. The four I mean are: Walker, Hervey, Toplady, and Fletcher.

oppression and persecution, still remained true to the ancient faith.

The pedestrians were joined by several others from the cottages in the long, narrow village, and, with the exception of short, earnest greetings—"God be with you!"—went on mostly in silence the rest of the long road towards the lake. A solitary farmhouse, in a narrow defile, placed in the middle of a few cultivated fields, which, running up the mountain sides, had been reclaimed by hard toil from the rocky desert, formed the destined end of the journey. It was the dwelling of the most wealthy man among the poor farmers, shepherds, and woodcutters of the Gosaulthal.

As the party came near the door, a hound barked loudly, but was quickly silenced by the farmer, who then heartily greeted his anxiously-expected guests.

"God be with you, Hans!" said one of the visitors, an elderly, strongly-made man, with gray hair and beard, and an earnest, sad countenance. "Is the coast clear?"

"Yes, Joseph," answered the farmer, "the coast is quite clear. When a storm like this passes over our valley, in which hardly a dog would be sent out, our lord Capuchins keep within doors. But have you heard yet of the report which is spreading through mountain and valley, through Steiermark and Austria?"

"I have heard of it," Joseph answered hastily, while his large dark eyes kindled, and his whole face lighted up with an expression of strength and courage; "and it seemed then to me as if I had been long years in the grave, and the Saviour had come to me, and called, 'Joseph, I say unto thee, arise!' But, Hans"—and a shadow came over his lofty brow—"I have not always since felt so hopeful. The old doubts and unbelief are like to creep in again."

"I can well believe so," said the farmer. "But we shall speak of this afterwards."

They had now entered the large sitting-room, and sat down on benches round a hard, dark oaken table, while the friendly hostess quickly placed food and drink before her guests, who, after a brief prayer, gladly refreshed themselves, and drew near the warm stove. But time was short and precious, and the table was soon cleared; for it was in order "to build up themselves in their most holy faith" that the travellers had come to the remote farmhouse on this tempestuous night.

The younger children, who were often in danger of betraying to the Capuchins the secret of such religious meetings, had been all sent to bed; only those of mature years might form part of the midnight congregation.

It was a singular scene. On the varying countenances of the assembly—men old and young, matrons and maidens—was ever one and the same characteristic expression,—that of earnest, deep devotion. All were longing for nourishment from heaven to their souls. All raised their thoughts above the world, beyond the highest summits of their own familiar mountains, to

"the everlasting hills," from which alone their help could come—to the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth.

A Sabbath silence reigned in the house; outside the storm continued to rage. The window-shutters were carefully secured, and every chink stopped up, so that no treacherous sound or gleam of light might betray the meeting. A servant had gone out to make a tour of the premises; and the fierce hound also kept a faithful watch.

Now the farmer silently disappeared. His guests knew well for what purpose he had gone. He brought back with him, from its place of concealment in a hollowed beam of the barn, an ancient Bible, brown with age, and almost worn out by long use, which hitherto had been preserved from the eager hands of priests and monks, who, in the Austrian dominions, had sought out and burned so many copies of Scripture and of heretical Protestant books. Such a Bible was a rare treasure, which often only one or two families in a district possessed, and the secret of whose concealment was only intrusted by a dying father to his eldest son, as his most precious inheritance.

Beside the Bible in the hollow beam lay another much-prized volume, Johann Arndt's work on "True Christianity." And this old heart-comforter the farmer also brought with him.

He, the family-priest, sat in an old, curiously-carved, oaken chair, at one end of the table, with the Bible before him. "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," he said, "and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us. Amen." Then he read aloud the sixteenth chapter of John's Gospel, beginning, "These things have I spoken unto you, that ye should not be offended. They shall put you out of the synagogues; yea, the time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service;" and ending with, "These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world."

These Austrian peasants recognized their own likeness in this description of the persecuted followers of Christ, and took the consolation of the peace promised to them by their Lord. After reading this consoling portion of the Gospel, the farmer took up Arndt's "True Christianity," and read chapter fifty of book 2nd, on Isaiah xlix. 53, "And thou shalt know that I am the Lord, for they shall not be ashamed that wait for me." The gentle, earnest words of this highly-gifted man of God fell upon the hearts of the tired and longing hearers like refreshing dew on a dry parched meadow.

Gladly would the silent congregation have joined in a song of praise—one of the old mighty hymns of Martin Luther, or the heavenly strains of Paul Gerhardt; but, notwithstanding the rushing storm, which might well have drowned all sound of music, or the care of the watchman, who from time to time walked round the house, they had not courage to raise their voices in

singing, which might give notice of their assembly to some lurking spy. So the farmer only read aloud, "Ein feste burg ist unser Gott;" and then, after a prayer full of deep earnestness and trusting faith, he closed the worship with the blessing of the Lord.

The little congregation remained some time longer together. They could not but speak of the great event of the times, which through all the country was beginning to be secretly whispered about or openly discussed.

"Joseph," said the farmer, after having restored his books to their secure hiding-place, "now tell us really the news you have heard, and which sounded like the voice of the resurrection angel to your ears."

"I was in Linz on business," replied Joseph, "and there, from one of our friends, I heard that our gracious Emperor (Joseph II.), since the death of his mother, has been thinking of bettering the condition of the secret Protestants in his dominions. While our gracious Empress lived he had no liberty of action, for he was submissive to her will as an obedient son, otherwise he would have helped us sooner. But now I heard, as something certain, that our gracious Emperor—whom may God long preserve!—has already issued an edict in favour of the Evangelicals."

"I heard the same," said the farmer, gravely; "and then I no longer wondered that our priest and our magistrate were looking so very sour one day lately when they met me on the road. They had, no doubt, also heard of the edict, and thought with fear and vexation of a time at hand when the accursed heretics, as they call us, may venture to worship God openly, after the manner of their fathers. But, Joseph, I felt afterwards just as you did. I have full confidence in our gracious Emperor—our friendly, kind-hearted sovereign, to whom the humblest of his subjects can obtain access: he certainly wishes well to all his people. But yet the thought would arise, Is this report really true? It would not be the first time, we know well, that—certainly without the orders of our gracious Emperor—such a report of an edict in our favour was spread abroad, for the purpose of drawing the Protestants out of concealment; so that, like stupid birds at the call of the decoy, we might appear from our hiding-places, and fall into the snares. You know well, mother," turning to his wife, "how once the liars and deceivers told us that the gracious Empress Maria Theresa had declared: 'I will have no more false Catholics. Those who have hitherto in secret held another religion may now profess their faith openly without opposition.' And then, when several hundred declared themselves Protestants, how were they treated? The Lord Abbot of Karmasmunster drove those on his lands to the mass by force. Capuchins went from house to house to convert the apostates, and they who proved obstinate were thrown into prison. I was then attending mass in Linz, and went past the prison, and heard them singing hymns within."

"Well do I remember that time," said his wife, deeply affected. "We were not ourselves actually caught by the decoy-birds, but we suffered greatly in the persecution. Oh! the lords in Vienna know only too well how dearly we love our homes, our high mountains and deep valleys, our fields and our cottages! We might have long ago crossed the mountains like the Salzburgera, in order to hold our faith unmolested; but home is home, and so we remained in it. Certainly, the Vienna lords well knew that they could lay upon us no greater torture than by compelling us to go into exile. And this martyrdom they have inflicted on many of our brethren. I may tell you young people something about it. An aunt of mine had married in Schladming. She and her husband were discovered to be secret Protestants, and were doomed to go into exile down the Danube into Hungary, to a place where the mountains are out of sight and the country is as flat as the palm of my hand. My husband and I—we went a long way to the Danube, that we might see them once more. There lay the ships, ready to carry away the exiles—a great party of Protestants from Staiernmark and Upper Austria. Soldiers kept watch, and a lord commissioner accompanied them. But a kind, friendly gentleman helped us. You know him, Joseph—Herr Kiesling of Nürnberg, the friend and benefactor of all the persecuted brethren. My aunt had already said farewell to us, and taken a last look of the distant mountains, and was about to go on board with the others. 'Hold!' cried the lord from Vienna. 'Do you choose,' addressing the women, 'to keep or to lose the children? You may keep your children, and remain comfortably in the country, if you will become Catholics; but if you persist in your heresy, your children must be taken from you, and brought up in the right faith.' My aunt had six children. Four of them were not yet confirmed—these must all be taken from her; among them my godchild Maria, who was still at the breast. Four children! I could have wept tears of blood, and Hans shook his fist in anger. But who could help them? My aunt kissed and embraced her little ones, as if she wished to hug them to death. She grew burning red and deadly pale by turns, and her tears fell like torrents; but she gave up her children, because she knew the word of the Lord, 'Whoso loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me.' And the other women did the same; and then they joined their husbands, fathers, and brothers, and all sang in a loud voice:

"Nehmen sie uns den Leib,
Gut, Ehre, Kind, und Weib,
Lass fahren dahin!
Sie haben kein Gewinn;
Dass Reich muss uns doch bleiben!"

And then they sailed away down the Danube."

* Then let them take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife
Though all of these be gone,
Yet nothing have they won—
God's kingdom ours abide!

The farmer's wife, usually so calm and strong, stopped here, and covered her eyes with her hands.

"And then," continued her husband, "our aunt and uncle soon died in the far away flat country—of homesickness for their children and their homes; and many others died like them. I have always understood that there are many trees which cannot stand transplanting."

"Yes," said Joseph, angrily; "and the Vienna lords took from these poor exiles not only their children, but also the greater part of their possessions, in order, as they said, to educate the children as Catholics. One was allowed to keep a sixth part of his money, another the eighth, another the tenth, and so on; all the rest was kept back."

"But," said the farmer, laying his hand on Joseph's shoulder, "we must not look back now on these sad proofs of the falsehood of priests and rulers; we should rather try if it is not possible to have a little confidence in our fellowmen. Perhaps the edict is already issued. We shall soon know. But, meanwhile, let us pray that the Lord our God may hear our earnest cries, 'Watchman, what of the night! Watchman, is the night near gone? Lord, how long? how long?'—and may give the answer in his providence, 'O thou afflicted, tost with tempest, and not comforted, the mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but my mercy shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, which hath mercy upon thee.'"

"As God wills," said Joseph. "You are right; we must not weary of hoping and waiting. But now it is time to go to our homes. God be with you!"

One earnest clasp of each other's hands, and then Joseph and those who had come with him went forth again into the cold, dark, stormy winter night, with fresh courage and comforted hearts.

II.—MOTHER ANNA.

"But I do wonder, Hans, how our priest will get through his reading to us to-day. It will be hard work for him to get out the words, one after the other."

Joseph looked up rather proudly, as he said this to his friend, in a voice loud enough to show that he had now no fear in being overheard. He had come out of his own house in the village, and joined the farmer and his family on their way to the parish-church. It was long since they had walked that road together, for both of them, like the most of the Gosau inhabitants, attended very seldom upon the Roman Catholic services. But on this day they, like the rest of the cottagers, had a special attraction to church, and the road was crowded with people coming from their dwellings on all sides to the house of prayer. On this Sabbath, not merely the parents, with one grown up son or daughter, as formerly, but whole families, were proceeding together, and only infants and very aged persons remained in their homes. Old men and women were seen, painfully moving on crutches, yet unwilling to be left behind,

longing with their own ears to hear Gospel liberty proclaimed; for the vague report of some relief at hand for the distressed Protestants had now taken a definite form, and it was expected that the new edict of Joseph II. should be publicly read in church this day.

It was a beautiful winter Sabbath morning. The cold air was so calm, so refreshing, so strengthening; the sky so clear and blue; all things—heaven and earth, the mountains, the valleys—so clearly defined in the bright sunshine; trees and streams alike silvered over by the frost; while the unclouded Alpine heights, and, above all, the peaks of the *Donnerkogeln*, raised aloft their sparkling crowns of snow. And all was so quiet, so still. The usual voices of nature seemed lulled to silence. No bird sung—not even a vulture flapped its wing. The Gosau stream, usually so noisy, could not even murmur through its thick icy covering. The sounds of labour were hushed. No call of the herdsmen on the Alps; no rattle of the waggons over the road; no shots from the rangers in the forest. Whatever sounds were heard partook of Sabbath sacredness—the regular footsteps of many church-goers, mostly in silence, or speaking low and seriously to one another, and the chime of the bells sounding far off through the stillness of the valley, and seeming to call, "Come! come! come!"

And then these church-goers! What a delightful sight for any looker-on, who could understand the feelings which filled their hearts!

These men, with their weather-darkened, strongly-marked, yet often handsome, manly features, in which religious intelligence, true-heartedness, and frankness, shone through the peculiar shrewd expression of the mountain race; with their clear, open, piercing eyes; the muscles and sinews of their well-developed frames made strong as steel by the fresh, sharp mountain air, and hard daily toil as labourers, miners, woodcutters, or herdsmen, in their picturesque national costume,—what scenes and conflicts they had to look back upon! Many a hard battle for life had they and the boys at their side gone through, when the treacherous snow sunk or the ice gave way beneath their feet; when, in following the chamois, they had climbed the precipitous ridges, from which to ascend or descend alive seemed alike impossible, and where only the providential help of some brother hunter, sent at the last moment, had delivered them from death by hunger; or when encountering the strong eagle in his apparently inaccessible eyrie, or hunting the wolf and bear, which still linger among these Alpine wilds. Yet these were not the hardest or most dangerous conflicts—not those which had left the deepest, the most ineffaceable wounds and scars.

Far harder conflicts were those of the soul and spirit which these men had undergone, when the persecutors of their faith, by incessant tormenting, made long-tried patience ready to fail—when rash, passionate words were almost on their lips—when the strong hand was

almost extended to strike or to seize the ready weapon ; and yet the hot blood must be cooled down again, since all open resistance were but folly, and their conscience forbade any other more secret revenge.

And these women and maidens, usually slight yet strong in form, but often pleasing in features, with clear expressive eyes, they had followed, or even gone beyond the men, in prayer, labour, conflict, endurance. These mothers—with what mingled feelings of joyful hope and misgiving fears they now looked around on the boys and girls who accompanied them to church, and what thoughts of past days, full of heartrending anguish and tears of blood, the days when children were torn from their parents' arms !

How earnest all appeared, how their joy and congratulations were expressed by looks and gestures, rather than by words ! Pale cheeks now glowing with emotion, eyes kindled by unwonted light, firm steps, decided yet with no unbecoming haste ! How many hands were devoutly clasped over their prayer-books, how many hearts were rising to God in fervent supplications !

Joseph gazed around with irrepressible joy. "See, Hans," he said, "what crowds ! Our reverend father will marvel at his full church. Will he rejoice over it ? That I hardly believe. He can scarcely be conceited enough to suppose that we have all come for the sake of his sermon, or even for the mass. He must think that there is something special going on among his Gosau children, for he knows them well. And when he sees Mother Anna enter ! Look, there she comes ! How pale and thin she is after her long time in the prison, poor old woman !"

Yes ; the aged woman, who now with a friendly greeting came up and grasped their hands, was pale and emaciated indeed. Many heart-sorrows and cares had worn deep furrows in her devout, earnest face, yet she held her head erect, while her black hair, hardly tinged with gray, escaped below her kerchief, and her dark eyes gleamed with joy as she said : "If God be for us, who can be against us ?"

Mother Anna, a widow, had, with the help of friendly peasants, conveyed into Austria, over the wildest mountain passes, in the depth of winter, whole bales of evangelical books—Bibles, catechisms, the works of Luther and of Johann Arndt, hymn-books, &c.—and several years before this time, one of her forbidden bales having fallen into the hands of the excise officers, she was thrown into prison, and only now released.

"Ah, mother Anna," said the farmer, half jestingly, "are you going to church *here* ? Have you learned that lesson from the Capuchins in Linz ?"

"I would rather go to the church in your house," answered Mother Anna. "But to-day I am going to our parish one, as a change, to hear our priest. He has never preached in all his life as he will preach this day. If it be only true, that the new edict is to be read to us ! You must know about that better than I, god-father Hans ; I have been so long confined within walls

that I know little of what is going on in the world. Only I have heard that our gracious Emperor Joseph is not so great a friend of the priests, as his mother our gracious Empress Maria Theresa was. This was told us by some prisoners who were brought in after she died. So I have courage to hope the best, though my trust is in God alone, not in man nor even in princes. Perhaps I may yet live to see the day when we may all go in the sunshine, as now, to an Evangelical church of our own, and there, before all the world, listen to the Word of God ; and no longer be compelled to worship in a deep ravine under the open sky, or journey by night through storm and darkness, to meet in a house with closed doors, like the disciples in Jerusalem for fear of the Jews."

"You deserve this happiness before you die, mother Anna," said the farmer, warmly ; "more than any one else *you* deserve it, true mother of the Evangelical Christians far and near, who have so often risked the loss of all things, life and property, in order to feed our souls with the blessed Scriptures and godly books."

"Say no more of that, godfather Hans," she answered, motioning with her hand as if to put it away, "I could not help doing what I have done. Would we be content to starve here, if we knew of stores of bread behind the mountains ? Shall we not venture as much to bring Bibles over the frontiers, as the smugglers do to bring tobacco ? If we take no means to provide new supplies of books, the priests would soon leave us with no books at all, not even the Word of God, and where then would the poor unlearned people, whom no preacher of the truth dares to visit, find instruction, comfort, strength for trial and for death ? If there is nothing else for us, I would go gladly to-morrow over the mountains again, to Ortenburg, where our countryman Simon Kaltenback lives, who has smuggled many a good book into Upper Austria. I should find men there who would help me to get the precious wares saved from the sharp eyes of the custom-house officers. Some have already said to me that they were quite willing to go the hill road with me again, and would manage better than last time. Books we *must* have ! But it would be far better if an old woman like me could stay quietly at home with the children and the cattle. The cow always seemed to low with joy when I came back from Linz."

"But," said Joseph, "Mother Anna, were you not afraid of the wild animals, which are so hungry in winter, the wolves and bears—or the bullets of the forest-rangers, who seldom look much before they fire ?"

The old woman gazed with surprise at the man, whom she knew to be a bold chamois hunter. "No, Joseph," she then calmly replied, "I was not afraid, no more than you are when climbing after the chamois. I trusted in the shield of the Almighty when I was walking in his ways ; and, besides, my companions were bold fellows, who carried weapons, and they and the dogs would protect me from the wild beasts. We always keep as far out of the way of the excisemen as

possible, and we know the secret paths through the woods and ravines better than they do; but if I were to fall into their hands I would just stand still, and let myself be taken. They would not shoot me then; but even if they did,—Joseph, that word of the Lord has been these many years deeply stamped in my heart and memory: ‘Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.’”

Joseph gave her his hand in silence; he had known beforehand how she would reply; he only wished to lead her on to speak, that the young people near them might hear the testimony of such a courageous and faithful witness.

III.—THE DAY OF DECISION.

The parish priest of Gosau paced with rapid steps through his study. It was not, however, the sermon he was to preach that day which oppressed and agitated his spirit, for his short discourses, which so few assembled to hear, gave him in general little trouble or care. The reverend gentleman was not easily disturbed from his ordinary state of comfortable repose—something more than ordinary must be going on in his mind to-day, and causing such wrinkles on his smooth polished forehead. Sometimes he walked quickly, then slower, then stood still—at times muttered a loud expression of anger and vexation, then sunk again into gloomy silence.

The same piece of paper which had awakened such joyful emotions in his spiritual children, moved his own feelings in a most unpleasant manner. He had been, no doubt, expecting the arrival of the new edict; but, like many of his brethren, not without hopes that at the last moment the old Papal element would again prevail through the land, and the Emperor give up his schemes of toleration. But plain and positive orders had now come from Vienna, and the reverend fathers had to submit. No one could wonder that they found this hard and bitter. For a century and a half the Roman Catholic power had held undisputed sway over these countries, and although the death-slumber of the buried Evangelical Church had been often broken by uneasy movements, such as made the spiritual watchers painfully aware that the sleeper was still alive, and might one day awake again, yet they always hoped in the end to stifle altogether such remaining vitality. And now—must the buried Protestants receive permission to come forth from their tombs into the light of day, and hold their heretical assemblies before the very eyes of the faithful ministers of the true Church? Even though the numbers were few, whom it was thought would at once venture to declare themselves Protestants, yet these few, as tolerated heretics, would serve as an attraction and a shelter to gather others around them. And that the Emperor himself should thus tread in the footsteps of the heretical King of Prussia, give such a dangerous example of religious indifference, and lay such

an unnatural hand on the rights, liberty, and possessions of holy mother Church! Had the reverend fathers known the real numbers of the nominal Catholics, now with longing hearts waiting for the edict, they would have been yet more indignant against the son of Maria Theresa.

The priest of Gosau, however, had real cause for uneasiness. From the Gosanthal, as from other parts of Austrian Steiermark, he knew that many people had been sent away to a distance, in order to prevent the spread of their heresies; but that to this day many of the families in Gosau bore the same names, and considered themselves as still relatives of the banished ones. And that the disease of heresy was not extinct in his charge, he knew from the small attendance on the church services, and he had also heard of the heroic self-devotion of Mother Anna to the distribution of forbidden books. Yet he knew too little of the secret hopes and plans of his flock to suspect a complete falling away from the Catholic Church.

All his cogitations, on this eventful Sabbath morning, brought him to no comforting conclusion.

“But—but—” he stood still, and looked before him, as if at length coming to a determination—“the degenerate son of a blessed mother shall not have all his will.” The reverend father started with fear at the sound of his own voice, and looked furtively round, to see if any one could have overheard such defamation of this gracious Emperor, who he knew made short work with rebellious priests.

Just then a well-known step came up-stairs and knocked at the study door. The priest hastily composed himself, and called in a courteous manner, “Come in.” The deputy-justice of Gosau entered. He was a large, stout man, in whose face one might read that he was accustomed to look upon other men as inferiors, and to order, judge, acquit, or condemn them at his pleasure. But he was a confidential friend of the priest, with whom he had drunk many a flagon of wine and played many a game of cards; and also an obedient son of the Church.

“Reverend sir,” he began, “you must excuse my unusual visit, so immediately before the sacred service, on account of the unusual occasion which has brought me here.”

“Make no apology, Herr Justice,” said the priest, “be so good as take a seat—a visit from you is welcome to me at any hour of the day.”

“I thank you, reverend sir,” answered the justice, “for your friendly disposition towards myself; but what I have to say will not be welcome news. There is an agitation among the Gosau peasants, as if a storm were at hand. I have heard of many suspicious words, spoken in unguarded moments by one to another. I have observed in the countenances of those whom I met a certain boldness, even a look of arrogance, as if already cherishing forbidden hopes, as if already they had heard enough of the edict to make them hold up their

heads. And look!—just look once out of the window to the road—do you ever recollect of seeing so many coming to church, except on a great festival day? and this in winter, when our church, begging your pardon, is not very inviting, from the bitter cold within it!”

The priest looked out, but shrunk quickly back, as if he had seen a serpent. “Herr Justice, only see the groups of heretics! that Joseph, with his insufferably bold looks; the farmer Hans, with his sour gravity; and Anna, that stiff-necked old heretic! What does the old woman want in the church with me? Can she have been converted at last in the town of Linz? Only a few months ago, Father Antoninus assured me that she was as hard as granite, and despised all his fatherly admonitions. No, no; she does not look at all like a repentant Magdalene. But what is to be done? Must I really, to-day—read that edict—read it aloud—myself! I wish my tongue had been cut off sooner!”

“Reverend sir,” answered the justice, shrugging his shoulders, “it has really come to this at last, to-day. You know well, it is against my will that the heretics have this happiness, and that I have faithfully done, and am ready to do, all in my power to keep them in the bosom of holy mother Church. But I can do nothing more, except most strongly telling them how greatly heresy displeases me. Perhaps this will have some effect upon many, for the Gosau people have a respect for me,”—laying his hand on his breast in a self-satisfied manner. “It is really a great pity,” he continued. “These people—even Joseph and the farmer, indeed them in especial—are so industrious, so active, so honest, and are known to be so, far and near. But—”

“One thing I will not do,” interrupted the priest, who had scarcely heard his words, “I shall not read the edict in church, only in the school-house.”

“That your reverence may do or not as you please,” answered the justice, drily. “The Gosauers will gladly hear the edict anywhere. But I hope things may end better than we fear, if we go hand in hand.”

The time had now come for entering church, and the two gentlemen separated, full of expectation and anxiety.

The church was indeed filled to overflowing. The priest perceived, as his keen eyes hastily glanced over the large congregation, many a well-known face which seldom showed itself there, but he composed himself, trying not to betray his agitated feelings.

The service proceeded in its usual course, but to most of those present appeared interminably long, till the time came when it was customary to read aloud any public intimations.

Now it is coming! now! was whispered from seat to seat. But no word announced to the longing Evangelicals their hoped-for freedom. Was all, then, but a dream? a morning vision, which at once departs? The joyful expectation on their countenances began to fade, and give place to an expression of deep dejection.

Then suddenly, after a pause, the priest said, in a

hoarse voice, “There is still an edict to be read concerning the heretics, but this must be done in the school-house, not in church.”

A ray of joy and hope again brightened the faces of all his hearers, and they rushed into the school-house.

Here the priest read from the desk the edict of the Emperor Joseph II., dated 13th October 1781. This famous paper granted to the Evangelical Christians of the Augsburg and Helvetian Confessions, in the Austrian dominions, the following privileges:—Free permission to hold public worship and to build chapels (only without towers, bells, or doors to the street), to take oaths according to the forms of their Church, to buy lands, to hold rights as citizens, and fill any civil or military offices.

There were restrictions added, which might a little disturb the first feelings of joy. The Evangelical Church was tolerated, but not placed on the same level as the Roman Catholic. The official name was to be not Protestant, but *Anti-Catholic*; no Evangelical minister was to have authority in virtue of his office, and might neither legally baptize nor bury the dead, without the consent of the parish priest and payment of the usual fees to him, &c.

But what signified these restrictions to the Gosau people now? They heard only the glad tidings of religious freedom—they could hardly believe their own ears, it seemed so much, so very much—such great riches for those hitherto so destitute, such rights and privileges for those hitherto without any—and their hands were clasped, their eyes raised to heaven, while tears of joy flowed down their cheeks. Oh! willingly would they have burst into acclamations loud enough to break the very windows, were they not restrained by the presence of the priest, and especially of the lord-justice, whom all respected.

And now was heard the well-known and dreaded voice of this latter official, who desired to bring out the full weight of his authority in his words of displeasure and wrathful countenance.

“If it be possible,” he said, “which I cannot and will not believe, that any one among you is such an accursed heretic and Lutheran, let him follow me into the vestry and sign his name!”

Now for the real trial of faith. Whoever now followed the lord-justice into the vestry, at once declared himself to be an accursed heretic and Lutheran.

With irrepressible agitation, his head bent forwards, his eyes gazing to the right, the left, in every direction, as if he wished to transfix any such individual by the ban of holy mother Church, stood the priest, now crimson, now cold and pale with emotion.

The great lord-justice had done what he could; but his words were like chaff before the wind.

When he proceeded towards the vestry, the whole assembly followed him, only the priest, the sacristan, and a couple of tavern-keepers, remained behind.

With wide staring eyes, as if paralyzed by astonish-

ment and indignation, the priest looked after his vanishing congregation.

The vestry was overflowing. The lord-justice sat in a chair at the green table, and a large sheet of paper on the desk before him. Now one after another must come forward alone, and sign his name as a Protestant.

It was singular, that at this last moment, the joyful, determined crowd stood as if arrested and irresolute. No one dared to be the first, by signing his name, to give himself up irrevocably to the implacable enmity of the enemies of the Evangelical faith. For the old mistrust once more forced itself into their hearts. Was not all this but another game of lies and deceit, concerted between priests and officials, to draw forward the secret Protestants, and destroy them at one blow?

were they not wickedly abusing the name of the gracious Emperor, whom they knew that the Gosauers implicitly confided in?

It was a critical, a dangerous moment—but a moment only. Mother Anna stepped forward—her face even paler than usual, but with gleaming eyes, and said to the justice, who looked angrily upon her, “I have suffered much already for the Word of God,—I will venture this also—put down my name!”

Then the spell was broken—ashamed and encouraged by the example of this heroic confessor, the farmer and his wife followed first, then Joseph, and all the others.

So arose, in the year 1782, the Evangelical Church of Gosau, as if it had sprung out of the ground.

H. L. L.

ARTHUR ERSKINE'S EXPERIENCES.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

VII.—THE PLEASANT LAND OF FRANCE.

“The sword in myrtilles dressed.”—*ERELA.*



ARTHUR ERSKINE'S voyage from Edinburgh to Dunkirk was sufficiently uncomfortable to have made any ordinary youth regret his safe and quiet home. And although Arthur was not so infirm in purpose as to do this, it cannot be denied that doubts of the wisdom and propriety of his present course occasionally crossed his mind. But to these he would not listen; still less would he yield to the sinking of heart that threatened to overwhelm him, the first evening that he found himself on the shores of France, alone and friendless, a stranger in a strange land. A night of sound sleep seemed to improve his prospects wonderfully; and the next morning he was able to set out on his way to Paris, resolved in heart and strong in hope.

During his long and toilsome journey he exercised great personal self-denial, in order so to husband his slender resources that he might present himself to his relatives with the appearance of a gentleman. His own early recollections, and his mother's long and minute histories of the places and persons she regarded with most affection, supplied him with sufficient materials for his search after any members of the De Salgues family who might happen to be in Paris. He soon discovered, to his great joy, that his mother's aged father, a staunch adherent of the house of

Lorraine, had recently come thither, for the express purpose of paying his devoirs to the young Duke of Guise, then newly returned from his campaign against the Turks. The old nobleman was very gracious to his grandson, whose face and manners were in themselves a letter of recommendation. And, of course, Arthur's steadfast adherence to the Catholic faith, and his adventurous and independent conduct, told strongly in his favour. The young duke's guardians were just then organizing his household, upon a scale of magnificence only second to that of the king; and De Salgues possessed sufficient influence to procure Arthur a nomination as one of his pages.

A youth of much higher expectations might have considered this a very favourable opening. Arthur thought his fortune secured for life; and so indeed did his grandfather, who gave him his blessing, and a purse of gold, and told him he had now the world before him, and that he expected to hear great things of him ere long. “He is a young man of rare promise, that Arthur,” the old marquis said to his friends. “Believe me, he will do something great—*remarkable*. It is a signal pleasure to aid him.” And Arthur probably thought quite as highly of himself as any of his kinsmen were disposed to think of him.

One thing only grieved and disappointed him. There was no present need of his sword in France. About two years before, the Huguenots had

gained, by hard fighting, a peace that guaranteed their lives and the partial exercise of their religion. The "First Troubles" were terminated in 1563, by the Edict of Amboise, and the flames of civil war had not yet been kindled, though a thoughtful observer might have noticed how very inflammable were the materials that lay all around, and what a little spark would suffice to occasion a terrible conflagration.

The first expedition, however, upon which Arthur attended his youthful chief was no military campaign, but, ostensibly at least, a meeting for purposes of pleasure and festivity. This was the famous conference, held at Bayonne, between the Queen-Mother of France, Catherine de Medicis, and her fair young daughter Isabelle, the consort of Philip of Spain. The Duke of Guise was one of the great nobles who accompanied Queen Catherine and the young king, Charles IX. upon this occasion.

All day long pleasure reigned triumphant; and far into the night magnificent balls and fêtes dazzled young eyes, and filled young hearts with wild and fevered dreams. Arthur Erskine fancied himself in fairyland. He had inherited a taste, almost a passion, for whatever was beautiful, or gorgeous and splendid. It had lain dormant amidst the homely surroundings of his childhood; but now it awoke in full force, and found abundant gratification in glittering pageants and sweet music, in gems and costly array, and in what were far beyond all these, fair faces and enchanting smiles.

He might have been seen, during those delightful days, loitering about the fair old town of Bayonne, looking handsomer than ever, with the sober dress of his boyhood exchanged for a gay surcoat of crimson, laced with silver, and showing beneath it a vest of silver coloured silk. An ornamented poignard, the hilt good for show and the blade keen for use, hangs by his side; and his dark curls are shaded by a plumed cap of crimson velvet, bearing the badge and cognizance of the Duke of Guise.

One afternoon, he has been exercising in the tilt-yard with a number of his young companions. They have paused in their sports, however, for the day is hot; and moreover they are a little out of humour. The fact is this: the tilt-yard

being common ground to the retainers of all the high personages then assembled at Bayonne, the "gentlemen of the duke's household" have been joined on this occasion by a stranger (at least to most of them), who has actually presumed to excel them all in a difficult kind of sword exercise, then much esteemed by proficients in the noble science. This is rather too trying a test of good manners, even for Frenchmen; so the duke's "gentlemen" take their revenge by abruptly putting a stop to the games, and gathering into a knot by themselves, to talk and laugh, leaving the deserted conqueror to take his choice of either looking on at a distance, or withdrawing from the field.

Their conversation is light, sparkling with jest and repartee, and, we grieve to say, mingled with oaths. Arthur has not yet become accomplished in this, and some other equally objectionable practices of his associates. His education has been so different to theirs, that these things inspire him at times with a certain disgust and loathing. The face of his mother, or that of his young sister, often rises unbidden before him, to hold him back from what he thinks would have brought tears to their eyes or blushes to their cheeks. But such feelings are likely to wear off soon enough; even now they are sometimes put to flight by the mocking whisper, "Our Scotchman wishes to act the saint;" or by the sneer, far more keenly felt, "*Bah! Ce n'est qu'un enfant.*"

They were now discussing the magnificent fête of the preceding day, given by the queen-mother in a beautiful island meadow. Arthur and some of his companions had been permitted, to their exceeding gratification, to assist in serving the banquet, disguised as "shepherds dressed in cloth of gold and satin, in the costume of the different provinces of France." Nor, perhaps, did they greatly regret the storm of wind and rain which had brought the festivities to a rather abrupt conclusion, as the little adventure was the occasion of much laughter and merriment, both at the time and afterwards.

"Our Scotchman is grave," said one of the youths, tapping Arthur on the shoulder.

"I was only thinking," answered Arthur with a laugh, "that this was very different from 'family exercise.'"

He said the last two words in English—or Scotch—and they were caught up and repeated by his companions in mocking tones, and with every variety of accentuation.

One asked what they meant.

"Oh, that is to say, prayers. What the heretics use instead of Aves and Paters."

"I did not think they ever prayed," said another.

"Stupid! did you not know they prayed to the devil?" rejoined a third.

"You are wrong, both of you," interposed Arthur. "They say prayers in their own language; and they read the Holy Gospels."

"What fools they are, to talk of their Holy Gospels!" cried François de Besme, a young comrade of Arthur's. "I saw one of their books at Rouen, that they call the Holy Gospel, and I pledge you my word, messieurs, it had only been printed the year before, while, as we all know, it is more than fifteen hundred years since Christ suffered death and passion. How, then, could that be the Holy Gospel?"*

Arthur was prevented replying to this novel argument by the youth who had begun the conversation.

"I know nothing of books," he said; "but one cannot ride through the country without seeing traces enough of the crimes committed by these miserable 'pretended Reformed.' Everywhere villages burned, castles sacked, and, above all, churches and monasteries destroyed. They have made a desert of our beautiful France."

"That's true!" cried Arthur eagerly. "And I heard yesterday, as I waited on Monseigneur at dinner, that the king's heart bleeds for his poor ruined country. They say that on his progress here, wherever he saw a town or castle, or still worse, a church in ruins, he used to scowl and knit his brows, and curse those fire-brands of Huguenots."

"Let him curse, then," interposed the stranger, advancing into the group.

"In my country," continued Arthur, not choosing the interruption, "they have done the same. The spirit of discord and rebellion is in

them. Wherever they set their feet, wars are kindled, and murders follow. If this be not to show to whom they belong, why is it then?"

"Perhaps I can tell you," said the stranger again. "They fight to obtain their demands. And their demands are, of course, utterly unreasonable."

Something in his voice, which was unusually measured and quiet, but not without an undertone of sarcasm, irritated Arthur, and he answered shortly, "I am speaking of Scotland."

"I know nought of Scotland," was the answer. "But I know somewhat of France. I repeat, that all the miseries of the country have been occasioned by those unhappy Huguenots; and that it is perfectly impossible to satisfy them, or to comply with their demands. For—would you believe it, monsieur!—they have the effrontery to demand nothing short of permission—to live!"

For a few moments every one was silent from surprise; and the stranger, in consequence, was allowed to continue without interruption.

"You will all agree, messieurs, that they were very unreasonable to expect anything of the kind. How could any one suppose that, after forty years of patient suffering, the—what is it you call them? pretended Reformed? accursed Huguenots?—anything else!—would grow weary of being massacred and tortured? As to their objection to being burned alive, I presume that to be so absurd that none, except themselves, can even comprehend it. At least, the doctors of the Sorbonne, and all the priests and bishops, are quite unable to do so—and, in a special manner, the princes of the House of Lorraine."

This last allusion was particularly unfortunate. It was not to be expected that retainers of the Duke of Guise would hear it with patience. Shouts of "*Scélérat!*" "*Hérétique!*" "*Huguenot!*" rose on all sides; and young De Besme ventured to knock off the cap of the intruder, probably intending this insult as a signal to his companions for further violence.

But the Huguenot, if such he were, laid the youth at his feet the next moment with a sudden, well-aimed blow. Then placing his hand on the sword at his side, and casting a significant look of scorn around him, he strode leisurely from the tilt-yard.

* A similar remark was actually made by the "great" Duke of Guise (the father of the duke mentioned above), after the massacre of Vassy.

De Besme rose to his feet, angry and dusty, muttering curses upon the heretic. "I wish, with all my heart, the *chambre ardente** had him to deal with," he said.

But the volatile youths seem rather disposed to laugh at their comrade's discomfiture, than to resent it. "Come, then, François; don't be spiteful," replied one of them. "We do not even know if he is a Huguenot."

"Who is he, then?" asked Arthur, and the question was echoed by several others.

"Oh, you don't know!" said De Besme. "It is De Villemorgue, De Calignan's private secretary. And moreover, Monsieur Arthur, we may thank you for the pleasure of his company. I heard him ask Dubois this morning when and where you were to be found."

"Is it I? But certainly you mistake, François. I never saw the man until this hour, as you know very well."

"Let it rest, then."

"But do you say he is a secretary? He is more like a hero of the sword than the pen. And De Calignan, his master, is preceptor to that pretty boy, the Prince of Béarn, is he not?"

"Not just that. He is a Béarnois noble, or councillor, that Queen Jeanne of Navarre (the most dreadful heretic in all France) has attached to the train of the unhappy young prince, to make him as wicked as herself. 'Tis a pity; for the noble child deserves better training. Already he rides and tilts almost as well as our François here, though, like him, he has sometimes to take discipline from the hand of a heretic."

François made some angry rejoinder.

"But tell me," asked Arthur, "is it true what this De Villemorgue said, that the pretended Reformed only ask to be permitted to live?"

"Not at all.—But what should I know about it?" was answered with an expressive shrug of the shoulders. "Let us talk of other things. The beautiful eyes of Mademoiselle de Limosailles looked very softly on thee last night, Arthur, *mon ami*."

"Nonsense. They would never have looked on me at all, save that I was so happy as to have a good mantle, that protected their fair owner

from the rain. But I must go. Monseigneur has done me the honour to require my attendance at the tennis-court, where he plays a match this evening with the King and the Duke of Alva."

Arthur said this with a little pride, for both he and his companions esteemed it no small distinction to be chosen to wait upon their lord on such an occasion.

When he left the tilt-yard, his comrades resumed their more active amusements. In the meantime, De Villemorgue sought his master, De Calignan. He spent most of the evening in writing, from his dictation, a very memorable letter to Queen Jeanne of Navarre.

There was another side to this gay conference, with all its brilliant festivities. An asp lay hidden in that basket of fair summer flowers. There is little reason to doubt the substantial truth of the popular opinion that some seed was sown at Bayonne, which bore, as its bitter fruit, the horrors of the black Bartholomew. Every night, when the balls and fêtes were over, and the careless revellers wrapped in sleep, Queen Catherine repaired, through a secret passage, to the apartments of her daughter. Not however to exchange the sweet confidences of mother and child, but to hold secret council with the dark and cruel Alva, on political affairs of high importance. The great principle advocated by Alva, on these occasions, was the absolute necessity of making an end of all religious differences, as well in France as in Spain and the Netherlands. Nor did he see any way to do this, except by the *extermination* of the professors of the new faith. Such was the measure which he unshrinkingly proposed, and Catherine and her son fearlessly contemplated. Nor was this massacre of hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children, a new and hitherto unheard-of idea. Three years previously, Alva's master, Philip of Spain, entered into a league with the leaders of the high Catholic party in France (the Duke of Guise was amongst them), and this was, in express terms, one of its stipulations: "In France, for good and especial reasons, it will be desirable on no pretence to spare the life of any one who has formerly made profession of that sect."

Other countries, beside France, were to be eventually included in this sweeping measure.

* *Burning-chamber*. This was the expressive name given to the courts established in France for the trial of heresy.

For nothing less was contemplated than the destruction of heresy throughout Europe. It is not beside our purpose to remark, that either the very document from which these words are taken, or one of similar import drawn up somewhat later, was despatched to Holyrood, and there signed by the fair hand of Mary Stuart.

It is chiefly through the intelligent observation of a child, that the secrets debated at those midnight conferences at Bayonne have become known to the world. The little prince of Béarn (afterwards Henry IV. of France) was caressed and favoured by Catherine for his wit and beauty, and kept continually in her company. He heard Alva suggest to her that it would be well to re-enact in France the tragedy of the Sicilian vespers, "not sparing the noblest blood; for," added the Duke, "one salmon is worth a hundred frogs." Struck by the expression—the meaning of which he was perfectly able to comprehend—he faithfully reported what he had heard to De Calignan, who lost no time in transmitting the intelligence to Queen Jeanne, that she might consult with the leaders of the Protestant party for the preservation of their lives.

It was De Villemorgue's hand that penned that letter, in a difficult cipher, which he himself had partly devised. He then found a swift and, above all, a trusty messenger to carry the precious missive to its destination. De Calignan reposed indeed unlimited confidence in him; knowing that he would rather have been torn by wild horses than have failed an iota in his duty to the Queen of Navarre, or in his allegiance to the cause of the Huguenots. But little pleasure did this confidence give to De Villemorgue's profoundly sorrowful heart. He belonged to a class that, in those fearful times, must have been tolerably numerous—those involved by circumstances, by ties of kindred, or by the results of merely intellectual conviction, in the cruel sufferings of the Reformed. Very sad must have been the lot of these "martyrs by the pang without the palm." Not greater than the calamities heaped upon the Huguenots, were those that in early ages prompted the cry of the apostle, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." Not even in this life had Antoine de Villemorgue hope in Christ. He had been

instructed, from his childhood, in the tenets of the Reformers; and he could have explained them, or argued about them, as well as Theodore Beza, or perhaps John Calvin himself. But no form of doctrine had ever gained entrance into the guarded citadel of his heart. That was occupied by crushed affection, by disappointed ambition, and by the fanaticism that oppression usually engenders in strong natures. He saw nothing in the past but the wrongs inflicted by those he hated, and the sufferings endured by those he loved and revered; nothing in the future but the hope of avenging all, or of falling honourably in the attempt. "And then," as he said himself, "there will at least be rest and freedom; for, so far as I know, the House of Lorraine have no foes in the other world."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE BLIND LEAD THE BLIND.

"Oh! righteous Heaven; ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That crushed proud Ammon when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath and thundered from afar?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?"

CAMPBELL.

"*Mille pardons!* Have I the honour to address Monsieur Arthur D'Aireskine?"

"That is my name. What do you want of me?" said Arthur, with something less than the politeness of his adopted country; for it gave him no particular pleasure to be accosted by the Huguenot De Villemorgue.

"I wish to speak with you. I sought you in the tilt-yard yesterday, when the conversation of your companions tempted me, not very wisely, to throw in a word or two; and, as you know, we narrowly escaped a brawl."

"Truly you seem as ready with blows as with words," said Arthur.

"But what would you wish?" De Villemorgue responded with a slight shrug. "Blows are the only sort of words some people can understand. For all that, our ministers often blame my violence. They are not so easily kept in good humour as your priests of the ancient faith, Monsieur Arthur. But I was about to say, I sought you on account

of an old friendship between my father and your's."

Arthur, on the one hand, could not be quite indifferent to anything that concerned his father ; on the other, he had learned to be ashamed of any allusion either to his father's religion or to the associations into which it had led him. Being therefore at a loss what to reply, he played with the hilt of his poniard, and remained silent.

"My father's memory," De Villemorgue continued in a graver voice, "is very dear to me. No braver, truer heart than his ever beat. *His* friend must needs have been good and noble like himself. I have often heard him speak of Monsieur le Capitaine Harry D'Aireskine."

Arthur, strange to say, would have been less pleased with this address had it been less full of De Villemorgue's father, and more full of his own. For it was to pride, rather than to filial affection, that he felt disposed to attribute its warmth ; and being proud himself, he liked pride in another. His answer was courteous enough ; and the conversation thus begun, went briskly forward. De Villemorgue was able to tell him many interesting particulars of his father's military career, with which he had been previously unacquainted ; and when they parted, it was with a resolution, on Arthur's side at least, that they should meet again.

They met again and again ; in fact, they met almost every day during their stay at Bayonne. Whatever object De Villemorgue might have had in courting the intimacy of the Duke of Guise's page, he certainly did so. He may have wished to make him a convert, at least to his political opinions, with a view to some particular service which his character, or his position, might enable him to render to the cause. Or, he may have really liked him, and sought his friendship for its own sake. But however this may have been, when a man of thirty bends his energies to the task of pleasing and winning a youth of sixteen, he is very likely to succeed. Indeed he is almost sure of success, if he not only understands the youth, but respects him, and shows that he does so.

Arthur seemed to consider his Faith as an ornament, to be worn proudly, indeed rather ostentatiously, like his plumed cap or his silver-hilted sword. De Villemorgue did not seek to

rob him of it by direct argument ; but he sometimes mocked or sneered at it. He took care, however, to direct the shafts of his subtle rillery against the faith itself, not against its votary ; though, indeed, he occasionally hinted that he rather envied Arthur's ingenious simplicity. "If you *can* believe so and so," he would say, "I do not doubt that it is all the better for you." And such words never failed to leave a sting behind them.

Still more detrimental to Arthur's peace of mind was De Villemorgue's habit of incidentally, and as it were unintentionally, showing him that the facts of the world around him did not harmonize with the theories of his creed. The too apparent unholiness of the Holy See, the very patent mistakes of the Infallible, and the scandalous vices of the most distinguished patrons of orthodoxy, whether lay or clerical, were all touched lightly and parenthetically, with apparent carelessness, but with real power. Arthur could not defend his religion when it was not directly assailed, and to lose his temper seemed only a weakness which would place him in a false position. Besides, De Villemorgue was so agreeable and entertaining, and appeared so superior, in intellect and morality, to his other companions, that he could not prevail on himself to quarrel with him. It was not strange, therefore, that the clear surface of his faith soon began to grow dim, like a disc of polished metal when breathed over. And because the metal was no pure and genuine silver, but some base mixture, the dimness did not pass away, leaving the bright surface brighter than before, but settled there, and permanently dulled and tarnished it.

But though he would not seek a quarrel with De Villemorgue, he found himself at last unexpectedly involved in one.

The conference of Bayonne was approaching its termination ; and the Duke of Guise, with the other noble personages who had attended it, was preparing to leave the place. On the last evening of their stay, the friends met at a tavern, and as a matter of course, they drank wine together. De Villemorgue asked Arthur to propose a health ; and he gave, accordingly, with considerable enthusiasm, that of "Our sovereign lady Mary, Queen of France and Scotland."

To his equal surprise and indignation, De Villemorgue flung his untasted cup back on the table, and, his face pale with emotion, declared he would rather die than wish health or happiness to Mary Stuart. "I am no prophet," he said; "I leave that to the fanatics of both parties. Still, I dare to say, the Lady Mary's sun will not go down without blood."

Arthur could not hesitate a moment about the reply a brave and loyal youth was bound to give to such an insult. He felt as if his mother's memory, or his sister's name, had been slandered in his presence. And though so young, he was already a man both in his own estimation and in that of his companions. "Draw and defend yourself," he cried: and in another instant his own sword had flashed from its scabbard.

A conflict followed, which might have had a serious, and even a fatal termination, had not De Villemorgue, who kept perfectly cool, been only anxious not to injure his young assailant. It was very difficult, however, for even a cool and skilful antagonist to disarm a youth of Arthur's courage and determination; and De Villemorgue could not accomplish it without giving him a pretty severe cut on the arm.

That done, the Huguenot's sword left his hand in a moment; and, with protestations of regret and of friendship, he began to offer his assistance. "I deal in no unholy art," he said; "still I believe I am a better surgeon than your lord the Duke of Guise has in his train. Trust me, a little cold water and fair linen will serve you more effectively than all the barbarities of Messieurs Castellon and Vimienne."*

"But why did you insult my queen?" said Arthur faintly.

"I certainly owe you an explanation, and you shall have it. But wait till I have bound up your arm, or my hand may tremble, and spoil the work."

Arthur submitted; his wound was bound, and the terrors of the landlord were appeased and his remonstrances silenced by a couple of gold pistoles. Then the two friends retired to De Villemorgue's lodgings, which were close at hand.

"I will tell thee now, Arthur D'Aireskine, of the first and last day I saw the fair face of thy beautiful queen. Have thy companions ever chanced to name in thy hearing what they call 'the Conspiracy of Amboise?'"

"I do not remember it," said Arthur. "The history of your wars is new to me."

"To make you understand then, I must talk to you of *the religion*, though I know you do not love the subject. Almost all through the reign of Henry II. those horrible executions had been repeated, until, at last, men's patience was worn out."

"What executions?" Arthur asked.

It would not be well to give De Villemorgue's answer in detail. For we have grown too weak to hear of these things or to utter them. They would send a shiver through our frames; they would make our blood run chill. They would come back to us

"In the dead unhappy night, when the rain is on the roof,"

arousing us from slumber, or holding our eyes waking with thoughts and images of terror which yet fall short—far short—of the reality. There are pages in those "records written within and without with mourning, lamentation, and woe," the crowded martyrologies of France and the Netherlands, in which it is a positive relief to read of any one who was *simply* burned alive. Let this suffice to indicate the horrors that must—and *shall*—remain untold.

But De Villemorgue did not use, in speaking to Arthur, any such considerate reserve or ambiguity. He described, in plain language, the scenes that France had witnessed, not once or twice, but with truly "appalling frequency." He told of the massacres in various places—little preludes of the terrible Bartholomew—each one distinguished from the rest by some special trait of wanton and barbarous cruelty. Yet still the story of the executions cast that of the massacres into the shade. He told of King Henry II., who, though neither a good nor a humane man, proved more tender of heart, or more weak of nerve, than the *ladies* of his court; for having witnessed one of these scenes in the Place de Grève, he was haunted by the horror until his dying day, and used to shudder whenever its image crossed his

* The surgeons of the former Duke of Guise. He might have recovered from the wound given him by Poltrot, but for their barbarous mismanagement. Yet he refused the aid of a gentleman who proffered to cure him by means of "linen and fair waters," suspecting sorcery!

soul, as it failed not to do, once and again, in the midst of gaudy feast and glittering pageant. For it should not be forgotten that these days of cruelty were also days of the most refined and elaborate luxury. Splendours and horrors walked hand in hand, and "the merchandise of gold, and of silver, and precious stones, and pearls, and fine linen," never prospered better than at the very time that men were making themselves, in the service of the mystic Babylon, "drunk with the blood of the saints and of the martyrs of Jesus."

"But you look pale," said De Villemorgue, pausing. "Is your arm painful?"

"My arm?—I had forgotten it. Oh, my friend, that was terrible. And these unhappy men, they really believed they were going to God! Think—when the agony was over, and death came at last, and they found—they found that they were without the pale of the one true Church, and that—" Arthur's voice failed, and he hid his face.

De Villemorgue laid his hand gently on his shoulder. "My poor boy," he said, "do you think the God of heaven is more cruel than the most cruel of the creatures that disgrace the world he has made?"

"I do not think that," answered Arthur, in perplexity. "But they were heretics, and heresy is a dreadful sin."

"Have it so, if you will," said De Villemorgue, quietly, but sadly. "Yet whether is it the greater sin to break every law God has given, as you see those around you do every day, or to read his Word in your own tongue, and seek to live by its precepts?"

"But you—what do *you* believe?"

"Why should you ask me? It may be that I do not hold entirely either with the persecutors or the martyrs. Still, if my choice must be made, I had rather join the latter than the former. But if God be indeed on their side, would he not avenge their cause?" The last words were spoken low and rapidly, rather to himself than to Arthur. He looked out fixedly for some moments at the evening clouds, and his eyes, which were dark and very expressive, seemed full of sorrow, almost of despair.

At last Arthur said, "But what has all this to do with the Queen of Scotland? You know my

time is brief, for I have to attend my lord at supper; and I must first remove the traces of my little accident."

"Very well; but I must tell my story after my own manner, or not at all. It is the custom for gentlemen of your opinions to ascribe the Conspiracy of Amboise and the Civil War to the restless, discontented temper of the Huguenots, to the ambition of the Bourbons and the Châtillons, and their jealousy of the Duke of Guise, and such like causes. Some of these no doubt existed; like tributary streams, they met the river on its way to the sea, and increased its volume and its force. But the merciless persecution—unto death and worse—of the Reformed was the true cause of all the troubles.

"At the beginning of the reign of the late king, Francis II., your master's father, and his brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, had managed to get into their hands the whole power of the state, principally, as you may be already aware, through the influence of their kinswoman, the beautiful Queen of Scotland. Being the chiefs of the high Catholic party, they carried on the cruel persecutions more fiercely than ever. They were, moreover, detested even by many of the Catholics, whom they oppressed; and they were supposed to exercise a kind of tyranny over the young king and the queen-mother."

"I must not hear you speak evil of the Guises. I am eating their bread."

"I shall speak of them, good or evil, as little as I may. They are no grateful subject to me. I have lost through them nearly all that a man can lose, and live. Well, some of the Huguenots, though not exactly the foremost of the party, organized a kind of association—you may call it a conspiracy if you please—for the purpose of depriving the House of Lorraine of its usurped political power, and obtaining liberty of conscience. M. de la Renaudie, not the best or the wisest amongst us, was its nominal head. But nobler men followed him, and amongst them my brave father and M. le Baron de Castelnau. Their loyalty to the young king they ever kept inviolate. They intended to enter his presence unarmed, and, kneeling at his feet, to plead for liberty of worship. If refused, as they were too well aware they would be, through the influence

of the Guises, their followers, who were to be secretly assembled around the place, were to rush to arms, surprise the court, imprison the Guises, and transfer the government to the Prince of Condé.

"But their designs were betrayed to the Cardinal of Lorraine, who took successful measures to disconcert them. La Renaudie fell in a skirmish, but some others, who were marching to join him, were less fortunate. M. de Castelnau surrendered himself on the faith of the Duke of Nemours, who gave him a written promise that he and his companions should receive no injury, and that they should be admitted into the king's presence, and allowed to state their grievances to him. Fifteen gentlemen were with him, and my father was one of them."

"Was the promise kept?"

"It was kept after the worst fashion of priest-craft, 'No faith with heretics;' and after the worst fashion of king-craft, 'No faith with rebels.' Those sixteen were thrown into a dungeon, loaded with fetters, and miserably tortured, to force from them something that might impeach their loyalty.

"But no agonies could wring from those steadfast hearts one word more or less than the truth. It was against the Guises they conspired, not against the King of France. The Baron de Castelnau—I have good right to speak of him," said De Villemorgue, averting his face, "for he—my father's friend—was almost as a father to me, and I was soon to have acquired the right to call him in truth by that name—De Castelnau bravely vindicated his conduct, and defended his faith before the council. But, though he silenced the very men who condemned him, and made them hang their heads for shame, it was all in vain. He was doomed, he and the brave fifteen, to perish on the scaffold."

"Was the doom executed?" asked Arthur, in a low voice.

"Yes; in the face of day. In the presence of the king and the queen-mother, and of the rank, the chivalry, the beauty of France. Arthur Erskine, the fair face of thy queen looked upon that scene unshrinking—nay, triumphant.* I see her still—I shall see her until my eyes close

in death—light smiles on her lip, light words on her tongue, and no change in the roses on her cheek, as head after head—oh, Arthur, I can say no more—one of them was my father's!"

He turned his face away for a few moments, then continued,—“I should not be moved thus. I should believe he is with God. When it came to his turn to die, he dipped his hands in the blood of his companions, and, raising them to heaven, cried with a loud voice, ‘Lord, behold the blood of thy children most unjustly slain! Thou wilt take vengeance.’ Yet, Arthur, God has *not* taken vengeance. He sits on high in his secret place, and leaves the earth in the hands of those that destroy it. ‘The dead bodies of his servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the heaven, the flesh of his saints unto the beasts of the earth. Their blood have they shed like water, and there is none to bury them.’”

"But, my friend"—

"Patience, Arthur D'Aireskine; my story is not done yet. One as young and fair as Mary Stuart herself received her death-stroke that day, though not from axe or sword. We men can suffer even until the nerves quiver and the brain reels, and yet be silent; but when women suffer thus and are silent, they die. For we have work, and strong hands to do it; we have pride, and the courage that is born of it. But with them, work, and courage, and pride, and everything, have their roots in the sweet affections of home. But what need of words? From that dreadful day Aimée de Castelnau faded as a flower fades. Four springs now the grass is green above her grave. I am not of those who love twice; I hold that such have never loved at all."

"You ought not to grieve for her. No doubt she is an angel in heaven," said Arthur, in bold defiance of the tenets of his creed.

"Do you believe that, simple child? Go and ask your confessor." Then in gentler tones,—“Having told you so much, I must, I ought, to add, that death with her was unlike anything I had ever seen before. It seemed only like the door of a happy home, opened by a father's hand to a child who stood waiting outside."

"You mean that she thought her father"—

"No, not that. At the last, indeed, she scarcely thought of him at all. That was the greatest

* A fact.

wonder to me. Though his death sapped the very springs of her life, yet it seemed she loved him infinitely less than she loved One whose face she had never seen. It is strange, it is incomprehensible, how those simple records of the Son of God can fill the hearts of men and women and of little children with a love so passionate, so absorbing, that all other love, however intense, wanes and pales before it! Aimée de Castelnau, and the poor sufferers on the Place de Grève, of whom I spoke anon, died with the same Name on their lips and in their hearts! And in some mysterious way that Name made them strong and made them happy. I tell thee, Arthur, it is facts like these that have kept me hitherto from utter scepticism."

Thus did Antoine de Villemorgue take up the golden key of the casket wherein lay hidden what would have explained to him the dark mysteries of life. He even admired its curious workmanship, and wondered at the power it possessed in the hands of others. But what availed all this, so long as he did not use it for himself?

He was silent for a little while, and then resumed, in his usual matter-of-fact tone.

"In one way, perhaps, that which was, was best. My father being a *traitor*, of course my patrimony was at the service of the king, or rather of the Guises. And it would have been ill done indeed to have shared with another my life of want and peril. I need scarcely tell thee that in the late war (which was begun, as all the world knows, by the Duke of Guise's detestable massacre at Vassy), I drew my sword, as I had good right, in the cause of justice and freedom. Every Papist that I made to bite the dust at Rouen, or Dreux, or Orleans, and they were not a few, I said in my heart, 'There is one more in memory of the martyrs* of Amboise.'"

"Did any others suffer for the conspiracy besides the brave sixteen, of whom your father was one?"

"Child, those were but the first drops of a thunder-shower. Throughout the country, noble

and innocent blood was shed like water; nearly twelve hundred in all were hanged, drowned, or beheaded, besides many who were slaughtered by the soldiers without law or process. Wait a moment, I will show thee something."

De Villemorgue took from amongst his papers a rude engraving,* representing the Castle of Amboise after the defeat of the so-called conspiracy. It was a grim and terrible story, told simply and strongly, though without words. But sadder even than the scaffolds and gibbets that crowded the dreary picture, seemed the "great concourse of noble and gentle ladies talking and laughing incessantly," that surrounded them.

Arthur gazed in silence; but if he learned nothing else, he learned that hour that there had been worse things done upon earth than the maltreatment of a Catholic priest by the Edinburgh mob.

"And now, my friend," said De Villemorgue, "tell me, have I explained my refusal to drink the health of Mary of Scotland?"

"I can say nothing," replied Arthur, thoughtfully. "I suppose that if I were in thy place I should feel as thou."

"If I were in thy place," repeated De Villemorgue; "that is a simple reflection that would have saved all the civil wars, had the Catholics the grace or the sense to make it. But they no more think of this than the huntsman does of entering tenderly into the feelings of the stag or the hare, made to be taken and destroyed. Now go; thy time has expired. I can scarce tell what has made me talk in this strain to thee, a mere boy, and a friend of yesterday; save that it may be for thy father's sake, and for that gentle and honest look in thy face, so like his. If thou dost become a fanatic, and a tool of the Guises, it is a pity. I had rather know thee dead on thy first battle-field."

"I see little chance of a battle now, De Villemorgue; and I account it a misfortune."

"Then, my friend, thine eyes may soon be opened. Thy master and his worthy uncle the Cardinal will have as little compunction in breaking the Edict of Amboise as that of January. Indeed, already it is broken. Do you know how

* These innocent sufferers would naturally have been styled thus by one who admired their courage and deplored their fate. But the Church to which they belonged would not have accorded to them that honourable name. The "Calvinists" or "Reformed," gave the title of martyr only to those who might have saved their lives by a retraction, and refused.

* Still in existence.

many of our faith have perished unavenged, in popular tumults and massacres, or by the violence of individuals, *since* the Peace of Amboise?"

"I know not. Perhaps two or three hundred."

"*Three thousand!* And if they do these things in the days of peace, when the word of a king guarantees our lives and liberties, what will it be when the horrors of war are let loose upon the land, and their priests from every pulpit exhort them to smite and spare not, for it is the quarrel of the Lord of hosts?"

"De Villemorgue," said Arthur, rising, "I thought I was about to serve under brave and noble men, and in a just cause; but you have terrified me. Yet the Duke of Guise is my master," he added; "I am a simple page, and—a steadfast Catholic."

"Thou art welcome to thy religion. Far be it

from me to wish any one the troubled lot of a Huguenot. How thousands come to embrace a faith whose highest guerdons are the rack and the stake, is certainly a mystery. But thou art not in love with misery and death, so, I counsel thee, remain as thou art. Well, my friend, farewell. When next we meet, it may be face to face, with only two feet of steel between us, and no quarter given or taken. We will grapple then as foes; let us embrace now as friends. I liked thee, Arthur."

"And I liked you, De Villemorgue. I am sorry for you. I will say prayers every day for your conversion to the Catholic faith."

"And to the prosperous side? I thank thy good-will. And I have as much faith in thy prayers as in those of the Pope himself and the whole college of cardinals. Once more farewell, my Arthur; God bless thee!"

D. A.

LEAVES FROM AN HOSPITAL VISITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE 107th Psalm, which calls upon God's redeemed to give Him thanks for His goodness and mercy, after going over many of the ways by which He redeems souls out of the hand of the enemy, and gathers them into His own family, ends with these words, "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." And so it is the unspeakable privilege of those who are fellow-workers with Him in gathering and winning souls to Jesus, to be called upon in actual experience to observe the gracious working of His hands, and to understand, in a way and measure only thus to be learned, His marvellous lovingkindness. Deeply are they ever made to feel that in themselves they are nothing and can do nothing; and never more deeply do they feel this than when the Lord uses them as instruments in His own work. But sometimes He not only lets them feel their own powerlessness, but, as it were, He lays them aside altogether, and lets them see that He can do without them; and all that they are called upon to do is to "stand still and see the salvation of God." No doubt it is commonly His way, as one says, "to love to work upon men by men;" but it is the truth of God in every case which is the Spirit's sword, whether that truth is manifested through a "living epistle," or applied directly with demonstration and with power to the sinner's heart. Many examples have we in our hospital visiting, that the Wind bloweth how and where it listeth. We hear the sound thereof, and see the effects thereof; but cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth. Only it is always God's Word, applied to the heart and con-

science, by which that unseen Agent works. "I had long been anxious about my soul," said a poor maimed victim of a railway accident, "and many a one had tried to show me the way of salvation, but I never could see it, nor understand what faith in Jesus meant, till that Saturday night when I was hanging between life and death;—it all came so clear into my mind then, that Jesus had done all, and what I had to do was just to rest on Him; and that's what I have been sweetly doing ever since." What a proof of the marvellous lovingkindness and tender mercy of that Blessed One who knows so well how to temper His rough wind in the day of His east wind; and who, when there was no human voice to whisper words of consolation, by His own Spirit breathed upon words of truth in the memory, and made them spirit and life to the poor sufferer's soul!

To be brought into living, personal contact with "Him with whom we have to do," is salvation; and this is the aim of the Spirit's strivings with awakened souls. Sometimes human instrumentality might prove a snare, and so is dispensed with, and the anxious spirit in its solitariness cries out with the Psalmist, "I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul. I cried unto thee, O Lord: 'I said, Thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.' Blessed solitariness, when it drives the soul to Him who alone of all friends is able to say, "'I will *never* leave thee nor forsake thee;' and even when heart and flesh faint and fail, I will be the strength of thy heart and thy portion for ever!"

The story of Mary K——'s conversion and happy death is an illustration of this. She was a girl of seventeen, of amiable character and blameless life. She had evidently been a quiet, thoughtful girl, perhaps religious after a fashion, but she had never been made a new creature in Christ Jesus, and she had only a vague sense of want and general faultiness, without knowing exactly what ailed her, or what she ought to do. When she came into the hospital, these feelings deepened. She became conscious that she was sinking, perhaps dying, and she was not ready to die—she felt that. She was a modest, reserved creature, and gave no outward indications of anxiety to draw towards her the attention of any of the Christian people who visited her ward. Where there are so many in similar circumstances, one like her is very apt to be overlooked. And yet now and then she was addressed in a passing way, or overheard the remarks made to others. One day the chaplain was speaking to an aged woman near Mary's bed, setting before her Christ and His salvation, and urging upon her that true believing embrace of the heart by which Jesus and all His benefits become our own.

The words seemed to have little effect on her to whom they were spoken, but they sank deep into Mary's soul. Day and night she pondered them in her heart, like her namesake of blessed memory, and longed for some one to come and tell her more. But no one addressed her, and she had not courage to make her desire known. At last one day, when the chaplain again left the ward without speaking to her, poor Mary in her disappointment burst into tears. But as she wept she began to reason with herself, "Why need I mind whether the servant speaks to me or no, when I've the Maister Himself' to gang to; and so," she told me afterwards, "I just flew to Jesus and told Him what I was and what I wanted. I minded these lines,—

'Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.'

And He did not cast me out. He received me, and has done all for me He said He would do. He has forgiven all my sins, and given me the new heart and the right spirit, and now He is taking me to be with Him where He is for ever." This she told me with radiant beaming face the day before she died, having then for several weeks tasted how good God is, and how blessed are they who trust in Him. Her reserve and shyness were all melted away, and her mouth opened to show forth the praises of Him who had called her out of darkness into His marvellous light. For a time she longed that her life might be spared, and that she might go home to win her mother and old companions to the Saviour whom she found so precious. But that was not to be, and so she did what she could where she was. "Oh," she would say, "if I had strength I would like to go from bed to bed and plead with them all to come to Jesus." After her death, I heard of many such efforts she had made—of her creeping in the night to the bed-

side of the dying or anxious, praying with them, and telling them about the Saviour. Truly she did what she could, and though her Christian life was so brief, I believe that hers will not be a starless crown.

Her mother was with her for a day or two before her death, which was a cause of deep thankfulness to Mary. "Oh," said she to the chaplain, "you see I've got all I want now. I could have sung all night for joy, but for disturbing the others; but I'll sune be wi' Him. Oh, I wish I had only known Him long ago, that I might have worked for Him; but I think He has given me *one soul*," casting a significant glance at her mother. Her mother said, "I've been with her all night, and she has been going on speaking so to me—pleading with me, 'My own dear mother, just come to Christ as you are. He'll put away all your sins, and we'll be happy together yet.'"

The chaplain went in shortly before she died, and found her lying calm and peaceful with her head upon her mother's breast. Her long dark hair fell around her, wet with the fast falling tears from her mother's face. She whispered "He is precious," and then, as the chaplain read faith's triumph over death in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, she gently, quietly fell asleep in Jesus. Her mother laid her head on the pillow, and bid farewell to her "dear bairn—the last of nine. Many a time I have been proud of you, dear, but never prouder than I am now—that my lassie is with Jesus—happy, happy!"

Deep was the impression made on the other patients by Mary's peaceful, holy departure. The evident reality of the grace which quickened and sustained her made itself powerfully felt by all. They saw she had got something they had not—that the peace and joy and love of which she spoke were no mere words or professions, but blessed realities, which welled up from a living spring within; that Jesus as her own Saviour, and heaven as her sure home, were as real—yea, more so, to her, than the mother she loved and the earthly home she had longed to return to; and many were stirred up by the sight of this living epistle to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" For weeks after there were anxious ones in that ward who dated their first awakening from Mary K——'s death-bed. We thought that thus her anxious desire to win souls to Christ was granted; and the great day alone will declare the extent of the works that may thus have followed her after she died in the Lord. One case out of several we will select, choosing it because the subject of it has also finished her course and entered into rest, and is now, we trust, with Mary in the presence of that gracious Saviour who has drawn so many sinning, suffering ones to Himself, and who has never yet been sought in vain:—

My attention was first drawn to Marion, in consequence of the effect produced upon her by words which I addressed to and meant for another. Another girl, called Annie, who had been much affected by Mary's death, had given me a great deal of trouble and anxiety. She

had been for some time in a strange state—moods of deep gloom, almost despair, alternating with fits of levity and carelessness—when suddenly one day she professed to be quite happy, “having found Christ,” without being able to give any intelligible reason for her joy. Neither was there about her any contrition or brokenness of heart for sin, more or less, which surely always accompanies that trust in Jesus which is the work of God’s Spirit. I was almost sure that her past life had been one which ordinarily fills an awakened soul with shame and self-loathing, even when the natural conscience alone is touched, much more when the Spirit of God is convincing of sin. Altogether I was much dissatisfied with the peace she professed to have found, and feared it was only a device of the Enemy to heal her wound slightly, and keep her in a state of security till sudden destruction should come upon her and overwhelm her without remedy. She seemed to avoid giving me an opportunity of dealing with her in private, and so I sought to reach her conscience by the passages I read to her along with some others round the fire.

I have often been thankful for the plain speaking of the Word of God, and the direct and pointed way in which open sins are spoken of, and called by their right names. Some such chain as this I read from my Bible: “He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life. He that believeth not shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.” “If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.” “If any man have not the Spirit of God, he is none of His.”

“Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. And they that are Christ’s have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.”

“Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God. And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.”

From these words I spoke of sin as set forth in its true light by these its hateful and fully grown fruits; and of God’s salvation, which includes holiness as well as pardon, a renewed nature as well as peace. “Such were some of you; . . . but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus,” showed us how full and free forgiveness was, reaching even to the chief of sinners; and “Washed and sanctified by the Spirit of our God,” told how deep and real was the change of heart inseparable

from forgiveness, by which believers become nothing short of *new creatures* in Christ Jesus.

I remember, too, singing John Newton’s hymn:—

“In evil long I took delight,
Unmoved by shame or fear,
When a new object met my sight
And checked my wild career.”

Meantime, in the middle of the reading, Annie became suddenly ill and left the room, and I felt that my object in choosing these verses was defeated. But the sword was the Spirit’s, and He used it as He saw fit. Its piercing strokes fell not where I aimed them, but were driven home to the conscience of a listener outside of the circle addressed.

As I rose to go, a young woman in one of the side-beds held out her hand and implored me to sit down beside her. She was bathed in tears, and referred to her past life in terms which showed that the words read had cut her to the heart. She seemed very ill, and said she had little hope of recovery, and “Oh, what would she not give to be able to say, like Mary K——, that she was going home to be with Jesus!” “But,” said she, “Mary was very good, and I have been a wicked, wicked girl.” So I referred to “Such were some of you,” and told her the same Saviour was offered to her as to Mary. She said, “I have been thinking for some time past that there may be hope for me yet. I did not use to think so, and it made me hard and reckless; but now I think perhaps I may be forgiven, and I pray for it night and day.” I asked on what ground could she ask God to forgive her. She did not know. When trying to tell her as simply as I could how God could be just and yet the justifier of the believing sinner, I referred once or twice to Scripture illustrations as if she knew them. “Oh, ma’am,” she said, “I’m ashamed to tell you that I never read so much of the Bible in all my life as I have done since coming in here.”

Poor Marion interested me deeply. I never met with one who seemed more truly broken and contrite. A week after, I had a very long, earnest conversation with her. Her sense of her deep and utter sinfulness seemed overpowering; but with it there was a growing apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ. She literally watered her couch with her tears every time any one spoke to her about the things of God. She asked leave to tell me her whole story. “I wouldn’t like the others to know about me, they would only laugh at me and call me a hypocrite,” she said; “but I think you are so good, I would like to tell you everything; I think I would like you to know exactly all I have done and been.” I told her that there was no need of her telling anything to me, as it was with the heart-searching God she had to do; but that, if it would be any relief to her to tell me all, I would gladly listen. So she poured it all out; a sad, sad story, of sin and sorrow. Sorely sinned against too; her naturally high spirit early crushed and broken by deep wrong; a deserted wife, friendless and helpless, ere she was eighteen years old; and now dying, an outcast, whom

none sought after, ere she was twenty-three. I am not going to enter into the details of her story here. When she was done she looked up with streaming eyes to my face and said, "I daresay you've heard many a story, but isn't mine the worst of all?" Poor thing! Many a time she hesitated, and covering her face with her slender fingers, said, "I think shame to tell you." Whilst I rejoiced in heart as I remembered the words: "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean. A new heart also will I give you, and a right spirit will I put within you. Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight." She spoke of lies she had told, and of God's holy name taken in vain—of others she had injured in moments of anger, and of wages squandered in folly and sin. Then rising in bed and laying both hands on mine, she said, with a sudden burst of deep emotion, "Oh, Miss C—, are there not some sins God *cannot* pardon?"

"It is written," I replied, "'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin.'"

"But," she went on, under her breath, and with downcast eyes, "is it not written, that no adulterer shall enter into the kingdom of God?"

"None such, certainly, remaining impenitent and unforgiven; but, don't you remember, 'Such *were* some of you, but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God?'"

Dear Marion! She added another, I believe, to those dear to the heart of Christ, who love much because they have been much forgiven; who having been washed by Him from all their guilty stains, wash His feet with tears, and pour out upon them the offering of a broken and contrite heart.

Marion was removed to the country, where she lived for two months after, but I only saw her once again. She welcomed me most lovingly and affectionately, and as she put her arms round my neck and kissed me, she said, "I do love you so—I will never forget you!" But she loved me because I had brought her the message of a higher love;—a love that passeth knowledge—a love that had come down to her, into the lowest depths of humiliation and despair, where she lay, outcast, guilty, and forlorn, and had said to her, "Live"—a love that "lifteth the poor out of the dust, and the needy out of the dunghill, that He may set them with princes, even with the princes of His people."

She was suffering much, and knew she would suffer more; but she said she was quite happy, clinging to Jesus, who would be the strength of her heart, and her portion for ever. The Lord dealt very graciously and gently with her, raising up kind friends for her, who did all that could be done to alleviate the sufferings of the closing weeks of her life.

"I have sinned, but oh, I have suffered too," she said, referring again to the dark passages of the brief, sad life, now so nearly ended. I gently warned her against the thought that the suffering could in any way atone for the sin. "Oh!" she said earnestly, "the blood of Jesus Christ alone can purge away that." I remember reading her a passage which went home to her heart as if written expressly for her:—

"Fear not; for thou shalt not be ashamed: neither be thou confounded; for thou shalt not be put to shame: for thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth, and shalt not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more. For thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of hosts is His name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel; The God of the whole earth shall He be called. For the Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, saith thy God. For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. . . . For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

Truly, the Lord's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts. Mary and Marion, the outwardly blameless and the fallen, returned by the same new and living way of access to their Father in heaven—met before the same mercy-seat—were received by the same overflowing grace, and are now, we trust, partakers of the same blessedness.

The God of all grace is no respecter of persons. He beautifies the meek with salvation, and like the dew from heaven, which reaches and revives both weed and flower alike, His grace "tarrieth not for man, nor waiteth for the sons of men," but reaches and saves whom He will.

"The same Lord over all, is rich unto *all* that call upon Him;" and now and ever, the word holds good, and never yet has failed—"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

A. B. C.

DOCTOR EDGAR.



THE world is not always as blind and ungrateful as it is often called. It may forget a man who has been merely brilliant or clever, and who has thought of himself chiefly in the display of his talents; but it seldom fails in the long run to recognize the worth of those who have

long, and with manifest disinterestedness, laboured for the good of others. Dr. Edgar belonged to this latter class. We may suppose he was a man of some learning since he was a Professor; that he was a successful minister of the gospel seems proved by the fact that he was the means of gathering together several congrega-

tions; and the impression produced by him on public meetings shows that he possessed in a high degree the gift of popular eloquence; but the light in which his life* presents him to us most prominently is that of a philanthropist, and as such he did not go without his reward. His contemporaries of every name were quite capable of appreciating the warm-heartedness and benevolence which made him so sensitive to every call of wrong and distress, and in the ever-increasing respect with which he was followed in his declining years there was certainly supplied another illustration of the fact that it is possible to make the best of both worlds. There is accordingly something exceedingly wholesome in the study of such a man's career. It shows how the best and most enduring kind of fame might be earned by men, even although they are not pre-eminently endowed with intellectual gifts—how nothing tells more powerfully and more permanently than earnestness and personal character—and if the memoir do not fail of its end altogether, we may confidently expect that it will prove of real service in quickening the interest now happily so generally felt in the various schemes of benevolence which aim at the cure of the evils of humanity.

Dr. Edgar was born in 1798, at Ballykine, his father being a pious seceder minister. Having been educated at his father's academy and the University of Glasgow, he was ordained in 1820 over a very small congregation in Belfast; which, however, furnished for a time quite a sphere enough for all his energies, since he had to build a church for them, and the raising of £500 for that purpose was not an easy matter in those days. But that work accomplished, an opportunity came to be offered for the outgoing of his philanthropic instincts, and he entered at once on that beneficent course which reminds us so often of the life of Chalmers. The relief of the destitute sick, the circulation of the Scriptures, the distribution of religious tracts, the abolition of slavery—these were the first objects which engaged his attention. But by-and-by he was led to interest himself in another enterprise, to the successful conduct of which he, more than any other man of his time, seems to have contributed. This was a movement for the suppression of intemperance. We have still cause enough to lament the prevalence of drunkenness, and the ravages which it continues to make in the Church and society; but all who remember what this country was thirty or forty years ago, agree in testifying that the evil then was incalculably greater than it is even now; and when one hears how deep and wide the corruption was, we are inclined to wonder not that the moral indignation of such a generous-minded man as Dr. Edgar was at last aroused, but that the curse was borne with for such a length of time, and with such apparent patience.

The immediate occasion of his uplifting this new banner, was a visit from a fellow-student who had been in the United States of America, and who had caught there some of the temperance enthusiasm by which that country still continues to be distinguished. Having weighed the arguments addressed to him, he promptly chose his side, and, after giving a tangible proof of his sincerity by sacrificing his own store of whisky, he set himself with characteristic ardour to endeavour to persuade others to follow his example. The first blow struck was in a letter to the newspapers. The letter is well written, and contains a good statement of the case, but, of course, if it were read now, it would produce no sensation. We are familiar with all the facts and all the arguments, and it is doubtful if one in a hundred would be at the trouble even to read a repetition of them. But then the idea was novel, the pleading was fresh, and in the postscript to his second communication, Dr. Edgar was able to announce the formation of an influential Irish Temperance Society. Naturally enough, he who had been the originator of the enterprise, continued to be its leader. Not merely in his own country, but in England and Scotland also, he appeared everywhere in pulpits and on platforms as the energetic apostle of this new scheme of reformation; and although in course of time there came to be a split in the camp, occasioned by the adoption by many of his associates of the principle, to which he seems never to have been able to reconcile himself, of teetotalism, yet his interest in the cause continued to the last, and the amount of substantial good which he succeeded in effecting went up, we do not doubt, "for a memorial before God."

Dr. Edgar's efforts for the suppression of drunkenness contributed more than anything else to make his name known beyond the limits of his own country, and it is probable that not a few, both here and in America, have been in the habit of thinking of him as a Temperance Reformer only. It will not, however, tend to diminish the respect with which he is viewed in that character, to learn that that was far from being the case. As has been already said, he was essentially a philanthropist of the Chalmers' type—with a nature susceptible and generous, and a soul easily set on fire by the report of any suffering or wrong—and his raid against the excessive drinking which prevailed was just a sustained outburst of benevolence and moral indignation. Hence it did not engross his attention exclusively, or lead him, as it might have led others with narrower minds, to become a man of one idea. While labouring for the emancipation of the drunkard, he was at the same time the life and soul of movements which aimed at the relief of the wretched in other ways. To him mainly, for example, the Ulster Female Penitentiary for the suppression of prostitution owed its existence. He, too, was present lending his powerful aid in the establishment of a new town-mission for the city of Belfast. And his well-known "Cry from Connaught" did more than perhaps any other publication

* Memoir of John Edgar, D.D., and LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Irish Presbyterian Church, by W. D. Killen, D.D.; Belfast, C. Aitchison, 1867. A well written, well got up, and very interesting biography.

of the time, to rouse the compassion of the Christian people of this country, in view of the temporal and spiritual destitution of the people of the glens. Ireland has had in its day its brilliant orators, its clever controversialists, its fair share, in short, of the men who have been reckoned ornaments in church and state; but although it is to these she chiefly looks as sustaining her reputation, there are few of us who, in looking back on life from the elevation of a death-bed, would not infinitely rather choose to have gathering around us then the reminiscences of a beneficent career like that of Dr. Edgar, than the recollections of a life in which there has been enough of brightness and glitter, but which has resulted in solid good to none.

It is quite certain, we repeat, that what will give to Dr. Edgar's memoir, in the eye of outside people, its chief interest and value, is the account which it supplies of his philanthropic labours. At the same time, a very imperfect idea of his history would be taken up if he were thought of exclusively in connection with these labours. There is not a little that is instructive told about his professional work, first as a minister and professor in the Secession Church, and afterwards as holding the same offices under the Irish General Assembly. Living as he did, too, in a community where he was brought into sharp contact with Romanism on the one hand,

and Unitarianism on the other, the story of his life necessarily sheds some incidental light on the relation of the truth which he represented to these different forms of error. And there was at least one great episode in his career—that embraced by his visit, as one of a deputation, to the United States of America.

Personally, he seems to have been one of those strong-willed, throughgoing men, who make many warm friends and some bitter enemies. In his zeal for the promotion of purity and righteousness, he pushed resolutely on through the resisting crowd without stopping to consider always whether he might not be trampling on the toes of by-standers, and, in connection especially with his temperance work, there were self-indulgent men who called him tyrannical and harsh, and self-interested men who did not hesitate to pronounce him meddling. But his piety, his sincerity, his large-hearted benevolence could be justly questioned by none; and when his end came, on the 26th of August 1866, the tidings of his decease awakened profound and universal sorrow, not only within his own church, but wherever his worth was known. Some remedy surely would by-and-by be found for the miseries of Ireland if God were to raise up in each of her provinces men who would be prepared to walk in the spirit and footsteps of this good, and generous, and able man.

The Children's Treasury.

LITTLE WILHELM.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I WISH I was like Samuel!" said little Wilhelm, with a sigh, as he closed the book which he was reading.

Wilhelm was sitting on a low stool, and had kept so quiet with his book, that his mother quite forgot his being in the room, till she heard his voice repeating, "Oh, I wish I could be like Samuel!"

"Who is this Samuel, my dear child?" asked his mother.

Much delighted to be able to answer the question, Wilhelm looked very grave, and replied, "Oh, mamma, Samuel was a very holy child; Hannah and Elkanah's son. His mother gave him quite up to the Lord, and he served before the Lord, dressed in a linen ephod. His mother made for him every year one of these little coats, and brought it when she visited him." Here Wilhelm left his seat, clasped his little hands round his mother's knees, looked very earnestly in her face, and said, "Mamma, I would like also to be given up to the Lord."

"Why, my love?"

"Because, mamma, I could then live in the temple, and serve before the altar. And perhaps, then, the

Lord would call to me as he did to Samuel, out of heaven, and say, 'Wilhelm! Wilhelm!' And I would answer, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'"

"Well, and what then?"

"Oh, mamma; then perhaps the Lord would tell me many things which I would like to know;—how I might learn to be always good, and to please him, and live a holy life, and come to heaven when I die. Samuel was such a happy child, mamma; but Eli's sons were so wicked that the Lord killed them. Oh, I would not like to be bad like them! I would rather be quite given away to the Lord."

His mother laid her work aside, took him upon her lap, and said, while tears of joy fell from her eyes, "May this desire of my child be granted by Him, who alone is able to fulfil it! My darling," she continued, "you are already given to the Lord."

"How is that, mamma?"

"Samuel's happiness, my child, was not so much because his parents brought him to the temple, as that they had first taught him to know about the holy, just, and merciful God, who can redeem sinful men.

and that he had believed and felt what they said. His parents prayed to God to make him a believing, pious child, and God heard their prayer. That beautiful temple of stone was long ago destroyed, because those who worshipped within it had fallen away from the living God. Now, the temple of the Lord is as large as the whole world; for he has united the hearts of all his believing people, scattered over the earth, into one holy temple in which he is worshipped. Now the great concern for every one of us should be to come into this temple."

"Shall I be brought into it, mamma?"

"We cannot bring you into this temple, dear child, as if it were one built of stone. You must enter it for yourself, by the grace of God. For this we have called upon him ever since your birth, that he would graciously enable you by his Spirit to enter the temple of Jesus Christ and live therein, and this we still daily pray for. We teach you that you have by nature a sinful heart, but that our heavenly Father is ready to be merciful to you, for the Saviour's sake, who shed his blood as an offering for sin upon the cross. If you believe this, and love in your heart this Saviour, who died and rose again, then you, like little Samuel, are a child of God, and may serve him day and night in his holy temple. Do you understand me, my Wilhelm?"

"Yes, I think so; but—" Wilhelm did not seem quite satisfied.

"But you would like to have the linen dress—the little coat; is it so?"

"Yes, mamma, I would wish to be quite like Samuel."

"Samuel's dress was the same kind that all those wore who served in the temple then. Even the wicked sons of Eli wore the same."

"What was it made of, mamma?"

"Of fine, pure, white linen cloth; and the New Testament teaches us that these dresses were intended to signify the righteousness of all believers (Eph. v. 27). This is the dress in which my Wilhelm also may be clothed, without his wearing a linen ephod."

"How can we be clothed with that, mamma?"

"When we 'put on the Lord Jesus Christ,' as St. Paul commands us (Rom. xiii. 14), that means, in all things to seek to follow his example and to pray for his assistance. If you believe that he will forgive your sins for the sake of his own shed blood; that God through Christ will be merciful to you; that our dear Father in heaven will hear your childish prayers through the intercession of Jesus; and that, by his mighty help, you shall be made able to live a holy, pious life;—this, my dear child, is to be dressed and adorned with fine linen, clean and white, having no spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing (Eph. v. 27). This is the robe which the Lamb of God has washed in his own blood, and made pure from all stain of sin (Rev. vii. 14)."

"Thank you, dear mamma; I think I have understood, and I shall pray to the good God to put on me this beautiful garment. But you said before that you

had given me, like Samuel, to God; why, then, does he not speak to me out of heaven?"

"Oh, yes, my child! he has certainly done so. Out of heaven, where he dwells, and where we cannot see him with our eyes, he does call to you; and oh! may your heart each time reply, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'"

"But, indeed, I assure you, mamma, I never have heard him."

"Yet I assuredly hope, my dear child, that you do hear him; and that the very wish which you told me of just now, to know his will more clearly and to obey it better, is a proof that he has spoken to you."

"Dear mamma, explain this more to me; I will be very attentive."

His mother kissed him tenderly. Oh, how happy is that mother who has such a child as Wilhelm was; and how happy the child whose mother can become an instrument in the hands of the Holy Spirit to lead her child to the Redeemer!

"My dear Wilhelm," she said, "you desire to know how and in what way God speaks to us from heaven, and I shall try to explain it to you. He speaks in three ways. First, by his providence; secondly, by his word; thirdly, by his Spirit through our conscience. His providence protects and preserves the whole world, and all the creatures he has made in it. Through his providence God teaches the little bird to build a warm nest and shelter its young ones. He makes their feathers grow, and gives them strong wings to fly with. Even the trees in which the nest is safely hidden grow up out of the earth by the care of God, stand firm on their roots, and are so beautiful or so useful. He makes the trees have different kinds of fruit, and the little bushes their flowers, which look so pretty and smell so sweet. Day and night, summer and winter, sun, moon, and stars, fishes and insects, all things which you can see, teach and prove to you that a wise and mighty God has made them all. And still more plainly, your own body, which is so wonderfully formed; your mind, which thinks and feels; your tongue, which tells your thoughts, teach that a great, good, almighty Being, even the good God himself, has made all these. Yes, Wilhelm, all things within and around you speak of God; and this voice of providence, as I said before, is one of the ways in which he speaks to us."

"I understand all that very well, mamma; now tell me more."

"Willingly, my love. God speaks to you also in his Word. The whole of sacred Scripture—the Bible—is a message from God to you. He gave these words or messages from heaven to holy men, who wrote them down for all other men, and for you. In the Bible God tells you how, at the beginning, all things were created very good; but that the devil tempted man, by disobeying God, to make himself miserable, and to bring a curse upon himself and all his children. The Bible then tells you how Jesus, the Son of God, became a

man, and died to bring poor sinners to heaven. Yes, in this book, the Holy Bible, God tells you all that you need to know in order to please him; and so you, like Samuel, may thus hear him call to you and speak to you."

"Is that really true, mamma? Oh, I wonder I did not sooner think of it! But what is the third way in which God speaks to me?"

"By his Holy Spirit in your conscience. Have you not often felt as if some one secretly, in your heart, seemed to say, 'Wilhelm, do this, for it is your duty, God has commanded it;' or, 'Do not do that, for it is wrong, and will displease God;' or, 'Wilhelm, you are sinful, you are in need of a Saviour and his salvation.' Have you never felt thus, my child?"

"Oh, yes; yes, I have felt it, mother. Is that, then, the voice of God?"

"Certainly, my dear. Our wicked hearts, and Satan, the enemy of all good, ever tempt us to forget our sins and to keep away from Christ. Therefore all these warnings come from God, who in love and pity calls to men, 'Return, return from your evil ways. Why will ye die?' And if we obey his call, then our souls shall not die. But we often are rather willing to be led astray by our enemy and our wicked hearts—we strive against the Holy Spirit. Instead of replying like Samuel, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth,' we say by our actions to God, 'Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways'" (Job xxi. 14).

Wilhelm did not answer; he hid his face in his mother's bosom, and she felt that he was weeping.

"Do you feel that I have spoken the truth?"

"Oh, yes; it is very true. I shall tell you how I know it so truly. Yesterday morning I slept very long; I was in a great hurry to get down-stairs, and so I put off my prayers till after breakfast. The voice you speak of, dear mamma, told me *not* to put off; but I did not listen. After breakfast I was taken up with one thing and another, and though the voice told me I should go

and pray, I did not do it. At last I forgot it altogether; but oh, mamma, all things went wrong with me; I was cross and disobedient, as you know very well, and I grieved you. At night I thought over how bad I had been, and was ashamed to ask the good God to forgive me. This morning I did pray, but I felt no comfort. And see, mamma, that is the reason why I wished so much to be like Samuel; for I thought, if I were quite given to the Lord, and lived in his house, and could hear him speak to me, then I would always know how to be good and happy."

"You may learn that, my child, out of the lips of our dear Saviour; for he says, 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls' (Matt. xi. 29). In the life and the instructions of our Lord, as written out for us by the evangelists and apostles, you will find a full account of the will of God—what he commands and asks from us; and you will also find in the Bible many precious promises, that the good God will give us strength and wisdom to obey his will. You will also read that the office of the Holy Spirit is to lead us in all wisdom, and to bring all that Jesus has said to our remembrance (John xiv. 26). When we refuse to hear the Word of God, and to follow it, then we trifle with our own salvation; we go on from one sin to another, and provoke the Lord till he says that we shall not enter into his rest in heaven. Oh, what a dreadful thought! If when we die we are not to be with Christ in glory, then we must be in anguish and pain with the devil and his angels. But let us praise and thank our dear Father in heaven, who is so ready to draw us to himself by his providence, his Word, and his Spirit. Oh, may he ever teach us, and make our hearts lowly and obedient; walking in the way of his commandments, as the prophets and apostles walked; the way which will bring us safe at last to the dwelling of all the blessed ones above!"

H. L. L.

THE CHURCH OF THE VALLEYS.

No. I.

"**P**APA, which is the oldest of the Protestant churches?"

The question was asked by an intelligent girl of about thirteen years old, as she sat at work beside her father.

Mr. Russel looked up from his book. "That is not a common question, Emily; what made you think of asking it?"

"Because our English master asked it in school to-day, and got different answers. I said, without thinking much, The German Church—the Lutherans; but I was wrong. One girl said, The Church of Scotland; but she was laughed at. At last another said, The United Brethren, or Moravians; and she was right."

"Yes, certainly; they claim with justice to be the old-

est Protestant church, for they had in reality separated from the errors of Rome long before the days of Luther."

"But then, papa, Miss Malcolm, who was in the room, said, 'Were not the Vaudois a Protestant church before the Moravians?' And Mr. Scott replied, 'No; they were not, rightly speaking, *Protestants* at all; they never separated from the Romish Church, for they had never allowed its dominion.'"

"A very interesting question and answer."

"It made me think that I should like very much to know more about the Vaudois. I do not understand their history distinctly. Can you tell me more of it?"

Surely; it will be both pleasant and profitable for both of us to go over the principal facts connected with

that remarkable people and their country. You know where their country is?"

"Among the Alps."

"That is rather a wide, indefinite description. Let us look at the map of Europe. You see there are various names given to the various parts of the Alpine mountain-chain—the Gratian, Cottian, Maritime. See, the Cottian Alps are those which separate Dauphiny from Piedmont, and the Vaudois have always inhabited their valleys on the Italian side. They also lived in the French valleys in old times, till cruelly driven from the mountain retreats there by persecution. Still in the valleys of Dauphiny their descendants are found; but for the Vaudois proper we must look in the old homes among the Piedmontese Alps."

"What is the meaning of the name Vaudois?"

"It means, in the dialect of the country, 'the men of the valleys.'"

"Oh, that is interesting. Does Waldenses mean the same?"

"I believe so. Some authors have connected this name with that of Peter Waldo, or Valdo, a pious merchant of Lyons who lived in the twelfth century, and becoming enlightened as to the errors of the Papal Church, did and suffered much as a reformer. But from all I have read on the subject I entirely agree with those historians who consider that he had nothing to do with the origin of the Vaudois or Valdenses, only shared their religious opinions, and took refuge for some time among them. They existed as separate and independent churches of Christ centuries before his day."

"Then who taught them—how did they find out the truth?"

"They never lost hold of it; they from the earliest times 'kept the faith.'" Mr. Russel went to his library, and returned with one or two books. "Here," he continued, "is what a writer says on this point who has studied the subject deeply, Dr. Gilly, an English clergyman, who visited the Vaudois in their valleys forty years ago, and was of much use in the way of rousing the interest of English Christians in their behalf:—

"One thing is certain, that from very remote periods there has been a Christianity in this region, different from that of Rome in the dark, mediæval, and modern ages, and that this has been handed down to the present era by a succession of martyrs and confessors, and of other faithful men. The faith and discipline of these Alpine Christians may at times have been more or less true to the gospel rule; but their creed and church government have *always* contained articles opposed to the pretensions and errors of Rome, as far as we can judge from documents which can be traced up to the fourth century at least. If, therefore, we find truth and evangelical holiness among the Waldenses of Piedmont when other professors of the gospel in different ages and places went wrong—in the fourth century, for example; again in the ninth and eleventh, in the twelfth and thirteenth, and in the sixteenth

century—if we can take epochs at random, and still find vestiges of the pure gospel at the foot of the Cottian Alps long before the Reformation, we may conclude that the gospel was transmitted and preserved among them from primitive times."

"And listen to a few sentences from Muston, the Vaudois historian, writing in 1850:—

"Thus was the primitive church preserved in the Alps to the very period of the Reformation. The Vaudois are the chain which unites the reformed churches with the first disciples of our Saviour. It is in vain that Popery—renegade from evangelical verities—has a thousand times sought to break this down: it resists all her efforts. Empires have crumbled, dynasties have fallen; but this chain of scriptural testimony has not been broken, because its strength is not from men, but from God. . . . The inhabitants of these valleys, previously unregarded, became an object of attention from the twelfth century, not because they were then new opponents of Rome's domination, but because they remained alone in their opposition. Rendered distinct by her isolation, their Church found her own pale a separate one for this reason only—that she herself had never changed. But as they did not form a new Church, they could not receive a new name; and because they inhabited the *valleys*, they were called Vaudois."

"Oh, how strange and interesting to think of Christians being kept in the right way there, among the mountains, when all the rest of the world was going astray! But how did they come to be Christians at first?"

"That we cannot exactly know. Some have imagined that Paul himself may have travelled through these valleys on his journey to Spain, and preached to the people; but that is only a pleasing conjecture. It is more likely that many believers fled to the mountains for refuge during the terrible persecutions of the Roman emperors in the first three centuries. We know from history that a Christian Church was formed in the town of Lyons from very early times. I am sure you have heard of the martyrs of Lyons and Vienne in the second century!"

"Oh, yes; I have read about them and their horrid tortures—roasting in an iron chair, and other dreadful things. Was not the martyr Blandina one of them?"

"She was. Now, if you look at the map you will see how naturally these persecuted Christians would try to escape to the Cottian Alps, as the nearest place of refuge, and how such as survived the dangers and hardships of the flight might by degrees form settlements in these mountain recesses. There, in peaceful times—which always occurred at intervals—they could hold intercourse with their brethren at a distance, and thus have their numbers increased and their faith strengthened. I believe it is certain that the names of two of the Vaudois villages—San Secondo and Crisolo—can be historically traced back to the end of the third century, as given in memory of martyrs who suffered about that time."

"I suppose the scenery in these valleys is very beautiful. How delightful it must have been to live there, away from all the persecutions and troubles of the rest of the world."

Mr. Russel smiled. "It seems romantic and pleasant to imagine such a life; at least you think so; but the reality was and is very different. Besides constant dread of persecution and danger, poverty and privations were the daily lot of these 'men of the valleys.' To a traveller in summer, no doubt, all things look picturesque and attractive, but he knows little of the long stormy winters in the mountain regions, and the incessant toil by which the work of cultivation must be carried on while the fine season lasts. I shall read to you some passages from Dr. Gilly's first volume, which will give you an idea of some of these difficulties even in present times:—

"Our road lay due west from La Torre, upon the northern bank of the Pelice. The mountains sloped or broke down to it, and the river was rushing violently along a rocky channel, which encroaches so much upon the valley as frequently to rob the cultivator of half his labours. The torrents sometimes swell this stream to such a height that the whole of the lower grounds are flooded; and, in that case, the losses of the peasantry are quite ruinous. M. Vertu assured us that he had three times seen every building swept away before the waters that poured from the heights. He did not mean the habitations of man, but the stone barns for hay and corn. . . .

"We saw enough to judge of the industry and clever expedients with which the present natives appropriate to their use tracts of land stolen from the rocks and torrents. Where the sides of the mountain would be likely to fall in, they form terrace upon terrace, in many places not exceeding ten feet in breadth, and wall them up with huge piles of stone. Upon these terraces they sow their grain, or plant vines. In the same manner they rob the Pelice of part of his bed, and when they have brought a small plot of ground to bear, they surround it with an enclosure of stones, and protect it from the violence of the waters. Amidst the ruins of former labours, among black masses of rock, on projecting ridges of the mountain, on the brink of precipices, and on the margin of the torrent, these indefatigable mountaineers hazard their hopes; and in every possible place, and on the smallest spots where a blade of corn can be made to grow, there they raise a little wheat.

"It is this extraordinary and indefatigable industry of the Vaudois which has partly saved them from being dispossessed of the sterile land, which they are yet suffered to occupy. If they had been driven out of the country, none would have been found to cultivate such an unprofitable soil, and the great landlords would have gone without their rents, and the government without its taxes. It not unfrequently happens that the bad weather sets in before they have carried home the little corn that can be made to grow, or that the frost and

snow cover the ground before they can put in the seed for another crop. In these cases, says Leger, "the men are obliged to leave what little provisions are spared for the women and children, and to abandon their homes in search of work and subsistence." . . . At other times, the women themselves, that they may be able to purchase a small quantity of salt, which is very dear in these valleys, are forced to undertake long journeys of twenty or twenty-four miles, to Pinerolo and back again, with immense loads upon their shoulders, for which they do not receive a *livra*. . . . Even in places where the soil is more fertile, the labour is toilsome and disheartening. Carts and waggons cannot be used, except in a very few of the hamlets in the vales; horses and mules are beyond the purchase of most of the peasants; and the only way which many of them have of transporting their hay, corn, and wood to places of security, is by means of large baskets and crates, placed upon their own shoulders. Almost all the vineyards of the higher districts are made on rocky soil, where the earth in which the vines take root is brought, in the first instance, from a distant quarter, and afterwards retained in its place—in spite of the torrents and rains that threaten to wash it away—by expedients which require the constant labour and watchfulness of the vine-dresser.

"It is impossible to take a first view of this most picturesque village (Bobbio), without fancying that it is capable of providing a secure retreat against all the storms of life. But its vicinity to the frontiers of France, and its exposure to the first brunt of border warfare, with its position under mountains, which pour down their torrents with such violence as to threaten a general inundation, will soon show the inquiring visitor that it is far from being the sheltered corner of his imagination. . . . Twice Bobbio has been entirely destroyed by inundations; hundreds of the inhabitants, with almost all their cattle, and every cottage in the vale, have been washed away by the tremendous force of the waters, which rush like a deluge from the steep, when the snows melt with more than common rapidity. A rampart or breakwater was erected, with the assistance of a subscription raised in Holland, about a hundred and twenty years ago, to protect the village from such fearful visitations. . . . Nature's horrors, and man's resolute perseverance in the endeavour to counteract them, were finely displayed on this spot."

"And then, Emily, think of what it would be to have to forsake their villages and fly to the high mountain passes and caves for shelter, with women, and little children, amid the snows and tempests of winter, as was often the fate of these devoted people in times of persecution."

"Oh, dreadful indeed. Tell me more about that, papa. When was the first persecution?"

"You must wait for another evening. I must have time to look back on some old books, and revive my recollections of the Vaudois history."

"But tell me a little more to-night. Had they Bibles?"

"Yes; at a very early period they had the New Testament, and much of the Old, in their own language, called the Provençal, or Romaunt."

"What kind of language was that?"

"A mixture of French and Latin. Here is a specimen, the first two verses of John's gospel, as quoted in 'The Book and its Story':—

"Lo filh era al comenczament, e lo filh era enapres Dio, e Dio era lo filh. Aiczo era al comenczament enapres Dio."

"In the year 1229 this precious book was denounced and condemned by the Council of Tholouse, because it was written in the language of the people."

"And were the Bibles taken away?"

"As many as their enemies could get hold of were seized and burnt. So all possible care had to be taken to conceal them, and also to have the sacred words 'hid in the heart' and memories of the people, where the spoilers' hand could not reach. We are told that societies were formed of young persons, each member undertaking to learn and retain in memory a certain number of chapters. And when, with many precautions, the persecuted Christians assembled for public worship in some wild recess of their mountains, these youths or maidens repeated aloud in turn the portions they had learned. Many could repeat nearly the whole of the New Testament."

"They would not have printed Bibles then?"

"Oh, no; not for centuries after. Every book in those days had to be copied by writing. This required much time as well as skill to accomplish distinctly, and many of the monks, we must acknowledge, did good service to the world in this respect, having plenty time

at command. It was considered that to write out a fair copy of the whole Bible, in the ancient languages of course, took about ten months labour."

"The poor Vaudois would not dare to ask the monks to write out their Bibles, and they would have little time themselves when they had to work so hard."

"Certainly; so they had often to be content with but a small portion of Scripture in each family. When the brighter days of the Reformation came, Muston says, quoting an old Vaudois author: 'They examined with interest (at an assembly held at Angrogna, 1532) the manuscript copies of the Old and New Testaments in the vulgar tongue which were among us, correctly copied with the hand at a date beyond all memory, and they marvelled at that favour of heaven which a people so small in numbers had enjoyed, and rendered thanks to the Lord that the Bible had never been taken from them. Then, also, in their great desire that the reading of it might be made profitable to a greater number of persons, they adjured all the other brethren, for the glory of God and the good of Christians, to take measures for circulating it, showing how necessary it was that a general translation should be made of it into French, carefully compared with the original texts, and of which large numbers should be printed.' 'All the Vaudois,' continues Muston, 'applauded the design, and, according to the author just quoted, joyfully agreed to the work proposed; so that it is to the existence of these Vaudois manuscripts, the first in which the Bible was ever presented in the vulgar tongue (being what was then called the Romaunt tongue), that the Christian world was afterwards indebted for the first complete translation of the Bible printed in French.'" H. L. L.

THE THORN IN THE CONSCIENCE.

BY A. L. O. E.



"H, Sarah, I think that you must be the very happiest girl in all the world!" exclaimed little Matty Slater, as she walked over the daisy-spangled mead by the side of her sister.

Sarah made no reply: Matty thought that she was admiring the pretty ducklings that were swimming in a pool on that bright spring day; but Sarah had not so much as noticed that there was a brood on the water.

"I'm so glad," prattled on Matty, "so very glad that you're to get the beautiful Bible and prize-purse to-morrow, for being the cleverest and best girl in the school! I always knew you were the best, darling, but even mother thought Carry the cleverest. It was that chapter that you copied out so beautifully that turned the scale, as our teacher said: you had not made one little blot, and Carry—she had made three."

"How happy the sheep look!" said Sarah, wishing to turn the conversation.

"Oh! but theirs is a stupid kind of happiness," laughed

Matty, who was full of her sister's success, and the grand prize which the Squire himself was to give to Sarah on the following day in the school-room, before Mr. Bellamy the clergyman of the parish, and all the grand guests then staying at the Hall.

"I wish that Cousin Sophy had stayed here, and not gone off to Anstralia till the prize day: how pleased she'd have been to see the grand sight to-morrow! She was so clever herself, and she always said that you would do well. Oh, Sarah, won't you feel funny when you have to stand up and hear the Squire making a speech to you, afore Mr. Bellamy and all the grand folk?—there's a real live countess at the Hall!" Matty opened her eyes wide as she said this, as if a countess were as strange a creature as a dragon. "You'll be a bit frightened, won't you? for every one will be looking at you; and when the Squire gives you the Bible, and the purse full of silver money, won't all we children shout out for joy!" Matty glanced up into her sister's face, and to her amazement saw that Sarah looked ready to cry.

"Oh, dear, I hope that I have said nothing wrong—I did not mean—I don't know why you are vexed—but I am such a chatter-box, you know! But I must tell you one thing more"—Matty affectionately squeezed the hand of her sister—"father thinks of having your beautiful copy of the chapter *framed*, like mother's sampler, and hung up on the wall: only fancy that! Won't you be proud, Sarah, darling?" Again Matty tried to look up into her sister's face; but Sarah turned it away, so that the little girl could not see it—perhaps to hide two great drops that had fallen on her cheeks, which certainly could not be rain-drops, the sky was so bright and blue. Nor did Sarah answer her sister's question; something or other seemed to be rising in her throat, so that she could not utter a word.

Little Matty was beginning to wonder very much what it could be that made Sarah so silent and dull when she had everything to make her so very happy, when the two arrived at their mother's cottage. Mrs. Slater was peeling potatoes, an old friend of hers, Dame Gardden, sitting and chatting beside her.

"Ah, Sarah, my girl, glad to see you!" cried the dame, looking up with pleasure on her wrinkled face, and shaking Sarah heartily by the hand. "I'm so happy—so proud, I may say, to hear of the prize you've gained; and I'll manage to hobble up to the school-house to-morrow to see what I can of the grand doings. You need not look so shy, child; not but that I like a girl as can blush, the young folk now-a-days are apt to be so forward and bold. But your good mother has brought you up different: she always taught her children to do their duty quietly, and now she has her reward."

"May I take the potatoes and peel them for you, mother?" said Sarah hurriedly; and without waiting for a reply, she took the bowl, and carried it to a dark corner of the little kitchen, and seated herself by it on a low wooden stool, with her back almost turned to the dame; but she was able, of course, as the room was small, to hear every word that was spoken.

"But what were we talking about before your girls came in?" said Dame Gardden to Mrs. Slater; "the sight of your good Sarah put it out of my head."

"You were just going to tell me more about the gentleman from India, and the strange swelling which he had on his knee."

"Ah! I remember; that was it," said the dame, taking up the thread of her story. "The gentleman had come all the way from India, and going to see his kinsfolk in Scotland, when there came, no one knew how, a painful lump on his knee. It did no good to bathe it or to poultice it; for all that was done it only grew worse, and not even the doctor himself could tell how it came there. At last says he to the gent'man, says he, 'I must cut the lump open; there's nothing else to be done.'"

"Oh! poor gentleman!" exclaimed little Matty, who sat listening close by her mother; "I am sure that he would not like that horrid cutting at all."

"But he was a brave, wise man," said the dame,

"and made up his mind to submit to what was right, whether he liked it or not. So he let the doctor cut open the swelling; and what do you think that he found in it? Why, a great big thorn,* nigh an inch long, that had lain there fretting and worrying the knee, though no one knew of its being there, as the flesh had closed over it quite!"

"How could it have got there?" asked Mrs. Slater.

"Why, the gent'man (after he saw the thorn—and precious glad he must have been to see it right out and able to do no more harm), the gent'man remembered that while hunting in India, months before, his horse, in taking a leap, had dashed with him right through a thorn-bush. A thorn must have gone into him then with such force as to be buried and lost in the knee."

"It was well that he was brave, and had it cut out," observed Matty, "or he'd never have had a minute of peace."

Sarah made no remark aloud, no one could read her thoughts as she sat there peeling potatoes; but they were, "Oh, that my thorn were cut out too, this rankling thorn in my conscience!"

It is time to let the reader know the cause of poor Sarah's sadness;—perhaps he has guessed already that it had something to do with the prize.

Not long before the time when it was decided who should have the prize given every year by the Squire to the cleverest and best girl in the school, Sarah's cousin Sophy came to Mrs. Slater's cottage for a few days' visit before starting for Australia. Industrious as Sarah was, she found it difficult to keep steadily to her tasks with a guest in her home; and she put off writing out her "prize chapter" till almost the last.

The day before Sophy left, she found Sarah busy at her desk, with a large sheet of writing-paper before her—alone in her own little room.

"Now, Sarah, like a dear thing as you are," cried Sophy, "do go to the farmer for the packet of seeds which he promised to give me. The distance is too great for me to walk, but you think nothing of six miles: I would not leave those seeds behind for the world."

Sarah looked a little perplexed. "I don't mind the walk," she replied, "though my hand will be a little shaky for writing after it, as it always is when I'm tired. I should so gladly oblige you, dear Sophy, but the truth is that I've put off almost to the last writing out the chapter given us to copy; and I'm so slow and stupid about it, that if I don't set steadily to work now, my task will never be done. We have to give in our copies to-morrow: if I've none, I'll get into a scrape."

"You shall get into no scrape for me!" cried Sophy: "you walk for me, I'll copy for you; writing is as easy to me as eating."

Sarah was glad of the exchange, and it did not strike her at the time that it was anything wrong or unfair. She was astonished, on her return, to find how beautiful

a copy Sophy had made during her absence. Sarah forgot, in admiring it, that it would be an *acted lie* to pass off that writing as her own. She had no expectation of winning the prize, and when, on the following day, she gave in the copy at the school, her only thought was that it would prevent her from getting into a scrape. Oh, how often Sarah regretted that she had ever pretended that she had copied that chapter! When she had been declared winner of the prize, when the mistress had praised her, and her school-fellows wished her joy on her success, poor Sarah felt it harder than ever to own that that success had been partly won by a *fraud*! Sarah had been an honest, true-hearted girl; she had been brought up by a pious mother, therefore she *could not* be happy while the thorn of remorse was rankling deep in her conscience. Alas for those whose consciences are so *dead* that they would have had no pain from the thorn!

Sarah knelt down to her prayers that night in her own little room, but she could not utter a word. It seemed such a dreadful mockery to ask God to forgive her sin; for while she was wilfully *keeping her sin* she knew that it *could not be forgiven*. Sarah rose from her knees feeling utterly wretched.

"I'll put all my prize-money into the missionary-box," murmured Sarah; "I'll not keep a farthing for myself." But that resolve could bring no ease. Sarah had read her Bible enough to know that *no one can buy pardon or peace*; they are the *GIFT OF GOD THROUGH CHRIST*, and only for those who are willing, by His grace, to put away sin. Sarah knew that to give such ill-gotten money to God's work could no more ease her heart than the bathing and poulticing could make the knee well in which lay the thorn.

The next day was sunny and bright. The school-room, decked out with primroses, and filled with children dressed in their best, was a cheerful and pretty sight. A throng of villagers crowded round the door; the "prize-girls'" parents were admitted within. Many were the kindly congratulations shouted out to Sarah, who was a favourite with all who knew her.

Presently two carriages rolled up to the school-house: in them were the Squire, his lady, and the guests from the Hall. The children cheered as their kind old friend entered the school-room with the Countess leaning on his arm, the rest of the party following behind. Mr. Bellamy, who had come a few minutes before, went forward to meet the Squire, and all soon took their places on a half-circle of chairs behind the little table, on which appeared a beautiful Bible and a crimson silk purse. The Squire alone stood up; he leant his broad hands on the table, and looked round with a kindly smile on the eager crowd of children before him.

There was a little pause after the ladies in their rustling silk dresses had taken their seats. Then Sarah Slater's name was called by the clergyman, and, trembling and with downcast eyes, the poor girl came forward to receive the prize which she knew that she

had not deserved. She heard her mother's whispered, "Bless you, my child!" and Matty's, "Oh, I'm so happy, so happy!" but the words which would otherwise have been so sweet, only made the thorn in her conscience inflict a sharper pang.

"I can't speak now;—Oh, that I'd only spoken before!" thought Sarah, painfully conscious that every eye in that large room was resting upon her.

"Sarah Slater," said the Squire, in his cheerful, hearty tone, "I've much pleasure in giving this Bible and purse to you, as the cleverest and best girl in our school: may you always find the first your comfort and guide, and make a good use of the other."

The children cheered, the Squire sat down, and Sarah, with Bible and purse in her hands, felt ready to burst into tears.

"I should like to speak a word to that nice modest girl," said the Countess to the clergyman, who was near her. "She is evidently shy and timid; she can scarcely hold up her head."

Mr. Bellamy went up to Sarah. "One of the ladies wishes to speak to you," he said kindly.

Sarah would rather have hidden herself amongst the crowd, but she was obliged to walk up to the Countess, a mild and pleasant-looking lady.

"You must be a very clever little girl," said the Countess; which made Sarah blush all the more.

Mr. Bellamy, who felt for her shyness, and did not wish her to be injured by praise, observed, in his kindly way, "Sarah is rather industrious than clever—which, in my opinion, is better; and, which is best of all, I believe her to be an honest, straight-forward girl, who has the fear of God in her heart."

This was too much for poor Sarah. "Oh, no," she exclaimed, "I'm not that! I don't deserve the prize—it is Carry's—I did not write the copy—I deceived you!" and putting down the Bible and purse on the table, with a violent burst of tears Sarah turned from all the gay company, and suddenly rushed from the school-room.

She hardly knew how she made her way through the astonished crowd; she looked at no one, listened to no one, a rushing sound was in her ears. But when Sarah found herself in the open air, a sense of relief came to her heart. "I'm so thankful I did it—my secret's out—the thorn is out—I shall be able to pray again!"

Sarah's home was very near to the school, and her parents and Matty, who had instantly followed her in surprise and distress, reached the cottage almost as soon as herself. A painful scene followed: Sarah's father, in his sore disappointment, was not only grieved but angry.

"What does all this mean?" he cried, in a tone that made Sarah tremble.

With her hands covering her face, and her tears falling fast, poor Sarah made her confession: as she was in the midst of it, her kind pastor entered the cottage.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do!" exclaimed the father, half touched by his daughter's distress, and yet too much mortified to forgive her at once.

"I will tell you what to do, my friend," said Mr. Bellamy, laying his hand on the poor man's shoulder; "thank God that He has given you a daughter who is honest and straight-forward, and who has the fear of God in her heart, or she would never have acted the brave truthful part that has cost her so much this morning."

Sweet was this praise to Sarah. When she glanced

up through her tears, she saw her father's brown hand held out in token of forgiveness, and her mother smiled upon her again. With all her disappointment and distress, Sarah was at that moment happier, far happier, than when she had stood in the school-room admired and praised, with a beautiful prize in her hand, but a rankling thorn in her conscience.

MY LITTLE TEACHER.

PART II.

IN spite of my parents' hopes that I should learn to be unselfish when I had a little brother, I fear I made very small progress in the "love" that "seeketh not her own."

I learned, as I said, to know something of myself when baby was six months old. But we may take *that* step and never get any further; we may know we have faults, but never overcome them; perhaps, never heartily wish to overcome them.

Formerly I had heard people talk of my being selfish, saying it was not to be wondered at in an only child, but I had no clear notion of what the word "selfish" meant. For I had never really had to choose between pleasing myself and pleasing somebody else, so all had gone on pretty smoothly. As Freddy grew older, my trials became much greater; and I certainly had not known before how dearly I loved my own way, and my own pleasure, and my own convenience.

But you must not suppose I was not fond of Freddy. He was often a great amusement to me. I was charmed when he began to walk and to speak; I was proud when I led him in to see visitors, in a white frock and red sash. I let him have my things when I was tired of them, and I gave him my time when I did not want it for myself. I was always kind to him when he did not trouble me; but, if he was fretful, I had no patience with him; and, if I had to leave my play or my story-book to attend to him, I did it in a grudging manner.

I do not recollect any events very particularly, after what I related in the last chapter, until those two memorable Christmas parties, which took place when I was ten years old, and Freddy was three. Papa gave me a Christmas tree—the first I had seen—and I was allowed to invite some of my schoolfellows to enjoy it with me. Of course, my friend Agnes and her brother Charlie were to be the life of my party.

The longed-for day arrived. I was full of joy and excitement, when a note came in from Agnes's mamma to mine. Mamma looked grave as she read it, and handed it to me.

Mrs. Bell wrote:—"I am sorry to say that Charlie has got an inflamed eye, and cannot go to your house this evening. He is bitterly disappointed, and to comfort him Agnes has promised to stay at home and read him a story. I was unwilling she should do so, but she will not hear of leaving him, as his bad eye prevents

him amusing himself in any way. My nurse is going out, and I have the entire charge of baby to-night, so I could do little to make the evening pleasant to Charlie, and his papa, as you know, is in London. I have therefore consented at last to Agnes remaining with him."

All my pleasure was spoilt! The party would be nothing without Agnes, and I was quite angry with her. "Agnes is very *unkind*," I exclaimed, "to disappoint me!"

"I am sorry for you," mamma said, "but Agnes has acted like a good, unselfish sister, giving up her own pleasure for her little brother's sake. You would not wish Charlie to have a dull evening? Just think how disappointed *he* must be, and what a long evening this would be to him, with his eye paining him, and nothing to amuse him! I thought you loved Charlie, and you might willingly give up a part of your enjoyment for him."

"I can't love him, when he keeps Agnes at home!" was my answer.

"Do you love any one, Bessie, who stands in the way of your own pleasure? You wish every one to give place to *you*."

My party was a merry one, though I was longing for Agnes all the time. But a few days afterwards I was consoled for my disappointment by having an unexpected treat. Agnes came to ask me to a Christmas party, her papa having returned from London, bringing a Christmas tree as a surprise. I rushed to mamma. "Oh, mamma, may I go to Mrs. Bell's to-morrow night? They have got a Christmas tree. Agnes knew nothing about it till this morning!"

"Well, Bessie, I can't bear to say no; but you know nurse is going to her sister's to-morrow evening, and, with papa ill, I had relied on you to amuse Freddy."

"Ah, but Freddy is to go with me!" I went on breathlessly. "I told Agnes that nurse would be out, and she said at once, I must bring him. May I go? may I go?"

Leave was given, and I ran back to Agnes in a tumult of delight. Alas! that very evening Freddy began to cough. I tried to shut my ears against the ominous sound, but the next morning he had such a bad cold, that I knew too well it would be impossible for him to go out. How I feared mamma would say I must not go! I heard nurse proposing to stay with Freddy, but mamma would not allow it, as this was nurse's only

opportunity of seeing her sister's son, who was at home for one night. Conscience kept whispering disagreeably that I ought to offer to stay, and reminding me of Agnes and our party.

Nobody, however, said anything about it ; and in the afternoon I went to papa's room, and, rather afraid to mention the subject, asked mamma, timidly, what frock I was to wear this evening ?

Mamma, on this, said, "Bessie, I don't like to say you must give up going, as I promised you this pleasure; but what is to be done with Freddy ? You know he cannot go."

I had planned it all, and answered readily, "Mamma, let Anne play with him ! She knows such funny games."

"Anne is not a girl I like to leave him with. No, that will not do. But, if he will be very quiet, I dare say papa will let him sit with me here, though it will be a dull evening for the poor little fellow."

"Oh," I said, "let him have his picture-books, mamma, and he will be quite happy." (It occurred to me, for a moment, to ask myself why I could not be happy at home too ? and I felt vexed at Freddy for being unwell and hindering me from going with a clear conscience.)

"Well, but, dear, one condition I must make, you must come home in time to put him to bed. I cannot leave papa."

I joyfully promised, and when, at four o'clock, I was ready to go, I kissed Freddy lovingly, telling him "to be a good boy, and Bessie would come back to put him to bed, and would bring him an orange."

I have no time to tell of the delights of the party. The hours flew by. At a quarter to seven, Anne came to fetch me home. But a game of blind man's buff had just begun, and I was being blindfolded at the moment when the odious announcement was made that Anne had come. There was a general shout, "You can't go yet, it is too early !" and I suggested that they "must not keep me, as mamma had sent for me, but perhaps Anne could wait till *this one* game was finished."

That was an exciting game. It was long before I was caught ; and long before that, I had forgotten all about Anne. Game after game was played, when our riot was again interrupted in a most unwelcome manner : "Please, Miss Bessie Campbell's servant says she can't wait any longer."

Horrible ! Anne must have been waiting an hour ! What had become of poor little Freddy ? How justly displeased mamma must be ! I hastily wished every one good night, and hurried on my wraps. Anne, as was to be expected, was very cross. "Your mamma will be very angry, Miss Bessie. Freddy was crying to go to bed before I came away, and your mamma could only quiet him by telling him Bessie would be back directly. I wish I hadn't waited ! He must be up now, for your mamma couldn't leave your papa, and you know the child can't bear cook."

I answered that I had quite forgotten she was there.

"Well I wouldn't have forgotten my poor little brother," said Anne.

When we reached home, we found that mamma, after waiting for me half an hour, had sent Freddy to bed under cook's charge, very unwillingly. I hoped to go to my own room without seeing any one ; but cook was standing at the top of the stairs listening for my return, and the moment I entered she called to me to "bring Master Freddy's orange to him at once."

Alas, alas ! I had forgotten all about it, and I remembered with shame that I had eaten at least two oranges myself. I ran up-stairs. "Oh, cook," I said, "I am very sorry, but I forgot the orange."—"I'm sure I don't know what we shall do with him," said cook, "for he has talked of nothing for the last hour but the orange Bessie was to bring him."

Mamma came to me soon, saying, "Bessie, I am very much grieved ! That poor child has been looking forward all through this long, dull evening, to your coming back, and telling him stories, and bringing him an orange; and now he is so hot and feverish, I am quite uneasy. You have done very, very wrong, in all respects, to-night."

"I forgot, mamma, indeed ; I forgot ! and I am really sorry !"

"Your sorrow will do no good now. Yes ; you forgot everything, but your own pleasure. You would *not* have forgotten anything for *yourself*. That orange seemed a little thing to you, but to Freddy it was a great thing."

Mamma could not stay, and I was left to my own unpleasant thoughts. I felt truly ashamed of myself, to think that I had not only left Freddy to spend this long evening without amusement, and broken my promise to return home to put him to bed, but had forgotten him so completely as not to bring back a single sample of the feast to console him. I needed no one to set before me that I had been selfish ; I saw it now, when it was too late.

Cook made some lemonade to cool Freddy's mouth. He had been kept up very late, then had been unable to sleep for thinking of his orange, and now had cried sadly on fully comprehending there was none for him ; altogether, it was no wonder that he was by this time very feverish indeed. Nurse had to sit up with him half the night.

The next day, though better, Freddy was unable to leave his little bed. We had scarcely finished breakfast, when Agnes and her papa came in ; the kind child bringing a basket of oranges and figs for Freddy. I blushed to see that *she* had thought of him, though I could forget him. She took these things to him, and came down saying, "Papa, *may* I stay a little with Freddy, and tell him stories ? He is not well, and he begged me not to go away." Mr. Bell told Agnes she could do as she pleased, reminding her that she had wished to go with him to see the skating on the pond. "But I would rather stay with Freddy, when he wants a story so badly." She ran away, and mamma said she did

not like Agnes to give up the pleasure of seeing the skating.

"She always finds *her* pleasure in being kind to others, dear child!" was her papa's reply.

"What do you think the best cure for selfishness, Mr. Bell?" mamma now asked. (I felt my face getting hot.) Mr. Bell answered:—

"Love took up the harp of life, smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, which, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

I have been reminded of that while staying with my niece in London. You know she has a baby now. Well, that girl, before she was married, cared for nothing but to please and amuse herself. Now, she just lives for that baby. She gives up everything for it. But I must go; I will come back for Agnes in an hour."

Mamma asked me, when Mr. Bell was gone, if I understood the poetry he had repeated. I said I did not, and as papa was better, she stayed with me, and talked to me for a while.

"Listen, then, Bessie. When we begin to love some one else very much, this love has a wonderful effect on our lives, and especially on one ugly, disagreeable thing in our lives—our selfishness. The poet compares a person's life, you see, to a harp with many strings, and he compares love to some one playing with a strong hand on the strings, and when he touches that jarring string, selfishness—always out of tune—lo! the string breaks, and is seen no more.

"Smote the chord of Self, which, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

Nothing but love overcomes selfishness. But it must be a *strong* love, 'not in word only, but in deed and in truth.' Now, do you remember any one in the Bible who loved some one so much that he was quite happy to give up being king, though it was his right, and to see his friend king instead?"

"Jonathan," I answered. "Saul's son."

"Yes. Do you recollect what he said to David; he, the king's son, and heir to the crown? 'Fear not: for thou shalt be king over Israel, and I shall be next unto thee' (1 Sam. xxiii. 17). He was delighted to look forward to his friend sitting on the throne, and satisfied to be only 'next to him' himself. His great love for David had swallowed up all selfishness. 'He loved him as his own soul.' Now, I will tell you of another love, which broke another man's selfishness. Think of Paul, Bessie. Paul might have spent his life in studying books, or in pleasure, or in some business in which he would have been getting money. Instead, he spent his time travelling about, going

through all sorts of dangers and sufferings, persecuted wherever he went,—he had no peace, no quiet. Why was this? *He loved Christ* so much, that it seemed little to him to give up everything, and spend his whole life in serving Christ by making known Christ's message everywhere. Read what he says himself, in 2 Cor. v. 14—'For the love of Christ *CONSTRAINETH* us.' 'He died for all, that they which live should *not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again.*' Love for an earthly friend, like Jonathan's for David, does wonders often. But love for the heavenly Friend who has saved them, has changed many a selfish man, and woman, and child, into His devoted servants till death, and made them give up 'seeking their own' pleasure, to serve Christ, by serving others.

"Bessie, I did hope, three years ago, when your little brother was born, that you would love him so dearly that your selfishness would be overcome. But I see it growing stronger and stronger. It seems as if you *could* not love any one else well enough to make you forget yourself. I only see one hope for you, Bessie. I can talk to you about your faults, but I cannot reach to your heart, and cure the disease there. I can give you no real help. *ONE* can. JESUS is the only Physician who can cure the diseases of our souls. Pray to Him to-day as you have never prayed before, beg Him to change your heart, to make you like Him—'For even Christ pleased not Himself.' Unless you earnestly seek His help, this fault will get worse, and my child will grow up a selfish woman, unloving and unloved."

Mamma left me; I cried bitterly, but I was not feeling as she wished me to feel. I did not care about having my heart changed; and if I thought of Jesus, I thought of One who lived long ago, One who I hoped would save me somehow when I came to die, but not a living, helping Friend, who could really do something for me *to-day*. What I felt was this: that it was very disagreeable to be found fault with, and that it would be very nice to have it said of *me*, as Agnes's papa had said of *her*, "She always finds her pleasure in being kind to others, dear child!" I resolved at last to stay at home with Freddy all day, instead of going out, and thus at once to atone for the past, and gain a good character for the future.

I did stay with Freddy, feeling that I was making a great sacrifice. But nobody praised me, or, indeed, made any remark on it. I was vexed and disappointed, and thought how many, many things like this I should have to do, before people would speak of me as they spoke of Agnes! You see, though I was not "seeking my own" *pleasure*, I was "seeking my own" *praise*.

H. A. B.





**WALKER OF TRURO AND HIS MINISTRY;
OR, ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.**

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE.

AN intelligent Christian needs not to be reminded that the Church of Christ has always recognized two classes of prophetic writers in the Old Testament. There are four who are called "the greater" prophets, and twelve who are called "the less." All wrote by direct and equal inspiration of God; all "spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" and yet we do not hesitate to assign a higher importance to one class than to the other.

A well-informed man knows well, that in the solar system some planets exceed others in size and glory. All are bright, and beautiful, and perfect. All proclaim to the student of the heavens that the Hand which made them was divine. Yet the glory of such bodies as Jupiter and Saturn is far greater than that of Mars, or Venus, or the Moon.

Thoughts such as these come across my mind as I turn from the seven leading champions of the revival of English religion in the last century to some of their lesser contemporaries. There were not a few eminent ministers in our country who were entirely of one mind with Whitefield and his fellow-workers, and yet never attained to their greatness. They sympathized with the great leaders in all matters of doctrine. They co-operated with them in the main, and rejoiced in their success. They cheerfully bore their share of the reproach cast on Methodism and evangelical religion. They shrunk from no sacrifices, and spared no pains in setting forward Christ's gospel. But they did not possess the extraordinary public gifts of their seven brethren, and did not therefore leave so deep a mark on their generation. Like Silas and Timo-

theus in St. Paul's days, they did good work in their own positions; but not work that attracted so much public attention as that of the mighty "masters of assemblies" whom I have described in preceding papers.

But we must beware that we do not undervalue men merely because they do not occupy prominent positions in the Church of Christ. Various and manifold are the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and he divides them to every man severally as he thinks fit. One minister is called to preach to thousands, and shake the world like "a son of thunder;" while another is called to write hymns or compose books in an obscure corner of the earth. One man has gifts of voice, and action, and fluency, and memory, and invention, which fit him to stand up before multitudes—like Paul on Mars' Hill, or Luther at Worms, or Whitefield in Moorfields—and to carry all before him. Another is shy, and gentle, and retiring, and can only make his mind work in solitude, quiet, and silence. Yet each may be an instrument of mighty usefulness in God's hand. The last day, indeed, may prove that the work of him whose voice was never "heard in the street," and who dwelt among his own people, produced more permanent effect on souls than the most brilliant open-air sermons. I fear that we are all apt to exaggerate the value of public gifts, and to depreciate gifts which make no show before the world. Yet a time may come when the last shall be found first, and the first last.

Remembering these things, I wish to give some account of a few men of the last century who are far less known than some of their contemporaries, and yet were eminently useful in

their day and generation. The first whom I will introduce to my readers is Samuel Walker, the curate of Truro, in Cornwall.

Walker was born in 1714, and died in 1761, at the early age of forty-seven. Partly from the circumstance that his ministerial life was entirely spent in one of the most remote corners of England, before railways were invented, and partly from his habits of mind, which made him entirely decline all aggressive and extra-parochial work, he is a man whose name is scarcely known to many Christians. Yet he was one who, in his day, was most highly esteemed by such men as Wesley, Whitefield, Romaine, and Venn, for his eminent spirituality and soundness of judgment. Above all, he was one who cultivated his own corner of the Lord's vineyard with such singular success, that there were few places in England where such striking results could be shown from preaching the gospel as at Truro.

The facts of Walker's life of which any record remains are few, and soon told. His family resided at Exeter, and was well connected. He was lineally descended from the good Bishop Hall, who was for a time bishop of Exeter, and whose granddaughter married a Walker. His grandfather, Sir Thomas Walker, was member of Parliament for Exeter. John Walker, rector of St. Mary the More, in Exeter, who wrote a well-known volume about the Sufferings of the Ejected Clergy under the Commonwealth, was also a relative of the subject of this paper; in fact, the first edition of the work was published in the very year that Samuel Walker was born.

We know little of Walker's boyhood and youth, beyond the fact that he was educated at Exeter Grammar School, and was there for ten years—from the age of eight till he was eighteen. He then went to Exeter College, Oxford, and in due course of time took his degree of B.A. in that university. He seems to have made good use of his time while he was at college, and to have acquired much knowledge, which he found valuable in after-life. His biographer particularly mentions that "he cultivated logic with much success, and always considered his early devotion to that science as the foundation of the facility he afterwards attained in a clear and methodical arrangement of his ideas. When

complimented by his friends, who admired the lucid and argumentative mode in which he treated every subject, he always observed that logic had been his favourite pursuit in youth, and that he recommended it to young divines." Beside being a reading man, he seems to have been thoroughly correct and moral in life; and though utterly destitute of spiritual light or religion, he was mercifully preserved from the excesses into which many young men plunge at college, to their own subsequent bitter sorrow. We know nothing more of Walker's university life. We have no account of his companions, friends, or acquaintances. It is a curious fact, however, that it is clear, from a comparison of dates, that he must have been an undergraduate of Exeter College at the very time when the so-called Methodist movement began, and when Wesley, Whitefield, and Hervey were commencing their line of action as aggressive evangelists at Oxford. Romaine also was at Christ Church at the same time. But there is not the slightest proof that Walker was acquainted with any of these good men.

Walker entered the ministry at the age of twenty-three, in the year 1737. He was first curate of Dodescomb Leigh, near Exeter, but only remained there one year. He then travelled on the Continent for two years, in the capacity of private tutor to the younger brother of Lord Rolle. On the termination of this engagement he became, first curate, and immediately after vicar, of Lanlivery, near Lostwithiel, in Cornwall. He only held this living during the minority of a nephew of the patron, and finally resigned it in the year 1746. He then accepted the office of stipendiary curate of Truro, in Cornwall, and occupied that position for fifteen years, until the time of his death in 1761.

It is past all doubt that Walker was profoundly ignorant of spiritual religion at the time of his ordination. Like hundreds of clergymen, he undertook an office for which he was certainly not "inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost," and professed himself a teacher of others while he himself knew nothing of the truth as it is in Jesus. He says, in a letter dated 1756: "The week before my ordination I spent with the other candidates—as dissolute, I fear, as myself—in a

very light and unbecoming manner; dining, supping, drinking, and laughing together, when, God knows, we should all have been on our knees, and warning each other to fear for our souls in the view of what we were about to put our hands to. I cannot but attribute the many careless, ungodly years I spent in pleasure after that time to this profane introduction; and, believe me, the review shocks me. While I write, I tremble in the recollection of the wounds I then gave Jesus."

In this painful and unsatisfactory state of mind Walker spent the first two years of his ministerial life. Throughout that time he was diligent and conscientious in the discharge of the outward duties of his office. He preached, visited, catechised, reprov'd, exhorted, and rebuked, but did no good at all. Ignorant alike of his own heart's disease and of the glorious remedy provided by Christ's gospel, he laboured entirely in vain. In fact, he said himself, in after-years, "that though he was well thought of, and, indeed, esteemed beyond most of his brethren for regularity, decency, and endeavour to keep up external attendance, and even for his public addresses, yet he felt he ought to go sorrowing to the grave, upon a review of the years so mis-spent."

The circumstances under which a complete change came over Walker's heart, character, and ministerial life, were very remarkable. They supply a most instructive illustration of God's plan of leading people to Christ by ways "which they know not." Walker had come to Truro in 1746, with peculiar pleasure, on account of the notorious gaieties and festivities of the place, in which the young curate at that time took great delight. He entered the place a dancing, card-playing, party-going clergyman, and was known only in that character for the first twelve months of his ministry. It is said that at this period "his only ambition was to be courted for his gaiety and admired for his eloquence, and to become the reformer of the vicious by the power of persuasion and example." Ignorant he was not altogether, for, like every well-read man, he had historical notions of the leading doctrines of the Christian religion. But, to use his own words, "what he knew notionally, he neither felt nor

sought practically." He acknowledges that, even in the midst of all his official decorum, he "was actuated by two hidden principles, as contrary to God as darkness is to light—a desire of reputation, and a love of pleasure." Such were the beginnings of Walker's ministry! Such was the unpromising material which God was pleased to take in hand, and mould and fashion into a goodly vessel of grace!

The manner of Walker's conversion is thus described by one of his biographers. "He had been at least a year in his curacy at Truro before he fell under any suspicion or uneasiness about himself or his preaching. The first impression that he was in error arose from a conversation between himself and a few of his parishioners on the subject of justifying and saving faith, to which he was judiciously led by a pious individual. This was a Mr. Conon, master of the Grammar School at Truro, who, he often said, was the first person he had ever met truly possessed of the mind of Christ, and by whose means he became sensible that all was wrong within and without."—Mr. Conon was one of those rare servants of God who, like Job, are found in places where you would think no good thing could grow, and who serve to show that grace and not place makes the Christian. Intercourse between this good man and the curate of Truro gradually ripened into intimacy, and the result was the total conversion of the minister through the pious instrumentality of one of his hearers.

The change that had come over the curate of Truro was soon apparent, both in his preaching and practice. It could not be hid. He ceased to take part in the frivolous worldly amusements which at one time absorbed his attention. He frankly acknowledges that he did not take up this new line of action without a mighty inward struggle, and that it was "long before he could bring himself to any reasonable measure of indifference about the esteem of the world, and then only with heart-felt pangs of fear and disquietude." But he fought hard, and by God's grace was more than conqueror. At the same time, says his biographer, "he began to preach as he felt, declared the alteration in his views, and faithfully pointed out the evil of the empty pleasures in which the inhabitants of his parish were

involved, and the danger of resting on the mere formalities of Sabbath worship for salvation. Repentance, faith, and the new birth became the topics of his sermons—truths which, though treated with all the power of his highly cultivated mind, brought down on him hatred as an enthusiast, derision as a madman, and vehement opposition as the destroyer of harmless joys. An infidel even went so far as to insult him in the pulpit, an affront which he bore with singular patience and dignity.”

The effects of Walker's new style of preaching seem to have been very deep and extraordinary. Astonishment and surprise were the first prevailing feelings in the minds of all. To hear their curate denouncing the very practices in which he had lately indulged himself, and pressing home the very doctrines which he had neglected or despised, was enough to make men's hair stand on end! Anger and irritation were naturally excited in the hearts of hundreds who loved pleasure more than God, and were determined to cling to the world. But all alike seem to have been thoroughly aroused and impressed. His biographer says: “The earnestness of the preacher, and the striking alteration of his habits as well as of his sermons, stirred up the curiosity of the people, who, while they were enraged at the fidelity, were enchained by the eloquence and trembled at the sternness of their reprover. Even out of the pulpit they feared the presence of their minister. The Sabbath loiterers would retire at his approach, saying, ‘Let us go; here comes Walker.’ His manner is said to have been commanding and solemn in the extreme, and his life so truly consistent that at length he awed into silence those who were at first most clamorous against him. At last such crowds attended his ministry, that the thoroughfares of the town seemed to be deserted during the hours of service, so that it was said you might fire a cannon down every street of Truro in church time, without a chance of killing a single human being.”

No well-informed Christian will be surprised to hear that a man preaching and living as Walker did, was assailed by every kind of persecution. The great enemy of souls will never allow his kingdom to be pulled down without a struggle to preserve it. If he cannot prevent a

faithful minister working, he will labour in every way to hinder and impede his work. The worldly portion of the Truro people resolved to get rid of a man who pricked their consciences and made them uncomfortable. They first tried to injure the curate of Truro with the bishop of the diocese; but in this attempt, happily, they failed. They then endeavoured to prevail on the rector of Truro to dismiss him from his cure, a move which led to the following remarkable result. His biographer says: “Mr. Walker's enemies, being some of the wealthiest inhabitants of Truro, found the rector only too willing to listen to their complaints, and he promised that he would go to his curate and give him notice to quit his charge. He went; but like the Gaul who was sent to the Roman hero to despatch him in prison, he retired startled and abashed at his lofty tone and high bearing. On entering Walker's apartment, he was received with an elegance and dignity of manner which were natural to one who had long been the charm of society, and became so embarrassed as to be perfectly unable to advert to his errand. He at length made some remark which afforded an opportunity of speaking of the ministerial office and character, which Walker immediately embraced, and enlarged on the subject with such acuteness of reasoning and solemnity of appeal to his rector, as a fellow-labourer in the gospel, that he retreated overwhelmed with confusion, and unable to say a word about the intended dismissal. He was in consequence reproached with a breach of his promise, and went a second time to fulfil it. He again retreated without daring to allude to the object of his visit. He was pressed to go a third time by one of his principal parishioners, but replied, ‘Do you go and dismiss him, if you can; I cannot. I feel in his presence as if he were a being of a superior order, and I am so abashed that I am uneasy till I can retire.’ A short time after this the rector was taken ill, when he sent for Mr. Walker, entreated his prayers, acknowledged the propriety of his conduct, and promised him his hearty support if he recovered.” From this time to the end of his ministry, no weapon formed against the curate of Truro seemed to prosper. He held on his way without let or hindrance, though not, of course, without much

hatred and opposition. But nothing that his opponents could do, or devise, was able to stop or silence him. So true is that word of Scripture: "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him" (Prov. xvi. 7).

There can be no doubt that Walker's position at Truro was greatly strengthened by his eminent holiness, self-denial, and consistency of life. Whatever his enemies thought of his preaching, they could not deny that he was a singularly holy man. Like Daniel, they could find no fault in him except concerning the law of his God. Two remarkable instances of his self-denial and disinterestedness deserve special mention. One is his voluntary resignation of the vicarage of Talland, to which he had been appointed about the time of his coming to Truro, with the bishop's license of non-residence. On becoming a converted man, his conscience told him that he ought not to receive an income for which he discharged no ministerial duty. Acting on this principle, he cheerfully gave up the preferment unasked and unpersuaded, relinquished all his accustomed comforts, and went into humble lodgings of the plainest kind. The other instance is even more singular. He refused the opportunity of marrying a lady eminently suited to be his wife, who would have readily accepted his hand, on the sole ground that she had too much fortune. To a friend who seriously advised him to propose to her, he made the following remarkable reply: "I certainly never saw a woman whom I thought comparable to Miss —, and I believe I should enjoy as much happiness in union with her as it is possible to enjoy in this world. I have reason also to think that she would not reject my suit. Still it must never be! What would the world say of me? Would not they imagine that the hope of obtaining such a prize influenced my profession of religion? It is easy, they would say, to preach self-denial and heavenly-mindedness, but has not the preacher taken care to get as much of this world's good as he could possibly obtain? It must never be! I can never suffer any temporal happiness or advantage to be a hindrance to my usefulness." Conscientiousness like this is certainly very rare, and to many persons may seem totally incompre-

hensible and absurd. Whether, also, in Walker's behaviour to the lady, there was not something of morbid scrupulosity, and whether a happy marriage might not have lengthened his life and usefulness, are questions which admit of doubt. But there is no denying that not a few evangelical ministers have withered their own usefulness by marrying wealthy wives. And one thing is very certain, that Walker's character for eminent disinterestedness and unworldliness became so thoroughly established, that in this material point the breath of slander never touched him to the very end of his days.

The direct visible effects of Walker's ministry at Truro were very remarkable and extensive. Worldliness and wickedness were checked to an extraordinary extent, and even those who loved sin were ashamed to commit it so openly as they had done in time past. Not long after he began to preach the real gospel and to call men to repentance, the theatre and cockpit in the town were both forsaken, and given up to other purposes; and similar reforms extended to places in the neighbourhood through his instrumentality. The influence of his ministry, in fact, was singularly felt by many who were never converted. He said himself that he had reason to think almost all his hearers at Truro were, at one time or other, awakened more or less, "although I fear many of them have rejected the counsel of God against themselves."

Of positive spiritual results in the saving of souls by any one's ministry, a wise man will always speak cautiously. We see through a glass darkly, and are easily deceived in such matters. Yet I see every reason to believe that Walker's ministry at Truro was really the means of turning hundreds from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. It is a certain fact that in 1754, after he had preached the gospel only seven years at Truro, he recorded that no less than eight hundred persons had made particular application to him, from time to time, inquiring what they must do to be saved. Making every allowance for many of this number who doubtless drew back after their first convictions, and returned to their sins, the simple fact ought to fill our minds with astonishment. The parish of Truro, even at this day, does not contain more than ten thousand people. A hundred years ago

it must have been a much smaller place. The ministry which in seven years could arrest the attention of eight hundred persons in such a parish, must have been one of singular power, and singularly blessed of God.

One of the most interesting examples of his ministerial success was the extraordinary effect that he produced on a regiment of soldiers which were quartered in Truro in 1756. As soon as they arrived, Walker set up a sermon for their special benefit on Sunday afternoon, which was called "the soldiers' sermon." After a little time the number of attendants became very large; and the mere fact that it was a voluntary service, specially intended for soldiers, no doubt helped greatly to bring hearers. The attention of the men was thoroughly arrested, and within three weeks no less than a hundred of them came to Walker's house, asking what they must do to be saved. He himself says to a correspondent: "The effects of the soldiers' sermon have been very striking. You would have seen their countenances changing, tears often bursting from their eyes, and confessions of their exceeding sinfulness and danger breaking from their mouths. I have scarcely heard such a thing as self-excusing from any of them; while the desire to be instructed, and uncommon thankfulness for any pains for them used by any of us, have been very remarkable."

His biographer says: "Mr. Walker's exertions in the regiment at first met with great opposition. The commander publicly forbade his men to go to him for private instruction, though, at last, no less than two hundred and fifty of them sought the persevering servant of Christ for that purpose. Those also whom religion had separated from the sinful habits and company of their unawakened comrades, were much derided; but grace enabled them to stand. A great alteration, however, soon took place. Punishment diminished, and order prevailed in the regiment, to a degree never before witnessed; and at length the commander discovered the excellent cause of this salutary change. Genuine zeal had now its full triumph and rich reward. The officers waited on Mr. Walker in a body, to acknowledge the good effects of his wise and sedulous exertions, and to thank him for the reformation he had produced in their ranks."

"These interesting men left Truro after nine weeks' stay. The parting scene was indescribably affecting. They assembled the last evening in the society-room, to hear their beloved minister's farewell prayer and exhortation. 'Had you,' said Walker to a friend, 'but seen their countenances, what thankfulness, love, sorrow, and joy sat upon them! They hoped they might bring forth some fruit; they hoped to meet us again at the right hand of Jesus at the great day.' It was an hour of mingled distress and comfort; the hearts of many were so full, that they clasped the hand of the beloved instrument of their conversion, and turned away without a word. They began their morning march praising God for having brought them under the sound of the gospel; and as they slowly passed along, turned round to catch occasional glimpses of the town, as it gradually receded from their sight, exclaiming, 'God bless Truro!' They saw their spiritual leader no more upon earth, but were consoled by the hope of a triumphant meeting amongst the armies of heaven."

One grand peculiarity of Walker's ministry at Truro was the system of private meetings for mutual edification, among the spiritual members of his congregation, which he succeeded in instituting. He seems to have been deeply impressed with the necessity of following up the work done in the pulpit, and with the desirableness of stirring up real Christians to be useful to one another. There can be no doubt that he was right. "Edify one another," is an apostolic principle far too much overlooked (1 Thessa. v. 11). Most Christians are far too ready to leave everything to be done by their minister, and forget that a minister has only one body and one tongue, and cannot be everywhere and do everything. Above all, most Christians forget that the mutual conference of believers is a valuable means of grace, and that in trying to water others we are likely to be watered ourselves. But the best and wisest manner of conducting these meetings for mutual edification is a subject of vast difficulty, and one on which good men differ widely. Scores of excellent ministers have attempted to do something in this direction, and have completely failed. It was precisely here that Walker seems to have been eminently

gifted, and to have obtained extraordinary success.

The limits of a paper in a periodical make it quite impossible to give a full account of all the plans and arrangements that Walker made for the conduct of his religious societies. Those who wish to know more about them will find them fully described in Sidney's "Life of Walker." One leading feature of his system deserves, however, to be specially noticed: I mean his careful classification of the members of his societies. He always formed them into two divisions, one composed entirely of men, into which no female was admitted; the other of married men, their wives, and unmarried women, from which all single men were excluded. The wisdom and good sense of this classification will be obvious to every reflecting Christian. It is the very neglect of it, however simple it may appear, which has been the ruin of many similar private movements among religious people. The rules drawn up for the management of meetings are marked throughout by like soundness of judgment. The objects to be kept steadily in view—the admission of members, the hours to be kept, the mode of proceeding, the things to be habitually avoided by members—are all most carefully defined, and give one a most favourable idea of Walker's rare Christian good sense. I have only room to quote two rules, which are a good specimen of the tone and spirit running through all the regulations.

One rule is, "That every member of this Society do esteem himself peculiarly obliged to live in an inoffensive and orderly manner, to the glory of God and the edification of his neighbours; that he study to advance, in himself and others, humility and meekness, faith in Christ, love to God, gospel repentance, and new obedience, in which things Christian edification consists, and not in vain janglings. And that in all his conversation and articles of faith he stick close to the plain and divine meaning of holy Scripture, carefully avoiding all intricate niceties and refinements upon it."

The other rule, or rather explanatory definition, is: "By a disorderly carriage we mean not only the commission of gross and scandalous sins, but also what are esteemed matters of little moment in the eyes of the world, such as the light use of the

words, *Lord, God, Jesus, &c.*, in ordinary conversation, which we cannot but interpret as an evidence of the want of God's presence in the heart; the buying and selling of goods which have not paid custom; the doing needless work on the Lord's day; the frequenting ale-houses or taverns without necessary business. And considering the consequence of vain amusements so generally practised, we do, in charity to the souls of others, as well as to avoid the danger of such things ourselves, think ourselves obliged to use particular caution about many of them, however innocent they may be in themselves, such as cards, dancing, clubs for entertainments, play-houses, sports at festivals and parish feasts, and as much as may be parish feasts themselves, lest by joining therein we are a hindrance to ourselves and others." This is sound speech that cannot be condemned. Regulations such as these need no comment. Whatever objections may be made against private societies such as Walker formed at Truro, as tending to create a church within a church, one thing at least is sure—A system which produced such a high standard of life and practice in the members of the Society, deserves serious consideration.

Walker's most useful career was brought to a termination in the year 1761. He died at the early age of forty-seven, of pulmonary consumption, accelerated, if not brought on, by his over-abundant labours in the cause of Christ at Truro. It is impossible to wonder at his breaking down at a comparatively early age, when we consider the immense amount of ministerial labour which he regularly carried on, single-handed and unassisted, for nearly fourteen years, in his large Cornish parish. He says himself, in a letter dated 1755: "My stated business (beside the Sunday duty, prayers Wednesdays and Fridays, burials, baptisms, and attendance on the sick) is, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, to talk with such as apply to me in private from six to ten in the evening; Tuesday, to attend the society; and Thursday, a lecture in church in the evening. Saturday, and as much of Friday as I can give, is bestowed in preparing the Sunday's sermons. To all this must be added what I may well call the care of the church, that is, of above a hundred people, who, on one account and another,

continually need my direction. You will not wonder if my strength proves unequal to this labour, and I find myself debilitated, and under necessity of making my time shorter by lying in bed longer than formerly. In short, what I am going through seems evidently to be hastening my end, though there be no immediate danger." The plain truth is, that so far from wondering that such a man died so soon, we should rather wonder that he worked and lived so long.

He died at Blackheath, near London, after a long and suffering illness of more than a year's duration, in which he received every attention that could be bestowed on his poor earthly tabernacle from the kindness of Lord Dartmouth. He died in the full enjoyment of the peace he had so faithfully preached to others, and his death-bed was without a cloud. He had never married, and had neither brother, sister, nor near relative to stand by him as he went down into the river. But he had that which is far better than earthly relatives, the strong consolation of a lively hope, and the presence of that Saviour who "sticketh closer than a brother," and who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

The following letter, written on his death-bed to his beloved friend Mr. Conon, only a fortnight before he died, gives a most pleasing impression of Walker's happy frame of mind in the prospect of eternity. He says:—

"My dearest, most faithful friend,—My disorder, though by no means affording the least prospect of recovery, yet seems to affect me at present more with weakness than with that violent heat which rendered me incapable of thought. I can now, blessed be God, think a little; and with what comfort do I both receive your thoughts and communicate mine to you! Oh, my dear friend, what do we owe to the Lord for one another! More than I could have conceived, had not God sent me to die elsewhere. We shall have time to praise the Lord, when we meet in the other world. I stand and look upon that world with an established heart. I see the way prepared, opened, and assured unto me in Jesus Christ. For ever blessed be the name of God, that I can look upon death, that introduces that glorious scene, without any kind of fear. I find my grand duty still is submission, both as to time

and circumstances. Why should I not say to you that I find nothing come so near my heart, as the fear lest my will should thwart God's will in any circumstances? Thus, I think, I am enabled to watch and pray in some poor measure. Well, my dear friend, I am but stepping a little before you. You will soon also get your release, and then we shall triumph for ever in the name, love, and power of the Lamb. Adieu! Yours in the Lord Jesus Christ for ever. Amen."

The above touching letter was probably the last that Walker wrote. One week later, Mr. Burnet, a dear and valued friend both of Walker's and Venn's, gave the following account of him in a letter to a friend. He says: "On Saturday, the 11th July, I reached Mr. Walker's lodging at Blackheath. There I saw the dear man lying on his bed of sickness, pining away in the last stage of consumption, burnt up with raging fever, and wasted almost to a skeleton. He was perfectly sensible, and so was able to express himself much to our satisfaction. The first thing which struck me exceedingly was his patient submission under God's hand, and his thankful tender concern for all those who were near to him. So little was his mind engaged with things merely pertaining to himself, that in the smallest things concerning my own convenience and comfort he behaved as if I had been the sick person. He said he had been uneasy, at the beginning of his sickness, at the want of sensible frames of feeling, but was relieved by that Scripture, 'They that worship God must worship him in spirit,' with the noble powers of the soul; and that he now found experimentally the worship of God's Spirit on his heart in a degree he had never before experienced. 'I am now enabled,' he said, 'to see when it was that the Lord Jesus first laid effectual hold of my heart, which I was never able to discover before. I have a perfect satisfaction in the principles I have preached, and the methods I have generally taken. I have no doubt respecting my state in Christ, or my future glory. Behold, I am going down to the gates of the grave, and holy angels wait for me. Why do you trouble yourselves, and weep? Cannot you rejoice with me? I am going to heaven. Christ died: my Lord! Oh, had I strength to express myself, I could tell you enough to make your hearts weep for joy.

God is all love to me, and my trials are very alight."

On Tuesday, July the 14th, Walker dictated the following words to Mr. Conon: "My dearest Friends,—With great confusion of thought, I have no doubts, great confidence, great submission, no complaining. As to actual views of the joys that are coming, I have none; but a steadfast belief of them in Christ." The same day, when one sitting by his bedside observed that his soul was ripe for heaven and eternity, he interrupted him by saying, "that the body of sin was not yet done away, but that he should continue a sinner to the last gasp, and desired that he would pray for him as such."

On Sunday, July the 19th, in the same happy and peaceful frame of mind, the holy curate of Truro fell asleep in Christ, and went home. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Walker's literary remains are not many, but they deserve far more attention than many writings of the period when he lived. His "Lectures on the Church Catechism," his "Nine Sermons on the Covenant of Grace," and his eleven sermons entitled "The Christian," are all excellent books, and ought to be better known and more read than they are in the present day. His sermons give me a most favourable impression of his powers as a preacher. For simplicity, directness, vivacity, and home appeals to the heart and conscience, I am disposed to assign them a very high rank among the sermons of a hundred years ago. It is my deliberate impression that if he had been an itinerant like Whitefield, and had not confined himself to his pulpit at Truro, he would probably have been reckoned one of the best preachers of his day.

The following extract from the last sermon preached by Walker at Truro is not only interesting in itself, but is also a very fair specimen of his style of preaching. The subject was the second coming of Christ to judge the quick and the dead. He said at the conclusion: "Can I think of this day, so honourable to Him whom my soul loveth, without longing and wishing for its appearing? When I consider that his people shall partake with him in the glories of that day, and hear him say those ravishing words never to

be recalled, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father,' can I do other than say, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly?' Surely I should rejoice to see and be for ever with the Lord; to behold his beauty as the express image of his Father's person; to contemplate with endless and insatiable transport the glory which the Father hath given him; to make my acknowledgment, amid the praises of heaven, among the multitude which no man can number, as saved, for ever saved, by his love and care, his power and grace. What! when the least beam of his glory let in upon my soul now turns my earth into heaven, and makes me cry out with Peter, 'It is good for us to be here,' can I wish to delay his coming? When, remaining in this vale of misery, I groan under corruptions, and am burdened with a corruptible body, can I say, 'This is better than to be fashioned in soul and body like unto the Lord?' When I find here nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit, shall I be averse to the Lord's coming to change my sorrows into joy unspeakable and full of glory? Here, beset as I am with enemies, would I not long for that blessed day when I shall see them again no more for ever? And would I not be glad to be taken from a world lying in wickedness, into that new heaven and earth wherein dwelleth righteousness? I know that my Redeemer liveth; I know that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; I have a humble confidence that he will own me among the children; and shall I, like those who know no better joys than this world can afford them, are ignorant of a Redeemer's righteousness, and lie under the unconscious guilt of unnumbered and unpardoned sins—shall I, like them, cleave to this base life as my all for happiness, and not wait, and wish, and long for the day of my Master's glorious appearing? No! I will not abide in that low measure of faith, which only begets a hope that I may be well when the Lord comes, but knows not what it is to love the day of his appearing. My endeavour shall be to be strong in the faith, and abounding in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost, always fruitful in good works, and hasting unto the day of the Lord.

"As for you, my dear hearers, I am grieved at heart for many, very many of you, to think how you will make your appearance before Christ's

judgment-seat. You have no works to speak there for your belonging to Christ; I can see none. I see works of various kinds that prove you do not belong to him. If a life of pleasures, idlenesses, indulgences, drunkennesses, prides, covetousnesses, would recommend you to the favour of the Judge, few would be better received than numbers of you! In the name of God, my friends, when you know this moment in your own consciences that if, as you have been and are, you should be called to judgment, you would be surely cast into hell, why will you live at such a rate? Well! we shall all be soon before the judgment-seat of Christ. There the controversy between me, persuading you by the terrors of the Lord to repent, and you, determined to abide in your sins, will be decided. There it will appear whether your blood will be upon your own heads for your obstinate impenitences, or upon mine for not giving you warning. Christ will certainly either acquit or condemn me on this account; and if I should be acquitted, what will become of you? I tremble to think how many words of mine will be brought up against you on that day. What will you say, what will you answer, how will you excuse yourselves? Oh, sirs, if you will not be prevailed upon, you will, with eternal self-reproach, curse the day that you knew me, or heard one word from my mouth. Why, why will ye die with so aggravated a destruction? May the Lord incline you to think! May he cause this word to sink deep into your hearts! May he show you all your dangers, and with an outstretched arm bring

you out of the hands of the devil, and translate you into the kingdom of his dear Son!"

The letters which Mr. Sidney has collected in his biography of Walker are all interesting, especially those addressed to the two Wealeys, and to Mr. Adam of Winteringham, author of "Private Thoughts upon Religion." Indeed, the whole book is valuable. I only regret that the author should have thought it necessary to elaborate so carefully his favourite idea, that Mr. Walker was a sound Churchman and not a Dissenter. It may be perfectly true, no doubt. But it is too often pressed and thrust upon our notice. Walker lived in a day when the very existence of Christianity in England was at stake, and when the main business of true-hearted Christians was to preserve the very foundations of revealed religion from being swept away. To my eyes, Walker's thorough Christianity is a far more conspicuous object than his Churchmanship.

After all, I leave the subject of this paper with a very deep conviction that we know comparatively very little about Walker. The half of his work, I suspect, has never yet been recorded. He lived near the Land's End. He seldom left his own parish. His life was never fully written till fifty or sixty years after he was dead. What wonder, then, if we know but little of the man! Yet I venture the surmise, that in the last day, when the secrets of all ministries shall be disclosed, few will be found to have done better work for Christ in their day and generation than Walker of Truro.

THE POCKET-BOOK, AND ITS USES IN THE CLOSET.

AN old farmer, who had lived to make the best, as he thought, of this world, was in the habit of seeking consolation, under all his troubles, from his well-filled pocket-book. If, at any time, his spirits were depressed by losses from falling markets, or from failing merchants; if he were fretted by domestic troubles, or by disputes with neighbours—he would carry his old pocket-book, crammed with documents each of which represented so much wealth, into some quiet nook on his farm, and would there count over his treasures, till he had counted himself back to his wonted good-humour. A man who had begun life, like him, with nothing, and who had now so much to count that it tasked his humble powers

to do it, was surely not the man who should lose heart for a passing trifle. So, at least, the poor-rich man thought; and, replacing his book in his pocket, he returned home with a lighter heart.

Now, the believer under discouragement cannot do better than take a hint from this worldly-minded old man. Nothing cheers a drooping spirit like a sight of its treasures; and a believer's melancholy would, in general, be put to speedy flight, if he could only be persuaded to count over the "things that are freely given to us of God." Let the Christian, then, in his hours of sadness, take his pocket-book, which is the Word of God, and let him, in quiet, count over, one by one, the exceeding great and precious promises which God has

given him, and of which every one is the representative of untold spiritual wealth. But withal, let him take heed to count the treasures as *his own* treasures ; for if he be a member of Christ, all the promises of God are his. Let him do this, and he shall speedily find that the man who can truly say, and who is believably saying it, "God is mine—Christ is mine—heaven is mine—eternity is mine—life is mine—death is mine,"—that this man cannot refrain from joyously adding, however distressing his outward circumstances may be, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted in me ?"

But we have referred to this old farmer and his pocket-book for another purpose. His book was to him something more than a mere apparatus of leather and pasteboard, it was a companion for his soul ; it had a voice, and could speak to him ; nay, so fallen was he, that the pocket-book could commune with the poor heart on its own level, and could minister to its miserable consolation. Will the reader permit me to suggest a happier use for his pocket-book, in the way of an occasional conference with it—a use for it in the closet as a humble handmaid to the Bible. Employed in this way, from time to time, no longer the Bible's rival, but the Bible's ally, the reader may find that his pocket-book is an excellent aid towards self-knowledge ; and can give him better help for eternity, than its contents, whatever they may be, can do for time.

And we need some such subordinate plain-speaking teacher ; which, taking up the Bible lesson, shall so apply it to our individual selves, as to leave us in no doubt whether or not we are truly submissive to the divine Word. The Bible itself plainly tells us what, as Christians, we are responsible for being and for doing ; it also plainly tells us how we are to get the needed help for so being or for so doing : but there is a minor question, yet of great importance, to which the Bible furnishes no direct reply. And the question is this : Am I, who profess to have taken up my cross, and to be now following Jesus, so employing these spiritual helps as actually to live, in some degree, conformably to my lofty calling ? To settle this, we must not trust our own hearts, for they are deceitful, nor the testimony of our friends, for they are partial ; we must seek other witnesses, and we shall find none more truthful or more useful than our own pocket-book. It will neither flatter us nor slander us, but will tell us the simple truth ; only our hearts must be sufficiently guileless not to misinterpret its testimony.

For the pocket-book, rightly consulted, will tell us a great deal about the reality of our profession. A calumny, who had been rough and cruel to all about him, said after his conversion, "Why, sir, my very horse knows that I am a new man." And something similar is the case in every true conversion. Among other changes, the pocket is sure to be converted as well as the tongue. That profession of faith is a very unsatisfactory one which does not lay the purse, with its con-

tents, at the Saviour's feet. The true believer gives his own self first (2 Cor. viii. 5) ; and this secures that he also give his all. So, then, though a man may have got a new mouth, which can speak fluently the language of Canaan ; and though he may have got a new creed which has in it every acknowledged Christian doctrine, sharp and clear ; and though he may have got a new set of habits, and a new circle of friends—let him not be satisfied with these, unless he has also got a new pocket-book. Without this, all the rest, it is likely, is but vanity of vanities. The old pocket-book was either one of his idols hitherto, or, at the least, one of the unholy implements degraded to the worship of the grand idol *Self*. Has he now cast all his idols with their temple furniture to the moles and to the bats ? Has he now got in his pocket a pocket-book which is no longer his, but his Master's ; and which is entrusted to him for a little, but entrusted to him as a mere steward, who is to use it all according to the Master's plain instructions.

Now, if any one wishes to get satisfactory light on the reality of his Christian profession, let him not overlook this plain and practical aspect of the question. He will be in less danger here of getting lost in the quicksands of metaphysical casuistry. Unbelief is fully as likely to lurk in the pocket-book as anywhere else, and it can often be more easily detected here than in the creed. There are many whose verbal confession is all that can be desired, whose system of doctrines is perfectly orthodox, whose general walk is morally blameless ; but who, if they were to examine conscience in the light of the Bible, and by the help of the pocket-book, would find that, instead of being already within the kingdom, they are not even attempting to walk towards it. Indeed, so far from having any controlling sense of responsibility to God for all that they have or can do, they are prepared to resist the practical enforcement of his claims ; and if he were to say to them, as he once said to the young man in the gospels, "Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor," they also would be sure to go away *very sorrowful*. They should indeed be happy to be assured of having fellowship with Christ in the heavenly glory, after the present life of selfishness is over ; but to have present fellowship with Christ in the daily use of their own pocket-books, why, they could scarcely consent to this. And yet it was on a similar point that Abraham's faith was tested, and was gloriously triumphant. He was called to leave his country, and to give up all for God ; and he did it. He was commanded to offer up his beloved son ; and he rose up early in the morning in his instant readiness to obey. We, too, are called on now to walk along a path as trying to flesh and blood ; do we too hasten to obey the call ? Whether we do or not, this much is certain, that all who are Abraham's children have the spirit, and do the works of Abraham (John viii. 39). Wherefore ; in settling this weighty question regarding the genuineness of our Christian profession, let us, by no means, overlook the evidence of the pocket-book.

The pocket-book is also an admirable test of a professor's love. "God is love;" and when he proceeds to restore his lost image on the hearts of his children, one of the first and most prominent fruits of the Spirit is love. Jesus is incarnate love; and his disciples are called not only to enjoy his grace, but to be the instruments of its exercise to others. The amazing love of Christ's heart is to be manifested to a wondering world by the display of it, in part at least, in the loving lives of his believing little ones. There may be varying measures of love in different individuals, but the family temper is holy love; and a true Christian without love to God and love to man is an impossibility (1 Cor. xiii.) Now, do we love God, and do we love our neighbours, and how much do we love? Nay, let there be no fervent professions, which only tend to self-deception; let there be no words at all. Love—genuine love—in a world like this is always a very costly thing; and in settling a question like this, let us appeal to the pocket-book. How much does our love really cost us? This will afford us material for an approximative estimate of its real amount; of our real compassion for the souls that are perishing, and for the bodies that are suffering everywhere around us. Not, indeed, that the mere amount given can of itself indicate this; for there may be much given where there is more kept back, and where there is therefore little love; and there may be little given where there is nothing kept, and where there is therefore much love. We see both cases illustrated in the offerings to the temple treasury, when the poor widow, with her two mites, cast in little with much love, for she kept back nothing; while the rich donors, of their abundance cast in much, yet with little love, for they kept back almost all. The true question then is, not what is the amount of money given, but what self-denial has been cheerfully exercised in the giving of it? What personal convenience, what comfort, what necessity, what urgent necessity, has been denied in order to minister in love to the still more urgent need of others? Ah, my friends, our own pocket-books can tell us many things on this point which it may be profitable for some of us to listen to; and let us not forget that the religion which spares the pocket-book is but a mockery.

Another weighty question, which the pocket-book will help us to answer, is the question that relates to our individual responsibilities, and how far we are cultivating a sense of obligation to discharge them. All that we have, we have in trust. It is God himself who, after all, fills the pocket-book (Eccles. v. 19); that same God who also claims that we use the whole of it for him. To deny this is to take the ground of virtual atheism. We are but stewards now, mere stewards of all the good things which, for the present, we *seem* to possess. By-and-bye, we shall get our own eternal things (Luke xvi. 12), and what these may be depends very much on the way in which we discharge our present stewardship. What a pity that this is so little remembered now! but though it be forgotten for the present, it shall ere long be felt

to have been the most important fact of life. In what a different light the large balance of profits, at the year's end, looks to two men, the one of whom regards it as his own, to be disposed of as he pleases; and the other looks on it as so much more entrusted to him, and for which he is to give strict account in a little while. However, we must never forget that we are entrusted with many other things as well as money. Every Christian has had committed to him talents unspeakably more precious than any amount of gold whatever. We would neither undervalue nor yet overvalue the power of money; but, after all, what can it by itself accomplish? Unless it be under the control of something infinitely better than itself, it is perfectly useless for doing the work of God. Of all the gifts with which their gracious Lord has endowed his servants, perhaps money is the very least that is entrusted to a regenerated man; and we have but poorly learned the lessons which our Bibles teach us, if we have not been taught to value, far above any measure of earthly wealth whatever, the gentle power of a sympathizing heart, the special gift of prevailing prayer, the blessed influence of a holy life, or any other one of the complete circle of graces that spring out of an Enoch-walk with God. But still, even in regard to these elements of a Christian's trust, the pocket-book may be usefully employed as a sort of general test whether or not we be faithful stewards. If a man be prayerful and conscientious in the use of all the money with which God entrusts him, the probability is that he employs his other talents in the same spirit; while if he be unfaithful and selfish here, is it presumption to conclude that he is an unfaithful steward all through? In the higher matters, then, of a believer's responsibility, as well as in the more humble one of mere pecuniary trust, the pocket-book will throw considerable light upon the question of our faithful stewardship.

Alas, what cheats we practise on ourselves. No public plunderer, living by his wits, so works on the credulity of his fellows, as we are, each of us, tempted to practise on our own. He that best knows his own heart will be the humblest and the wisest man. And this complete self-knowledge will scarcely be attained without the aid of the pocket-book. How many have learned themselves, to their own humbling, by God's dealing with their purse. There have been not a few, who, while they remained poor, have seemed quite contented; nay, they seemed even to be exceedingly generous. Their little surplus was cheerfully expended in doing good; and if, at any time, they expressed regret for their poverty, it was only when it restrained the large-handed benevolence on which their hearts, they thought, were set. Whatever else they wanted, they did not seem to want a giving spirit. "Oh," perhaps it was said, "if I had only half as much as such another has, in what different fashion would I use it!" Well, the wish has been met, the purse has been filled, the coveted ability for doing good on an extensive scale

has been bestowed, and how has it been used? Used! ask the pocket-book, and it will tell how it has been shamefully abused. Many a poor man, if he had continued poor, would never have learned how perfectly fitted that word is to the heart of man, "*When riches increase, set not your hearts upon them;*" and would have been spared the humiliation of furnishing a fresh illustration of the old story, "*How rich Jacob forgot what poor Jacob promised.*"

And if the filling of the pocket-book has revealed to many their own hollowness, the emptying of the pocket-book has done the same service to others. Ah, it is often felt to be a trying thing, when the Lord lays his hand on the pocket-book and empties it of thousand after thousand till the whole is gone. Many an unsuspecting soul has thus learned how strong were its attachments to its earthly idols; while not a few humble but morbidly self-jealous spirits have been surprised to find how cheerfully, amid their blighted comforts, they could sing Habakkuk's song.

Perhaps the reader has not been in the habit of practically regarding the right use of the pocket-book as an actual ordinance of God, and a most helpful and precious means of grace. And yet it is so. God has been graciously pleased to link us to himself by the happy tie of our universal and continual need, by which we are constantly constrained to come to him, that thus he might have the glory and the joy of continually giving to us, and we might have the joy of continually receiving from him. And he has also linked us to each other by the most sweet and happy tie of our mutual dependence, a bond that is most blessed where it is recognized and acted on in the power of a true Christ-like spirit. He bestows an over-fulness of temporal good on one, that this one may have the joy and honour of supplying another's lack; and this in order that each may be drawn more lovingly to each, and all more thankfully and trustingly to him. Of course, the world is completely out of harmony with God's holy mind on this, as on all other matters; but his children, who have been renewed in order that they may again be made after his image, should seek the largest measure of sympathy with their heavenly Father's mind. And has he not given the witness of his Spirit to our attendance on this ordinance, as well as on any other? Who is there that has been faithful to this ordinance of giving, and who has never tasted the sweet tokens of his approval, which God bestows in secret on the self-denying worshipper? So then, while we thank God for the ordinance of the weekly Sabbath, and the Lord's Supper, and the preaching of the Word, and the throne of grace, let us not forget to thank him also for this ordinance of Christian stewardship, with all its connected mercies.

And let the Sabbath-keeping church-goer be aware that a pilfered pocket-book will bring on his soul a guilt as dark as broken Sabbaths, or the house of God forsaken. In our own day, when so many innovations are being introduced, exciting fear in some and hope in others, it is matter for rejoicing that Christ's claims upon the pocket-book are being more and more recognized. Would that it were everywhere practically realized, as one of the elementary teachings of the holy Word, that the forgiven soul has been redeemed with all its belongings for the service of God. But, alas, how far are many of us behind, I shall not say the ancient Christians, but behind even the world around us! The heathen still, like their ancestors in Bible times, "*lavish gold out of the bag,*" and that, too, on a scale which might make many professing Christians blush. And, not to speak of the world's costly vices, let us look to men of taste in the indulgence of their taste, and men of science in the pursuit of science. The Christian, too, ought to have his special taste and his peculiar pursuit. What this taste, what this pursuit should be, the Bible leaves us little room to doubt; and if the heart were wholly given up to it, then he would not scruple to use the pocket-book, and "*spare not*" in gratifying his heavenly passion for good works.

But, ere we close, let us not forget the case of the poor disciple who has not been trusted with a pocket-book. Beloved brother, that incomparable story of the widow and her two mites was told for your encouragement. Do not let your heart be troubled about the poverty that has come to you in an honest way. It helps to make you all the more like your blessed Lord; and as for holy service in self-denying giving, why it is easier to you than others. Your every gift, my brother, is, what the rich man's gift not always is, a self-denial. His often costs him nothing, but your gift always costs you much. And though your gift in itself is small, offer it up with much love, and its outward meanness shall not make it any the less precious, for it is the love, and not the gold, that is to God an odour of a sweet smell. And again, though you cannot serve God by your great gifts out of your abundance, you can render equal service by your humble faith and thankful patience in the midst of trying penury. You have it quite as much in your power as any one has, to make the best of both worlds, and that in the true and highest sense. So then, in a word, whether God has given us riches or given us poverty, for in truth both are *gifts* (Prov. xxx. 8), let us never cease to carry with us a sense of our solemn responsibility, and to aim continually that we may receive at last his "*well-done, good and faithful servant.*"

J. D.



BY THE WAY.

I.

AS onward still we journey
To our Father's House above,
In the path which He has
chosen

We are guided by His love.
Though it lead through pleasant places,
We do not dare to stay ;
Our Home is not among them,
Though we pass them by the way.

II.

We pass the breezy mountains,
We pass the dashing rills,
We pass the shady forests,
And we pass the sunny hills :
To rest us here were pleasant,
But we must not, cannot stay ;
Our Home is yet beyond us,
And we pass them by the way.

III.

But should the stormy tempest
Hang lowering in the sky ;
Or pass we through the desert,
Where all is parched and dry ;

These things but make our journey
More dreary for a day ;
Our Home is yet beyond us,
And we pass them by the way.

IV.

We dearly love the beauty
Of the woods and meadows fair,
And gladly thank our Father,
If He should lead us there ;
We are weary on the mountain
In the hot and sultry day ;
But our Home is still beyond us,
Though we suffer by the way.

V.

For walking still before us
Is Christ the ever blest,
And the road by which He leads us
Will bring us to His rest :
And little shall we reckon
In that bright and glorious day,
If the path were smooth or stony,
Where He led us by the way.

E. E. M.

NOTES INTRODUCTORY TO THE PSALTER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BINNIE, D.D., STIRLING.

NO. IV.—THE DAVIDIC ORDINANCES FOR THE SERVICE OF SONG.

ALTHOUGH the psalms we owe to David are more in number than those of all the other psalmists taken together, it would be doing injustice to his memory if we did not look beyond them in estimating the whole amount of the contribution he was honoured to make to the hymnology of the Church of God. His services were not of one kind only, but manifold ; inasmuch that it would not be going too far were we to affirm that, if the son of Jesse had not written a single psalm, he should still have deserved to be held in everlasting remembrance as one of the principal in-

struments by whom God taught his Church to hymn his praise. As we remarked in a former paper, he was a Prophet, not a whit behind the very chiefest of the prophets. In this character he was commissioned by the Lord to introduce into Israel ordinances or institutions which exercised an immense influence on psalmody, in many ways, especially in forming the minds of the succession of psalmists who took part in the composition of new songs, both in his own time and in the generations that followed, down to the cessation of prophecy and the close of the canon.

The Davidic ordinances were twofold. In the

first place, being called by the providence of God and moved by his Spirit to re-arrange the whole Levitical ministrations, he appointed a new Service of Song in the house of the Lord, and set apart a numerous company, selected from the three principal families of the sacred tribe, to minister continually in that service. In the second place, he formed in Jerusalem a School of Psalmody in connection with the sanctuary. The elucidation of these very interesting Ordinances of David will furnish abundant materials for the present paper: and I am the more anxious to call attention to the facts pertaining to this department of the subject, because they have been little discussed, and will probably be new to most readers.

It is remarkable that the Law of Moses made no provision for a stated SERVICE OF SONG in the tabernacle. It is not to be imagined, indeed, that till David's reign the Church was utterly unfurnished with such a service; that the saints who lived under Moses and the Judges had no divine songs to cheer their pilgrimage. On the contrary, as it has been already remarked, the Song of Moses lived in the memories of the people, and was sung in their dwellings from Baahan to the Sea. They possessed, moreover, the Song of the Red Sea, the Ninetieth Psalm, and, latterly, the songs of Deborah and Hannah. And who can doubt that there were other sacred lyrics? It is very evident that there was no lack of song in the School of the Prophets at Ramah. Respecting the *uses* to which the divine songs were put by the body of the people, it is impossible to speak particularly. The information we possess is very scanty. However, it does not seem likely that their use was confined to the family-circle and the School of Ramah. I am much inclined to think that when the new moons and the Sabbaths came round they would be sung likewise in more public religious assemblies, like those we are familiar with in the synagogues of a later age. But, however this may be, it is certain that there was no psalmody in the original Tabernacle Service. With the single exception of the Aaronic benediction, prescribed in the sixth of Numbers, the ordinances which the Law of Moses appointed for the Tabernacle were purely ceremonial, the shadow of good things to come. It

was not the least of the honours put on the man after God's own heart that he was commissioned to enrich the Levitical ministrations with such a spiritual heavenly ordinance as the Service of Song. This, taken in connection with the erection of the temple (which may be said also to have been David's work, since Solomon found the plan and the materials lying ready to his hand), constituted the only considerable alteration in the service of the Sanctuary during the continuance of the Old Testament dispensation. On this subject Jonathan Edwards remarks as follows in his "History of Redemption"—"God by David perfected the Jewish worship, and added to it several new institutions. The law was given by Moses, but yet all the institutions of the Jewish worship were not given by Moses; some were added by divine direction. So this greatest of all personal types of Christ did not only perfect Joshua's work, in giving Israel the possession of the promised land, but he also finished Moses' work, in perfecting the instituted worship of Israel. . . . Thus David as well as Moses was made like to Christ the Son of David, in this respect, that by him God gave a new ecclesiastical establishment and new ordinances of worship."

This great Reformation in the worship of the Hebrew Church was not accomplished all at once, like the introduction of the Mosaic ordinances. It was brought in by a succession of measures, distributed over many years. Detailed information respecting these can be gathered from a series of contemporary documents which have been carefully engrossed in the first book of the Chronicles. As they possess much interest, and shed not a little light on the subject at present in hand, a brief notice of them here will not be out of place.

There is reason to believe that the prophet Samuel, among his other measures for the reformation of religion in Israel, had it in his heart to introduce some new arrangement of the Levitical ministrations, in the room of that which Moses had set up, and which altered circumstances had now rendered obsolete. There is reason to believe also that, before his death, he communicated his thoughts on the subject to David—the man who, as God's anointed king and prophet, would one day be able to carry them out. It is

only on this supposition that we can explain the remarkable collocation of the names of "David and Samuel the seer" in 1 Chron. ix. 22. However, nothing was done in the matter till David's throne was established in Jerusalem, and he was able to give effect to his long-cherished desire to bring forth the ark of the Lord from the obscurity in which it lay at Kirjath-jearim, and establish it in his own city. To this epoch we can trace the first of his ordinances for the Service of Song. We have already seen that David's harp awoke to ecstasy at this time, and that among other psalms which date from it, there is one that was evidently composed for the express purpose of being sung at the solemn removal of the ark. I do not know that there is sufficient ground for affirming, with many critics, that the psalm in question—the Twenty-fourth—was sung by the procession in responsive choirs. But whatever opinion may be formed on that point, there can be no doubt that the psalm is one which demanded no little musical skill on the part of those who sung it, as they marched on that High Day, bearing the ark of the Lord of hosts within the ancient gates of the city of Melchizedek.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein,
For he hath founded it upon seas,
And established it upon streams.

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in his holy place?
He that is clean of hands and pure of heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
Nor sworn deceitfully.
He shall carry away a blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek him,
That seek thy face, O [God of] Jacob. [Selah.]

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of Glory shall come in.
'Who is this King of Glory?'
The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And lift them up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of Glory shall come in.
'Who is He, this King of Glory?'
The Lord of hosts,
He is the King of Glory. [Selah.]

No one who studies this psalm with attention will doubt that David, when he composed it to be sung in a solemn national assembly, must have known that he could reckon on the services of a numerous body of thoroughly educated musicians. Where were these to be found? The answer to that

question is furnished by the chapter in First Chronicles, which narrates at great length the arrangements made for the solemnity. Among other things, we are told that "David spake to the chief of the Levites to appoint their brethren to be the singers, with instruments of music, psalteries and harps and cymbals sounding, by lifting up the voice with joy;" and that, being thus admonished, "the Levites appointed Heman, Asaph, and Ethan," with fourteen others "of the second degree." And it is added that "Chenaniah, the chief of the Levites for song, instructed about the song, because he was skilful" (xv. 16–22. Hebrew). From all this it is evident that although, under the law of Moses, there was nothing about the ministrations of the Levites that obliged them to pay special attention to music and song, some leading men in the sacred tribe had been led to do so, and had attained great proficiency. It is instructive, in this connection, to remark that the prophet Samuel was himself a Levite, and that Heman, one of the three Levitical masters of song, was his grandson. This reminds us of the fact we took notice of before, that in Samuel's school at Ramah sacred music and song were among the most prominent studies in which the prophets were exercised. We may safely conjecture that Heman would not be the only member of the sacred tribe who profited by the studies of his grandfather's school, and that it was by these studies that the Levites were prepared for the honourable office which God had in store for them in his house. It is worthy of notice that, all along, there was great intimacy between David and certain families of the Levites. Among those who joined him at Ziklag were a band of the sons of Korah (1 Chron. xii. 6); and we may well believe that the psalms which, like so many constellations, beautified and cheered the long night of his early sufferings, would often be sung by his men. Well, when the ark was to be brought up, it was with the Levites David put himself into communication. He let them know that it was his heart's desire that there should be a solemn procession, and that the ark should be welcomed with a psalm into the place he had prepared for it. He put into their hands the Twenty-fourth psalm, and enjoined them to make arrangements among themselves for having it chanted to an appropriate

tune, not without a grand instrumental accompaniment. "So the singers, Heman, Asaph, and Ethan, were appointed to sound with cymbals of brass," that with these clear-toned instruments they might effectually sustain and guide the voices of the multitude of singers. Eight other Levites were appointed to accompany the song with psalteries, and six with harps. In all these arrangements the king took the deepest personal interest. He was himself an enthusiastic and accomplished musician. Long after, when the prophet Amos launched his invective against the *dilettanti* of degenerate Israel—men who spent their days on music for the mere carnal delight—he described them as "inventing to themselves instruments of music like David." Among the instruments used at the bringing home of the ark there would be some of the king's own invention. We may be sure that nothing which musical science could supply would be wanting on the joyous occasion. The sacred historian relates that, when the High Day arrived, the king threw off the conventionalities of royal state, arrayed himself in a linen robe and ephod, and danced and played before the Lord in the solemn procession.

The next step David took was to arrange for the continuance of this Levitical Service of Song as a perpetual ordinance before the Lord. The narrative of this comes immediately after that of the bringing up of the ark into the City of David. Among other things, we are informed that the king "appointed certain of the Levites to minister before the ark of the LORD, and to record, and to thank and praise the LORD God of Israel;" and it is added, "So he left there before the ark of the covenant of the LORD Asaph and his brethren, to minister before the ark continually, as every day's work required" (1 Chron. xvi. 4, 37). It is to be remembered that when the ark was deposited in the new tent prepared for it in David's city, no attempt was made to remove the Tabernacle of the wanderings, or the great Altar of burnt sacrifice, from the station they had long occupied on the high place at Gibeon. It was there, and not at Jerusalem, that the sons of Aaron offered the burnt-offerings for all Israel till the temple of Solomon was finished. David was careful to provide for a service of song at both sanctuaries.

Accordingly, while Asaph and his brethren were appointed to minister in song before the ark in Jerusalem, Heman and Jeduthun, with their brethren, were appointed to minister under Zadok the priest, at Gibeon, singing and playing on musical instruments when the morning and evening oblations were offered, "giving thanks to the LORD, because his mercy endureth for ever" (1 Chron. xvi. 39–41; compare chap. vi. 31, 32).

What were the particular psalms appointed to be sung, day by day, by these Levitical choirs, we are not informed. It is known with tolerable certainty what were the psalms appointed respectively for every day of the week in the Second Temple. The Ninety-second is expressly described in the superscription as "a Psalm or Song for the Sabbath-day;" and a Jewish tradition, which is believed to be authentic, indicates the psalms that were sung successively on the other six days. It is well known, moreover, that a cycle of psalms, beginning with the Hundred and thirteenth—the "Great Hallel," as it is called—was regularly sung at the passover, and the other solemn feasts. It may be presumed that some arrangement of this kind would be made by David from the first; but on this point the sacred history is silent. There is a passage, indeed, in the chapter which relates David's appointment of the continual service before the Lord, which might seem to intimate that the Hymn which fills the greater part of that chapter was, on that occasion, delivered by the royal psalmist into the hand of the Levites. This is evidently the light in which our translators regarded the passage in question; for they render it thus: "Then on that day David delivered first *this psalm* to thank the LORD into the hand of Asaph and his brethren. Give thanks unto the LORD, call upon his name, make known his deeds among the people," &c. (1 Chron. xvi. 7, 8). But, as thus rendered, the statement is erroneous. The hymn which the chronicler has set down, and which it is impossible to read without perceiving its singular appropriateness for the temple service, is a kind of lyrical mosaic. It is a composition made up of portions of Psalms cv., xcvi., and cvi. Now it is certain that these were not, and could not be, delivered by *David* into the hand of Asaph. One of them bears evident marks of having been written dur-

ing the Babylonish captivity; and it is next to certain that none of them is of an earlier date than the reign of Jehoshaphat or Hezekiah. It will be observed that the words *this psalm* are printed in italics, to intimate that they are wanting in the Hebrew, and were supplied by the translators to complete what they took to be the sense of the historian. The verse would have been better rendered thus: "Then on that day David first caused to thank the Lord by the hands of Asaph and his brethren;"—and indeed this is the sense assigned by almost all the translators, ancient and modern, from the Seventy to Luther and De Wette. Bishop Patrick's note is as follows: "*This David appointed or ordained in the first place at that time*, namely, that God should be praised by Asaph and his colleagues in the manner following. Which solemn service began on the day when he brought up the ark, and ever after was continued." What the historian meant to state was simply, that this was the first occasion on which David gave charge to Asaph to minister before the Lord in the continual Service of Song. Having made this statement, he inserts in his narrative, at this point, those portions of the Psalter which in his time had come into daily use in the temple service. There is, of course, a *prolepsis* in the insertion of the magnificent composition in connection with David's ordinances; but it is just such a *prolepsis* as is of frequent occurrence in the Chronicles, and cannot justly be censured as involving either error or oversight.

David having thus established the continual service of song in the hands of Asaph, Heman, and Jeduthun, with their brethren, nothing more was done in the matter till near the close of his life. Meanwhile the Lord had, by Nathan, signified his approval of the king's project of erecting a temple in the room of the tabernacle. It was plain that the old distribution of duty among the members of the sacred tribe, according to which so many Levitical families were set apart to the business of carrying the sacred vessels and the several parts of the tabernacle when the camp removed from place to place, was no longer appropriate, and might with advantage be set aside. The royal prophet, accordingly, a short time before his death, was led to make a new distribution of service: "For David said, The Lord God of

Israel hath given rest unto his people, that they may dwell in Jerusalem for ever: and also unto the Levites; they shall no more carry the tabernacle, nor any vessels of it for the service thereof." The particulars of the redistribution are given in the twenty-third and twenty-fifth chapters of the first book of Chronicles. The only points that we are concerned to take notice of at present being those relating to psalmody, it is sufficient to observe that of the Levites no fewer than Four Thousand were appointed for song, "to stand every morning to thank and praise the Lord, and likewise at even." These singers were divided into four and twenty courses, of which fourteen were presided over by the fourteen sons of Heman the Korahite, four by the four sons of Asaph, and six by the six sons of Ethan.

Before passing from the consideration of these ordinances of David for the Levitical service of song, I am anxious to put in a caveat against a misapprehension of their design, into which the unwary student of the Bible is apt to fall. It would be a grave error to imagine that the singing of the psalms by the Levitical choirs, with the accompaniment of instrumental music, was either the principal or the most honourable use for which these sacred lyrics were designed by the Holy Spirit. No doubt the service was a very magnificent and imposing one: and we have already pointed out that there was in it a larger infusion of the spiritual element than was found in the original Levitical ordinances. Yet, after all, the psalmody of the temple was a part of the ceremonial-worship of the old covenant; inferior, therefore, in real honour, because inferior in spirituality and truth, to the service of praise that ascended to God day by day from the dwellings of the godly in the land. An attentive consideration of the Psalms of David leaves on one's mind the impression that, although perhaps none of them was absolutely unfit for use in the Levitical service, the greater number were much better adapted for the simpler worship offered in families, and in such religious assemblies as gathered round the prophets on new moons and Sabbaths, to hear the Word of God. It was to this kind of worship, rather than to the magnificent ceremonial of the temple, that they most naturally lent themselves; and for it they were principally de-

signed from the first. The Psalter has sometimes been styled the Hymnal of the Temple, and I will not impugn the accuracy of the title; but if it was meant for the Temple, it was more obviously and emphatically meant, as it was more perfectly fitted, for the Family, the Synagogue, and the Catholic Church

We remarked at the outset that David, besides introducing a Levitical service of song, founded at Jerusalem a SCHOOL OF PSALMODY. This institution derives extraordinary importance from the fact that, with one or two doubtful exceptions, all the psalms which we owe to other pens than those of Moses and David, were written by men who were educated in, or owed their impulse to, this school at Jerusalem. A short notice of the facts that have been ascertained in relation to this subject cannot be out of place in these Notes.

That David founded in Jerusalem a school of *sacred music* needs no proof. It was involved in the dedication of four thousand Levites, *with their children after them*, to the service of song. That something more than music was to be taught in the school, might have been surmised from the circumstance that the presidents of the families of singers were something more than musicians. Let the reader turn to the twenty-fifth chapter of First Chronicles, and mark the terms there applied to Asaph, Jeduthun, and Heman. First we are told that the function of all three was to "*prophesy* with harps, with psalteries, and with cymbals;" then Asaph is described as one who "*prophesied* according to the order of the king;" Jeduthun as one "who *prophesied* with a harp, to give thanks and to praise the Lord;" and Heman is styled "*the king's seer* in the words of God." These terms are highly significant, and ought not to be passed lightly over or explained away. They show that the presidents of the Levitical families were not mere *artists*, mere musical performers. They were men to whom God was wont to vouchsafe those supernatural motions of the Holy Spirit which were witnessed in the Seventy Elders whom Moses ordained in the wilderness, and which attested the gracious presence of God in Samuel's school at Ramah. In regard to some of them, we have warrant to go further. It may perhaps

be doubted whether the Heman and Ethan-Jeduthun, whose names occur in the superscriptions of Psalms lxxxviii and lxxxix, are to be identified with the famous singers who bore those names in David's reign; but it is certain that the Asaph of David's reign was a writer of psalms. It is certain also that whether Heman was a psalmist or not, his brethren the sons of Korah, over whom he presided, enjoyed that high honour. These Levites, therefore, were "holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Having, like David himself, been trained in poetry and song, they, like him, enjoyed the supernatural inspiration of the Spirit, that they might be qualified to bring gifts into the treasury of sacred psalmody. It may safely be assumed that the school which had such men for Presidents was something more than a musical academy.

I am much inclined to think that what David did in this matter was, in effect, the transplantation to Jerusalem, or the reproduction there, of the school of the prophets which Samuel so long taught at Ramah, and to which David had been so much indebted in his youth. Let such facts as the following be carefully weighed, and I believe they will be found capable of sustaining this conjecture. First of all, let it be remembered that Samuel's school at Ramah had proved itself to be an institution of incomparable value in promoting every part of the comprehensive scheme of reformation which it was the aim of Samuel to accomplish. The more the Israelitish history is investigated, the more clearly does it appear that, in regard to the diffusion of the knowledge of the Divine law and of the history of the chosen people, in regard to the revival of living religion, and in regard to the cultivation of spiritual gifts, Samuel's school exerted a greater influence than any other institution in the country. This was so well known, that when Elijah and Elisha, some generations afterwards, were moved to attempt, in the kingdom of the Ten Tribes, a Reformation similar to that which Samuel had accomplished in the undivided nation, they took a lesson from his example, and set up Prophetical Schools. This they did at Gilgal, at Jericho, at Bethel. These homes of "the sons of the prophets," it will be observed, all lay within the Ten Tribes. After Samuel's death we do not meet with a

single notice of such an institution in the kingdom of Judah. How is this to be explained? Is it to be supposed that Judah was less favoured in this particular than her sister Samaria? that while the kingdom which had broken away from the House of the Lord had colleges in which her young men were taught in the law of the Lord, and trained in the exercises of piety under holy prophets, the more faithful kingdom was restricted to the carnal ordinances of the Levitical system? Above all, can it be believed that a prince like David, who knew so well the value of Samuel's institution, would permit it to go down without setting up some similar school to continue its work? These are questions which admit of only one reply. We cannot doubt that when David chose Jerusalem for the capital of the kingdom, and found that the Lord had chosen it for His dwelling-place, the seat of the ark and the solemn worship, and when he gathered to it the heads of the sacred tribe, he not only founded a school of sacred music, but made it, in effect, a prophetic school also—an institution in which the sons of Levi might be trained in the knowledge of the Law, and in which especially the families of Heman, Asaph, and Jeduthun might receive such instruction in music and song as would fit them for giving voice to the feelings of the Church in new songs, if God by his Spirit should ever call them to that honourable duty. The Korahites were Samuel's kinsmen—for he was a Levite of the family of Korah—and Heman was the old prophet's descendant. It would have been strange indeed if David had allowed the grace, the spiritual gifts, the cultivated taste of these seers, to be expended only in personal services, which would, for the most part, die with themselves. Our conjecture therefore is, that David's School of Sacred Song was, in effect, the reproduction at Jerusalem of Samuel's Prophetic School, in closer connection than ever with the Levitical tribe. It agrees with this that Heman is always presented as the Chief of David's Levitical seers, having Asaph on his right hand, and Ethan-Jeduthun on his left (1 Chron. vi. 39, 44). It is no small confirmation of our whole theory that when Jehoshaphat, in the beginning of his reign, commiserating the ignorance and spiritual destitution of the people, sent chosen

men in circuit through the whole kingdom, "to teach in the cities of Judah" the law of the Lord, it was in the tribe of Levi that the necessary learning was found—a clear proof that there existed in Jerusalem some such Levitical school as we have supposed David to have founded.

The importance of the service David rendered to the cause of Bible psalmody by his School of Sacred Song is best illustrated by the extent and value of the contributions made to the Psalter by the Levites who presided over or were trained within it. Interesting facts bearing on this will come before us when we reach the times of the later kings, the captivity, and the return. In the present paper we can only notice the psalmists who were David's contemporaries. Without a single exception, they were Levites, and belonged to the families who were dedicated to the service of song.

A word or two must be said at this point on a question relating to the superscriptions. Every reader knows, that while certain superscriptions, as they stand in our English Bibles, declare who were the *writers* of the respective psalms, running thus,—"*a psalm of David*," "*a psalm of Asaph*," "*a prayer of Moses the man of God*;" others declare rather the persons for whose benefit they were designed, or the singers who were to sing them in the sanctuary. Thus, one psalm is entitled "*a psalm for Solomon*;" and several are stated to be "*for the sons of Korah*." It is right to mention that in the Hebrew it is the same preposition that is used in all these cases; and a glance at the margin will show that our translators were by no means confident that they had done well to vary the rendering in English. In every instance in which they use *for* in the text they have set down *to* in the margin. I think it would not be difficult to assign the reason which deterred them from adopting a uniform rendering. They were haunted with the feeling that David was the real author of the psalms which bear the names of Solomon and the sons of Korah in their titles; that the Forty-second and Forty-third, for example, were written by him when he fled beyond the Jordan before the face of Absalom. Curiously enough, a touch of the same feeling shows itself in some of our best modern critics.

Dr. Hengstenberg is so strongly moved by it that he has betaken himself to the somewhat unnatural hypothesis, that although the sons of Korah were the writers of the two psalms referred to, they wrote in the king's name, and it was the feelings and exercises of *his* heart, rather than their own, that they uttered in song. Dr. Hupfeld, again, thinks these psalms are without doubt from David's pen, and summarily rejects the titles for naming the sons of Korah as the writers. I mention these opinions simply as an act of justice to our venerable translators; for they at least go to show that the rendering of the superscriptions was not varied through caprice or carelessness. However, there can be no doubt that the rendering given in the margin is the better of the two. The preposition in question has only one meaning in the superscriptions. Its uniform purpose is to indicate the authorship.

One other preliminary remark. Among the psalms ascribed in the titles to Asaph and the sons of Korah, are some which cannot have been written before the reign of Jehoshaphat. In the case of the Korahite psalms this need occasion no difficulty; for the sons of Korah continued to officiate as singers in the temple down to the fall of the monarchy. And the case of the Asaph psalms may well be explained on the same principle. The posterity of the great Asaph, the contemporary and prophet-psalmist of King David, were singers till long after the captivity; and it is a reasonable conjecture that one or more of the psalmists raised up from among them inherited their ancestor's name.

These observations premised, let us take note of the psalmists who were David's contemporaries, and the contributions they were honoured to make to the Psalter. The circumstance that, without exception, they were Levitical singers, and that they did not begin to write till the ark was established on Zion, is exceedingly significant, as an indication of the over-mastering influence exercised by David in the domain of psalmody. They were "the king's seers in the words of God."

Twelve psalms are, in the titles, ascribed to the **SONS OF KORAH**. The persons so designated were a Levitical family of the line of Kohath, and derived their name from their ancestor Korah—

the same whose name is commemorated with infamy in the history of the wanderings. Both by the original Mosaic ordinance, and by the ordinance of "David and Samuel the seer," "the oversight of the gates of the house of the Lord" was committed to them (1 Chron. ix. 23)—a circumstance that sheds new interest on the sentiment expressed by them in the Eighty-fourth psalm: "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." When it became known that the Lord had rejected Saul, and anointed David to the kingdom by the hand of their kinsman Samuel, certain Korahites were among the first to cast in their lot with the youthful hope of Israel (1 Chron. xii. 6). In the person of Heman, the grandson of Samuel, the family furnished David with one of his three prophet-psalmists; and of the twenty-four courses of singers, fourteen were presided over by Heman's sons. "All these were under the hands of their father for song in the house of the LORD, with cymbals, psalteries, and harps, for the service of the house of God" (1 Chron. xxv. 6). As Singers, the Korahites are mentioned as late as the reign of Jehoshaphat (2 Chron. xx. 19); as Porters, they are mentioned as serving in the second temple (Neh. xi. 19). None of the psalms bearing their name bears any mark of having been written after the captivity: a circumstance worth noting, as a corroboration of the accuracy of the superscriptions. It may be safely assumed that at least four of the twelve Korahite psalms were written by David's contemporaries. Of these the Forty-fourth appears to have been written in the crisis of David's Syrian and Edomite wars, when destruction seemed impending over the kingdom. The Forty-second and Forty-third (which go together) must have been written by some of the Korahites who accompanied David in his flight beyond the Jordan during Absalom's rebellion.

"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God."

"O my God, my soul is cast down within me:

Therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan,
and of the Hermonites,
From the hill Mizar."

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him,
The health of my countenance, and my God."

To the same occasion we may most probably

refer also the Eighty-fourth psalm. It everywhere breathes the same fervent thirst for that communion with the living God which is enjoyed by the faithful when they resort to the sanctuary.

"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!
My soul thirsteth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord:
My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."
"Blessed are they that dwell in thy house:
They will be still praising thee."

If David is, without controversy, the prince of the psalmists, ASAPH stands next to him in honour. The psalms in which the Levites sang praise to the Lord in the days of Hezekiah are called "the words of David and of *Asaph the seer*" (2 Chron. xxix. 31). The emphatic manner in which the prophetic title is here annexed to Asaph's name suggests that he was favoured with a larger measure of the prophetic spirit than any of the Levitical prophets who were his contemporaries. The facts known respecting him may be briefly told. He was a Levite, of the family of Gershon. He was one of the three presidents of the Levitical singers, standing at Heman's right hand, as Ethan-Jeduthun did at his left. His four sons presided, under him, over four companies. Their descendants continued to minister in the service of song as long as the first temple stood, and are mentioned in this connection in the histories of Jehoshaphat and Hezekiah (2 Chron. xx. 14; xxix. 13). They mustered, to the number of one hundred and twenty-eight, among the exiles who returned to Jerusalem with Zerubbabel, and are found ministering in the second temple shortly before the cessation of prophecy. When Zerubbabel and Jeshua laid the foundation of the house, amidst the tears and shoutings of the remnant who returned, it was the sons of Asaph who "praised the Lord with cymbals, after the ordinance of David king of Israel. And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord; because he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever toward Israel" (Ezra iii. 10, 11; Neh. xi. 22).

There must have been more than one Asaph in this family who was enabled to write psalms; for, of the twelve Asaph-psalms, several are of a date long subsequent to David's reign. It deserves to be noticed, however, as confirmatory of the testimony of the superscriptions in prefixing the name to all the twelve, that they constitute

a class by themselves. They are the following: Psalm 1, and Psalms lxxiii. to lxxxiii. inclusive. Dr. Delitzsch of Erlangen, who was the first to call attention to the peculiarities which characterize these Asaph-psalms, remarks, among other things, that "they are distinguished from the Korahite psalms by their prophetic and judicial character. Like the prophetic books, they frequently introduce God as the speaker. After the manner of the prophets, they contain lengthened representations of God as the Judge of all, as well as somewhat lengthened discourses spoken by Him in that character (Ps. 1; lxxv.; lxxii.). Besides their predictive aspect, the Asaph-psalms present an historical aspect also, frequently commemorating facts pertaining to the ancient times; and one of them, the Seventy-eighth, is altogether devoted to holding forth the ancient history of the nation as a mirror for the present generation to look into. The consecutive perusal of the twelve Asaph-psalms brings to light this other curious peculiarity, that Joseph and the tribes descended from him are mentioned more frequently in them than in any other." The reader may easily verify this last remark by turning to Psalms lxxvii. 15; lxxviii. 9, 67; lxxx. 1, 2; lxxxi. 5.

Of the Asaph-psalms which we have reason to suppose were written by David's illustrious contemporary himself, three may be named as worthy of special notice. The Seventy-eighth claims notice as one of the earliest of the historical psalms. It recapitulates the history of the chosen people from the Exodus till the reign of David; and it comes behind no psalm of its class for depth of insight into the treasures of instruction, which the Spirit of God has stored up in the Sacred History for the edification of all generations.

"Give ear, O my people, to my law:
Incline your ears to the words of my mouth.
I will open my mouth in a parable;
I will utter dark sayings 'from the ancient time:'
Which we have heard and known,
And our fathers have told us.
We will not hide them from their children,
Showing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord,
And his strength, and the wonderful works that he hath done."

The Seventy-third psalm is another of Asaph's; and it is one for which God's people will never cease to cherish his memory. It is a kind of lyrical epitome of the book of Job. It delineates

the trial and triumph of grace in a believer, whose faith, after staggering at the sight of prosperous wickedness, recovers on observing the sudden destruction of the ungodly, and especially on recollecting (what he feels he ought never to have forgotten) that the chief end and felicity of man is, after all, to be found in God;—not in worldly prosperity, but in the participation of God's favour.

"Whom have I in heaven?
And besides thee I have no desire upon earth.
My flesh and my heart faileth:
The strength of my heart and my portion is God for ever."

The Fiftieth psalm is from the same pen. It is remarkable for this, that although it was written at the time when the Levitical ritual was celebrated with its utmost splendour, and by a Levite, whose office called him to act a principal part in some of its most splendid services, it contains as energetic a protest as the apostle Paul ever uttered against the imagination that ceremonies are in themselves well-pleasing to God. It preaches, from the midst of the ritual magnificence of the age of David and Solomon, the very doctrine which our blessed Lord unfolded to the astonished woman of Samaria at Jacob's well, that God is a

Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. What could be plainer or bolder than these words?

"Hear, O my people, and I will speak;
O Israel, and I will testify against thee
I am God, even thy God."
"I will take no bullock out of thy house
Nor he goats out of thy folds.
For every beast of the forest is mine,
The cattle upon a thousand hills."
"If I were hungry, I would not tell thee:
For the world is mine, and the fulness thereof.
Will I eat the flesh of bulls,
Or drink the blood of goats?
Offer unto God thanksgiving;
And pay thy vows unto the most High:
AND CALL UPON ME IN THE DAY OF TROUBLE;
I WILL DELIVER THEE, AND THOU SHALT GLORIFY ME."

What a golden sentence this last is! The hecatombs that Solomon offered at the dedication of the House were, doubtless, acceptable in God's sight; but they owed their acceptance to the joyful faith that animated the offerers—to their humble reverence and unreserved devotion to the God of Israel. And there is not a poor troubled one on earth this day, there is not a soul crushed beneath a load of sorrow, in whom, if he will but importunately call on God, God will not take a higher delight than he did in the costly and magnificent offering of the king.

THE PARTING AT TYRE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.—FREE TRANSLATION.

"And they all brought us on our way, with wives and children, till we were out of the city: and we kneeled down on the shore, and prayed. And when we had taken our leave one of another, we took ship; and they returned home again."—ACTS XXI. 5, 6.

SEE of masts a forest, crowding
In Tyre's haven wide,
Vessels coming and departing
With each rising tide.

From the sunny summer regions,
From far northern shores,
To the queenly merchant city,
Nations send their stores.

How the tumult still increases!
How the crowds press on!
Yonder stands a maiden, weeping
For her loved one gone;
While beside her, safe returning
O'er the stormy main,
See the husband and the father
Clasp his own again!

From the busy scene retiring,
On the sheltered strand,

There, beneath the vault of heaven,
Meet a Christian band.
While the great Apostle, kneeling,
Lifts his hands in prayer,
Fathers, mothers, little children,
Kneel around him there.

Seven days he has been with them—
Ah, too quickly past!
Days of holy, blest communion—
Now has come the last!
See the distant signal waving—
No more sad delay!
Tearful blessings—last embraces—
Paul has passed away!

He is gone—the white sails filling,
Soon in distance fade;
Oh, the blank in heart and spirit
One short hour has made!

He is gone! awhile they linger
On the lonely shore,
Then return in mournful silence
To their homes once more.

* * * *

Oh, of many wounds, the deepest
To the tender heart,
Pierces in that bitter moment
When the loved must part!
In the hour of sweetest union
Sounds the parting knell;
More of love—then more of sorrow
With that word—Farewell!

Kindred spirits, long united,
Or but found too late,
All must hear at length the summons,
All must separate;
Far away their paths dividing
Over land and wave,
Or more deeply, darkly severed
By the closing grave.

Smiling, blushing, at the altar
Bridegroom stands with bride,—

Which shall stand, a lonely mourner,
One low tomb beside?
Gaily sounds the infant's laughter
In his mother's ear,—
Which of these shall weep in anguish
By the other's bier?

* * * *

Raise thine eyes, sad, lonely weeper,
To our Father's home!
From those pure and peaceful mansions
None can need to roam.
"We shall meet again, beloved!"
Through our tears we call;
"In Jerusalem the golden
There is room for all!"

Friends in Christ, who meet as pilgrims
On the homeward way,
Since to-morrow may divide us,
Draw more close to-day.
And, when comes the old Destroyer,
Say, with fearless heart,
"We are citizens of heaven—
Souls thou canst not part!"

H. L. L.

Sketches of Church History.

VII.—THE MAN OF GENIUS.

"We too, yes, mortal!
Have been as thou art—
Hope-lifted, fear-depressed, seeing in part,
Tried, troubled, tempted,
Sustained—as thou art."



AMONGST the happy Christian homes over which the persecution of Severus threw the shadow of death, there was one in Alexandria that deserves our especial notice. Not much is known of Leonides, a teacher of rhetoric in that city, except the great fact that he loved his Lord better than he loved his life. This, indeed, is all that distinctly or certainly remains to us of many of those whose names it has hitherto been our task to chronicle. But we have now to unveil a picture in which other hues are mingled beside the pure white of martyrdom and the midnight blackness of persecuting violence. The figure of the celebrated son of Leonides is a striking and interesting one; but it cannot be portrayed without those shadows and half-lights which are always seen on near inspection, though distance tends to annihilate, or at least to hide them from our view.

The Christian rhetorician of Alexandria carefully educated his young children in the fear of the Lord, so far as he himself understood it. From his earliest

childhood the eldest son, Origen, eagerly drank in the instruction he received. The Christians of that period, though not free from grave faults and errors, deserve the praise of having held the written Word in high estimation, and shown great earnestness in its study. Leonides made it the groundwork of his son's education, and adopted the excellent plan of causing him to commit a portion of it to memory every day.

This was no unwelcome task to the gifted child. Nor was he, like most children, interested only in the thrilling or pathetic narratives of Scripture, or moved by its solemn appeals to the conscience. Very early there awoke within him thought and imagination, the imagination of genius rather than of childhood. He startled and perplexed his father by his questions about the hidden meanings of the Scriptures he learned. Leonides often could not answer him, and probably the wisest men of his own or of any other age might have been equally at fault. But he rightly considered the thorny paths of speculation, towards which his son was

looking with such eager eyes, very unfit for his tender feet. He therefore discouraged such inquiries as he thought profitless or unsuitable for a child; and exhorted him to keep to the plain sense of Scripture, and to rest content with that.

Still he watched the opening of his son's mind, not only with keen interest, but with intense pleasure. Often did he thank God for having given him such a child; it is even recorded that at night when he slept he used to stand beside him, and sometimes, with a kind of fond superstition, to uncover and kiss his bosom, deeming, in solemn joy not unmixed with awe, that the Holy Spirit had already deigned to make that childish heart his temple. He would have rejoiced with trembling had he understood this truth, which holds good in the mental as in the material world, that the most precious and beautiful things are ever the most "perilously fashioned," and liable, by their very constitution, to a thousand dangers that others escape. Moreover, it is probable that he did not accurately distinguish between the sanctifying grace bestowed by the Spirit of God, and those bright intellectual gifts which, valuable as they are in their place, are yet of a lower and entirely different order. It sometimes happens that the "wild grapes" which spring from the soil of the natural heart look, in form and colour, so like the genuine growth of the Lord's vineyard, that it is not easy to distinguish between them. It may, under certain circumstances, be even impossible to do so; as in the case of a gifted impressible child, readily interested in what interests those around, and full of all those attractive and fascinating qualities which may truly be called "the dew of youth."

But Origen had other instructors beside his father. Alexandria, a city always the centre of great intellectual activity, was at that time the seat of a very celebrated school for Christian education. It is not certain at what period this school was founded; but probably it was first intended simply for the instruction of catechumens in the Christian religion. It afterwards became, however, "a seminary for the training of the clergy, and for completing the instruction of the most highly educated converts." It attained great eminence under Pantænus, who had formerly been a Stoic philosopher, and who unhappily retained, and mingled with his religious teaching, many fragments of his former belief. We now begin to notice the result of an unhallowed union between the old Greek philosophy and the doctrines of the New Testament. The natural, though mistaken, desire of many of the Christian teachers to conciliate the more educated amongst the heathen, by respecting their prejudices, was a strong motive for this union. And too often the votaries of the purer faith themselves, instead of fully and freely opening their hearts to the presence and the influence of him in whom old things pass away and all things become new, only engrafted a kind of Christianity, more or less imperfect, upon the stock of those very "old things"

which they ought to have uprooted and flung from them with all the force of their souls. Pantænus gave, it is true, strong evidence of the reality of his personal faith in Christ, by performing a toilsome and perilous missionary journey into India; still the effects of his teaching were, upon the whole, very disastrous. We may trace the development of his principles in the writings of his more celebrated pupil and successor, Clement of Alexandria. Three considerable works of this Father have come down to us: the "Exhortation to the Gentiles," the "Pedagogue," and the "Stromata," or "Tapestry-work," a kind of miscellany. Notwithstanding many excellent things which they contain, these books afford painful evidence of a wide departure from the simplicity of the truth, both by their comparative silence on some of the most important doctrines of the faith, and by their questionable statements of the utility and importance of the old philosophy. Clement believed this to have been the gift of God, and even went so far as to think that it was intended to answer the same purpose towards the Greeks that the Law of Moses did towards the Jews.

Clement, the pupil of Pantænus, was in his turn the teacher of the young Origen. There was much in his instructions that must have been very congenial to the disposition of his scholar. Imaginative natures like to approve and to love, and to find out hidden harmony under apparent dissimilarity. The *eclectic* philosophy, which as Clement, its votary, declared, "embodies whatever is well said by each of the sects in teaching righteousness and religious knowledge," was entirely to the taste of Origen. It was equally pleasant to him to find out many things which were, or seemed to be, "well said" in the works of Plato, the prince of Greek philosophers, and also in others of less note, with which, at a very early period, he became familiar.

At the age of sixteen he seems to have been already far advanced in such studies. It was then that the persecution of Severus deprived him, not indeed of the most learned, but of perhaps the best and wisest of his teachers. His father was thrown into prison as a Christian, and lay there in the expectation of a cruel death. Under these circumstances, young Origen showed a remarkable degree of zeal and courage. He was not only undaunted by the near approach of danger, but actually eager to go and meet it. Fain would he have accompanied his father to prison and to death; nor would he forego the prospect of the martyr's crown even at the pleadings of his sorrowing mother. Dreading the loss of both her beloved ones in a single day, she succeeded in preserving the life of her son by confining him to the house, and concealing all his wearing apparel. But it remains a question whether it would have been better or worse for himself, and for the Christian Church, had the brave and gifted, but impetuous boy, been allowed to have his way, and to add another name to the list of youthful witnesses for Christ.

When he could do nothing else, Origen wrote an en-

couraging and consolatory letter to his father. "Father," he said, "faint not, and be not concerned on our account."

Leonides was beheaded, and the whole of his property confiscated to the emperor. Origen was thus left a penniless orphan; the eldest of seven helpless and dependent children. But a wealthy Alexandrian lady pitied the extreme poverty of the bereaved family, and took young Origen into her house. His satisfaction at this timely provision for his wants was alloyed by the necessity it imposed on him of associating with a certain heretical teacher named Paul, to whom, for some reason or other, his patroness had extended her hospitality. But though obliged to spend a portion of his time in the company of the heretic, Origen could never be induced to attend his lectures, or to unite with him in prayer.

In the meantime, he applied himself diligently to his studies, and soon learned all that could be taught him at school. Clement, his instructor, had been driven into exile by the persecution, and none had arisen to take his dangerous though honourable post. Under these circumstances, several educated Pagans, who desired information about the Christian religion, came to young Origen for the purpose. He gave them what they sought; they in turn brought him other scholars, and the fame of his genius and precocious learning began to spread. At length, at the age of eighteen, he was formally appointed, by Demetrius, Bishop of Alexandria, to the important office of Master of the Catechetical School.

Demetrius, in making this appointment, certainly set his young favourite in "slippery places." Whatever his genius may have been, a mere boy, totally without experience, was scarcely the fit person for a position of such prominence and importance. Moreover, he had still much—very much—to learn. Wise teaching, and faithful Christian counsel, might at this period have been of inestimable service to him. They might have saved him from some of those melancholy departures from the simplicity of the gospel that marred his usefulness during his life-time, and left the marks of their pernicious influence upon the Church long after his death. But there seemed to be none in Alexandria able or willing to give them. He resembled a gallant ship, with all her sails spread to the wind, and with costly merchandise on board; yet, for want of a steady hand to guide the helm, only too likely to drift upon the quicksands.

It is pleasant, however, to remark, that although the Christianity Origen imparted to his pupils must have been very defective, not a few of them so far received the truth in the love of it, as to be willing to die for their Lord. Eusebius records the names of several who suffered martyrdom, and celebrates the courage with which their youthful teacher stood by them to the last, accompanying them, to his own great peril, even to the place of execution. On one occasion, he narrowly escaped being stoned to death by the populace, who re-

garded him as the cause of the martyr's sufferings. Guards were set to watch the house where he lived, and he was frequently obliged to conceal himself, or to remove from place to place.

Yet the cross of Christ, which was thus laid upon him, did not satisfy him; he was unwise and presumptuous enough to invent other crosses for himself. Fond as he was of mystical interpretations of Scripture, he interpreted some of our Lord's injunctions according to the letter rather than to the spirit. He wore but one garment, which was too thin to protect him against the cold of winter. He went barefoot; he denied himself the use of wine and animal food, managing to support life on a miserable allowance of four *oboli* a day, for which he sold his books, to avoid the necessity of receiving payment for his instructions. Moreover, as Eusebius rather oddly informs us, he "limited his times for sleep, which, in consequence of his great zeal, he never enjoyed on his bed, but on the bare ground." These mistaken austerities endangered his life, and permanently weakened his constitution. Nor can we well suppose them to have been otherwise than injurious to his soul. Divinely-appointed crosses usually humble as well as sanctify those who bear them "after Jesus." But the crosses of man's invention, on the other hand, too often puff the bearers up with pride. Not much of the spirit of the gospel is to be seen, at this time, in the conduct of Origen, or traced in what has come down to us of his instructions.

His austerities, however, materially increased his influence with a certain class, both amongst the Christians and the Pagans. It was said by all men that his life and his doctrine corresponded with each other; and many were induced, by his example, to enter upon a similar course of life. His fame grew day by day, and large numbers were attracted to the school over which he presided. In order to complete his acquaintance with heathen philosophy and general literature, he became a hearer of the celebrated Ammonius Saccas, of whose character it will give the reader some idea, to say it is quite impossible to determine whether he was in name a Christian or a heathen. He was the great teacher of the Neo-Platonist School of Philosophy. It is neither necessary, nor would it be useful, to enter at length into the fascinating, but very unsound speculations of these philosophers. Suffice it to say that they thought "each sect and party would be found possessed of *all* the most important doctrines of true religion, if their principles, tenets, and mythologies were *properly interpreted*." It is easy to see what a wide door was thus opened to mystical and allegorical interpretation. And the system acted in either of two ways, according as it was adopted by nominal Christians or by nominal Pagans. It lent a kind of galvanic life to the dead forms of the old religion; enabling men of thought and imagination to re-animate them, at their pleasure, with a part of their own mental existence. Ammonius may accordingly be considered as the founder

of quite a dynasty of heathen philosophers, amongst whom Iamblichus, Plotinus, and Porphyry, the bitter enemy of the Christians, were the most eminent. But upon nominal Christians the influence of his system was different, and perhaps more disastrous. It is unnecessary to point out what havoc might be made amongst "the things that are most surely believed among us" by the principles of Ammonius, if once admitted and acted upon. Primitive Christianity required that a man should cast his whole nature into the "form" or "mould" of sound doctrine delivered to him, whether by the preaching of the apostles or the Scriptures of truth, submitting himself without reserve to be fashioned by it. But the Christian of the Neo-Platonist School exactly reversed the process: he made his own intellect the mould in which the divine word was to be shaped and fashioned, until it exactly suited his preconceived ideas. With much in his modes of thought that reminds us of the votaries of certain modern opinions, the Christian Neo-Platonist of the third century had this one advantage over the Neologist of the nineteenth, that he was not prepared to sacrifice the inspiration or the authority of any part of the Holy Scriptures. In order, therefore, to get rid of those things to which he did not choose to submit his reason or his pride, he adopted the more ingenious expedient of supposing a hidden meaning couched beneath the literal sense, and only discoverable by the enlightened, or the *true* "Gnostic." The words of St. Paul were often misapplied to support this theory. "The letter, or literal sense," said the philosopher, "killeth; but the spirit, or mystical interpretation, giveth life." Unhappily, however, the spirit to whose guidance he abandoned himself was not God's, but his own.

Origen's imperfectly enlightened and very imaginative mind was just the soil in which such seed might be expected to bring forth a luxuriant crop of weeds; some of them bearing, moreover, as weeds often do, flowers of gaudy colouring, pleasant enough to the eye. Yet it is not to be supposed that the allegorical and fanciful system of scriptural interpretation for which he became so famous was altogether the fruit of seed sown by Ammonius. We have seen that from his earliest years the tendency of which it was the out-growth had been observable in him, and the influence of Clement had not failed to foster it. But even if Ammonius and Clement were both to some extent his teachers, he advanced, as disciples so often do, far beyond his instructors.

Having thus acquired the power of making the Scriptures say what he pleased, it cannot be denied that he sometimes made them say very strange things. Specimens might be given, but they would only provoke an unholy and unprofitable smile, and attach ludicrous or absurd ideas to the solemn words of the Bible. It was, unhappily, as easy to deal in this manner with the doctrinal as with the narrative parts of Scripture. Therein lay, to a nature like Origen's, a subtle and terrible temptation. There are in the divine word

certain narratives, or parts of narratives, upon which infidelity sharpens its arrows, and "the finger of scorn and the foot of pride" are busy; while the humble believer *knows* that every word of God is pure and just and good, and feels that he may safely trust Him who gave it, for its triumphant vindication. Yet even he is sometimes conscious that the question, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" is one to which he could only give a very faltering answer; and that in this, as in other things, he is called on to walk "by faith, not by sight." And thus there are doctrines in the inspired Word which, while they move the hatred or the scorn of those who love not the truth, sometimes perplex and trouble even the sincere follower of Christ. They either make him lay his hand on his mouth in dumb submission to the reproof, "Who art thou that repliest against God?" or else, which is far better, they bring him at once to his Master's feet, to lie there until he hears the words—often the only ones that can still his doubts or calm his fears—"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." It may be said of some temptations and some perplexities, that "this kind goeth not out" in any place except the Saviour's presence, realized by faith and in a childlike heart.

Origen's mystical system of interpretation, however, put into his hand a sword keen enough to cut asunder these knots which God has not intended that any human ingenuity shall ever untie. The temptation to use it proved too strong. Modern thinkers will not be surprised to learn that his speculations led him to regard *all* punishment as remedial, and to hope for the final restoration of all intelligent beings to virtue and happiness. He formed theories, besides, more or less wild and startling, about the economy of the spiritual world and the nature of God and man. Nor is his orthodoxy on the great subject of the Triune Godhead considered above suspicion. It has had eager assailants and warm defenders; but we may hope that the latter have the best of the controversy, notwithstanding some doubtful and dangerous expressions that occur in his works.

It may be remarked, in passing, that we should not judge those who, like Origen, lived before the consolidation of the Christian faith into clear and definite formularies, by exactly the same standard, with regard to orthodoxy, as the Christian writers and thinkers of later ages. It is one thing wilfully or carelessly to let go a portion of divine truth that has been solemnly placed in our hands; another to go wrong and blunder while feeling after that very truth, and trying so to grasp it as to ascertain its real form and dimensions. Whilst a cordial apprehension of the great truths of God's message to man is indispensable to spiritual life, and moral guilt undoubtedly attaches even to speculative error, we must not forget, on the other hand, that our merciful and faithful High Priest "can have compassion" on those that are out of the way, as well "as on the ignorant." There is forgiveness with Him, and restoration too, for the quick impulsive child who strays

from the narrow pathway to pluck a tempting flower, as well as for the slower and more sluggish nature whose faults are those of inertness and inconsideration.

Origen's outward life was for many years calm enough. After the death of Severus (A.D. 211) the Church enjoyed a long and almost unbroken respite from persecution. Not one of the four immediate successors of Severus—Caracalla, Macrinus, Heliogabalus, and Alexander Severus—molested the Christians; the last named, who was a very amiable and interesting character, even showed them some marks of special favour. His mother, Mammæa, sent for Origen to Antioch, that she might confer with him upon the truths of the Christian religion. It does not appear, however, that she profited much by his instructions; which, it is to be feared, were by no means as simple, or as clearly evangelical, as might have been desired.

At a period somewhat earlier, he had been invited by a personage spoken of as the Governor of Arabia, to teach the Christian faith to his people. He accepted the invitation, and also visited the Church of Rome; and shortly afterwards those of the Holy Land. Here he was received with much honour; and, though a layman, he was requested by his friends, the bishops of Jerusalem and Cæsarea, to preach in their churches. His own bishop, Demetrius, took umbrage at this, and hastily summoned him to return to his work at Alexandria.

He did so; and it was about this time that he engaged in what was probably the most useful of all his occupations. Amongst his warmest admirers was a man of fortune named Ambrose, whom he had brought back to the Church from one of the many forms of Gnostic heresy. This friend urged him to undertake some work for the illustration of Scripture, and offered to supply the necessary funds for the purchase of MSS. and the employment of copyists. The result was the celebrated *Hexapla*, the first ever compiled, in which were exhibited, in parallel columns, the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, the same in Greek characters, the Septuagint carefully and laboriously edited by Origen from a number of MSS., and three other Greek versions of the Hebrew Scriptures. For this work, at least, Origen deserves the gratitude of all lovers of the sacred Word.

His own writings, which were voluminous, may here be briefly noticed. They consisted chiefly in commentaries upon the various parts of the Holy Scriptures. But many of his books are lost, and others have come down to us only in imperfect and interpolated translations. The Latin translation, by Rufinus, of his four books on "The Principles," is the most remarkable of these. In this work, as in all the other fragments of Origen that are extant, may be found (we grieve to say it) a large amount of "wood, hay, and stubble," and altogether too little of the work of Christ and the other distinguishing doctrines of the gospel.

Yet Origen was the means of leading multitudes of

heathen to a profession of the Christian faith; and was also singularly successful (notwithstanding the suspicions that attach to his own orthodoxy) in bringing heretics back to the bosom of the Church. It was for the latter purpose that he undertook a journey into Greece, in the year A.D. 228. He then made a second visit to Palestine, where he was ordained a presbyter, at the age of forty-three, by the bishops of Jerusalem and Cæsarea. This step gave great offence to the Alexandrian bishop, and a disagreement between him and Origen (in which both were probably to blame) was the result. Origen withdrew from Alexandria, and after his departure he was excommunicated by Demetrius. This sentence, though confirmed at Rome and other places, was disregarded in the East, where Origen's personal influence was strong. He took up his residence accordingly, at Cæsarea, where he remained five or six years; busily employed, as usual, in teaching and writing. Great success—outward success, at least—attended his efforts. Amongst those who, at this period, received a knowledge of Christianity from his lips, may be named the celebrated Gregory Thaumaturgus, of whom it is said (though no doubt with some exaggeration), that on entering his diocese of Neo-Cæsarea in Pontus, he found only seventeen Christians there; and that, at his death, he left behind him only seventeen heathens.

The short and partial persecution of Maximin, the murderer and successor of the amiable Alexander Severus, drove Origen from Cæsarea in Pontus to the town of the same name in Cappadocia, whence he returned to his former residence on the death of Maximin, two years after.

Neither of the two emperors who followed Maximin—Gordian and Philip—showed any disposition to persecute; it is even asserted by some ecclesiastical historians that Philip was himself a Christian. Such, except in name, his actions evince but too clearly that he could never have been. But that he even made a profession of Christianity appears very unlikely.

At the time of his death the Church had enjoyed thirty-eight years' respite from persecution, broken only in some places, and for a brief season, by the violence of Maximin. It cannot be said, however, that the years of peace had been years of corresponding growth and fruitfulness. It is easy to trace in Christian doctrine the gradual obscuring of the pure light of the gospel, whilst, in Christian practice also, there were painful evidences of a marked and shameful declension. It seemed as if a storm were needed to clear the air of its impurities. Or rather, it was time for the Lord of the harvest to take the fan in his hand, and by one of those partial anticipations and types of the final judgment which seasons of great calamity furnish, to separate in some measure between the wheat and the chaff.

Such a separation was made by the furious persecution of Decius (A.D. 249). It was more cruel, and far more general and systematic, than any that had gone

before it. The avowed object was now to exterminate the Christian religion. All the mitigations and safeguards which, in former persecutions, the equitable spirit of Roman law had permitted to the Christians, were now pitilessly withdrawn. They were sought for everywhere; the clamours of the populace were admitted as sufficient accusation against them, and the most barbarous and protracted tortures were used to force them to deny their faith.

Multitudes gave way under these trials, or the anticipation of them. Yet Christ had not left his Church entirely destitute of his grace. Even although the number of those who remained firm seems to have been much fewer proportionably to the rest of the Church than in earlier times, yet, taken together, they would form a goodly array of faithful witnesses.

The most celebrated martyr-names are those of the Bishops Fabian of Rome, Babylas of Antioch, and Alexander of Jerusalem. Nor is it unfair to add that of Origen, for, as it has been truly said, "though he did not die in martyrdom, he died of it." He was now nearly seventy, and the mental and bodily toils of his long life, together with the mistaken austerities of his earlier days, had aged him more than years. But nothing moved the compassion of the persecutors. He was thrown into a dungeon, and repeatedly and most cruelly tortured. It is comforting to think that the aged philosopher was not outdone in the hour of trial by slaves, women, and children, so often strengthened by Christ to witness for him. In spite of his mistakes, he gave of his fidelity to his Saviour's name the strongest proof of all, and perhaps the only one that neither friend nor foe can ever dare to question.

Eusebius tells us that during or after his protracted sufferings he uttered many expressions "replete with benefit to those needing consolation." Would that the historian had recorded some of them! Gladly would we have the veil withdrawn that hides the last earthly experiences of that pardoned though erring spirit. But these, with so many other things that we long to learn, are known only to God. Yet at least we may presume that in the dungeon and on the rack the dreams of

human philosophy looked somewhat vague and dim; and that in their stead, nearer than ever before, and far more clearly seen, there shone upon him the face of One whom after all he loved, or rather who loved *him*, with an everlasting love. Is it too much to conjecture that this very season of trial may have been God's appointed way of bringing him to an humbler, simpler, and fuller acquaintance with the great truths revealed in his word—of making the wise man become a little child that he might indeed be truly wise?

All this may well have been. Nothing, however, is certainly known to us except the fact of his death, soon afterwards, at the city of Tyre, in the seventieth year of his age. Thus a sunset, made brilliant by the crimson hues of martyr glory, closed a day that was "not clear nor dark," though of it also the word was true, "at eventide there shall be light."

The narrative just retraced has its lesson of warning for us. It is not well to depreciate God's good and noble providential gifts, but it is even more dangerous to put them in a place he never intended them to occupy, and to confound them with the graces of his divine spirit. Genius is no Jacob's ladder, upon which angels can ascend and descend. It may, indeed, reach to the clouds, but it is no nearer comparatively to the heavens of heavens, where God dwells, than the lowliest flower that grows upon the common earth. And, like other good things, it becomes, when used amiss, an actual hindrance and obstacle to a man's progress—a deceitful and deceiving power, highly injurious to himself and to others. "The first" in natural endowments, and consequently in man's estimation, is very frequently "the last in the kingdom of heaven."

Yet, though this be true, there is One who says in the riches of his grace, "I will give *unto this last* even as unto thee." We cannot but think that in the instance before us he dealt very graciously with his erring child. It is comforting to know that he can forgive the wanderings of speculative error. And still more comforting to feel that the wanderer may be not only forgiven, but honoured to serve his Lord in life, and to witness for him in death.

D. A.

GAMBOLD AND HIS POEMS.



WHILE the names of some writers who have given whole volumes of so-called "poems" to the world are now, with their works, almost or entirely forgotten, others enjoy an immortality of remembrance and of fame from the value attached to a very few lyrics or hymns. True poetry appeals to the human heart in every age, in every land. Even if the author be unknown or unremembered, his verses will remain, a treasure of which his fellow-men will not permit the stern destroyer Time to deprive them.

Some of our readers may recollect an instance of this

kind, noticed last year in the sketch given in our periodical of the Welsh Methodist preacher, Olivers, and his imperishable songs of praise. Another example, similar in some respects, yet also a contrast, has lately proved interesting to ourselves, and may be so to others.

The name of Gambold is familiar to every lover of devotional poetry, for several of his pieces are found, like those of Olivers', in the hymn-books for public worship of several Protestant denominations, as well as in almost all selections made for the use of Christians in private. Yet his personal history and character is probably comparatively little known, and may interest many who

have felt the soothing and elevating influence of his writings.

He was, like Olivers, born in Wales, but their early years and education were widely different. John Gambold was the son of a clergyman in the English Church, who is described as "an ornament to his profession, respected by all for his unaffected piety." The boy, born in 1711, was educated with the utmost care and tenderness, alike as regarded his moral and spiritual training. He entered Christchurch College at Oxford in 1726, and soon became remarkable as a diligent and accomplished student. He is said to have been at this time of "a lively and active spirit," though devoted to study; and his favourite books of recreation were those of poetry and the drama. But in the third year of college life he was summoned to the death-bed of his affectionate father, and that solemn scene proved the turning-point in the young man's history for time and eternity. The truths of religion, known and believed in a general way before, were now felt as all-important personal realities. A total change came over his character, influencing all his tastes and pursuits. His former amusements, social and literary, were laid aside, and a pensive melancholy became the leading feature of his mind and conduct.

We are not surprised to find that he now joined the band of pious youths, then fellow-students at Oxford, whose future career was to exercise so important an influence over the Christian world. Gambold was not afraid of "the laudable singularity of conduct" by which they were distinguished from others. We quote from the brief and rather stiff memoir given in a collection of his writings—a book, we believe, not very often met with at present.

"In March 1730 he contracted an acquaintance with some of those students in the university who, in obedience to the dictates of pure religion, were then distinguished from others by a laudable singularity in their conduct, and he followed all the rules which they observed in regulating their time and studies. Did they, according to the course of life which they had entered upon with a view to their religious improvements, diligently practise self-examination, meditation, and recollection? did they carefully attend the church service, yet never omitting their private devotions? did they, on certain days, abstain from their usual food, that they might feel the wants of others in distress, and mortify the corrupt affections and desires of their own depraved nature? did they keep diaries of all occurrences, both internal and external, in their Christian race; frequent the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; visit the prisoners, the sick, and the poor; instruct children whose parents were not able to bear the expense of their being taught even to read? did they exercise themselves in good works, doing, as often as opportunities presented, acts of charity to the bodies and souls of such as stood in need thereof? In all these pious exercises and religious duties he faithfully took

his part with them in pursuit of that peace of mind which he laboured to attain."

But the peace and joy in believing, which soon became a general characteristic of the Methodist converts, was not soon Gambold's portion. He appears to have stumbled long "on the dark mountains," seeking rest and finding none. What shall *I do*? was his earnest question; not, What has Christ done *for me*? He withdrew in despondency from the society even of Christian friends and companions, confined himself as much as possible to his own apartments, and there, totally neglectful of personal appearance and comfort, sought to find that inward light and comfort in abstruse studies which he had failed to obtain from more active religious duties. He was familiar with the Greek language, and his favourite authors at this time were the old "fathers" of the early Christian centuries, especially those of the "mystic" class.

"The deep speculations of those ancient writers, their beautiful allusions, the richness of style with which they clothed their ideas, and that uncommon strain of piety which ran through the whole, suited his taste, and so far influenced his understanding that he adopted their sentiments, went the same lengths with them in the scenes of imagination, and by degrees became so much like one of them that his cast of mind bore a nearer resemblance to that which was peculiar to them, than to any that appeared among the moderns. His melancholy notwithstanding still continued, and the track of deep and intense thinking to which he had accustomed himself by a strict application to these authors, rendered him, with respect to his conception of things, and manner of his conversation and address, very different, not only from those with whom he was intimately acquainted, but from all other men. By a close attention to writers of this stamp, he had contracted such a turn of mind, and imbibed such an exalted notion of internal purity, which he laboured to acquire according to the process pointed out by them, and which he conceived was attainable, that he could not be satisfied with himself unless he became such a refined being as those philosophical Christians had formed a notion of in their warm imaginations."

But though still far removed from "the simplicity that is in Christ," Gambold was no self-righteous or self-confident searcher after truth. "Unfeigned humility" was a marked and most hopeful feature of his character; and while this made him dissatisfied with all his own efforts or attainments, it was impossible that in the end such a lowly and earnest spirit should not find rest and peace at the feet of Him who calls all the weary and heavy laden to Himself. But that time had not yet come when, in 1733, the morbid recluse was admitted to the ministerial office in the English Church, and consented to undertake the charge of Stanton Harcourt, in the diocese of Oxford. It was a retired country parish, where his duties were few, and, living in a sequestered village, he had only too much leisure for carrying

on his favourite studies and congenial mode of life. He seldom, we are told, "could prevail upon himself to visit any of his friends or acquaintances;" but whenever he did agree to enter society, at the house of his patron Lord Harcourt, or elsewhere, he was received with respect and even a sort of admiration. "And every one's curiosity was highly gratified, who could hear a man of the eighteenth century converse like one of those of the second or third of the Christian era. In attending to that train of sentiment and reflection to which he had accustomed himself, they were led back to the distance of 1500 years, into the contemplations of axioms, sentences, and complete thoughts clothed in the most elegant dress of language and the most delicate turn of expression. His abilities, both natural and acquired, were great; but his unfeigned humility was so apparent to every one with whom he conversed, that his superior powers of pleasing excited no dislike in any."

He must certainly at this time have been a singular personage; and one is almost tempted to regret that the lot of a being so adapted for monastic life had not been cast in the old days, when, with a clear conscience, he might have sought a refuge from all outward cares and distractions within convent walls, and devoted himself to writing out, as well as studying, his beloved "Church Fathers." His own "vocation" would have been beyond question! But though so much more suited for the cloister than the world, he yet endeavoured conscientiously to perform his necessary duties as a parish minister, and "lived on good terms with his parishioners, to whom he was as useful as his frame of mind and philosophical theology could make him."

Still his soul was a stranger to true peace, and his mind often oppressed and bewildered, discouraged and distressed. In February 1737, Peter Boehler, one of the devoted missionaries of the United Brethren, visited England, and while waiting for a ship to convey him to America, in the good providence of God was led to Oxford, where some pious students persuaded him to hold evangelical meetings. Being unacquainted with English, he gave addresses in Latin, and Mr. Gambold was asked to act as interpreter for the benefit of ordinary hearers. His consequent intercourse with the pious Moravian brother was made the means of bringing his own soul at length out of darkness and bondage, into gospel light and liberty. While his convictions of personal sin and helplessness were deepened, he was led to an experimental knowledge of the doctrines of free grace. The blessed privileges of a sense of full forgiveness of sins through the blood of Christ, and sanctification through the Spirit, "he found by his own experience were not to be attained by a legal strife, and the helps that human philosophy could administer; and was convinced that they were to be received freely by all that unfeignedly believe in Christ Jesus our Lord. This doctrine, therefore, so full of comfort to the poor in spirit, he embraced with his whole heart, and all his philosophy yielded to it.

The gloom which, like a thick cloud, had long enveloped and depressed his mind, was dissipated, and his spirit rejoiced in God his Saviour; he found that food which satisfies the hungry soul, and so great a change took place in him that he became a new creature, very different from what he had been before."

But this happy change was not suddenly, nor even soon experienced. A mind such as Gambold's could take nothing on trust, nor easily "become as a little child." Although, in 1737, the day-star arose in his heart, yet years of mental conflicts and vicissitudes were lived through before the Sun of righteousness dispelled all clouds. We can imagine the feelings with which such a spirit could at last exclaim:—

"Now then, my Way, my Truth, my Life!
Henceforth let sorrow, doubt, and strife
Drop off, like autumn leaves!
Henceforth, as privileged by Thee,
Simple and undistracted be
My soul, which to thy sceptre cleaves!"

The good brother who had been the first instrument of bringing light and comfort to Gambold's soul was labouring for Christ in a far distant land. But a Moravian Church had been established in London, and in a visit to the brethren there, and some interviews with Count Zinzendorf, he obtained so much spiritual benefit, that he became strongly attracted towards their way of life, as well as their doctrinal views. And when at length firmly and happily established in faith, he looked back with fear as well as sorrow upon his former errors, "afraid of his old mystic thoughts, lest they should again mislead him, as they had often done before." He felt his danger from too much leisure and solitude, and his need of Christian, congenial society. He formed the resolution of resigning his living in the Church of England, and joining the Moravians in London. To quote from the old memoir: "He therefore determined to leave his retired situation, where he could neither be of that service which he wished to be of to others, nor find the satisfaction he sought after himself, and to take up his abode with those whom he believed to be a people of God. . . . To partake of their happiness, to live amongst them in love to Christ and to one another, and to unite with them in promoting the glory of God and the good of mankind, was his desire. With this view he applied to the United Brethren, disposed as a little child in distress for help, committed himself to their care and direction, and had no choice with regard to any station or office wherein he might be of future use to others."

He wrote to the Bishop of Oxford, and to his patron, Lord Harcourt, intimating his intentions. They expressed regret, and endeavoured to change his resolution; but probably must have felt, at the same time, that the real good of the parishioners was likely to be more promoted by a pastor of ordinary mind and conduct, than by the gifted but peculiar recluse who was about to leave them. He took an affectionate farewell

of his people, and wrote a letter addressed to them, in which he says:—

"It is not in consequence of any resentment or any worldly motive that I give up my parish. . . . It does not, I assure you, proceed from any dislike that I have to the worship of God in the Church of England. I find no fault with any passage or clause in the Common Prayer-book. Nor can I, in justice, be considered in the same light with such persons as slight and forsake one party of Christians, and go over to another without sufficient cause. But that which has determined the choice I have made, was the earnest desire I found in myself for that improvement in the knowledge of the gospel, and in the experience of the grace of Jesus Christ, which I stood in need of. The blessings purchased by the blood of the Shepherd of our souls I longed to enjoy, in fellowship with a little flock of his sheep who daily feed on the merits of His passion, and whose great concern is to build up one another in their most holy faith, and to propagate the truth as it is in Jesus for the good of others. . . . This is all I aim at in withdrawing myself from you, and may this my departure give offence to no one. I now take my last adieu, and earnestly pray for you and for myself; for myself that I may be faithful to the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and prove his servant truly devoted to him where I am going; and may you, where you remain, be as obedient to the influence of his Spirit and the dictates of his Word as I wish to be; so shall we one day rejoice before the great Shepherd of our souls, that merciful and compassionate Saviour, in whom there is, in the meantime, life, peace, and joy for all believers. . . . I heartily wish that you may derive more benefit from the instructions of my successor, than you have or could have done from mine—and I trust that this will be the case."

Many readers may be disposed to blame Gambold for thus forsaking the post of appointed duty, instead of endeavouring to occupy it with new spirit and energy. But his peculiar character and circumstances call for a lenient judgment, and there can be no doubt that the change proved a blessing to himself and to the Church of Christ. He was regularly admitted into membership with the United Brethren in 1742. The following year we read of his marriage; and henceforward the solitary dreamer was changed into the head of a happy Christian household. His after-life was one of active usefulness—in teaching, preaching, and literary work. He sometimes resided in Wales, sometimes in London, and repeatedly visited the Brethren in Germany. His talents and accomplishments were no longer expended in lonely studies, but devoted to the general interests of the Saviour's kingdom, in connection with that truly "missionary Church" of which he was a distinguished member.

The constitution of the Moravian body may be called a modified Episcopacy. They have an order of bishops, or overseers, distinguished from the ordinary pastors by a greater burden of labour and responsibility, rather

than by any worldly advantages. In 1754, at a general conference of the Brethren in England, Mr. Gambold was chosen and consecrated to be a bishop of their Church. "But with what humility and diffidence in himself did he accept this office! And in the exercise thereof no trace of any disposition was seen in him but that of lowliness of mind, nor did he think himself thereby entitled to any greater respect than was due to any other of his brethren. . . . Such a bishop would have been justly esteemed an honour to any Church, whether ancient or modern, if disinterestedness of spirit, humility of mind, devotion of heart, a benevolent disposition towards all men, and a voluntary submission to the service not only of the Church in general, but of every member thereof, though in the most inferior station, be the proper qualifications and distinguished ornaments of the Christian Episcopacy."

After his ordination he resided chiefly in London, "employing himself in every branch of service for the congregation settled there, and in regular correspondence with all his fellow-labourers of the same communion in England."

A painful illness was appointed to try his faith and patience during the last three years of life. This long affliction he was enabled to bear with true Christian fortitude. "I set no bounds," he writes to a friend, "to my Saviour's power, if he sees it good, to continue me here a little longer; but it is hardly to be expected in my case. . . . All that I can properly desire of my gracious Lord is, that he would be merciful to me an unworthy sinner, wash me from all my unfaithfulness and transgressions in his blood, keep me in communion with himself and his people, help me to behave rightly, at least not offensively, in my sickness, and be perceptibly near me in my last hour, whenever that is to be." During every interval of amendment he continued his ministerial labours, either preaching in public or addressing more private meetings of Christians. We are told that his last sermon was from Col. iii. 2: "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth;" an exhortation "exemplified in his own disposition and conduct."

Even when unable for any public duty, he was ready to converse with all who came to him for instruction or comfort. His own peculiar mental experience and conflicts, doubtless, enabled him to speak many a word in season to tempted and weary souls. He dreaded the loss of his mental faculties, as a probable result of protracted disease, but expressed full resignation even to this, and endeavoured to comfort his distressed family under the prospect. But a gracious and merciful God did not call his servant to bear this last and most dreaded affliction. Gambold's mind was to the end unclouded, and he departed in perfect peace—his voice, faltering in death, still speaking a Saviour's praise. He died September 13th, 1771, in his sixty-first year, leaving a widow and two children.

"Being dead, he yet speaketh." It is true that most

of his writings, admired and useful in their day, are now laid aside and forgotten; their work being done. This is a common lot, nor should the Christian author complain if his pen is allowed only to "serve *his generation* according to the will of God." Yet, doubtless, those of the Lord's servants are specially honoured and happy, who are permitted to leave behind some more lasting memorials in the hearts and memories of succeeding generations. Such has been Gambold's privilege. Several of his devotional poems have already stood the test of time so thoroughly as to prove that they will never be forgotten in the Church of Christ. When comparing these with Olivers' famous hymns, we see at once the impress of a different type and order of mind. Although Gambold wrote his verses after he had been brought "out of darkness into marvellous light," yet in the half impatient question,—

"Oh, what is life! and this dull round
To tread, why was a spirit bound?"

in the deeply earnest petitions,—

"That I am thine, my Lord and God,
Sprinkled and ransomed by thy blood,
Repeat the word once more!"

"Let me my weary mind recline
On that eternal love of thine,
And human thoughts forget!" &c.

we trace the feelings of a soul which had suffered much, while groping and fighting its way through clouds and conflicts. And thus his words will ever find an echo in many hearts among the band of pilgrims to the Celestial City, who go on their journey "faint yet pursuing."

The longest of his poems is a drama, in five acts, on "The Martyrdom of St. Ignatius." The preface states that "whether the reverend author of the following piece ever intended it for publication is not known. So much is certain, that for some years before his decease he was not even possessed of a copy of it; and out of his peculiar modesty, and perhaps because he knew it was not perfect, according to the generally received rules of the drama, and for some other reasons, he wished it had not strayed, in manuscript, into the hands of some of his friends, who valued it highly, not only on account of their esteem for the author, but for its own excellence in point of sentiment."

The subject was doubtless peculiarly attractive to a writer of whom we read (in the same preface) that "he was at a certain time so given up, if we may thus express it, to the company of the Fathers, and so taken with their manners, that he unintentionally became in his way of thinking, speaking, and acting, as though he had lived in the first or second century, and in the closest intimacy with Ignatius, Polycarp, &c." Yet his drama, as a whole, would, we believe, meet with small favour in the hands of modern critics. But it contains some striking thoughts and characteristic passages, of which we may give a few specimens.

Agathopus, a deacon in the Church of Antioch, describes the martyr zeal and courage of the Christians under his care.

"Ardent for martyrdom!

I yesterday conveyed to a poor man
The dole of public alms: 'Give me,' said he,
'But one day's bread; I hope to want no more.'
Husband and wife, and other friends, take leave
Each time they're called from one another's sight;
As not to meet till in the world of spirits.
When at their work, 'Fulfil your task,' they cry;
'Poor hands, this drudgery will soon be o'er!'
At meals is Scripture read? They seem to need
No *earthly food*. Children now intelligent
Above their years, mark all their father says,
Look in his face, and cry, 'Shan't we die too?'
The father, in the slumbers of the night,
Sees a bright angel wave him to the tortures;
He cries, 'I come!' And when he wakes, he finds
His spirit half loosened from his mortal prison.
The women now think of no ornaments
But shackles. . . .
Already to the lot of martyrs raised,
All see each other. Every face more shining,
And more august each little threshold seems."

The two friends, Ignatius and Polycarp, in their unlooked-for meeting for the last time at Smyrna, talk together of their beloved master, the Apostle John.

I.—"I often think, and shall to my last breath,
Of the last hours we spent with that great man."

P.—"Is it partiality, or is it insight
Into the system of a dear friend's conduct,
That makes each little thing he says or does
Speak more to us than others are aware of?
But so it is. I see the holiness
Of John, not only in his elevations
That struck mankind, but even where he seemed
To express the human and the frailer side.

* * * *

So when, old man, for lack of memory
And matter, as it seemed, he oft repeated
One lesson, 'Love the brethren,' 'twas, we know,
A thought extracted from a world of thinking."

I.—"Yes, charity was always his chief theme."

P.—"And that from reasonings not at all supine,
Whate'er they were. I'm apt to think, the man
That could surround the sum of things, and spy
The heart of God and secrets of his empire,
Would speak but love; with him the bright result
Would change the hue of intermediate scenes,
And make one thing of all theology."

Two heathen philosophers discuss together the doctrines of the new sect rising up around them. One observes:—

. . . . "This I thought ridiculous indeed,
That they account themselves beloved of God
For what another did."

His companion replies :—

" Yet, truly, I've long looked on this expedient
As the most fit and delicately suited
To give at once both room for God to bless,
Nor yet make man or petulant or proud.

Man now is happy, but 'tis plain by whom !
Not by himself ; the Patron stands before
To face the Godhead, and obtain its gifts.
Man at a distance terminates his care,
And glad though feeble service pays this Friend —
His own, his softer and compendious God.
What a sweet passion to this Benefactor,
What plain infantile gaiety of heart,
And yet what outward greatness of deportment—
In short, what a new set of sentiments
Would burst from the recesses of the soul
Which should believe itself divine and happy
Through the whole length of ages, and all this
By the mere love and wonderful achievement
Of One who left such *merits* once, and still
Affords His virtual presence to His friends !
All this I do, I must imagine, though
I'll speak no more, lest you should think *me* Christian."

We might easily give other extracts, but these are sufficient to prove that this old drama will repay a thoughtful perusal.

The three short poems by which Gambold is best known, "That I am thine, my Lord and God ;" "O tell me no more of this world's vain store ;" and "The Mystery of Life," it is needless to quote, as they must be so familiar to all lovers of devotional poetry. But we may give another, not often met with :—

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

" Thou thinking, throbbing particle within,
Closely endeared companion, though unseen—
Self-conscious soul ! now from the falling clay,
Whither, oh, whither lies thy lonely way ?
Stripped of the body's organs and embrace,
What fate awaits thee in the darksome space ?

Say, for presage divine is given to thee ;
Nor dare to say but what thou'lt surely be.

" My feeble partner, in thy fears
Nature's concern and voice appears ;
But I a higher power have known,
Nigh to me as my flesh and bone
(For he and I are mystic one).
When thy pulse fails and eye grows dim,
Still I have light, and live with Him.
Nor wonder I the ensuing way
Can with such confidence survey ;
The solace of the years I've lived
Has been already things believed,
Pardon of sin, the smiles of God,
Purchased by this my Guardian's blood.
His plighted love and influence pure,
Than thy sensations not less sure,
Have made this thought more tender to my heart,
That Jesus I shall see, than that from thee I part."

The race of contemplative Christians, to which Gambold belonged, is perhaps less numerous in our own day than in any preceding age of the Church. This would seem to be the order and will of God, as well as the natural tendency of our over-engrossed and hurried modes of modern life. But still some spirits are found among us, whose congenial home is "the calm retreat and silent abode ;" and if they, fearful of self-indulgence, conscientiously desire to combine contemplative with active piety, they can hardly find a better human model for imitation than the good Moravian bishop, in the latter part of his long and laborious career. While "in his duty prompt at every call," few, we imagine, could have been all along as able to say, in the words of another poet of his adopted church,—

" I hear, at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral melodies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower."

H. L. L.

ARTHUR ERSKINE'S EXPERIENCES.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

IX.—THE FETE OF POITIERS.

" You would not let your little finger ache
For such as these ?"—TERTIUS.

IT was an early day of the pleasant month of June in the year 1566. Even the close and narrow streets of the grim old town of Poitiers were filled "with the breath and the beam of heaven." But beside the splendours lent by sun and sky, the taste and skill of the inhabitants seemed to

have conspired to make all things look bright and fair, and, as far as possible, to bring the charms and graces of the country into the very heart of the thronged and eager city. Garlands of spring flowers wreathed the doors and windows, or adorned the triumphal arches placed at the termination of each of the principal streets, and the *reposoirs*, or temporary altars, erected in different parts of the town. At these *reposoirs* stood beautiful children, dressed to represent

angels, and carrying lighted tapers, crucifixes, or little lambs symbolic of peace and innocence. These alone, even without the stately processions that, headed by dark-robed priests and sandalled friars, defiled through the streets, would have sufficed to mark the day as a great Catholic festival. It was, in fact, the *Fête Dieu*—a day held in much honour by the Catholics of France during the sixteenth century.

Our friend Arthur Erskine had the good fortune to be a spectator of the scene, and he was certainly an admiring and interested one. He happened just then to be passing through Poitiers, instead of filling his place in the Duke of Guise's household at Paris, on account of the recent death of his grandfather, the Marquis de Salgues. Through the personal kindness of his young master, he had obtained—what was but seldom granted in those days to youths in his position—leave of absence from his duties, to enable him to attend the last hours of his aged relative, and to be present at his funeral. All was now over, and he was returning, by way of Poitiers, from the family chateau of Clisson, just in time, as he thought, to reach Paris before the expiration of his leave. He sincerely regretted his grandfather, who had shown him much kindness: still his grief for a relative of whom he had seen so little, and who was so far removed from him in age and sympathies, could not of course be very poignant.

Though it is scarcely a year since we have met him last, Arthur Erskine is greatly altered. Neither friend nor foe could say of him any longer, "*Ce n'est qu'un enfant.*" The last year has certainly changed the boy into a man; and though he passes amongst his comrades for a gay and merry youth, and in every sense "a good companion," he has in truth lost, and lost for ever, the free and happy light-heartedness of boyhood. There has come instead the wilder mirth of a passionate and excitable young man, who is unthinking, not from the absence of all thought, but from the presence of some that he would gladly drown. Such mirth resembles the flash of phosphoric light on the waves of a restless and angry sea.

His education has progressed considerably during the past year; but it is not necessary at present to sum up all his accomplishments. Amongst other acquirements, he has learned to

play deeply; even now he owes a larger sum to one of his fellow-pages than he sees any reasonable prospect of being able to pay. And if, amongst his equals in age and position, he is almost the only one who has *not* learned other vices still more degrading, this may be not so much the result of a certain natural loftiness and simplicity of character, as of the partially-remembered lessons of his earlier years. A good deal that had been taught him in his native land he scorned or forgot; but he had not yet banished the Ten Commandments entirely from his memory. Might the same be said in a few years, even in one year, to come? It seems doubtful, for the society around him is fearfully, unutterably corrupt, and already he has acquired a dangerous familiarity with every kind of evil.

And young as he is, he is old enough to have lived through many illusions. De Villemorgue, whose influence has left abiding traces upon his character, disabused his mind of some of these—whether to his benefit or his injury yet remains to be proved. His own observation has since done more in the same direction; and it is very sad, and by no means healthful, for a youth of seventeen to know so much of the difference between what seems and what is, especially in those very things which had so early awakened his enthusiasm and enlisted his affections.

From a cause to be explained hereafter, all the trifling incidents of that festival day at Poitiers so imprinted themselves on the memory of Arthur Erskine, that he never, to the latest hour of his life, forgot one of them. He arrived the night before late and tired, slept at an inn, attended high mass in the morning, then dined early (eleven was a usual dinner hour in those days) at the house of one of the principal gentlemen of the town, to whom his cousins at Clisson had given him a letter of introduction. He spent the afternoon with the son of his entertainer, a young man of one or two and twenty, in viewing the objects of interest the city contained, and "making holiday" with its inhabitants.

His companion brought him, in the first instance, to visit the Colleges of St. Marcian and St. Picereau, then celebrated throughout Europe. But the Roman antiquities of the town interested him much more than its colleges. The

ancient triumphal arch which forms the great gate attracted his particular attention and admiration. He entreated his friend to accompany him thither once and again, and also to the ruined and partly demolished amphitheatre, where, in days gone by, the bloody combats of the gladiators used to take place. He asked, indeed, many more questions about these relics of ancient times than Desiré de l'Orge, an ordinary unthinking young man, was able to answer.

"Look there, then," cried the Frenchman, as they turned from the main street, which was terminated by the Roman arch, into a quieter and narrower one, that they hoped to find less crowded; "look there, then, Monsieur Arthur, and you shall see a greater wonder than the grand gate."

Arthur looked as directed.

"I see the people gathering in knots," he said, "and gazing at that house yonder as though they would enjoy breaking the windows, or doing worse damage, if they could."

"But don't you see the cause? In truth, a great wonder in this good town of Poitiers—a house without garland or tapestry in honour of the Fête Dieu."

"Yes; I noticed the house before. I thought there must be some one dead there."

"Not at all. There would be tapestry all the same, and the usual signs of mourning besides. No; that is the house of Maçon the glove-maker, one of those accursed Huguenots."

"What an insolent dog!" said Arthur; "not even to condescend so far as to put up two or three yards of tapestry! These heretics should be made to show outward respect, at least, to the holy Sacrament."

"That's true; but since the Edict of Amboise, the world has been turned upside down. One has no power to do justice. But still this is intolerable; and, by my faith, the crowd think so too. Hark, do you hear their shouts?"

"They are loud enough to hear, at all events. It would be easy, I think, to make the people use their hands instead of their throats, and tear down the house."

"It may come to that yet."

"But this Maçon—is he the only heretic here in Poitiers?"

"No, truly; there are enough and to spare of them. But the rest, I suppose, are too timid or too prudent to risk their lives for a few flowers and two or three yards of tapestry. That Maçon is a bold scoundrel; but he is the best glove-maker in Poitiers, for all that.—Good evening, my friend;" and De l'Orge nodded, as he spoke, to one of a group of gaily-dressed young men, who were just joining the crowd before Maçon's house.

That crowd became every moment greater, more noisy, and more violent. Arthur and his friend, as they stood watching, were pushed and jostled by the ever-increasing concourse of people from the main street; and ere long they saw that stones were flying, and that there was a movement amongst those nearest the door as if they would force it open.

"Ah, see what is fine," said young Desiré, laughing. "I hope they will make the Calvinist hear reason."

"What will they do?" asked Arthur.

"I know not. Come and see. It is stupid standing here, to be trodden to death."

"I don't know that there is anything very fine to see," said Arthur, shrugging his shoulders. "The Huguenot is but one man, after all, and here is a great crowd against him. Could not the magistrates take him to task for his fault without all this turmoil?"

"*Mon ami*, their hands are tied by that detestable edict. But perhaps these honest fellows may do their work for them. I have heard more than one cry, 'Let us burn the heretic!'"

"Burn the man! That would be horrible. I did not mean anything like that, of course; but it would be no harm to fine or imprison him."

"Angry men are little likely to rest content with such half-measures," said Desiré. "But come, come quick! Every minute it becomes more *amusing*."

This thoroughly French way of characterizing a riot, which would very probably end in murder, was lost upon Arthur; for the shouts and cries grew every moment louder and more confused, and were now mingled with other noises, occasioned by the contact of stones and bludgeons with the stout oak of a well-secured door.

Arthur Erskine dearly loved a fray of any sort

or description ; to see one, therefore, actually going on under his eyes, and not to mingle in it, was a stretch of self-denial by no means to be expected from him. Besides, he was ready to assist, with hearty good will, and the full approval of his own conscience, in giving the heretic a sharp lesson for his obstinacy and insolence. So that, upon the whole, he was by no means unwilling to accompany his friend to the scene of action.

Once there, the spirit of the scene possessed him but too quickly and surely. Many of the mob made way for him, and seemed to hail him as a kind of leader—he could not tell why. He had forgotten the influence that the well-known badge and colours of the Duke of Guise were sure to exercise upon the Catholic populace of a French town, wont to regard the princes of the house of Lorraine with fanatical attachment as the guardians of their faith. To recognize amongst them a gentleman of the duke's household seemed to the rioters a fortunate circumstance, which at once animated their zeal and lent a sanction to their proceedings.

At last the door gave way, and the mob rushed in. By that time Arthur was amongst the foremost. The scene that met his eyes, though only visible for a moment, was engraved upon his memory for ever. The master of the house—the Huguenot Maçon—stood before them, pale but calm, facing the furious crowd, as a brave man might face a wild beast, and daunt him with his eye. Arthur's heart failed him before that gaze, and he would fain have retreated ; but it was too late.

Then arose the cry, "To the Grande Place with the heretic ! Burn him alive !"

At the same moment the door of a room was opened, and a female figure glided through, stood beside the doomed man, and wound an arm around him. Then a look of unutterable anguish overspread the calm face ; the dauntless eyes looked no more on the angry crowd—they only seemed to see that one figure. But woman's love availed as little as man's courage. There was a cry—a rush—a wild struggle. It is done ! They have unwound those protecting arms—they have seized their victim—they are dragging him along,—*whither ?* "To the Grande Place !" they shout.

The woman shrieks and faints. Arthur Erskine stands horror-stricken and stupified. He has never dreamed of anything like this.

As they drag the Huguenot across his own threshold, which his footsteps shall never tread again, he looks back, and shouts, in a loud, clear voice, heard distinctly above the uproar of the mob,—

"Is there among you one man of honour and humanity, who will protect my innocent wife and children, for the love of God ?"

There came back an instant answer to the challenge : "*I will do it, though it cost my life !*" It was Arthur Erskine who spoke. And this was, though he little dreamed it, in truth the decisive moment of his history.

He was aroused at once from his stupefaction. No light or easy task had he taken upon himself. It was quite possible—nay, it was very probable—that the fanatical mob would proceed to murder every soul within those walls, women and little children though they were. Things as horrible had been done without remorse and shame in those evil days.

"She is as great a heretic as he !" cried some wretch, with a weapon in his hand, making one step towards the fainting woman.

"Down, poltroon !" shouted Arthur, suiting the action to the word. "Let every one of you quit this house on the instant !"

His unsheathed sword and his commanding words and gestures had their effect upon the mob. Moreover, the larger proportion, and the more fiercely fanatical, were drawing off to accompany the terrible procession to the Grande Place.

Those who remained were chiefly "of the baser sort," the dregs, in fact, of the populace, who had joined the attack in the hope of being allowed to plunder the house and shop. They were not by any means willing to forego their design, which they thought this the very moment for prosecuting.

Arthur, however, would not do his work by halves ; he was determined to defend property as well as life. "Who touches the value of a *liard* here, shall touch the ground," he shouted. And as it soon became necessary to follow up his menaces with blows, he did so in very vigorous

fashion. "His strength was as the strength of ten;" not, indeed, "because his heart was pure," but because it was filled with burning indignation at the cruelty and cowardice he saw around him.

Nor was it long before the Duke of Guise's page, with the aid of his good sword, and still more of his strong will and resolved heart, succeeded in putting to flight the unarmed and motley crowd, and flinging the last lingering intruder out into the street. Then, with the aid of a couple of terrified female servants, and Maçon's eldest son, a boy of about twelve, he dragged heavy chests, benches, and other pieces of furniture to the broken door, and piled them up so as to form an effective barricade. "You are safe now," he said at last, turning to the boy, who stood beside him.

"But oh, sir, my father! Where is my father!"

Arthur was spared the difficulty of finding an answer by a little girl, who ran crying into the passage, and seized her brother's hand. "O Charlot, come—come quick! The mother is dead."

Arthur accompanied the children into a kind of parlour, and found, as he expected, that the poor woman had fainted a second time, as the consciousness of her husband's probable, nay, almost certain fate, returned upon her mind.

Not knowing what else to do, he called the servants, and confided her to their care, calming their fears by the assurance that all danger to themselves was now over. Then, moved by the pitiful sobs of the little girl, he took her in his arms, and began to explain to her that her mother was not dead, and that she would very soon look up and speak to her again.

There were three other children in the room; an elder little girl, who stood beside her mother, holding her hand in hers, and a couple of baby boys of perhaps two and four, who had somehow obtained possession of Arthur's plumed cap, and were playing with it in high glee. As he looked at them, the bitter thought rose within him that this hour was making all these little helpless creatures fatherless. It sent a keen pang through his heart; the air of the room seemed to stifle him, and he longed to go away into the passage, feeling that he could breathe more freely there.

Besides, the poor mother was now recovering consciousness, and the presence of a stranger might alarm her. So he set the child he had been comforting down beside her couch, went out, and closed the door behind him.

He had nothing now to do but to pace up and down the passage, and to reconnoitre the outer world through a little aperture he had left for that purpose in his extempore barricade. A few stones, idly thrown by loiterers, rattled against it occasionally; but the street was growing every moment quieter and more empty. He could, however, hear a confused noise, and occasional cries and shouts in the distance. He was too anxious to see the end of the adventure, and, above all, to learn what had become of Maçon, to think as yet either of his own strange position, or of the extraordinary part he had been led to act. After watching for some time for any person of whom he might make an inquiry, he noticed at last a very poor-looking old man, meanly dressed, who, after glancing cautiously around him, came and sat down on the door-step.

"Come here, old man," said Arthur, putting his lips to the crevice in the barricade.

The old man's head had sunk upon his knees, and he had begun to rock himself to and fro, moaning aloud. On hearing himself addressed, he rose slowly, and gazed about him to discover whence the voice came.

When Arthur repeated his words, he came to the doorway and asked, "Who goes there?"

"Some one who wishes to hear what is doing outside," said Arthur.

"Alas, alas! you will know soon enough; alas, alas!"

"Cannot you give me a plain answer, old man? What are they doing with the Huguenot?"

"But what? *The Huguenot*, do you say! Are you not then a brother? Is his house, too, in the hands of the enemies?"

"I am no enemy. Every brave man is the friend of women and children, and of all the defenceless. But answer me quick, what of Maçon?"

"Sir, they are burning him in the market-place. I think—I *hope*—it is over now."

Arthur turned away, and only heard as in a dream, or from a great distance, the wail with which the old man concluded the sentence.

He stood leaning against his barricade he knew not how long. He did not reason with himself; he scarcely even thought, he only *felt*. And this then was the end of all! The brave man who but an hour ago had so dauntlessly faced the infuriate mob, was now—only a little heap of ashes in the market-place. And that pale woman and those poor children yonder!

The parlour door opened softly, was closed again as noiselessly, and Charlot stood beside him. Arthur felt inclined to wish the boy a thousand miles away. How could he at that moment either look at him or speak to him? Still he forced himself to ask,—

"How is your mother?"

"She is better, sir."

"Does she weep?"

"No, sir; she prays. If you please, sir, can I go out?"

"No," said Arthur, almost sharply. "Certainly not."

Charlot hesitated. "I thought, sir," he said at last, "that if you had the goodness to help me, I might push away this great chest. Then I could go and see what they have done with the father. The mother wants to know; and I—"

"My poor child, you need not endanger your life to learn that; I can tell you. But you must promise to be a brave boy, and not to cry aloud and terrify your mother."

"I'll try. Only tell me."

"My child, your father is dead. A poor man in the street, who seems to be of your religion, has told me all. They have burned him in the Grande Place."

After one stifled cry of horror, the boy covered his face and wept in silence. At last he murmured, "We guessed it. Mother knew it. He is a martyr for Jesus Christ."

"Does it comfort you to think that?" said Arthur gently

"Oh, yes," answered Charlot, looking up through his tears. "It is a blessed thing to be a martyr for the good Lord Jesus."

If these were strange and solemn thoughts to take root in a child's heart, it must be remembered that they were sown there by strange and solemn circumstances. Nor were they unshared by many as young, or younger, than Charlot.

For it is recorded that in those evil days the Huguenot children, instead of playing, used to talk together of martyrdom, and arm each other with courage to endure it.

In the pause that followed, the little girl whose terrors Arthur had tried to soothe, came out, evidently charged with a message from her mother. She ran up to him at first with childish confidence and pleasure; but the stern, sad look on his face checked and awed her, and she told her errand in a shy, confused way. "The mother says—if you please, sir, the mother bade me—that is to say, without doubt, you must be hungry. Will you come in and have supper?"

Arthur at the moment loathed the very thought of food; and he was disposed to marvel that it had occurred to the afflicted Huguenot's wife to offer it. He did not know that amongst the many sad lessons life teaches the mourner, this is one,—that although our hearts may be nigh to breaking, all the rest of the world goes on, and must go on, just as usual. People must eat and drink and sleep, and the petty cares and duties interwoven with these necessities are imperious and unceasing in their claims. Yet, especially to woman, these cares for others are in many unnoticed ways relief and comfort, as well as duty. Often a strange power is given her of attending to every trivial detail as carefully and thoroughly as though her whole heart were in it, in the midst of the most crushing and terrible anguish. Had Arthur accepted Annette Maçon's invitation, he would have found the most savoury food and the oldest wine the house contained laid ready for him; and a far more fastidious guest might have admired the snowy linen and bright silver produced by that broken-hearted woman to do honour to the protector of her babes.

"Tell your mother I thank her, but I cannot eat to-night. I feel no hunger," said Arthur in a husky voice.

"But will you not come in?" whispered Charlot. "Come in and tell the mother."

Then, for the first time in his life, Arthur Erskine played the coward. It must be remembered that he was very young, and that to the young the sight of a great sorrow is not only terrible, but singularly oppressive and embarrassing. They know not how to deal with it, and

are painfully conscious of their incompetence. "I cannot speak to her," he said. "I cannot say what you could; I am not of your religion. But I pray God and the saints to comfort you all."

An older person would have felt the difficulty of the task before him more keenly than Charlot did. To the boy it seemed only a natural thing, though in this instance a very sad one, to tell all "to the mother." He took his little sister's hand in silence, and went into the parlour, leaving Arthur alone once more—alone with the deepening twilight and his own perplexed and sorrowful thoughts.

He wished with all his heart that he had never left Paris, or else that he had been detained at Clisson; anywhere, in fact, rather than have come to Poitiers, and mixed himself up with the beginning of this terrible business. He was disposed to reproach himself bitterly for the aid he had given, in the first instance, to the ruffians who seized the poor man, and dragged him to a cruel death. Still he told himself again and again that he had never contemplated the atrocity of which they were guilty. He felt very angry with them, and heartily ashamed of them; and he trusted that the cruelty they had dared to commit in a time of peace, would be punished by the laws of the country. It was some time before he thought of asking himself whether, under other circumstances, he would have approved what he now so strongly condemned. Had the edicts for the burning of heretics happened to be in force just then, would he have seen Maçon dragged to the stake, not only without compunction, but with approval? Did the crime of the action consist solely in its illegality? Or rather, did the punishment of a heretic seem right and lawful at a distance and in the abstract, but take quite another colour when one saw the heretic face to face, and talked with and caressed his little children? But, at all events, this daring act was clearly illegal, and ought to have been prevented by the authorities. Now that it was too late for prevention, they ought at least to seek out and punish the ringleaders of the mob. To connive at such irregularities was to degrade the majesty and outrage the justice of their cause, and to lay themselves open to the worst reproaches of the heretics. And with what bitter

hatred they, the heretics, must hate them for these things! With what feelings, for instance, could these children, deprived so cruelly of their father, be expected to grow up?

His reflections were interrupted by a shower of stones, which rattled against the barricade, mingled with the oaths and threats of a party of half-drunken young men, who, perhaps as much out of frolic as deliberate mischief, sought to effect an entrance.

Arthur responded with an indignant defiance, and with threats as fierce as their own. "A gentleman of the Duke of Guise's suite," he said, "has taken the house, and all it contains, under his protection, and his master will not fail to punish any insult or suffering inflicted upon his charge." Meanwhile he longed to change the sword by his side into a good pistol; and determined that, should they even succeed in forcing the barricade, he would make a desperate resistance. Matters did not, however, proceed so far; the introduction of the Duke of Guise's name, so powerful for good or evil, produced some effect upon the rioters, but the strength of Arthur's extempore fortification probably produced more. They retired, at all events, having had it in their power to do but little, if any, damage.

"I was very bold," thought Arthur, "in threatening these troublesome folk with my lord's displeasure. It may be a question whether my threat would come to much. Moreover, I fear this escapade of mine may bring me into Paris a day after my leave expires. For I cannot forsake these poor people until the morning is pretty well advanced, and they can see for themselves that their dangers are over, even if the magistrates do not take the matter up, as they ought. Rather an awkward delay for me! I must try what hard riding can do; and if, after all, I have the ill fortune not to save myself, I shall just recount the whole matter to Monseigneur in person, and I make no doubt he will approve of what I have done. He is too just and generous to do otherwise."

This last reflection did not evince a very deep acquaintance with his young master's character, but it answered the end of affording Arthur temporary consolation, and enabling him to bear his self-imprisonment with a better grace.

It was now quite dark, and everything, both within and without, was very quiet. The street seemed entirely deserted; and throughout, he had scarcely heard a movement in the inhabited part of the house. The silence began to throw a slumberous influence over him; and at last he fell into a sound sleep, seated upon the projecting edge of a large chest which formed the lower part of his barricade, and leaning back against a bureau of carved oak, which had been dragged from the parlour, turned on its side, and placed on the top of the chest.

Meanwhile the townsfolk of Poitiers, having finished their work of violence, dispersed to their homes, where most of them ended the day in feasting and revelry. The "Place" grew still and empty once more, and all looked as usual, except one spot, where a stake, a chain, and a few ashes remained, the only witnesses of the dark tragedy that had just been enacted there. And on these things the stars looked down—very calmly, for there were unmeasured reaches of space between their home above and the poor earth below, with its agonies and crimes. Another Eye looked down also, even his who "tellet the number of the stars," and "callet the all by their names." But was not he, in his holy heaven, and the light that no man can approach, yet further away than the stars of the firmament?

Vain thought! Long before the sunlight faded, or the first star shone out over the guilty town, the ransomed spirit of the poor man murdered there had winged its wondrous flight beyond sun and star, into the very presence of the God who loved and the Saviour who redeemed him. This much we know; other things, which we know not, we can leave in faith with him. No doubt but he would plead his servant's cause, and execute judgment for him in his own good time.

For this is no fancy tale, invented to "point a moral." The murder of the Huguenot of Poitiers, in a time of peace and toleration, for the crime of neglecting to adorn his house with tapestry during the Fête Dieu, was one—but one—of the thousand acts of outrage and cruelty that forced the French Protestants into civil war as the only alternative of extermination. This,

rather than others, was chosen to transfer to these pages, chiefly because it is less revolting, and presents fewer features shocking to the imagination.

X.—AFTER THE FETE.

"Are there no words for that common woe?
Ask of the thousands its depths that know."
HERMAN.

ARTHUR slept the unbroken sleep of youth, health, and weariness. When he awoke it was daylight, and Charlot stood beside him. The boy was pale, and looked as if he had been weeping. "You have slept soundly, sir," he said. "I came twice last night; but when I saw you asleep, I did not like to wake you."

Arthur said, that indeed he had behaved like an unfaithful sentinel, and slept on guard. Then gradually recollecting everything, he asked the boy how his mother had passed the night.

"She is well," said Charlot quietly. "And if you please, sir, she wishes to see you."

"I fear," said Arthur, "there is nothing I can do for her now. I would there were!"

"But will you not come and see her?"

Arthur could not refuse. He followed Charlot into the sitting-room; though, at the moment, he would rather have charged in the face of a hostile squadron. A very pale, quiet-looking woman rose as he entered, and advanced to meet him. "You must permit me," she said, "to thank you for your great and unexpected kindness."

Arthur begged that "Madame" would not mention it. He only regretted that he could do so little. It may be noticed that the courteous term he used in addressing her was not, at that time, the proper designation of a tradesman's wife; but there was a dignity in the demeanour of this patient, heart-stricken woman, that insensibly won the respect, almost the reverence, of the young Catholic gentleman. "I assure you, Madame," he said with real feeling, "I heartily deplore what has taken place; and I hope those who have committed the outrage will be brought to justice."

"I do not think that will be. Nor do I desire it, save for the sake of others. He would not have desired it." She said this without an effort. For it was easy, as yet, to speak of the

lost one. It is not when first received that a wound is sorest to the touch.

"You must surely desire justice—vengeance," said Arthur.

"Justice we may indeed desire, that others may not suffer as we. Vengeance we are content, we are glad, to leave in his hands to whom alone it belongeth."

Arthur marvelled greatly at the quiet tone in which these words were spoken; and then glancing at the speaker's face, he saw that it was still and calm in its expression, almost like the face of death.

A hard or careless observer might have arrived at the conclusion that the woman did not feel. Arthur, young as he was, had too much feeling himself to imagine this. Still he could but dimly comprehend how it was with her. It is one of God's merciful arrangements that a great grief so often, like a heavy blow, stuns and stupifies. But it is sometimes the heart, not the mind, that is stunned. Thought may remain awake and active, while feeling is dull and inert. So it was with Annette Maçon. She perfectly understood what had happened, she was quite capable of meeting every new duty the terrible bereavement imposed upon her; but still there was a strange quiet within her, a sort of breathless pause before a storm. Not yet had the fountains of the great deep been broken up, and the waves of agony rolled, in all their force, over the poor lonely tortured heart. Such an hour—many such hours—would come; hours of crushing desolation, of bitter poignant anguish; and then, instead of calmly uttered words, there would be only low sobs, and tearful, trembling prayers. Unless her God would be with her *then*, heart and flesh would fail.

Her hour of deepest need had in truth not yet come; but God had already given her his comforting and sustaining presence—that "light from beyond the sun" which can turn the deepest darkness of Nature's night into such day as Nature never dreamed. Out of the "strength" of that marvellous joy which Christ so often gives to those who suffer for him, came words of patient trust, and even of solemn thankfulness, that young Arthur Erskine heard with profound astonishment.

"I bless the good God for my dear husband," she said, in answer to the commonplace words of sympathy he tried to falter. "He has put this great honour upon him, to number him amongst his holy martyrs. He has given him a crown of life. Even now he stands in his presence, and sees him face to face."

"You think then," said Arthur wonderingly, "you think it is a great honour and merit to be a martyr?"

"A great honour, sir? Oh, yes! The greatest he ever bestows upon a poor child of earth. It is letting us give him the very best we have; it is letting us say to him, with drops of our own blood instead of words, 'Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.' And I too—I—" But this ground was too dangerous. Had she gone further, the flood-gates might have been thrown open, and Nature have had her way. She resumed presently on another subject: "But merit, sir, do you say? God forbid we should have such a thought. How could we? Of his own have we given him from first to last. For we have nothing else to give him, nor indeed the heart to give him anything, unless he gives us that too. And even the white robes the blessed martyrs wear are washed, not in their own blood, but in his."

"Mother," asked Arthur's little friend of the night before, the only one of the children who was present, except Charlot. "Mother, has the father a white robe now?"

"Without doubt, my child," said the mother, drawing the little girl to her side, and stroking her hair with cold, white fingers.

"I should like to see him wearing it. I wonder how he looks," the child went on.

"But we shall never see him again. He is gone very far away," said Charlot in a faltering voice.

"Oh, no, Charlot," returned the little girl confidently. "I know better than that. He cannot be far away. For he is with Jesus, and Jesus is always near us, you know."

Tears filled Arthur's eyes. "If this be *Huguenotrie*," he thought; "it is certainly a great contrast to *De Villemorgue's*. He seemed really sure of nothing beyond what he could see and touch; and for aught I know, many of the

Catholics are pretty much in the same predicament." He said aloud: "These children talk of heaven as if it were next door, and of the Lord Jesus as if they had seen him."

"We have seen him by faith," said the mother. "You may be very sure of that, sir, for how else could we bear all these things for his sake?"

This was a question Arthur could not answer. He murmured some indistinct reply, in which nothing was noticeable except the respectful gentleness which had characterized all his intercourse with the afflicted family. And soon afterwards he rose to take his leave, having once more declined the offer of refreshments. "I cannot tell," said Annette Maçon, as they parted, "what moved you to be so kind and good to us, unless it were the good Lord himself. And I cannot repay you, but he can and will. For what you have done unto the least of these poor children here, you have done unto him. You have the blessing of those that were ready to perish this day, sir; may you have his blessing also now and for ever!"

Charlot ran and fetched the plumed cap, which he had rescued the night before from the rough handling of his baby brothers. Arthur shook hands with him, kissed the little girl, and went his way, accompanied by the prayers and blessing of the bereaved family.

He had much to think of during his hasty journey to Paris. He brought away with him from the Fête of Poitiers many sad memories, but one very precious, that perhaps counterbalanced them all. He knew now, what he would never have learned either amongst his gay and godless companions or from the cold and sarcastic De Villemorgue, that there *was* a Faith, possessed by men and women, and even by little children, which could make the unseen world more real to them than this, and fill them with joy and peace in circumstances of deadly peril and heart-breaking sorrow. It is true that he did not himself possess this faith, that he did not even desire it; he thought it, or at least he *was bound* to think it, false and heretical. Still it was something to believe in its existence, as we only believe in what our own eyes have seen. The belief

was a little seed dropped into his heart; might it ever spring up and bring forth fruit there?

Of his own share in the adventure he thought but little, except to condemn himself for the part he had taken in the beginning. It just occurred to him that it was rather "drôle" (after the French manner of speaking, which he had now thoroughly adopted), that scarcely more than a year ago he should have played the knight-errant to defend a Catholic priest from the Edinburgh mob; and that he should find himself, in so short a time, performing a similar good office (much more efficiently however) for a heretic family in Poitiers. But it did not enter his imagination that he, or any brave or honourable man, could have acted otherwise under the circumstances.

In ages of persecution, the sufferings of Christ's faithful servants have always had a solemn purpose to fulfil towards those who witnessed them. That purpose has often been one of mercy. Not a few names rise at once to the memory (and they are but the samples of hundreds and thousands unremembered or unknown), of those whose hearts were moved to pity and kindness by the sufferings and the patience of the witnesses of Christ, and for whom these feelings, at first merely natural, were God's appointed way of leading them to a life-giving knowledge of his truth. Blessed in their deeds were they, though at the time they did not know to *whom* the cup of cold water was offered, often with trembling hands and with averted face.

But woe, on the other hand, to all those whose eyes refused to pity, and whose hands refused to spare! Woe to those who looked with triumph, or even with indifference, on the scaffold, the stake, or the massacre! To such, the sufferings of the faithful have been usually "an evident token of perdition." It is probable that when they steeled their hearts against these, they rejected the last and loudest of God's gracious providential calls, and at once confirmed and made manifest that "final" impenitence and hardness of heart which the awful warnings of Scripture lead us to conclude men may reach, and have reached, even on this side of the grave.

THE NIGHT SERVICE.

"Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord."



FROM the awaking of the glorious Sun
In the far chambers of the crystal East,
To where he goeth down in pomp and
power

Beyond the western seas, the Name of God
Is to be blessed and praised.

In morning hours,
When the sweet singing voice of birds is heard
On every side, when mighty Forests wake
And stretch their hands to God, when through
the Earth
The breath of Life is blowing,—then the Saints
Arise from sleep and sing.

Through all the hours
Of night and darkness, angel-hosts have kept
Their sacred watch, encamping tenderly
Round God's beloved. When the curtains rise
At break of day, and show the dewy Earth
Sparkling with heavenly smiles, and wearing
crowns

Of peace and beauty undefiled by man,
We marvel at the radiance of her look.
We need not marvel; she hath entertained,
Whilst we were sleeping, angel-guests as fair
As stars of the morning. When her children
sleep—

Their sad eyes closed, their weary feet, that are
So restless all the day, and vex her with
Their ceaseless wanderings—lying very still
Upon her bosom, lo! the far-off Gates
Of Glory lift their heads, the hosts of God
Descend to visit her.

Ah! Night is sweet
With fragrance of eternal lilies, worn
On stainless breasts. And wonderful deep thrills
Of heavenly music come and go, on wings
Of the midnight wind, and wander tenderly
On sleeping seas.

From darkened shore to shore
God gives his children sleep—their faces pale

And mournful, overshadowed by angel-looks
That light their dreams. And when the morning
breaks

And rouses them from sleep, they rise and sing
For joy of heart. Their sleep has been most
sweet

And full of peace; the saddest face has caught
Some faint reflection from an angel's smile;
And the soft wind that bloweth from the East
At daybreak, finds upon the dewy heath
Some trace of footsteps, fragrant from the Hills
Of Frankincense and Myrrh. Oh, sweetly rise
Our morning-songs to God, in whose great Light
We see the light.

And through the long bright Day
There is no silence, for at every hour
Some soul is praising God. A mighty man
Standing victorious, after desperate fight
Upon his Battle-field—his high soul thrilled
With awful triumph, and his gleaming eyes
Still full of stormy light—uplifteth now
His mailed hands to Heaven, and blesseth God,
The God of Battles. Now a woman, pale
With nights of weeping, veiling her in clouds
Of shadowy hair, and wearing for a smile
A sadder light than moonlight on her face,
Steals to the Saviour's feet, and poureth there
Her most sweet ointment, till the House is
filled

With heavenly fragrance. Now a little child
Of the Kingdom raises his sweet voice to sing
A song of Zion—no deep under-tone
Of the Battle's thunder past, no voice of
tears,

Sound in the simple song; his sky is bright,
His full cup runneth over, and he sings.
Thus every hour some soul is giving praise,
Sweet praise to God. The mighty man of war
In a deep, grand hymn, sung with a voice still
hoarse

After the Battle-shout; a woman's kiss
Falling, with tears of trembling joy, on Feet
Most sacred; and the sweet voice of a child

Singing between: these make the music heard
On high.

But who shall praise God in the Night?
The Night, that lays her finger on the lips
Of men, and hushes them to something like
The calm of Death. Now sleeps the prisoner,
And the oppressor sleeps; the wicked cease
From troubling, and the weary are at rest.
Ah, who shall praise Him in the Night? the
Night,
That stretcheth mournful wings from shore to
shore,
Till silent lie the singers of the world
Beneath the shadow.

Angels come and go,
And wonderful sweet thrills of music sweep
The night-wind as they pass. Yea, Christ Him-
self
Is with us; lo! the Shepherd-King of the
Church
Abideth in the Fields, and watcheth o'er
His Flock by night. But who shall give Him
praise
For this sweet service? Who shall celebrate
The Name of God by Night.

It is the Night:

And in the Temple of the Lord, not made
By mortal hands, the lights are burning low
Before the Altar. Clouds of darkness fill
The vastness of the sacred aisles. The dumb
And breathless Spirit of the Night is here
In all his power; no rushing mighty wind
Of organ-harmonies is sweeping down
The shadowy place. A few short hours ago,
And all the Temple-courts were thronged with
those

Who worshipped and gave thanks, before they
went

To take their rest. Then many voices joined
To sing the praise of God; but who shall bless
His Name at midnight?

Lo! a band of pale
Yet joyful Priests do minister around
The Altar, where the lights are burning low,
In the breathless Night. Each grave brow wears
the crown

Of Sorrow, and each heart is kept awake
By its own restless pain, for these are they
To whom the night-watch is appointed. See,
They lift their hands, and bless God in the
Night!

Whilst we are sleeping, those to whom the King
Has measured out a cup of sorrow, sweet
With His dear love, yet very hard to drink,
Are waking in His Temple, and the eyes
That cannot sleep for sorrow or for pain
Are lifted up to Heaven; and sweet low songs,
Broken by patient tears, arise to God.
Bless ye the Lord, ye servants of the Lord,
Which stand by Night within His Holy Place
To give Him worship! Ye are Priests to Him,
And minister around the Altar, pale
Yet joyful in the Night.

The Priests must serve,
Each in his course, and we must stand in turn
Awake with sorrow, in the Temple dim,
To bless the Lord by Night. We will not fear
When we are called at midnight, by some stroke
Of sudden pain, to rise and minister
Before the Lord. We, too, will bless His Name
In the solemn Night, and stretch our hands to
Him.

FLORENCE, 1867.

B. M.



I N P A R I S.



MAKE no pretensions to an intimate acquaintance with this great and beautiful city. I am merely one of the many who, attracted by the fame of the Great Exhibition, have been paying it a passing visit. The observations and reflections, therefore, which will be found in this paper, are not for a moment to be regarded as the results of much thought or of much knowledge; being, in fact, nothing better than rough impressions or rude illustrations of "how it strikes a stranger." And yet such fresh impressions of a place have, we always fancy, a certain value of their own. We read with interest what a foreigner thinks of our own manners and customs, after he has been long domesticated among us; but we are no less glad to hear what has most struck a visitor who has only had time to take, as it were, a bird's-eye view of our social system. Familiarity with an object, while it certainly brings out features in it which, under a hasty glance, might have been overlooked, has likewise a tendency to deaden the often wholesome sense of strangeness which we feel in coming into contact with habits widely contrasting with our own.

My first Sabbath in Paris I shall not soon forget. It was while the great American war was still raging, and when, therefore, there were few travellers from the New World to be found in the continental cities. Now the case is very different. There is almost an even chance that your English-speaking neighbour in the railway carriage or at the *table d'hôte* will be found to hail from London or New York; and if he *does* come from the latter place, he will not be long in letting you know it. Our cousins are proud of their country, and there is no theme on which it more delights them to talk. And they may well be excused in recurring so constantly to such a subject; for it were affectation, or worse, on our part not frankly to acknowledge that they have a country of which they have some reason to be proud. At the time, however, to which I have referred, the citizens of the republic had quite enough to occupy them at home; and the American chapel in the Rue de Berri, in which I worshipped, though capable of containing some eight hundred persons, could muster a congregation of no more than fifty. The preacher was a Mr. Vincent, from Illinois; and the text of the excellent discourse which he delivered was that passage in the first epistle of St. John: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." The Rue de Berri is one of those narrow streets which lead immediately off the Champs Elysées, not far from the Arc de Triomphe; and the American

chapel is such a short way down the street, that the noise of the traffic in the avenue must always be more or less distinctly heard in it. But, as it happened on this occasion, there was a *fête* at St. Cloud, and the concourse of holiday-seekers in the direction of the Bois de Boulogne was even greater than usual. While, therefore, we were listening in the empty chapel to the Christian minister, as he told us what the world was, and warned us against the love of it, there came to us continually the open-mouthed roar of that very world, which was enjoying itself a few paces off to the full. It was a new illustration and instance of the Voice crying in the Wilderness. The Word and the world were contending for the mastery, and the world had clearly the best of it.

And, indeed, this is what will always strike an English visitor who spends a Sabbath in Paris. He will see that there is not only little religion in the city, but that the world takes such entire possession of all the thoroughfares as to suggest the doubt whether such a thing exists in it in any shape at all. There is not much religion in London—at least, there is an immense amount of irreligion in it; but no one can traverse its streets on the Sabbath without being reminded of Christianity, and being compelled to acknowledge that it must be a power with many. There is no district, for example, in which you do not find numerous churches; above the din of the street traffic rings out the clangour of the Sabbath bells; and among the crowds on the pavements multitudes you know are on their way to or from public worship. In the great Babel, therefore, there are manifestly thoughts about a world to come. But one cannot help fancying in Paris that all things are ordered on the principle that there is no other world than this. It is a beautiful city, and is every year being made more beautiful. There is much in it to please the eye, to gratify the taste, to divert the mind; and if a man had nothing else to do here but just to earn his daily bread and amuse himself, Paris, with its gardens and theatres and *fêtes*, would be "a little heaven below." But this is a view of life which the issue will not sustain; and a dreary feeling comes over the heart when one sees the most unmistakable signs that the great mass of the Parisians are not so much the professors of a false religion as the professors of no religion; that in at least this portion of France, not Popery, but simply the world, reigns supreme. The people are not merely lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God: they are worshippers of pleasure, to the almost entire exclusion of God.

And yet there is certainly one proof that Paris is a part of Christendom. There is no lack of priests in the streets: their black cassocks and shovel hats are to be seen in every crowd almost as inevitably as the red

knickerbockers of the Zouave. But however much good they may be doing out of sight within their several spheres, there is nothing to lead one to believe that they are telling influentially on the general character of the city; and perhaps it is true, as has been suggested, that the Parisians look at them very much in the same light in which they regard the soldiers. The latter do the fighting; the former, the religion. The Church and the army are both national institutions; but their services are vicarious. "I don't go to war myself, but I send a representative; I have no personal dealings with God, but I pay men to transact the business for me." The system works to perfection; and the pious Parisian, as he is posting out for a Sunday's diversion to Versailles, may be able to look at the priests whom he passes with a feeling of satisfaction, as holding out to him the assurance that the claims of Christianity are not being overlooked or neglected. I have no idea how many churches there are in Paris, but that they are not numerous must be manifest to every visitor. You cannot pass through any quarter of the city without seeing plenty of places of amusement; but amidst the miles of new buildings which are everywhere being erected, it is very seldom indeed that you come upon a house which is devoted, under any name, to the worship of God. And yet we should think it extremely unlikely that there is any want of church accommodation. The Madeleine may be well filled on the Sabbath mornings by congregations composed, in great part, of visitors who are there from curiosity; and Father Hyacinth, like Lacordaire, may gather great audiences to his conferences in Notre Dame; but in most of the other churches, few as they are, there will be generally room enough and to spare; for, however numerous the exceptions may be, there can be no doubt whatever about the law that, when the Lord's-Day comes round, Paris is in the streets.

In these circumstances, it is pleasant to observe that, in connection with the Exposition, the two great Sabbath-keeping nations—England and America—are faithfully maintaining a conspicuous testimony to the sanctity of the day. No exhibitor from either country appears in his place when the Sabbath comes round. Of course, the Exhibition itself is open on Sunday as on other days—there is even a greater crowd than at other times; but the visitors cannot but be struck with the silence which prevails in two of the most important sections, and if he asks the reason, he will receive an answer which may teach him a lesson. We read that the Prussians are beginning to realize, in some degree, the advantages of what is called an English Sunday, and to agitate for its adoption. Perhaps the French Exposition has nothing to do with that movement; but we shall not be surprised to hear that the silent testimony of England and America in the heart of the great international fair has told favourably in other quarters; and it will be a curious thing if it should be found that, while the tide of Sabbath observ-

ance is going back in England, it begins to make and flow on the continent of Europe. If that is not the result, the inconsistencies of individual Protestants will have something to do with it. Many of them are by no means so mindful of the sacredness of the institution which has done so much for them as they ought to be; and, careless of the consequences, they imagine they do well by following the worldly principle of "living at Rome as the Romans do." Even public functionaries, acting in an official capacity, have been thus unfaithful; the Lord Mayor of London, for one, having openly attended a reception at the Tuileries. But, on the other side, there have been some equally notable instances of adherence to principle and propriety. One of the most interesting of these we have had in the conduct of the English Tonic Sol-Fa Association, which came over to contend for the international prize on the 8th of July. The party reached Paris on Saturday, the 6th, and were earnestly importuned to take part in a monster concert of eight thousand voices, which was to be held next day in the old Exhibition building. That day, however, was the Sabbath; and, although, in other circumstances, it would have been quite agreeable to them to comply with the request, they resolutely refused to do so, on the high ground of regard to the commandments of God. It is satisfactory to know that they were not found wanting when their own time of trial came. Though they were not allowed to receive the prize because they had female voices in their choir—a condition of which they had never heard until the competition actually began—their singing was received with enthusiasm, and special honours were conferred upon them by the emperor and empress in person.

One feature of the French Exposition is certainly very remarkable. It is the toleration extended in it to what we cannot better describe than by calling it a Protestant Propaganda. Not only have we a Missionary Museum into which are gathered illustrations of what most of the great societies of England and America are doing among the heathen, but we have our Bible stand, our religious tract dépôt, and our Salle Evangélique—and these last are no mere sights or spectacles waiting simply to be looked at, but active organizations, working constantly for the propagation of the gospel. The Bible stand is a noble institution. Within a small pagoda-looking building are stored up copies of the Scriptures in fifteen different languages, and attendants wait at the windows, which open all round upon the grounds, either to offer the book for sale to those who wish to buy, or to give some portion of it to all visitors that come within reach. By this agency the Word of God has been widely disseminated, and that among classes that would not otherwise have been easily reached. What has been long aimed at through the system of colportage is here effected in a simpler and cheaper way. There has been no need to carry the truth to the people, the people have come to the truth. I know no temporary means of grace so likely to be extensively beneficial as this;

and it will be a thousand pities if, either through the niggardliness or the prayerlessness of the churches, its operations should in any way be hampered or restricted. The *Salle Evangélique* has not quite so perfectly answered expectations. It is a hall capable of containing some three hundred persons, and, while two prayer meetings are held in it every day, it is always open for several services on the Sabbath. From all accounts the daily prayer meetings seem to be in the way of doing the greatest amount of good. The singing of a hymn and the open door are sure to attract some of the passers by within the walls, and before they leave, a word fitly spoken may reach their hearts or consciences. But the Sabbath attendance has not been large, at least at the English service; and this is not to be regretted, for it is impossible to get to the hall without paying for admission to the Exhibition, and the theory of the Sabbath-keeping nations is that on that day no Englishman or American shall come within its gates. Still, it is extremely interesting to think that such a place exists, and that the crowds who are gathering to this world's fair to see what wonderful things can be made by the hand of man may also hear the voice of the Divine Wisdom calling on them to "buy the truth and sell it not."

Nor is this "missionary village," as it has been called, the only evangelistic agency which the Exposition has been more or less directly the means of originating. The occasion has been taken advantage of by the Protestant churches of this country and America to increase the number of English services in the city of Paris. All the denominations of any importance have now their representative chapels there. The Episcopal churches have been long in the field, and the Methodists and Independents have also had congregations for a number of years; but the importance of the place seems to have been at last recognized by such other bodies as the Baptists and Presbyterians, and I was no less surprised than delighted to observe the other day, in one of the little Protestant journals of Paris, quite a large list of localities in which English ministers of different connections were to preach on the ensuing Sabbath. This is much to be rejoiced over, on various grounds. In the first place, the number of stated English and American residents in Paris is very considerable, and something was much needed to be done to preserve them from forgetting the best habits of their respective countries. In the second place, it is well to take away all excuse from passing travellers, who have too often misspent the Sabbath in this gay city, because there seemed no better place of worship to go to than the *Madeleine* or *Notre Dame*. And last of all, I can see how most happy consequences may follow from the various Protestant communities taking a more direct concern in the state of religion in such a country as France. I have heard it hinted that some of the French Protestant pastors do not view with very great cordiality this English-speaking movement, imagining that it may draw off into other channels energies that would natu-

ally flow to them. But never was a greater delusion than this. For one friend that will be lost to them, there will rise up ten on which they could never otherwise have counted. The Protestants abroad will come to know better what their brethren in France are doing and trying to do, and will naturally take a deeper interest in their work; and the real unity of the Reformed Churches being in these ways more fully realized, the few friends of evangelical truth who are now fighting against the tremendous odds of an overwhelming Roman Catholicism will contend with greater heart, because assured that there are legions at their back.

To one who devoutly believes that the kingdom of Christ is to be established over the whole earth, such questions as these cannot but often occur here: What prospect does there seem of this city becoming really the Lord's? What forces are in operation to bring that result about? What special hindrances stand in the way of its accomplishment? I don't pretend to be able to discuss these questions intelligently, and I am not going to attempt the task. But it is impossible to walk through the streets of Paris, and recall its later history, without feeling that these inquiries must have for Christians everywhere an interest of the intensest kind. When is all this wealth, and beauty, and taste, and refinement, to receive consecration by being dedicated to the supreme Source of all good. When is a city—whose influence is such that its decision as to forms of government is accepted without a word, not only by every province within the frontiers of France, but even by distant Algeria, with its trained army of a hundred thousand men*—when is such a city to breathe a spirit of disinterested love for man, and unmixed zeal for the glory of Christ? If London is the commercial metropolis of the world, Paris is the political centre of Europe, and the never-failing spring, also, in which originate not merely new ideas about dress but new ideas about many other things. The evangelization of this city, therefore, is in the highest degree important, not for its own sake alone, but for the sake of the wide circuit in which it is the leader of life and opinion. In fact, the subjugation of Paris for Christ would be, in relation to the conversion of Europe, something like the taking of a Mamelon or *Redan* in the reduction of a *Sebastopol*.

I have said that I am not competent to deal with the questions suggested above—questions which it deeply concerns the Christian Church to be asking—but a very slight acquaintance indeed with the state of French society is requisite to enable one to see the enormous difficulties which lie in the way of the triumph of Christianity in the country. If Paris were simply a Roman Catholic city, one might hope for what has occurred elsewhere—a religious movement from within issuing in a Protestant reformation; or if it were a place

* When the Revolution of 1848 took place, the Duc d'Anmale, one of Louis Philippe's sons, was Governor-General of Algeria, and was greatly beloved by the army; but the verdict of Paris was obeyed without a whisper of opposition.

where the inhabitants were sunk in ignorance, something might be done in time through a system of educational agencies. But it is not Popery and unintelligence which the gospel has to deal with here. It is ungodliness and infidelity, associated with a great deal of knowledge and a high degree of mental cultivation, and all mixed up with a corruption of morals which lies upon the national character with a weight

"Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life."

In considering the question of how you are to turn a given class of people into good, honest, straightforward, simple-minded, loyal-hearted Christians, you require to ask more than how many there are, and how much would be needed to give so many an adequate supply of the means of grace. You must ask, In what state is their moral nature to begin with? for, just as there are some substances which impart to the vessels which contain them such an inveterate flavour that scarcely any amount of washing is capable of removing it, so is it in regard to men. Sensualism cleaves to the Oriental Churches in a way which sometimes threatens their existence. Some also have roundly asserted that the number of *Jewish* converts, who are perfectly free from the tendency to manage and equivocate, is so small that they may be counted on one's fingers. And when there have been in newly evangelized communities in heathen countries sudden outbursts of savageism, the excuse has been readily offered that their Christianity has not yet gone deep enough to civilize as well as transform their whole character. Now, having regard to this principle, the point we have to consider is not: Given two millions of average human beings, what hopes may we entertain under ordinary circumstances of their conversion?—but: Given two millions of *Parisians*, what are the likelihoods of their becoming Christians?

At present one serious moral hindrance to the triumph of the gospel among Frenchmen—a most serious hindrance, because it perverts the moral nature, and is one of those vices which it is peculiarly difficult to eradicate—is their untruthfulness. I am quite sure I am warranted in saying that few Parisians would think it at all wrong to tell a lie at any time, if it seemed for their interest to do so. The English visitor will soon learn that from experience, if he does not look out; and indeed, the national character is so well understood, that at the present hour nobody puts implicit faith even in the most solemn asseverations of the Government. "He lies like a bulletin," is a proverb which is not supposed to have lost its pith through age. A general persuasion exists that preparations are being extensively made for a war with Prussia;—the *Moniteur* most solemnly protests that there is not the slightest foundation for the rumour; but in the very face of the protests the people go on believing as before. Imagine such a state of things in England. Do you think it possible that the Queen and her Foreign Ministers could publish an official declaration about anything without receiving credit for the

truth of what was said? No! The reputation of our Court has not yet fallen so low as that of the Court of the Tuileries. Deception for a purpose is reckoned no sin there, and this too surely reflects the character of the people. Some of the aspects in which this element of unreliaableness appears are sufficiently distressing. An English lady who had been long a resident in Paris, and who had gone thither for the education of her nephew, tells me that few parents trust their children to go to school alone. They send an attendant with them, or make an arrangement with others to have an omnibus come round for them at a certain hour every morning; the reason being that as a rule the children cannot be relied upon not to play truant. She adds, that while in a question of evidence the word of an English boy is readily taken, the word of a French boy is never received without corroboration from some other quarter. If this is true, the corruption must have affected the very springs, and what we believe to be the worst of all moral twists must have got into the grain of French nature. We have then placed directly before us one of the great difficulties which lie in the way of the evangelization of Paris, when we have asked ourselves the question, How deep must the revolution go to make its people lovers and speakers of the truth?

I fancy, too, that the kind of *idolatry* which prevails in Paris is one which it will be peculiarly difficult to root out. When Paul was in Athens he could use arguments which lay readily to his hand, and which he could easily use with great effect. "We ought not to think," said he, "that the Godhead is like unto gold or silver or stone, graven by art and men's device." As speaking to men of reason, he could ask confidently if such conceptions of the Deity were not in themselves absurd; and further, he takes effectual advantage of an implied confession which he had seen in the public street—the confession, namely, that they themselves were satisfied as to the vanity of their idols, and were still in search of "the unknown God." But what could an apostle have found to say to the Parisians? Their god is Pleasure—they believe that all their dreams of heaven may be realized in the present world—and they have their minds far too thoroughly made up upon this whole subject to be still feeling after any knowledge higher than that which they already possess. Thus the difficulty in regard to them is to find a fulcrum on which to rest your lever. You cannot quite so easily convince a merely rational man that his own happiness is not the *summum bonum*, as you can convince him of the folly of idol-worship, in its grosser forms; and although you may wring, even from a Parisian, the confession that all has been to him vanity and vexation of spirit, it will not necessarily follow that he will be open to receive what you have to say about spiritual joy and the realities of a world to come. He has been trained to look to the Government, for the time being, as his Providence—he has expected it to avert from him the calamities which make life miserable, and to purvey the pleasures which are to

make it happy; and if he happens to be disappointed in these expectations, he has always an alternative resource—a pan of charcoal or a revolution. How far the first of these remedies has proved satisfactory, no one has returned to report; but as for the second, it can be repeated until it succeeds.

In fact, there is no feeling surer to take possession of one when traversing Paris and its neighbourhood than one of uncertainty. You see many outward signs of what appear to be great stability and prosperity; building operations, for example, going on to an enormous extent—old and narrow streets giving way everywhere to magnificent boulevards. But people frankly tell you that this is due not at all to private enterprise, but simply to State policy, because for one thing the *ouvriers* of the capital must by all means have wages and work. Besides, it is significantly pointed out, the old paving stones have been removed, barracks have been erected at the corners of many of the principal thoroughfares, and the new streets are so arranged that from central points they can be swept by cannon in every direction. Then the health of the Prince Imperial and the movements of Prince Napoleon are watched with an anxiety which shows how immediately the complexion even of the near future depends upon the life of the great man who wears the purple. And with such men as Thiers and Jules Favre speaking out in the Chamber in a way which seems to imply that there must be much smouldering discontent, it often occurs to one to say: Well, it's a fine thing, perhaps, to be King of France—to have a town house like the Tuileries, and country seats like Versailles and Fontainebleau—but after all the tenure of office can scarcely be very secure, and the sense of this security must make the actual occupants of the throne acutely realize the truth, "Uneasy is the head that wears a crown." But what the Napoleon family feel in this connection is a comparatively small matter. A point of greater interest and importance is, how this uncertainty about the future is likely to tell upon the character of the nation. Possibly they don't as yet think very seriously about the matter; but as the age and infirmities of the Emperor increase, and he is obliged to trust more to his ministers, the proverbial restlessness of the Parisians will increase also; and here, undoubtedly, we have one of the many barriers which lie in the way of any substantial good being soon done within their city.

I was lately returning from Vincennes by the little railway which connects that place with the Bastille, when the friend who was with me called my attention to an object which we were passing. It was a part of the fortifications which Louis Philippe erected for the defence of Paris. The lesson of these costly works instantly suggested itself to us both. That politic and far-seeing king imagined that his enemies lay without, and millions of money were expended in the endeavour to protect his treasures from their attacks; but danger sprang up in the very heart of his capital, and to escape that he had to seek safety not behind his fortifications,

but far beyond them. It is a great thing for a nation, as for an individual, to know in what quarter peril is to be apprehended; and it will generally be found to be true of both that the enemies most to be dreaded lurk within. That was true of Louis Philippe, at any rate, and it is still true of France. Paris may never again be occupied by an allied army—the self-love of its citizens may never again be hurt by seeing Cossack camp-fires lighted in the Place de la Concorde—but it can never know real peace or real prosperity until it knows righteousness; and its worst foes, therefore, are its own unbelief, frivolity, and moral corruption.

As you proceed up the great esplanade in front of the Palace of Versailles, you see facing you, written above the entrance colonnades, the boastful inscription, "A toutes les gloires de France." The palace has been turned into a great gallery, in which art has preserved on canvas or in marble the recollection of all that France reckons most glorious in her history. And, as might have been expected, war is almost the exclusive theme. You may meet here and there the face of an ecclesiastic, such as Bossuet, or of a philosopher, such as Voltaire—but peaceful occupations of every kind are "nothing accounted of," while miles of walls are covered with portraits of marshals, and pictures of the battles in which they won their fame. There is thus an open proclamation made of what is "glory" in the estimation of France; and it can do the ingenuous youth of that country no good to be ever drinking at such a spring. But perhaps this great Exposition may prove to some extent a counteractive, as it is a most striking contrast. At Versailles there is—nothing like war. In the Champs de Mars there is—nothing like peace. And the solid advantages which might manifestly be gained by the encouragement of the taste and industry which there spread out their fruits may help to dispel from the imaginative mind of France the delusion that the real prosperity of their country depends on their catching the phantom of "la gloire."

One word more. It is to be expected that the Paris Exhibition will give a new impulse to continental travel. Hundreds of English people will probably now visit France, from year to year, for ten that used to do so. And some good from this is to be looked-for for the Continent. But there is another possibility, namely, that we may be none the better for the more frequent and intimate intercourse. Bad habits are more easily learned than good ones; and, as it is, English society is unfortunately not now in a condition to bear much temptation. We cannot prevent the intercourse taking place, however, and we must just use such means as are available to render it as innocuous as may be. One expedient is certainly that of occupying the various centres of interest with evangelical services, and it is satisfactory to see that the English and American churches are actually taking steps to do so. We heartily wish them all success.

MEMORY AND THE FINAL JUDGMENT.

[We take the following from an able and eloquent work lately published by Mr. Elliot, entitled "The Judgment Books," by Alexander Macleod, D.D., Birkenhead.]

I.—THE CONTENTS OF MEMORY.



HERE is a remarkable passage in the Confessions of Augustine, so illustrative of the mystery of memory, and so little known to common readers, that I give two or three quotations from it here. Much in the same way that Sir William Hamilton represents *Consciousness*, as the deep out of which all mental phenomena arise, Augustine represents *Memory*. It contains for him all knowledge and thought, all virtue and art, and even the knowledge and image of God. To God himself, indeed, he seems to acknowledge that he must "pass beyond this power of mine which is called memory; but then," he adds, "how shall I find Thee, if I *remember* Thee not?"

"I come to the fields and spacious palaces of my memory, where are the treasures of innumerable images, brought into it from things of all sorts perceived by the senses. There is stored up, whatsoever besides we think, either by enlarging or diminishing, or any other way varying those things which the sense hath come to; and whatever else hath been committed and laid up, which forgetfulness hath not yet swallowed up and buried. When I enter there, I require what I will to be brought forth, and something instantly comes; others must be longer sought after, which are fetched, as it were, out of some inner receptacle; others rush out in troops, and while one thing is desired and required, they start forth, as who should say, 'Is it perchance I?' These I drive away with the hand of my heart, from the face of my remembrance, until what I wish for be unveiled, and appear in sight, out of its secret place. Other things come up readily, in unbroken order, as they are called for; those in front making way for the following; and as they make way, they are hidden from sight, ready to come when I will. All which takes place when I repeat a thing by heart.

"There are all things preserved distinctly and under general heads, each having entered by its own avenue; as light, and all colours and forms of bodies, by the eyes; by the ears, all sorts of sounds; all smells by the avenue of the nostrils; all tastes by the mouth; and by the sensation of the whole body, what is hard or soft, hot or cold, smooth or rugged, heavy or light, either outwardly or inwardly to the body. All these doth that great harbour of the memory receive in her numberless secret and inexpressible windings, to be forthcoming and brought out at need; each entering in by his own gate, and there laid up. Nor yet do the things themselves enter in; only the images of the things perceived are there

in readiness for thought to recall. Which images, how they are formed, who can tell, though it doth plainly appear by which sense each hath been brought in and stored up; for even while I dwell in darkness and silence, in my memory I can produce colours, if I will, and discern betwixt black and white, and what others I will: nor yet do sounds break in and disturb the image drawn in by my eyes, which I am reviewing, though they are also there, lying dormant and laid up, as it were, apart. For these, too, I call for, and forthwith they appear. And though my tongue be still and my throat mute, so can I sing as much as I will; nor do those images of colours, which notwithstanding be there, intrude themselves and interrupt, when another store is called for which flowed in by the ears. So the other things piled in and up by the other senses I recall at my pleasure. Yea, I discern the breath of lilies from violets, though smelling nothing; and I prefer honey to sweet wine, smooth before rugged, at the time neither tasting nor handling, but remembering only.

"These things do I within, in that vast court of my memory. For there are present with me, heaven, earth, sea, and whatever I could think on therein, besides what I have forgotten. There also I meet with myself, and recall myself, and when, where, and what I have done, and under what feelings. There be all which I remember, either on my own experience or others' credit. Out of the same store do I myself with the past continually combine fresh and fresh likenesses of things, which I have experienced, or from what I have experienced have believed; and thence again infer future action, events, and hopes; and all these again I reflect on as present.

"Great is this force of memory, excessive great, O my God; a large and boundless chamber: who ever bounded the bottom thereof? Yet is this a power of mine, and belongs unto my nature; nor do I myself comprehend all that I am. . . . Men go abroad to admire the heights of mountains, the mighty billows of the sea, the broad tides of rivers, the compass of the ocean, and the circuits of the stars, and pass themselves by; nor wonder, that when I speak of all these things, I did not see them with mine eyes, yet could not have spoken of them, unless I then actually saw the mountains, billows, rivers, stars, which I had seen, and that ocean which I believed to be, inwardly in my memory, and that with the same vast spaces between as if I saw them abroad. . .

"Yet not these alone does the unmeasurable capacity of my memory retain. Here also is all, learnt of the liberal sciences and as yet unforgotten; removed, as it were, to some inner place, which is yet no place: nor

are they the images thereof, but the things themselves. For what is literature, what the art of disputing, how many kinds of questions there be? Whatsoever of these I know, in such manner exists in my memory, as that I have not taken in the image, and left out the thing, or that it should have sounded and passed away like a voice fixed on the ear by that impress, whereby it might be recalled, as if it sounded when it no longer sounded. . . . For those things are not transmitted into the memory, but their images only are, with an admirable swiftness, caught up and stored, as it were, in wondrous cabinets, and thence wonderfully by the act of remembering, brought forth.

... "And how many things of this kind does my memory bear which have been already found out, and, as I said, placed, as it were, at hand, which we are said to have learned and come to know; which were I for some short space of time to cease to call to mind, they are again so buried, and glide back, as it were, into the deeper recesses, that they must again, as if new, be thought out thence, for other abode they have none. But they must be drawn together again, that they may be known; that is to say, they must be, as it were, collected together from their dispersion; whence the word 'cogitation' is derived: for *cogo* (collect) and *cogito* (re-collect) have the same relation to each other as *ago* and *agito*, *facio* and *facito*. But the mind hath appropriated to itself this word (cogitation); so that, not what is 'collected' anyhow, but what is 're-collected,' i.e., brought together in the mind, is properly said to be cogitated or thought upon. . . .

"Great is the power of memory, a fearful thing, O my God; a deep and boundless manifoldness! And this thing is the mind, and this am I myself. What am I then, O my God? What nature am I? A life various and manifold, and exceedingly immense. Behold in the plains, and caves, and caverns of my memory, innumerable and innumerable full of innumerable kinds of things, either through images, as all bodies; or by actual presence, as the arts; or by certain notions or impressions, as the affections of the mind, which, even when the mind doth not feel, the memory retaineth, while yet whatsoever is in the memory is also in the mind: over all these do I run, I fly; I dive on this side and on that, as far as I can, and there is no end. So great is the force of memory, so great the force of life, even in the mortal life of man. What shall I do then, O thou my true life, my God? I will pass even beyond this power of mine which is called memory; yea, I will pass beyond it, that I may approach unto Thee, O sweet light!"—*Confessions*, Book x.

No one will want any remark on this wonderful passage, or any further illustration of what memory contains; but as I have said, in proof of the fact that what it contains can be reproduced, "that the power of association bears the same relation to the contents of

memory which the force of gravitation does to the heavenly bodies," I shall adduce, in confirmation, the following explanations, by Coleridge, of the law of association, as set forth by Aristotle:—

"The general law of association, or, more accurately, the common condition under which all exciting causes act, and in which they may be generalized according to Aristotle, is this: Ideas, by having been together, acquire a power of recalling each other; or, every partial representation awakes the total representation of which it had been a part. In the practical determination of this common principle to particular recollections, he admits five agents or occasioning causes: 1st, *Connection in time*, whether simultaneous, preceding, or successive; 2nd, *Vicinity*, or connection in space; 3rd, *Interdependence*, or necessary connection, as cause and effect; 4th, *Likeness*; 5th, *Contrast*. As an additional solution of the occasional seeming chasms in the continuity of reproduction, he proves that movements or ideas, possessing one or the other of these five characters, had passed through the mind as intermediate links, sufficiently clear to recall other parts of the same total impressions with which they had co-existed, though not vivid enough to excite that degree of attention which is requisite for distinct recollection, or, as we may aptly express it, after-consciousness. In association, then, consists the whole mechanism of the reproduction of impressions in the *Aristotelian Psychology*. It is the universal law of the passive fancy and mechanical memory; that which supplies to all other faculties their objects, to all thought the elements of its materials."—*Biographia Literaria*, vol. i., part i., chap. vi.

II.—THE IMPERISHABLENESS OF MEMORY.

From the "contents" of memory I turn to its *imperishableness*. The illustrations are most interesting, but to me they possess this special charm, that they are, with one or two exceptions, the passages referred to in the preface—the quotations, by which the esteemed professor commended to his students the view, that memory might be the judgment-book. In the italicised sentence of first quotation the germ of that view will be found:—

"A young woman of four or five and twenty, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a nervous fever, during which, according to the asseverations of all the priests and monks of the neighbourhood, she became possessed, and, as it appeared, by a very learned devil. She continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, in very pompous tones, and with most distinct enunciation. . . . The case had attracted the particular attention of a young physician, and by his statement many eminent physiologists and psychologists visited the town and cross-examined the case on the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her own

mouth, and were found to consist of sentences, coherent and intelligible each for itself, but with little or no connection with each other. Of the Hebrew, a small portion only could be traced to the Bible; the remainder seemed to be in the Rabbinical dialect. All trick or conspiracy was out of the question. Not only had the young woman ever been a harmless, simple creature, but she was evidently labouring under a nervous fever. In the town in which she had been resident for many years as a servant in different families, no solution presented itself. The young physician, however, determined to trace her past life step by step; for the patient herself was incapable of returning a rational answer. He at length succeeded in discovering . . . that the patient—an orphan at the time—had been charitably taken by an old Protestant pastor at nine years of age, and had remained with him some years, even till the old man's death. . . . Anxious inquiries were then, of course, made concerning the pastor's habits; and the solution of the phenomenon was soon obtained, for it appeared that it had been the old man's custom for years to walk up and down a passage of his house, into which the kitchen door opened, and to repeat to himself with a loud voice out of his favourite books. . . . He was a very learned man, and a great Hebraist. Among his books (discovered in a niece's possession) were found a collection of Rabbinical writings, together with several of the Greek and Latin fathers; and the physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the young woman's bedside, that no doubt could remain in any rational mind concerning the true origin of the impression made on her nervous system.

"This authenticated case furnishes both proof and instance, that reliques of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed; and as we cannot rationally suppose the feverish state of the brain to act in any other way than as a *stimulus*, this fact (and it would not be difficult to adduce several of the same kind) contributes to make it even probable, that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable; and that if the intelligent faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and apportioned organization—the body celestial instead of the body terrestrial—to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence. And this—this—perchance is the dread book of judgment, in the mysterious hieroglyphics of which every idle word is recorded. Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act, a single thought, should be loosened or lost from that living chain of causes, with all the links of which, conscious or unconscious, the free will, our only absolute self, is co-extensive and co-present."—COLERIDGE: *Biographia Literaria*, vol. i., First Part, chap. vi.

After the death of Professor John Wilson, Mr.

Warren published an account of an interview he once had with the Professor, when Mr. De Quincey was present, and the conversation happened to turn on "forgetting."

"Is such a thing as *forgetting* possible to the human mind?" asked Mr. De Quincey. "Does the mind ever actually lose anything for ever? Is not every impression it has once received reproducible? How often a thing is suddenly recollected that had happened many, many years before, but never been thought of since till that moment! Possibly a suddenly developed power of recollecting every act of a man's life, may constitute the great book to be opened before Him on the judgment-day." I ventured to say, that I knew an instance of a gentleman who, in hastily jumping on board the *Excellent*, . . . missed it, and fell into the water of Portsmouth harbour, sinking to a great depth. For a while he was supposed drowned. He afterwards said, that all he remembered, after plunging into the water, was a sense of freedom from pain, and a sudden recollection of all his past life, especially of guilty actions that he had long forgotten. Professor Wilson said, that if this were so, it was indeed very startling; and I think Mr. De Quincey said, that he also had heard of one, if not of two or three, such cases."—"Personal Recollections of Christopher North," *Blackwood's Magazine*, December 1851.

This extract from *Blackwood's Magazine* may serve as an appropriate introduction to a passage from Mr. De Quincey's own writings—a passage which cannot fail to suggest what the subject which those quotations are intended to illustrate might have become in the hands of a master. It is from his well-known description of the *Palimpsest of the Brain* :—

"The fleeting accidents of man's life, and its external shows, may indeed be irrelate and incongruous; but the organizing principles which fuse into harmony, and gather about fixed predetermined centres, whatever heterogeneous elements life may have accumulated from without, will not permit the grandeur of human unity greatly to be violated, or its ultimate repose to be troubled in the retrospect from dying moments, or from other great convulsions. Such a convulsion is the struggle of gradual suffocation, as in drowning; and in the original Opium Confessions, I mentioned a case of that nature communicated to me by a lady from her own childish experience. The lady is still living; and at the time of relating this incident, when already very old, she had become religious to scepticism. According to my present belief, she had completed her ninth year, when, playing by the side of a solitary brook, she fell into one of its deepest pools. Eventually, but after what lapse of time nobody ever knew, she was saved from death by a farmer, who, riding in some distant lane, had seen her rise to the surface; but not until she had descended

within the abyss of death, and looked into its secrets, as far, perhaps, as ever human eye *can* have looked that had permission to return. At a certain stage of this descent, a blow seemed to strike her—phosphoric radiance sprang forth from her eyeballs; and immediately a mighty theatre expanded within her brain. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, every act, every design of her past life, lived again—arraying themselves, not as a succession, but as parts of a co-existence. Such a light fell upon the whole path of her life backwards into the shades of infancy, as the light, perhaps, which rapt the destined apostle on his road to Damascus. Yet that light blinded for a season; but hers poured celestial vision upon the brain, so that her consciousness became omnipresent at one moment to every feature in the infinite review. This anecdote was treated sceptically at the time by some critics. But, besides that it has since been confirmed by other experiences essentially the same, reported by other parties in the same circumstances who had never heard of each other, the true point for astonishment is not the *simultaneity* of arrangement under which the past events of life—though in fact successive—had formed their dread line of revelation. This was but a secondary phenomenon; the deeper lay in the resurrection itself, and the possibility of resurrection for what had so long slept in the dust. A pall, deep as oblivion, had been thrown by life over every trace of these experiences; and yet suddenly, at a silent command, at the signal of a blazing rocket sent up from the brain, the pall draws up, and the whole depths of the theatre are exposed. Here was the greater mystery. Now this mystery is liable to no doubt; for it is repeated, and ten thousand times repeated, by opium, for those who are its martyrs. Yes, reader, countless are the mysterious handwritings of grief or joy which have inscribed themselves successively upon the palimpsest of your brain; and like the annual leaves of aboriginal forests, or the undissolving snows on the Himalaya, or light falling upon light, the endless strata have covered up each other in forgetfulness. But by the hour of death, but by fever, but by the scorings of opium, all these can revive in strength. They are not dead, but sleeping.”

The case of drowning in Portsmouth harbour, referred to in the conversation at Professor Wilson's, is familiar enough to students of mental philosophy, but I give it here for the sake of the general reader. Apart from its value as an illustration of the imperishableness of thought, it is intrinsically worth repeating. The writer was Admiral Beaufort, and the narrative was drawn up (in 1825) at the request of Dr. Wollaston, to whom the substance of it had been communicated orally some time before. After giving the details of the falling into the water, and the preparations for rescuing him, the narrator states:—

“With the violent but vain attempts to make myself

heard, I had swallowed much water; I was soon exhausted by my struggles, and before any relief reached me I had sunk below the surface: all hope had fled—all exertion ceased—and I *felt* I was drowning. So far, these facts were either partially remembered after my recovery, or supplied by those who had latterly witnessed the scene; for during an interval of such agitation a drowning person is too much occupied in catching at every passing straw, or too much absorbed by alternate hope and despair, to mark the succession of events very accurately.

“Not so, however, with the facts which immediately ensued: my mind had then undergone the sudden revolution which appeared to you so remarkable, and all the circumstances of which are now as vividly fresh in my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday. From the moment that all exertion had ceased, which I imagine was the immediate consequence of complete suffocation, a calm feeling of the most perfect tranquillity superseded the previous tumultuous sensations: it might be called apathy, certainly not resignation, for drowning no longer appeared to be an evil. I no longer thought of being rescued, nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now of rather a pleasurable cast, partaking of that dull but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, not so the mind: its activity seemed to be invigorated, in a ratio which defies all description; for thought rose after thought with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation. The course of those thoughts I can even now in a great measure retrace: the event which had just taken place—the awkwardness that had produced it—the bustle it must have occasioned (for I had observed two persons jump from the chains)—the effect it would have on a most affectionate father—the manner in which he would disclose it to the rest of the family—and a thousand other circumstances minutely associated with home, were the first series of reflections that occurred. They then took a wider range: our last cruise—a former voyage and shipwreck—my school, the progress I had made there, and the time I had misspent—and even all my boyish pursuits and adventures.

“Thus travelling backwards, every past incident of my life seemed to glance across my recollection in retrograde succession; not, however, in mere outline, as here stated, but the picture filled up with every minute and collateral feature: in short, the whole period of my existence seemed to be placed before me in a kind of panoramic review, and each act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right or wrong, or by some reflection on its cause or its consequences; indeed, many trifling events which had been long forgotten then crowded into my imagination, and with the character of recent familiarity.

“May not all this be some indication of the almost

infinite power of memory with which we may awaken in another world, and thus be compelled to contemplate our past lives? Or might it not in some degree warrant the inference that death is only a change or modification of our existence, in which there is no real pause or interruption? But, however that may be, one circumstance was highly remarkable: that the innumerable ideas which flashed into my mind were all retrospective. Yet I had been religiously brought up: my hopes and fears of the next world had lost nothing of their early strength, and at any other period intense interest and awful anxiety would have been excited by the mere

probability that I was floating on the threshold of eternity; yet at that inexplicable moment, when I had a full conviction that I had already crossed that threshold, not a single thought wandered into the future: I was wrapt entirely in the past.

"The length of time that was occupied by this deluge of ideas, or rather the shortness of time into which they were condensed, I cannot now state with precision; yet certainly two minutes could not have elapsed from the moment of suffocation to that of my being hauled up."
—*Letter from Admiral Beaufort to Dr. Wollaston, in Sir J. Barrow's Autobiography*, pp. 398–401.

The Children's Treasury.

THE STORY OF PAULINE.

I.

JEANETTE! Jeanette! Please change my frock quick," cried a little girl. The aged woman whom she addressed laid aside her work, and taking up a white muslin dress, said, "What is the hurry, Miss Pauline?"

"Why, nurse," she said, "don't you know all the people will soon be here, and papa wished to see me dressed first!"

Jeanette took the little girl on her knee, and it was not long before she put her down again in her pretty white frock, as beautiful a picture as any fond father ever looked upon. Just then a man came into the room. It was Jeanette's son, Henri. He was of middle age, dressed in a workman's blouse, and there was much about him that told how hard a struggle life was to him, as to many others, in that beautiful city of Paris.

He looked at the merry child, and saying, "You are well, little lady," he added, with a groan, as he seated himself at the window, "This world is ill divided."

"Nay, Henri," said Jeanette, "if you have nothing better to tell me than that, I don't thank you for coming here to-night."

"I say," retorted the man, "this world is ill divided; but there is a time coming when we will have our rights, or die in the getting of them."

"Henri! Henri!" replied Jeanette, "I fear to hear words like these. 'Who maketh thee to differ?' You speak as if there was no heaven above us, and no God ruling over all."

"You see God's doings, mother, where I don't," said Henri. "Look at that little one, there's more lace on her little dress than would feed and clothe my child for a month; and my Marie starves, while she flits

about like a fairy—as she is," he added, as he looked again at her sparkling eyes and golden curls, with an admiration which he could not restrain.

Pauline drew near him. Children like to be admired as surely as older people.

"Is Marie like a fairy?" she asked. The man covered his face with his hands, and did not answer.

"Is Marie pretty, like me?" persisted Pauline.

"No, no, little miss," he answered angrily; "she is not at all like you."

And Pauline, frightened by the tone of his voice, would have cried, had not the sound of approaching wheels changed the current of her thoughts.

"They are coming, brush my hair, quick, quick, nurse!" she cried, and then with a light bound went singing down the stairs.

When she was gone, Henri began to pace up and down the room, uttering many impatient words as carriage after carriage rolled up to the door.

"Henri," said his mother, "it is not man but God you are fighting against. Who set my master in high places, and you in low, but God himself?"

"God never meant the rich to grind the poor as they do, and he never meant us to let them do it," said Henri, "and we are the more fools that we do."

"Oh, my son," said the patient old woman, "God reigns. Man can only wrong us so far as he permits it. Take everything from him, Henri, the bitter as well as the sweet, and all will work together for good to you. Why is it that you, with health and strength, are miserable, and your little suffering angel is happy all the day? Is it not because she takes all her trouble from the Lord's hands, and you are always growling about the sins of the rich instead of mourning over your own. I can tell you—and I have seen more of them than you—that the rich have not their sorrows to seek either, and have their burdens to bear too, Henri.

I learnt that long ago. It was when my Amy died, and the little one here too. I thought it hard the day after our baby was laid in the churchyard to have to begin and toil at my work as if there had been no change among us, when my heart yearned for time to weep over the little darling's grave. Then my lady sent for me to speak to her; and I remember, as I walked for the first time up the great staircase and through these long corridors filled with beautiful things, I wondered what either death or I had to do coming in there! But oh, Henri, when I saw the poor marchioness struggling alone with her grief—the children away in the nursery, and the marquis at court—and she all day weeping for her lost baby; then I thanked God that I had my husband and children to work for. Oh, Henri, Henri, a gilded sorrow is hard to bear."

"That may be," said her son, "but there is precious little gilding on mine, I know."

As he spoke, Pauline danced in at the door, holding out to him a large bag of grapes and biscuits. "These are for Marie," she said in her sweetest tones, and ran away again.

"The dogs eat of the crumbs!" said Henri; "but," he added in a softened voice, "it was kind of the child."

When Henri Durant returned home, it was to find his patient wife and his little deformed daughter stitching, as usual, by a very dim and uncertain light indeed. Everything in the house was scrupulously clean, and there was even a something of elegance in the arrangement of the little room, that showed an amount of refinement and taste not common among the working poor. Elegance implies leisure also, and Marie, being debarred from the usual amusements of children, had many spare moments, which she spent in devising ways and means of beautifying their little home. There were few Protestant families also in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where they lived, so that though Durant associated with his fellow-workmen, Marie and her mother remained nearly as solitary as Mrs. Durant had been in the quiet Swiss valley where she was born, and had lived until her marriage.

The mystery of such a blighted life as little Marie's, is perhaps a problem which it is harder for the parent than the child to solve.

Marie had taken up her cross simply as the will of God for her, and had found such rest in doing so, that many a favoured child of fortune might have envied her.

She was enchanted with her little present, and as she obliged her mother to eat some of the tempting fruit, she asked the minutest questions about Pauline.

"How beautiful she must be, father, and how kind! I wish I could see her," she exclaimed.

"Why, what would she do coming to a place like this, or speaking to a child like you? I tell you, child, the world is ill divided."

Marie sighed; perhaps her father's spirit grieved her, or perhaps his description of the beautiful Pauline

had raised some murmuring thoughts, but if so, they soon passed away.

"Poor young lady," she said softly, "poor young lady."

"Why do you say that?" demanded her father.

"Because she has no mother!" said Marie; and throwing her arms passionately round her mother's neck, she cried, "I would not give you, mother dear, for thousands of gold and silver!"

Her mother held her in a fond embrace, and whispered very softly, "A little while, my child, and we shall understand it all."

And even the dark and sullen man, who was looking on them, that moment caught a passing glimpse of the mighty law of compensation which so equalizes life on earth.

II.

It was not long before Marie's wish of seeing the little lady of the castle was gratified. Pauline had asked many questions about Jeanette's grandchild.

"Always sick, and always happy, nurse, how can that be?" she said; "when I am sick, I am not happy at all."

"Ah, Miss Pauline," replied Jeanette, "Marie knows the secret of happiness. Do you remember, my dear, how happy you were the day before your cousins came, last year?"

"Oh yes, nurse," said Pauline, "that I do; and don't you remember what pleasure I had, though it was such a bad day, putting up the new pictures on the wall, and preparing every thing for them."

"My dear," said Jeanette, "you were happy preparing for their coming, because you loved them. Marie loves the Lord Jesus Christ, and she knows that he is coming soon. It is a bad enough day with her now, poor dear, but she is happy because she is preparing for his coming."

Pauline looked very thoughtful. "I love the Lord Jesus a little too, I think, nurse," she said at last: "but I do not like to think much about heaven. This world is a very happy place. It is so beautiful to me, I do not think I would like to leave it. Is it very wrong, nurse!"

"Bless you, my darling!" said Jeanette. "This world cannot but look different to you from what it does to an old woman like me, or to my poor Marie; but God will take his own way of weaning you from it; and now, child, what he is saying to you is, 'In the day of prosperity be joyful,' but, 'rejoice in the Lord.'"

The marquis seldom refused any request of Pauline's, and though he did refuse to allow her to go to the Faubourg where the Durants lived, he sent a carriage there to bring Marie to their chateau. It was a few miles to the east of Paris, and Marie had never seen or fancied anything so beautiful.

These two little girls, between whom fortune had made such a wide difference, soon became fast friends.

Many might have thought the gain all on the side of the poor man's child; but there were others who thought differently when they saw the influence of her simple, holy life upon the character of Pauline. Her gaiety and cheerfulness remained, but there was now a constant, though childlike, struggle maintained against the vanity and pride which everything around her seemed made to foster.

"It is nice to be pretty, Marie," she said one day, "but I sometimes wish I were not, it makes it so difficult to be good, I think."

"How strange!" replied Marie, "and I have so often thought that beauty must make it easy to be good. You will never envy any one, Miss Pauline."

"Oh, Marie," she cried, "I am glad you know too what it is to have bad thoughts; but what do you do then?"

"I try to say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,'" said Marie, "and it is that makes the thought of heaven so sweet. There will be no more sin, nor sorrow, nor pain there."

Pauline said no more when her friend spoke of heaven, it awoke no joyful thought in her heart, earth was still so fair to her. As the apostles of old would have been content to abide on the Mount of Transfiguration, so this child saw a glory all around her that made her inmost soul say, "Methinks it is good to be here."

While Pauline and Marie were thus becoming yearly more attached to each other, the angry feelings which had been roused in so many of the overwrought and overtaxed poor in Paris against the higher classes, were yearly increasing in bitterness.

Under the iron, but wise grasp of Napoleon, the people learnt to respect themselves, and it was too late for the Bourbons to attempt again to reign as despotic sovereigns over a nation of serfs. When Louis XVIII. was succeeded by the weak and obstinate Charles X., the struggle between arbitrary and real power soon came to a close. Pauline saw little of her father in those days, for the marquis was much at court. Henri Durant was also little at his home, and could oftener have been found in one of the low cafés, where he and many of the discontented populace held their nightly meetings.

Two years after my story begins, Pauline and Marie were seated one sultry July evening under the shade of some chestnut trees.

"Miss Pauline," said Marie, "does the marquis ever speak to you of the things that are coming as my father does?"

"What things? I do not know what you mean," said Pauline.

"My father says," replied Marie, "that another revolution is at hand, and that soon our poor little home would be a safer place for you than this great castle."

"I do not know what you mean," again repeated Pauline.

"I scarcely know either," replied Marie, "but my father says the king, and the nobles, and the priests, are determined to take away the charter of our rights and make us all little better than slaves, and that it is time for us to resist and fight for freedom. Perhaps it is true, but, oh, Miss Pauline, war must be a terrible thing, and I wish it had pleased God to take me safe to heaven first, and you too," and the little girl burst into a flood of tears.

Pauline gave her what comfort she could, but poor Marie was sent home far sadder than when she went that night. Her father returned earlier than he had done for many weeks, but his brow was even more clouded than usual. With an attempt at mirth, he threw a handful of silver on the table.

"There, wife," he said, "there is our fortune, make what you can of it, for it is not likely that a second will come our way;"—then, as if answering the speechless terror of his wife, he added, "I mean, Lotta, that M. Fernaux has paid us all off, and there is no more work in Paris for any honest man left."

Waiting no answer, he left the house, and did not return that night.

Soon after Marie had left the castle, the marquis called for Pauline, and said, "My child, tell Jeanette to pack such things as you may need, for I intend that we should go to-morrow to my hotel in Paris."

"Why, papa, why?" asked Pauline.

"Because," said the marquis, "I wish it."

"But, papa," persisted Pauline, "have you forgotten that this is July, the hottest month of the year, when Dr. Marmont said you must never let me be in Paris? Besides, I do not like it at all."

"Nevertheless you must go," said her father; "this is a lonely place, and I must have you under my own care in such times as these."

Pauline thought of what Marie had told her, and did not wonder so much as she would otherwise have done at this sudden resolution, neither did she make any further attempt to alter it.

So, on the morning of the 27th July 1830, the household moved to the marquis's hotel, near the Tuileries, just the day on which the Revolution, which had been so long pending, broke over the city. We shall not attempt to describe that marvellous three days' struggle between right and wrong further than our story may require.

When the marquis and his family reached Paris, it was easy to see that the ordinary state of things was at an end. At that early hour it was usual for the workmen and women to be hastening to their places of business, but now few women were abroad, and in all the thoroughfares knots, in some places crowds, of sullen, angry men were gathered together; and as the marquis's equipage drove past, shouts of "Vive la charte! Vive la charte!" were raised every now and then.

"I doubt," said the marquis, "if it has been wise to return here at all; and I cannot even stay with you to-

day, my child, for His Majesty has ordered my attendance at court this morning. I shall, however, return in the evening, and, Jeanette, you will go at once and tell your son to come and speak to me then. He will understand what these people mean, and I shall be guided by his advice."

Pauline listened in silent wonder. That her proud father should ask advice from Jeanette's son made her feel as if the very end of the world had come.

When they reached their hotel, the marquis, taking one of the outrider's horses, started at once for the court, as if he had quite forgotten the usual etiquettes of ceremonial altogether, and again Pauline's heart died within her.

"O Jeanette, take the carriage and be quick," she said, "and do bring Marie with you. I shall be so frightened till you come back."

"Never fear, my lamb," said Jeanette, "no one will harm you here; and as for the carriage, it seems to me that I will be safer without it, for no one will notice an old woman like me unless I am in a fine carriage."

III.

It was with great difficulty that Jeanette threaded her way through many of the streets; not that any one would have wished to harm her, but the crowds in many places quite blocked up the way to foot-passengers. At last she reached the Faubourg St. Antoine. "You here, mother!" exclaimed her son's voice, before she had entered the house; "what in the name of wonder brings you here to-day?"

Jeanette hastily gave her master's message, and then would have returned, but Henri said, "No, no, mother; you have come unasked, but no woman leaves this house to-day. Do not be afraid for the little lady, I will soon bring her to you, and both you and she will be safer in this poor place than at home."

So saying he locked the door and hastened down the street.

"Oh, grandmother," said Marie, "how terrible this is! and how afraid poor Miss Pauline will be when both her father and you are away! Do you hear that dreadful noise?"

It was dreadful indeed, for the troops had begun to fire upon the enraged multitude. They listened in silent terror, till at last the old woman, taking refuge in the great stronghold of her faith, murmured, "God reigneth!" and Marie gently added, "Blessed for ever!"

Henri had truly meant to bring Jeanette her young charge without delay, but once out in the exciting whirlpool of the riot, all thought of her was driven from his mind, and he was one of the busiest in rearing barricades in the chief thoroughfares to arrest the progress of the military.

How long that day seemed to poor, forsaken Pauline! She looked out at the windows for hours, hoping to see her father or Jeanette, but it was all in vain; and as

the noises grew more alarming, it was only occasionally that she had courage to go to the window at all.

At last she became sensible that while the noise out of doors increased every moment, the stillness and silence in the house was becoming greater. She rang the bell, but no one answered. Going into the principal corridor, she called each servant by name, and received no answer. One by one, during the day, the servants had dropped away; some only to see what was doing, others to join heart and hand with the insurgents; and so, as night began to close in, the poor little girl realized that she was all alone. "What shall I do! what shall I do?" she sobbed, forgetting there were none to hear. Then falling on her knees she prayed to God to take care of a little, lonely child, for Jesus' sake, and the very act of doing this helped to soothe her.

When it became very dark, she rolled herself in a rug and lay quietly down upon a sofa.

It was then the holy lessons of old Jeanette and Marie came to her mind, and one favourite couplet of Marie's was as a sweet refrain to her all through this long night,—

"Quite alone, and yet not lonely,
I'll converse with God my Friend."

It seemed to her, as she lay there so still, that there was no one at rest in the great city but herself, for the tumult, though lessened, never ceased. When the morning came and the warm July sun shone into the room, she never thought of moving, but lay quite exhausted with fear, fatigue, and hunger.

At last she was roused by heavy footsteps on the stair, and she heard Henri Durant's voice calling. "Miss Pauline, Miss Pauline, where are you?"

She ran to meet him, and telling her she must come at once with him, he hastened her away without even waiting till she could find a hat to screen her from the scorching sun. He could give her no tidings of her father. Pauline had always felt some degree of awe of Durant, and as he dragged her along she did not dare to tell him how ill she was.

Every now and then they came to great barricades formed of overturned omnibuses and carriages of every description. At another time a mob would close round them, and they would be constrained to go with it quite out of their way. At last Henri, seeing that his little charge could scarcely get along at all, took her up in his arms, but the moment he chose to do so was an unfortunate one. The crowd was great, and a tall man coming to meet it threw a heavy burden which he was bearing into the heart of it. It was the dead body of a woman who had been shot by the soldiery. Pauline shrieked with terror at the ghastly spectacle. Changed as the features were, she recognized old Madeleine, a washerwoman of some repute whom she had often seen coming for her muslin dresses.

"O Henri!" she cried, "surely it was Madeleine."

"Yes, miss," he answered "yes; but she's better

off now; it was harder for Madeleine to live than to die."

This was Pauline's first sight of death, but before reaching their destination they had to pass many of the dead; and, what was worse, of the wounded, whom it was impossible to help. It seemed as if they were never to get to the Faubourg St. Antoine; and when at last placed in the arms of her faithful old nurse, it was long before she could answer her or Marie further than by sobs.

"O Jeanette! Jeanette!" she cried, "I have seen such horrible things, such horrible things; I wish that I could die!"

They laid her on Marie's little bed, and did what their simple skill could suggest to arrest the fever which it was evident had laid hold on her.

One day more was sufficient to end the brief Revolution and to establish the just claims of the people, but for weeks the little sufferer lay nearly unconscious of all around her, only often repeating, "Let me die, oh, let me die! I have seen such terrible things!" and thus it was that the love of life was taken away from poor Pauline.

As rough handling soon rubs the beautiful down from the peach, so these terrible days had for ever robbed earth of its glory to her.

Do not think that she was thus a loser. Truth is

better than falsehood. Earth is not heaven; and the sooner we find this out the better.

Pauline did not die, but all things seemed different to her now. She saw that life was not, as it had once seemed, a sort of walk through fairy-land, but an earnest and often toilsome pilgrimage towards a paradise fairer than the heart of man can dream of.

Marie was before very long called to lay down the cross which she had borne so meekly, but Pauline's lot was a very checkered one. Much of the marquis's property had been destroyed during the Revolution, and as he died soon after, and his estates were inherited by a nephew, only a very small portion of worldly goods remained to Pauline.

Like most women in France, she married early; and lived to follow her husband and children to the grave. Then, leaving the city where she had suffered so much, she retired to a small property of her husband's in Auvergne, attended by Mrs. Durant, who was then, like herself, a widow and childless.

There she lived as a shining light in a dark place, until, her work on earth being finished, she entered that holy, happy land where "the former troubles are forgotten," where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

xx.

MY LITTLE TEACHER.

PART III.

IT was a bright frosty day in the Christmas holidays. I was thirteen, and Freddy was six. We two were alone, papa and mamma having gone to spend the day with some friends who lived a few miles off.

"Bessie," cried Freddy, running into the dining-room, where I was sitting before the fire reading a story. "Bessie, let us go to the pond! I've seen such a lot of people pass by with skates."

"Oh, Freddy, it is so cold; I can't go out." The thought of the sharp stinging air outside is seldom pleasant when one is sitting close to a nice fire; and I felt as if I should be frozen at once if I stirred. Moreover, I had just reached a most interesting part of the story I was reading.

"Do go, Bessie; it's not a bit cold. I've been in the garden, and it's a beautiful day."

"I can't go now, Freddy. You'd better play in the garden, and perhaps I'll go after dinner. I want to read; don't tease me just now, that's a dear."

The little boy seldom "teased." He went and stood mournfully at the window, saying no more. Not many minutes after, a schoolfellow of mine, Nelly Brown, came in, with her brother Tom—a tall lad of seventeen. He had his skates in his hand, and they asked us to go with them to the pond.

"Oh, yes, Bessie, let us go!" pleaded Freddy, seeing a new hope of getting his wish.

This would answer very well, I thought. "Run upstairs, then," I said, "and ask nurse to wrap you up warm. You can go with Nelly, and I'll come after you very soon. I can't come just now, Nelly."

Freddy soon appeared again full of glee. "Don't be long," they all said to me as they departed. I was glad Freddy was happy, and it was charming to be left undisturbed to the fire and the story-book. I read on till I had finished the tale; then I rose and went to the window, shivering as soon as I turned my back on the fire. "Well," I thought, "I suppose I must go out now." That very moment, in came the servant to lay the cloth for dinner. "Oh dear," I said, "it can't be near one o'clock! I must go at once;—or, perhaps, it is no use going now. Nelly dines at one, and they'll be back directly." Nurse appeared while I was debating this point with myself. "Do you mean to say you never went to the ice, Miss Bessie? I don't half like Freddy being there without any of us. He told me you were going to follow him immediately."

"I didn't think he'd been gone many minutes, nurse, when Anne came to lay the dinner. I don't know how this morning went! I suppose he'll be here directly."

"Well, it's time he was back. You go and bring

him home, for *they* may all forget how time goes as well as *you*."

I agreed to this, for I began to think mamma would say I had done wrong if she heard that I had allowed Freddy to be out without me the whole morning, for the sake of finishing a story. I got ready in haste, and walked hurriedly to the pond. I saw at once that the ice was deserted, and the next thing I saw was a crowd of people round the door of a cottage near the water's edge. A dreadful fear came over me: I turned dizzy and sick. Since I grew up I have sometimes experienced such moments, in which, by a sudden sort of instinct, one seems to know exactly what is coming. Something bad had happened, and happened to Freddy, I was sure. I dared not ask what was the matter; but when I heard a man say to another, "It is Mr. Campbell's little boy," it was only what I expected. The ice had broken, he had fallen in, he was dead,—this was my instant conviction. I screamed: I turned to run home, then turned back again, and ran towards the cottage. Somebody caught hold of me, and said, "It's all right, Miss Campbell; he's coming to now, they say." "Isn't he drowned?" I gasped, feeling bewildered and scarcely able to stand. "No, miss, oh no, it was not *that*; he had a fall. He was riding on Mr. Tom Brown's back, and they came down together. Mr. Tom's foot slipped on the ice." "Oh, what shall I do?" I cried; "I know he's killed." "Cheer up, dear, I'll go in and see how he is now."

Tom by this time had run to our house by a short cut, and nurse arrived now, breathless and in tears. She could only say, "Where is he? come along, Miss Bessie," pulling me towards the door of the cottage, where the woman who had been speaking to me met us, saying, "He's coming round nicely, don't go in yet;" but in we hastened. I shall never forget that sight. The sweet boy who I had last seen rosy with health and joy, lay on a bed, his eyes shut, and his face so white and still that I could not believe he was alive. The doctor sat beside him, holding his wrist. Two women were standing watching him, and ready to help. The doctor made a sign to us to be silent, and one of the women whispered to me, "You'd better go away, darling, for you can't help crying, I know; and Miss Brown is in there," opening the door of the inner room, "she'll tell you how it happened." I obeyed, and found Nelly crying bitterly. By degrees she told me all. Freddy had been very happy, watching the skaters. Tom had offered to take him on the ice to slide, but he was unwilling to venture till I came. At last Tom—a kind but thoughtless lad—proposed to "give him a *ride* on the ice, if he was afraid of sliding." Freddy mounted on his back, quite delighted, and Tom walked with him over a part of the ice which was thinly covered with snow. Tom was very careful, Nelly said, but at last some snow "caked" under his foot, and he slipped, and they both came down backwards, Freddy underneath. Tom was not in the least hurt, but poor Freddy was lifted up senseless. It was

hardly a quarter of an hour since it happened. The doctor happily was skating on the pond, so there was no delay in doing all that could be done.

The doctor came in. "Your little brother is conscious now," he said kindly. "He was stunned. He had a severe fall, but there are no bones broken, and I think he will do well." He added, speaking to nurse, who followed him, "I see no occasion to send for his parents, as you say they are to be at home in a few hours. I hope he will get on nicely. We will have him taken home as soon as possible."

Freddy was carried home about an hour afterwards; but though this was done most carefully and gently in the way the doctor ordered, it seemed to give him pain, and he became unconscious again after he was laid in his own bed. Then the doctor said he did not feel easy about him, and he thought papa and mamma should be sent to. He wrote himself to tell the sad news, and nurse got a man to go on horseback with the letter to the house where they were.

It was not an hour before I heard the carriage driving up to the door, but every minute of that dreadful day seemed like an hour to me. I lay, spent with crying, on my bed, for I could not bear to be with Freddy, and I did not feel as if I could *ever* see papa and mamma. I heard them come quietly up-stairs, speak to nurse, go into Freddy's room, and then talk for a while on the stairs with the doctor. I do not know how long it may have been after this, but it was already dark, when mamma came into my room. "Bessie, darling," she said (and I knew she was crying by her voice), "why do you keep away from us? A great sorrow has come on-us all, but we must try to help each other to bear it. You must not stay here alone in the cold any longer, dear child. Speak to me, Bessie."

I sobbed out, "Oh, it's all my fault, it's all my fault! I've killed him! I know you'll hate me—I hate myself! What did papa say? Oh, mamma!"

"Darling, tell me, how was it you were not with him? I have heard so little yet."

"Ah! you wouldn't speak kindly to me if you knew. It was so cold, and I wanted to finish a story I was reading, and I let him go with Nelly and Tom, and I *intended* to go myself in a little,—and, oh! it is all my doing! I wish it had been me, not him! It is all my doing!"

"It was the old besetting fault, dearest, thinking first of self; but I won't speak about that. Whatever way this ends, I know you have got a lesson you will never forget. And you must not say it is all your doing. Have you forgotten that not a sparrow 'can fall on the ground without your Father?' and though you may blame your own carelessness in not looking after him better, you know this could not have happened unless God had permitted it. We must not think of second causes now, but of our wise, loving Father. It is *our* only comfort to know this is *His* will, and must be good in some way we cannot see."

I went on sobbing, and mamma said, kissing me, "It might have happened just the same if you had been there, Bessie dear. Don't you see that it might?"

"No; for I would never have let Tom take him on his back and go on the ice. I would have kept him beside me. Will he—do you think, mamma; does Mr. Sym think he will die?"

"We hope he may get over it, darling; Mr. Sym scarcely knows what to think as yet. He is in God's hands. But I had better tell you the truth, he is dangerously ill, we fear. God help you!" said mamma very tenderly, and she left the room.

"God help you!" God could help; no one in the world could. I sprang off the bed, and kneeling beside it, "O God," I prayed, "for Christ's sake save Freddy's life! Oh, do not let him die! Oh, make him well! O God, I have been selfish and wicked all my life; do forgive me, for Jesus Christ's sake, and give me a different heart! Forgive me for what I did to-day! and, oh, spare Freddy's life! Lord, help me—help me!" I could say no more. That was the first time I had ever prayed. I had "said my prayers" morning and night all my life, but never till then had I cried to God from my heart in sore need. For I had said those prayers as if I was speaking to nobody. Now, in my bitter distress, I cried to *One* who could hear me—the only *One* who could do anything to help—and my prayer was real. I was like those persons spoken of in Isaiah xxvi. 16, "Lord, in trouble have they visited thee, they poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them."

I had little sleep that night: I heard people moving about the house, and I listened to every sound. I was remembering the time when Freddy was born, and many things papa and mamma had said then about his teaching me to be unselfish: I felt I had never loved him as I ought; I had always thought of myself first; I had cared for nothing but to please myself all my life long. I seemed to get a sight of my heart, and, oh, how hard and bad it was! I remembered all my unkindness to Freddy (and let me just tell you, children, that you would not so often do and say unkind things to each other if you only knew how dreadful it is to recollect these things when we fear a dear brother or sister is going away from us. We feel then that we would give everything in the world if we could have *one* more opportunity of being kind to them, and letting them see that we are sorry, and that we really love them). I once thought, if God would only make Freddy well, I would never, never neglect him or vex him again; but then I felt my heart was so bad, that perhaps I should be selfish always; and I prayed to God to change my heart as fervently as I prayed to Him to spare Freddy's life.

My eyes were opened that night. From the time I could understand anything, I had heard of God, of the Saviour, of prayer, of a changed heart, of sin; but these had only been *words* to me before. I knew them to be *real* now. God could hear me. I hoped he would

answer me for the Saviour's sake; for I felt far too sinful to be answered for my own sake. The remembrance of my sins was a bitter sorrow to me. I feared I should live just as I had always lived, unless my heart could be made better; and I was well aware I could not make it better. Prayer—there was no help or hope for me but in praying. Yes; these things were real to me that night. I thank God that I can say they have been real ever since.

My prayer was answered. Freddy did not die.

In the morning I was told my brother was out of danger. The doctor said his pulse was better, and he knew us. But he was to be kept very, very quiet.

He seemed to improve all that day and the next day. On the third day Mr. Sym wished him to be raised a little in bed, propped by pillows; but the moment he was lifted up he complained of pain in his back, and begged to be allowed to lie quite flat again. Mr. Sym said he did not understand very well what was the matter with him, and he would like to send for a clever physician whom he mentioned. He brought the physician with him that very evening. They gave poor Freddy a great deal of pain by examining his back, feeling it, and pressing it in different parts, raising him and placing him in various positions, to find out if anything was wrong there. They were alone together for a long time afterwards. Then they called papa. Mamma and I sat together, sad and anxious, wondering what the strange doctor's opinion was. Papa soon came back, and both the doctors with him.

"I am glad to tell you," said Dr. Wells (the stranger) to mamma, "that there is no danger to your little son's life. But we think he must have got some sort of twist in the fall, and his spine is slightly injured. I have not the least doubt he will get quite well, only he will have to lie flat on his back for a few months."

I ran up to my room, and prayed that God would help me to give myself up altogether to my little brother.

Poor, dear Freddy! No more play, no more running about, no more fun for him, for such a long, long time! And I was a strong girl, with the use of my limbs and every part of my body. Please God, I would live from this day to make Freddy happy. But how little I could do for him!

Freddy was to be my Little Teacher, after all.

For many weary days and weeks my brother had to lie in his bed. He was wonderfully patient and sweet. He had a paint-box, with which he used to amuse himself for hours. I drew pictures, and he coloured them. When he grew tired of doing this, he would ask for stories. By degrees I found my thoughts almost entirely occupied with Freddy, and I was never so happy as in his room. It was so pleasant to devise something new to amuse him, to bring him in pretty things, to get the loan of a fresh story-book to read to him: it was so sweet to see a smile of enjoyment come over his thin little face. The hours spent with him seemed the shortest in the day, for we learned to love each other so dearly.

The winter went by. After three months the doctors allowed Freddy to be lifted from his bed to a couch. What a joy it was to us all, one lovely day in April, when Dr. Wells came to see him, and told us he was going on so nicely that he might be wheeled on the couch into another room! I remember that a lady asked me that very morning to go to a pic-nic, and when I refused—not liking to leave Freddy for the whole day—she said, “You are a good girl; you sacrifice everything for your little brother.” Somehow, it was no sacrifice. To see Freddy moved at last out of the room he had been so long imprisoned in, to help to wheel him to a window looking on the garden, and to hear his remarks on the trees and the birds, gave me greater pleasure than any pic-nic. I did not even feel a wish to go.

A fortnight afterwards the doctors again examined Freddy’s back, and said if the next day was fine he might be carried down-stairs, and lie on his couch in the garden. He was so overjoyed at the thought of getting out of doors again, that we feared the excitement would be too much for him. The next day was the first of May—as warm and beautiful a May-day as I ever saw before or since. The sun was hot, and Freddy was to be taken into a shady arbour. I made a long garland of flowers, and wreathed it round and round the door-posts of the arbour, and I arranged flowers wherever

I could find room for them, so that the place was a perfect May-bower. When Freddy was carried in (looking, ah! so small, so white, but so sweet), he glanced round him, and his face lighting up, he exclaimed, “Oh, how beautiful! Did you put those flowers here, Bessie? Oh, I am so happy!”—“So am I, Freddy!” I said, from the bottom of my heart, for his smile of pleasure made me feel happier than I had ever felt before. Papa said to mamma, “Well, I cannot express how thankful I am to-day, to see this dear boy out again, enjoying the sunshine once more, and to have every reason to think he will soon be walking about. It is more than I ever expected.”

“And another thing makes me thankful,” mamma replied. “Not only to see the darling getting better, but to see that Bessie has found that there is no pleasure like making others happy. She knows at last that ‘it is more blessed to give than to receive.’”

“Yes,” said papa; “God has brought that good out of our trial. You have learned, Bessie, not to seek your own. Perhaps you would never have learned it in any other way.”

“Ah, papa, but how Freddy has suffered!” I could scarcely keep from crying.

“Let us thank God for all his mercies,” said papa. We knelt round Freddy’s couch, and my whole heart went up with papa’s fervent thanksgiving. H. A. R.

LAZY SUSY.

BY A. L. O. E.

“**W**ASTERS come to want!’ if that is a true proverb I’m sure Mrs. Garry will come to the workhouse one of these days,” said Susy Bangham, stretching herself and yawning as she spoke.

“Suppose that instead of foretelling mischief to poor Mrs. Garry, you were to get up and look after the fire, and stir it a bit,” said Susy’s grandfather, a cheery old man, with cheeks like a rosy apple, who sat in a corner of the room. Benson had partly lost the use of his hands from rheumatism, but neither the helplessness nor the pain ever made him fret; he had worked hard as long as he could, and now that he could work no more, he was thankful for a quiet and happy home with his married daughter.

Susy yawned again, and rose slowly and unwillingly, though had she delayed two minutes longer the fire would have been out.

“And suppose now that you fill the kettle and put it on the fire, that when your mother and sister come home tired from their gleaning, they may find a cup of warm tea ready for them.”

“There’s not a drop of water here,” observed Susy.

“Suppose that you get some from the well just outside.”

Susy looked as though she thought it a terrible trouble to do so, and when she brought in the water observed, “Molly might have done this before she went out.”

“Molly is as willing a little creature as ever lived,” said the grandfather warmly, “and she has been gleaning all the day long. By-the-by, Susy, why are you not gleaning also?”

“I did glean; look there,” said Susy, pointing to a small bundle of wheat-ears which she had thrown down in a corner: she had not so much as taken the trouble to tie them together.

Old Benson burst out laughing. “You’ve not broken your back with stooping, Susy: I could have gathered as much when I was a little chap of four years old. Why did you come in so soon from the field?”

“I was tired,” said Susy sulkily.

“Oh! there is some one who is always tired when there is work to be done; but I should change the word, and call it *tiresome*.” And Benson laughed at his own little joke against “lazy Susy,” as his grandchild was called in the village.

Susy did not like being laughed at, and having filled the kettle and returned to her seat, she began again finding fault with Mrs. Garry, her neighbour, that her grandfather might forget to find fault with herself.

“I wonder that Mrs. Garry can waste so, with four children to provide for. She lights her candle before it gets too dark to sew by, and throws all her candle-ends away. It’s a shame to see how she wastes her coals; and her way of peeling potatoes is quite disgraceful,—

half of them goes to the pigs. Well, well, wasters will come to want."

"You're ready enough with your proverbs when they hit at others, my girl," said Benson, shaking his head;—"did you ever hear of one taken from the Bible itself, and written by wise king Solomon: *He also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster!*"

"You are always taking me up sharp, grandfather. If I don't work quite so hard as I might, at least no one can say that I ever waste so much as a pin. Now Mrs. Garry—I daresay that she wastes as much as would come to—"

"Come make a guess,—how much?" said Benson. "I think that we'll find out soon that the balance is pretty even between you."

"Candle-ends, cabbage-leaves, coals, potatoes and all, I daresay that she wastes ninepence worth a week," replied Susy, "and that comes to a pretty round sum in the year."

"Ay, it comes to—let's see; I was a sharp lad once for reckoning: ninepence a week comes to thirty-nine shillings in the year, nigh *two pounds*,—enough to get new boots for husband, wife, and all the four children, and leave something over to boot." again the merry old man laughed at his own little joke.

"She ought to be ashamed of herself!" exclaimed Susy.

"Now I think that I can prove to you," old Benson began, but his remark was cut short by the return of Mrs. Bangham and little Molly from the field, where they had remained gleaning till after the sun had set. They had come home by twilight weary with a long day's work, but rejoicing in the success of their labours.

"There, grandfather, is not that like a little sheaf!" exclaimed Molly, as she wearily laid down her corn.

"A famous sheaf, my brave little gleaner! Now, Susy, I've something for you to do," said the old man, with a merry twinkle in his black eye. "Take three quarters—or rather more—of Molly's heap of corn, carry it away as fast as you can, and fling it back into the field."

Both of the girls uttered an exclamation of surprise, and even quiet Mrs. Bangham gave a wondering look, though suspecting that some joke was on foot.

"I should never waste all that wheat by throwing it away," cried Susy.

"Now," said the old man, leaning forward in his chair, "I suppose that, if you had gleaned as busily as Molly has done, you would have gathered at least as much. Now, I reckon that what lazy Susy *left* in the field is just as much *wasted*, to her and to us, as if she had taken it home, and then carried it *back* to the field."

Nobody could deny this, though Susy looked as if she did not wish to understand. To change the conversation, she turned to her mother and said, "I must get a new dress you see; this one is worn all to rags—it scarcely will hold together."

"My dear child, I have seen that for a long time," observed Mrs. Bangham; "but if you had mended the holes at first, the dress would have lasted till spring."

'A stitch in time saves nine.' If the gleaning had not been so good this year, we could hardly have afforded five shillings to buy you a nice new dress."

"Come, Susy," said her grandfather smiling, "I think that we must put that five shillings into the scale of sloth, to weigh against the waste of our neighbour. And we must not forget all the broken branches which we are allowed to pick up in the great park after a storm; Molly has brought home many a fagot; if you had worked as hard as she, we should have *saved* as much in fuel, I guess, as Mrs. Garry has wasted."

"I do work; I do what I can. I wash and I sew," cried Susy.

"Come, my girl, be honest and frank. You do something, I own; but you had better stop and think, before you say 'I do what I can.' You know how late you lie in bed of a morning: I hear your mother calling you to get up, when every one else has long been astir. You lose *at least* one hour every day by this lazy habit alone; and another by the slow, idle way in which you set about work, moving as if you had weights on your hands and your feet. Here are two hours lost every day, and I'm afraid that we must set another to the account of idle gossip."

Susy knew not what to reply: she knew that the truth was not over but under stated.

"Now, counting your working-day as nine hours, clear of eating and sleep, at least a third part of it is quite thrown away and wasted. The parings of time are more precious, Susy, than parings of potatoes. A stout girl like you, doing her best, might earn six shillings in the week: I doubt your work has never brought four. Two shillings a week,—that's easier to reckon than ninepence; I make it come to just five pound, four. I think you must own how true is the text, *He also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster.*"

Susy's eyes filled with tears. "You are hard on me, grandfather," she said.

"I don't wish to be hard on any one, least of all my own girl," said old Benson. "I would not talk so much on the matter if I thought that you looked upon lazy habits as *sin*."

"I don't think it any sin to like a little sleep of a morning, and a little chat with a neighbour in the day. There's no harm in taking things easy;" and the lazy girl leant back on her chair, while Molly, tired as she was, began laying the table for the evening meal.

"I fancied that I had shown you that to waste *time* is to waste *money*, and you think that a sin," observed Benson.

"Not exactly a sin," replied Susy; "it is not like breaking one of the commandments."

"Have you ever thought over the parable of the talents, my girl? The different servants had, one five, another two, another one talent, to lay out for their master. Now, we know that this means talents lent to us by God, for which we must give account at the last. Now some people have riches, *that* is a talent; some great power, *that* is another; others are so clever and sharp that they are able to do more with their wits than

the rich with their silver and gold. These are all talents which have never been given to us."

"No, indeed," said Molly playfully, as she set down the bread on the table; "we're poor enough, and as for cleverness, teacher says that if I did not take such pains with my reading, I should turn out a regular dunce."

"But now mark me," continued old Benson; "every servant had at least *one* talent, and I used to puzzle my head to make out what that one talent could be. At one time I thought it was strength to labour,—but then not all men have that; then I fancied that knowledge of the Bible was the talent,—but not every one has a Bible, and some could not read it if they had. At last I hit upon one talent which every one living must have—the beggar as much as the Queen—you and I as much as the cleverest man in the world."

"I can't think what that talent can be," cried Molly; but Susy, who was much older, observed, "You mean the talent of *time*."

"You're right, you've hit it!" cried Benson. "Every one has an exactly equal share of hours in the day: the poorest must have four-and-twenty,—the Queen could not have twenty-five if she gave her crown for the odd one. But though every one has exactly the same length of day, there's a wonderful difference in the profit that is made out of it by the industrious or the lazy. What have you done to-day, Susy, my girl, with your talent of time? I fear that the greatest part of it has been like the idle servant's one talent."

"I've done no mischief, at least," murmured Susy.

"And what mischief had the idle servant done? He only buried his money, you have only wasted your time. But what did his master say unto him at the end?" The face of Benson looked very grave as he repeated the solemn words of Scripture: "*Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.*"

Nothing more was said that evening on the subject: poor Susy sighed so sadly that the old man was almost sorry that he had said so much; but when Susy went to rest that night, she lay awake thinking over her grandfather's words and seriously considering whether her lazy habits were not indeed sin before God.

"Certainly I might have been a much greater help and comfort to my mother, had I been active like Molly," thought Susy: "she does twice as much as I do, though I am four years older. I will, God helping me, turn over a new leaf to-morrow; I'll be up before the sun, and see if I can't glean enough before breakfast to make my gatherings as large as those of my sister."

So the first moment that Susy awoke in the morning, though it was scarcely dawn, she sprang from her bed and dressed; not in her usual slow, lazy manner, but using her fingers briskly. Then Susy knelt down to pray, ashamed to remember how often she had hurried over her prayers and Bible reading, or had missed them altogether, because she had risen so late. Though Susy on this morning both read and prayed, she was able to

leave the cottage at sunrise, and with a brisk, cheerful step, she made her way to the field. "How pleasant it will be," thought Susy, "to give grandfather a surprise!"

Sweet and fresh was the morning air, glorious the rose-tinted sky! Susy felt that she had been accustomed to waste in sleep the very best hours of the day. She reached the field, but here disappointment met her. The gleaners had so thoroughly cleared the stubble, that Susy could find no wheat-ears save a few left by the wain on the hedge! She had had her opportunity—now it was gone for that year.

"Ah me!" sighed Susy, "I see that one cannot recall the past even by good resolutions for the future. The stubble-field is stripped and bare: my dress, which I might have repaired at first, is now not even worth mending. The hours which I have wasted will never, never return!"

As Susy turned sorrowfully towards her home, she glanced towards Farmer Brown's rick yard, where stood the large stacks of that year's harvest.

"Why, surely that hay-stack is smoking!" exclaimed Susy; "it must have been put up damp. I fear in a few minutes 'twill burst into a blaze! I'm so glad that I chanced to see it."

No one could have called Susy lazy who had seen the speed with which she ran to the farm-house to give the alarm of fire, and then off to the town for the engine; for the flames had burst forth and were curling and flaring round the stack. The farmer and his men were soon at the spot, labouring to put out the fire, and prevent it spreading to the other stacks in the yard. Susy reached the town so quickly that within an hour the fire-engine was in full play, and with such success that all of the corn and most of the hay was saved. Had there been ten minutes' delay, the flames might have spread to the farm-house itself, for the wind was blowing towards it! It was not for nothing that Susy had risen so early on that morn.

"Why, you don't mean to tell me that lazy Susy was up and about at sunrise!" said Mrs. Garry when she dropped in to talk over the news with Mrs. Bangham that evening.

"Don't ticket her with that name, Mrs. Garry," said old Job Benson; "she is lazy Susy no more."

"But is it really true that she gave the first alarm of fire at the farm, and ran off herself for the engine! I'm sure I never should have thought that Susy could have bestirred herself so!"

"It's true enough," said the smiling grandfather; "and it's true also that Farmer Brown has given her a good winter dress to reward her for saving his stacks. I think that I can answer for it," he continued, glancing at Susy, who entered the room at that moment, "that the new dress won't go into rags for want of the 'stitch in time.'"

"And I certainly shall not forget," thought Susy, but she did not utter the thought aloud, "that *he also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster.*"



JAMES HERVEY OF WESTON FAVELL AND HIS MINISTRY;
OR, ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE.



HERE is a striking chapter in the Book of Judges, in which Deborah and Barak sing a triumphal hymn after the defeat of the hosts of Sisera. In

one part of this hymn they recount the names of the tribes who came forward most readily to do battle for the freedom of Israel. Some of the tribes are mentioned in terms of high praise. Others are dismissed with expressions of reproach. None are so much commended as Zebulun and Naphtali. They were "a people who jeopardied their lives unto the death in the high places of the field." But a sentence is used in the account of Zebulun, which deserves special notice: "Out of Zebulun," it is said, "came down they that handle the pen of the writer." (Judges v. 14.)

The expression is a strange one. It cannot be denied that the meaning of it is involved in some obscurity. There is some probability in the conjecture of those who think it signifies scribes, who mustered the levies of Zebulun, and wrote down the names of those who went to war (compare Jer. lii. 25). But be the precise meaning what it may, one thing is abundantly clear. The zeal of Zebulun in God's cause was such that, among her warriors in the day of battle, there were some who were more accustomed to wield the pen than the sword. When God's work was to be done, the soldier and the writer stood shoulder to shoulder, and side by side.

The expression has often recurred to my mind of late, in studying the history of English religion a hundred years ago. I am struck with the variety of instruments which God employed in carrying on the great revival of Christianity which then took place. I see some men who were mighty with the tongue, and bowed the hearts of assem-

blies by their preaching, as the trees of the wood are bowed by the wind. I see others who were mighty in government, and skilful in organizing, directing, methodizing, and administering. But, beside these, I see others who were mighty with the pen, and did work for Christ as real and lasting as any of their cotemporaries. They made no public show. They did not cry, or strive, or let their voice be heard in the street. But they laboured in their way most effectually for the advancement of pure evangelical religion. They reached minds which were never brought under the influence of Whitefield, Wesley, or Romaine. They produced results in many quarters which will never be fully known till the judgment day. Foremost, perhaps, in this class of men in the last century, was the subject of my present paper, James Hervey of Weston Favell, the author of "Theron and Aspasio."

James Hervey was born on February 26, 1713, at Hardingstone, near Northampton. His father was rector of the neighbouring parishes of Collingtree and Weston Favell, but appears for some reason to have resided out of his parish. About his parents I can find no certain information, either as to their religious opinions or their practice. The parishes of which his father was rector are small rural places, very near the town of Northampton, on the south-eastern side. The date of his birth deserves notice on one account. It shows that he was one of the little band whom God sent into the world at a special time, to do a special work together in England. Whitefield, Wesley, Grimshaw, Berridge, Rowlands, Romaine, Venn, Walker, and Hervey, were all born in the first twenty years of the eighteenth century, between 1700 and 1720.

The facts and events of Hervey's life are singularly few. He was educated at the grammar-school of Northampton, and remained there from the time he was seven years old till he was seventeen. Two things only are recorded about his schoolboy life. One is, that he was very skilful and dexterous in all games and recreations. The other is, that he made great progress in Latin and Greek, and would have got on even faster than he did, if his schoolmaster had allowed. But it appears that this worthy pedagogue made it a rule never to allow any of his pupils to learn quicker than his own son. The fiction of "Do-the-boys Hall," it may be feared, is built on a very broad foundation of facts. Obscure Yorkshire schools are not the only academies where little boys are victimized and unfairly used.

In the year 1731, Hervey was sent to Oxford, and entered at Lincoln College. The first two years of his University life appear to have been spent in idleness. Like many young men, he suffered much from the want of some wise friend to advise and direct him in his studies. In 1733, however, he became acquainted with the two Wesleys, Whitefield, Ingham, and other steady young men, and derived great benefit from their society. Under their influence and example, he began a steady course of reading, and made himself master of such books as "Derham's Astro-Theology," "Ray's Wisdom of God in Creation," and other works of a similar kind. He also commenced the study of the Hebrew language. Nor was this all. He began to follow his new companions in their efforts to attain and promote a high standard of religion. Like them, he began to live by method, received the communion every Sabbath, visited the sick and the prisoners in jail, and read to poor people. The last three years of his Oxford life were thus usefully employed, and the result was that he left the University, in 1736, with a good foundation of steady habits of living, and with a very fair amount of knowledge and scholarship. His literary remains, indeed, supply abundant proof that, considering the times he lived in, he was a well-read and well-educated man.

No one seems to have been more useful to Hervey, at this period of his life, than John

Wesley. At a later date, after doctrinal differences had separated the two men, the rector of Weston Favell bore grateful and honourable testimony to this fact. He says, in one of his letters: "I heartily thank you, as for all other favours, so especially for teaching me Hebrew. I have cultivated this study, according to your advice. I can never forget that tender-hearted and generous Fellow of Lincoln, who condescended to take such compassionate notice of a poor undergraduate, whom almost everybody contemned, and whose soul no man cared for." Happy is that college where Fellows show kindness to undergraduates, and do not neglect them! Attentions of this kind cost little; but they are worth much, gain influence, and bear fruit after many days.

In the year 1736, Hervey was ordained a minister by Dr. Potter, Bishop of Oxford, and in 1736 became curate to his father at Weston Favell. He seems to have filled this position for a very short time. In 1738, we find him curate of Dummer, near Basingstoke, in Hampshire. In 1740, he removed to Bideford, in North Devonshire, and remained there till August 1743. He then returned to Weston Favell, and became once more curate to his father. This was his last move. On the death of his father, in 1752, he succeeded him as rector of Weston Favell and Collingtree; but only survived him six years. He finally died, at Weston Favell, on Christmas-day 1758, of pulmonary consumption, at the comparatively early age of forty-five. Unlike most ministers, he preached the gospel amongst the people who had known him from his earliest infancy, and was buried within a very few miles from the place where he had been born. In life and death he "dwelt among his own people."

The spiritual history of Hervey presents several interesting features. I can find no evidence that he knew anything of vital religion when he was a boy or a young man. Though mercifully kept from the excess of riot and immorality into which the young frequently run, he seems to have been utterly careless and thoughtless about his soul. The beginning of a work of grace in his heart may undoubtedly be traced to his residence at Oxford, and his intercourse with Wesley and Whitefield, which he commenced at the age of

twenty. Yet even then he seems to have been much in the dark for some years, and to have been comparatively ignorant of the distinctive doctrines of real Christianity. His college friends, it must be admitted, knew little more than he did. Their early struggles after light were made through a fog of mysticism and asceticism which impeded their course for years. The freeness and simplicity of the gospel, the finished work of Christ on the cross, the real meaning of justification by faith without the deeds of the law, the folly of putting doing before believing, all these were subjects which this little band of young men at Oxford were very slow to understand. Each and all in their turns struggled through their mental difficulties, and came out on the right side. But one of the last to reach "terra firma," and grasp the whole truth as it is in Jesus, undoubtedly was James Hervey. In fact, it was not till the year 1741, five years after he had been ordained, that he thoroughly received the whole gospel into his heart, and embraced the whole system of evangelical doctrine. Two sermons preached by Hervey at Bideford about the year 1741, in which he plainly avowed his change of sentiments, were commonly called his "Recantation" sermons.

The state of Hervey's heart during the seven years preceding 1741 must have been one of continual conflict and inward dissatisfaction. Enlightened enough to feel the value of his soul, and to see something of the sinfulness of sin, he was still unacquainted with the way of peace. His letters written at this period, both before and after ordination, exhibit a mind full of pious thoughts, holy desires, and high aspirations, but with everything out of proportion and out of place. The writer says excellent things about the soul, and sin, and God, and the Bible, and the world, and duty, and even says much about Christ. You cannot help admiring his evident sincerity, purity of mind, and zeal to do good. But you cannot help feeling that he has not got hold of things by the right end, and does not see the whole of religion. He is like an excellent and well-formed ship without a compass and rudder. He has not yet got his feet upon the Rock. He is incessantly putting things in their wrong places. The last are too often first, and

the first are too often last. He does not say things that are not true, but he does not say them in the right way, and at the same time leaves out much that ought to be said.

The unsatisfactory character of Hervey's theology at the beginning of his ministry is well illustrated by the following anecdote. In one of the parishes where he preached before 1741, there lived a ploughman who usually attended the ministry of Dr. Doddridge, and was well informed in the doctrines of grace. Hervey being ordered by his physicians, for the benefit of his health, to follow the plough, in order to smell the fresh earth, frequently accompanied this ploughman when he was working. Knowing that he was a serious man, he said to him one morning, "What do you think is the hardest thing in religion?"—The ploughman replied: "Sir, I am a poor man, and you are a minister; I beg leave to return the question."—Then said Mr. Hervey: "I think the hardest thing is to deny sinful self;" grounding his opinion on our Lord's admonition, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself." "I argued," said Mr. Hervey, "upon the import and extent of the duty, showing that merely to forbear sinful actions is little, and that we must deny admittance and entertainment to evil imaginations and quench irregular desires. In this way I shot my random bolt."—The ploughman quietly replied: "Sir, there is another instance of self-denial to which the injunction of Christ equally extends, which is the hardest thing in religion, and that is, to deny righteous self. You know I do not come to hear you preach, but go every Sunday with my family to hear Dr. Doddridge at Northampton. We rise early in the morning, and have prayer before we set out, in which I find pleasure. Walking there and back I find pleasure. Under the sermon I find pleasure. When at the Lord's Table I find pleasure. We return, read a portion of Scripture, and go to prayer in the evening, and I find pleasure. But yet, to this moment, I find it the hardest thing to deny righteous self, I mean to renounce my own strength and righteousness, and not to lean on that for holiness or rely on this for justification." In repeating this story to a friend, Mr. Hervey observed, "I then hated the righteousness of Christ. I looked at the man with astonish-

ment and disdain, and thought him an old fool, and wondered at what I fancied the motley mixture of piety and oddity in his notions. I have since seen clearly who was the fool; not the wise old ploughman, but the proud James Hervey. I now discern sense, solidity, and truth in his observations."

During this period of Hervey's life, his old Oxford friend, the famous George Whitefield, frequently corresponded with him. That mighty man of God had been brought into the full light of the gospel, and, like the Samaritan woman, burned with desire to bring all whom he knew and loved into the same glorious liberty. The following letter, while it shows Whitefield's deep concern for his friend's salvation, makes Hervey's defective religious principles at this period very evident: "I long to have my dear friend come forth and preach the truth as it is in Jesus; not a righteousness or holiness of our own, whereby we make ourselves meet, but the righteousness of another, even the Lord our righteousness; upon the imputation and apprehending of which by faith we shall be made meet by his Holy Spirit to live with and enjoy God. Dear Mr. Hervey, it is an excellent thing to be convinced of the freeness and riches of God's grace in Christ Jesus. It is sweet to know and preach that Christ justifies the ungodly, and that all good works are not so much as partly the cause, but the effect of our justification. Till convinced of these truths, you must own free will is in man, which is directly contrary to the Holy Scriptures and to the Articles of our Church. Let me advise dear Mr. Hervey, laying aside all prejudices, to read and pray over St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans and Galatians, and then to tell me what he thinks of this doctrine. Most of our old friends are now happily enlightened. God sets his seal to such preaching in an extraordinary manner, and I am persuaded the gates of hell will never be able to prevail against it. O that dear Mr. Hervey would also join with us! O that the Lord would open his eyes to behold aright this mystery of godliness! How would it rejoice my heart! How would it comfort his own soul! He would no longer groan under a spirit of bondage; no, he would be brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God." This letter was dated Philadelphia, November 10, 1739.

Hervey's excellent biographer, John Brown of Whitburn, gives the following clear account of his state of mind at this period:—"It is evident that he was seeking salvation; but he sought it, as it were, by the works of the law. One of his leading errors was, that he had low, scanty, inadequate apprehensions of the love of God. From this unavoidably followed a disesteem of imputed righteousness, a conceit of personal qualifications, a spirit of legal bondage, and a tincture of Pharisaical pride. He conceived faith to be no more than a mere believing of promises if he did well, and of threatenings if he did ill. He wished for a salvation to be bestowed upon some sincere, pious, and worthy persons, and was distressed because he could not find himself of that number. To use his own words, when he felt he was deplorably deficient in duty, he would comfort himself with saying, 'Soul, thy God only requires sincere obedience, and perhaps to-morrow may be more abundant in acts of holiness.' When overcome by sin, he would call to mind his righteous deeds, and so think to commute with divine justice, and quit scores for his offences by his duties. In order to be reconciled to God, and to ease his conscience, he would promise stricter watchfulness, more alms, and renewed fastings. Overlooking entirely the active obedience of our Redeemer, he fondly imagined that through the death of Christ he might have pardon of his sins, and could by his own doings secure eternal life."

"For some time," continues his biographer, "letters from Whitefield were disregarded, or answered with stubborn silence; but at length, by this and other means, a saving change took place in Mr. Hervey's mind. Says he, The two great commandments, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart; Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, made the first awakening impression on my heart. Amazing! thought I; are these commands of God as obligatory as the prohibition of adultery or the observation of the Sabbath? Then has my whole life been a continued act of disobedience; not a day nor an hour in which I have performed my duty! This conviction struck me as the handwriting upon the wall struck the presumptuous monarch. It pursued me, as Saul pursued the Christians, not only to my own house, but to distant cities;

nor even gave up the great controversy till, under the influence of the Spirit, it brought me, weary and heavy laden, to Jesus Christ. Then God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shined into my heart, and gave me the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

After all, it would be difficult to give a more vivid and interesting account of the change which came over Hervey than that which he himself gives in a letter to his faithful friend, George Whitefield. He says: "You are pleased to ask how the Holy Ghost convinced me of self-righteousness, and drove me out of my false rest. Indeed, sir, I cannot tell. The light was not instantaneous; it did not flash upon my soul, but arose like the dawning of the day. A little book by Jenks, upon 'Submission to the Righteousness of God,' was made serviceable to me. Your journals, dear sir, and sermons, especially that sweet sermon on the text, 'What think ye of Christ?' were a means of bringing me to the knowledge of the truth. Another piece has been also like precious eye-salve to my dim and clouded understanding—I mean Marshall's 'Gospel Mystery of Sanctification.' These, blessed be He who is a light to them that sit in darkness, have in some degree convinced me of my former errors. I now begin to see I have been labouring in the fire, and wearying myself for very vanity, while I have attempted to establish my own righteousness. I trusted I knew not what, while I trusted in some imaginary good deeds of my own. These are no hiding-place from the storm, they are a refuge of lies. If I had the meekness of Moses and the patience of Job, the zeal of Paul and the love of John, I durst not advance the least plea to eternal life on this footing. As for my own beggarly performances, wretched righteousnesses, gracious Emmanuel! I am ashamed, I am grieved that I should thrust them into the plan of thy divine, thy inconceivably precious obedience! My schemes are altered. I now desire to work in my blessed Master's service, not for life, but from life and salvation. I would study to please him in righteousness and holiness all the days of my life."

In another letter to Whitefield, of about the same date, Hervey says: "I own, with shame and

sorrow, I have been a blind leader of the blind. My tongue and my pen have perverted the good ways of the Lord, have darkened the glory of redeeming merit and sovereign grace. I have dared to invade the glories of an all-sufficient Saviour, and to pluck the crown off his head. My writings and discourses have derogated from the honour, the everlasting, incommunicable honour of Jesus. They presumed to give works a share in the redemption and recovery of a lost sinner. They have placed filthy rags on the throne of the Lamb, and by that means have debased the Saviour and exalted the sinner. But I trust the divine truth begins to dawn upon my soul. Oh, may it, like the rising sun, shine more and more till the day break in all its brightness, and the shadows flee away! Now, was I possessed of all the righteous acts that have made saints and martyrs famous in all generations, could they be transferred to me, and might I call them my own, I would renounce them all that I might win Christ."

I make no excuse for the length at which I have dwelt on this portion of Hervey's history. A mere worldly man may see nothing interesting in it; but a true Christian, unless I am greatly mistaken, will find it full of instruction. It is useful to mark the diversities of the operation of the Spirit. How slowly and gradually he carries on his work in some hearts, compared to the rapid progress he makes in others! It is useful to mark the extent of his operations. How thoroughly he can turn upside down a man's theological opinions! How little we know what a young self-righteous minister may one day, by God's grace, become! Well would it be for the Christian Church, if there were more ministers in her pale taught of God, and brought to sit at the feet of Christ like James Hervey.

The last seventeen years of Hervey's life were spent in comparative retirement at Weston Favell. "My house," he writes to a friend, "is quite retired. It faces the garden and the field, so that we hear none of the tumultuous din of the world, and see nothing but the wonderful and charming works of the Creator. Oh! that I may be enabled to improve this advantageous solitude." Willing as he doubtless was to go forth into public and do the work of an evangelist, like his

beloved friend Whitefield, his delicate health made it quite impossible. From his youth up he had shown a decided tendency to pulmonary consumption. He had neither voice nor physical strength to preach in the open air, address large congregations, and arrest the attention of multitudes, like many of his cotemporaries. He saw this clearly, and wisely submitted to God's appointment. Those whom he could not reach with his voice, he resolved to approach by his pen. From his isolated study in his Northamptonshire parish he sent forth arrows which were sharp in the hearts of the King's enemies. In a word, he became a diligent writer on behalf of the gospel from the time of his conversion till he was laid in his grave. Ill health, no doubt, often stopped his labour, and laid him aside. But, though faint, he was always pursuing. Delicate and weak as he always was, his pen was very seldom idle, and he was always doing "what he could." The work to which he devoted himself required a large measure of faith and patience. He laboured on uncheered by admiring crowds, and unaided by the animal excitement which often carries forward the wearied preacher. But while health and strength lasted he never ceased to labour, and seldom laboured in vain. Hundreds were reached by Hervey's writings, who would never have condescended to listen to Whitefield's voice.

The very retirement of Weston Favell was not without its advantages. It gave the worthy rector unbroken leisure for writing. He could sit down in his study without fear of being disturbed by the endless petty interruptions which disturb the dweller in large towns, and make the continuous flow of thought almost impossible. Above all, it gave him plenty of time for reading and storing his mind. It has been well said that "reading maketh a full man," and no one can look through Hervey's literary remains without seeing abundant evidence that he was a great reader. With Greek and Roman classical writers he was familiar from his youth. The following theological writers are said to have been among his special favourites—Chrysostom, Gerhard, Alting, Owen, Manton, Goodwin, Reynolds, Hall, Beveridge, Bunyan, Hopkins, Howe, Bates, Flavel, Caryl, Poole, Charnock, Traill, Turretine,

Witsius, Vitranga, Hurrión, Leighton, Polhill, Gill, Brine, Guyse, Boston, Rawlins, Coles, Jenks, Marshall, Erskine, Milton, Young, and Watts. The names of these authors speak for themselves. The man who was familiar with their works was likely to be full of matter, and when he wrote for the press he had a fair right to claim a patient hearing. The ways of God's providence are mysterious and truly instructive. If Hervey had not been kept at home by ill health, he would probably never have had time for much reading. If he had not had time to be a reader, he would never have written what he did.

The English Puritans appear to have been special favourites with Hervey. Again and again, in his biography, we find him speaking of them in terms of the highest commendation. For instance, he says in one place, "Be not ashamed of the name Puritan. The Puritans were the soundest preachers, and, I believe, the truest followers of Christ in their day."—Again, "For my part I esteem the Puritans as some of the most zealous Christians that ever appeared in our land." Again, "The Puritans, one and all of them, glory in the righteousness of their great Mediator; they extol his imputed righteousness in almost every page, and pour contempt on all other works compared with their Lord's. For my part I know no set of writers in the world so remarkable for this doctrine and diction. It quite distinguishes them from the generality of our modern treatises." I make no apology for these quotations. They throw broad, clear light on Hervey's theological opinions. Nothing brings out a man's distinctive religious views so thoroughly as his choice of books. Tell me what divines a minister loves to read, and I will soon tell you to what school of theology he belongs.

The principal literary works which Hervey published in his life-time, were two volumes of *Meditations and Contemplations*, and three volumes of *Dialogues and Letters between two fictitious persons, whom he named "Theron and Aspasio."* The *Meditations* are soliloquies and thoughts arising out of such subjects as the tombs, a flower-garden, creation, night, and the starry heavens. The *Dialogues* touch on many points of theology, but especially upon the great doctrine of justification by faith in the imputed

righteousness of Christ. If life had been continued, Hervey intended to have added a fourth volume of *Dialogues*, of which the subject was to have been Christian holiness. But his early death cut short the design, and he was only able to tell his friends that they must regard his favourite book, *Marshall on Sanctification*, as his deputy and representative. His words were,—“I do, by these presents, depute Marshall to supply my lack of service. Marshall expresses my thoughts, prosecutes my schemes, and not only pursues the same end, but proceeds in the same way. I shall therefore rejoice in the prospect of having the ‘*Gospel Mystery of Sanctification*’ stand as a fourth volume to ‘*Theron and Aspasio*.’”

Both the works above mentioned attained an extraordinary degree of popularity from the moment they were published, and procured for the author a world-wide reputation. They formed, in fact, the whole foundation of his fame. Thousands and tens of thousands of Christians have never known anything of Hervey except as the author of *Theron and Aspasio*. His first work, the *Meditations*, ran through twenty editions in a very short time, and was translated into the Dutch language. *Theron and Aspasio* met with acceptance all over England and Scotland, and obliged even worldly critics to take notice of it. All these are plain facts which admit of no controversy. They are facts which arouse in our minds a little curiosity. We naturally want to know what kind of religious writing was popular in England a hundred years ago.

The first thought that will probably start up within us as we read Hervey's *Meditations* and *Dialogues*, will be unmixed surprise and amazement. The style is so peculiar, that we marvel how our forefathers could possibly have liked it. From first to last the author writes in such a florid, high flown, luxuriant, bombastic, stilted fashion, that he almost takes your breath away. You can hardly believe that he is in earnest, and that the whole thing is not an assumed mannerism and affectation. The long words, the grandiose mode of expressing thoughts, the starched and painted dress of the sentences—all, all is so utterly unlike the writing of the present century, that the reader stands dumb-

founded, and hardly knows whether he ought to laugh or to cry. In the whole range of popular English books, I do not hesitate to say that I do not know a style of writing less to be admired than the style of *Theron and Aspasio*. One cannot help inwardly feeling, What a strange standard of public taste must have prevailed, when such writing as this was deliberately published and universally admired!

However first impressions are not always correct. We must not hastily condemn Hervey's writings as worthless, because their style is not to our mind. A little calm consideration will probably show us that there is far more to be said for them than at first sight appears. A second look at the rector of Weston Favell's writings will very likely modify our verdict about them. To those who are disposed to think lightly of Hervey's writings I venture to submit the following considerations.

For one thing, we must in common fairness remember the times in which Hervey wrote. The middle of last century was an era in English literature, when no writing would go down with the public that was not somewhat stilted, classical, long-worded, and stiff. The short, plain, cut-and-thrust style of the present day would have been condemned as indicative of a vulgar, uneducated mind. Poor Hervey wrote in days when moral essays were framed on the model of the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and the *Rambler*, and fictions were written like “*Sir Charles Grandison*,” and “*Clarissa Harlow*.” If he wanted to get the ear of the public, he had no alternative but to write according to the public taste. Let us grant that his style of English composition is far too ornate and florid; but let us not forget to lay the blame at the right door. His faults were the faults of his day. If he had written *Theron and Aspasio* in a plain, unadorned style, it is probable that the book would have fallen unnoticed to the ground.

For another thing, we must do Hervey the justice to remember, that under all the gaudy ornamentation of his compositions his Master's business is never forgotten. The more we read his books the more we must admit, that although he may offend our tastes, he is always most faithful to Christ's truth. It is impossible not to admire the vein of piety which runs through

every page, and the ability with which he defends doctrines which the heart of man naturally detests. The only wonder is that books containing so much scriptural truth should ever have become so extensively popular. Even Whitefield did not expect so much acceptance for them. "I foretell the fate of these volumes," he said in a letter; "nothing but your scenery can screen you. Self will never consent to die, though slain in so genteel a manner, without showing some resentment against the artful murderer." In fact, I always feel that God gave a special blessing to Hervey's writings on account of his eminent faithfulness to the gospel in evil times. I look at them with reverence and respect as weapons which did good service in their day, though the fashion of them may not suit my taste. To use the author's own words, they were an "attempt to dress the good old truths of the Reformation in such drapery of language as to allure people of all conditions." God was pleased to honour the effort in its day, and we need not be ashamed to honour it also.

No well-informed Christian will be surprised to hear that Hervey's writings did not please everybody. Of course they were far too Scriptural to escape the enmity of the children of this world. But this unhappily was not all the enmity that the author of "Theron and Aspasio" had to endure. His clear and sharply cut statements about justification gave great offence to Christians of the Arminian school of theology. John Wesley openly assaulted his views of imputed righteousness. Sandeman, a Scotch Independent, fiercely attacked his views of faith. In short, the amiable rector of Weston Favell had to learn, like many other good men, that the most beautiful writing will not command universal acceptance. The way of accurate Scriptural divinity is a way which many will always call "heresy," and speak against.

I will not weary my readers by entering into the details of Hervey's controversial campaigns. Without pretending to endorse every sentence that he wrote, I feel no doubt that on the whole he was right, and his adversaries wrong. Cudworth, Ryland, and others, ably defended him. The only remark that I make is, that Hervey's spirit and temper, under the assaults made upon

him, were beyond all praise. Never was there a divine so utterly free from "odium theologicum." Well would it have been for the credit of the Church of Christ, if the controversialists of the last century had all been as meek, and gentle, and amiable, and kind-tempered as the author of "Theron and Aspasio."

The *letters* which Hervey wrote, on a great variety of subjects, are exceedingly good, and will repay an attentive perusal. Sitting in his quiet country parsonage, he had time to think over all that he wrote; and his correspondence, like his cotemporary Venn's, is one of the best part of his literary remains. Those who read his letters will find their style, as a general rule, very different from that of Theron and Aspasio. The writer seems to come down from his high horse, and to deal familiarly and easily with men. The following letter to a dying young lady is a beautiful specimen of his epistolary style, and is so good all through that my readers will probably not blame me if I give it to them whole and entire. A fac-simile of it faces the title-page of my copy of Brown's life of Hervey, and is a perfect specimen of small, delicate, finished, copper-plate handwriting:—

"DEAR MISS SARAH,—So you are going to leave us, and will be at your eternal home before us! I heartily wish you an easy, a comfortable, and a lightsome journey. Fear not. He that died for you on the cross will be with you when you walk through the valley of the shadow of death. (Ps. xxiii. 4.)

"People that travel often sing by the way, to render their journey more pleasant. Let me furnish you with a song most exactly and charmingly suited to your purpose: '*Who shall lay anything to my charge? It is God that justifieth me. Who is he that condemneth me? It is Christ that died; yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for me.*' Shall the law lay anything to my charge? That has been fully satisfied by the obedience and death of my divine Lord. Shall sin condemn me? That has all been fully borne, all been abolished, by the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. Shall Satan accuse me? What will that avail when the Judge himself justifies me, the Judge himself

pronounces me righteous ! (See Rom. viii. 33, 34 ; Gal. iii. 13 ; 1 Pet. ii. 24 ; Daniel ix. 24 ; John i. 29.)

"But shall I be pronounced righteous who have been and am a poor sinner ? Hear what the Holy Ghost saith : '*Christ loved the Church and gave himself for it, that he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.*' What reason have they to be afraid or ashamed who have neither spot nor wrinkle, nor any blemish ? And such will be the appearance of those who are washed in Christ's blood, and clothed in Christ's righteousness. They will be presented faultless and with exceeding joy before the throne. (See Eph. v. 25, 27 ; Jude 24.)

"But what shall I do for my kind companions and dear friends ? You will exchange them for better, far better. You will go to Mount Zion, to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem. You will go to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the first-born which are written in heaven, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. You will go to God, your reconciled God, the Judge of all, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things for you than your heart can wish or your thoughts imagine. (See Heb. xii. 22-24.)

"Perhaps your spirits are weak. Therefore I will not tire you. The Lord Jesus make these sweet texts a cordial to your soul. I hope to follow you ere long, to find you in the mansions of peace and joy, and to join with you in singing praise, everlasting praise, to him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood. (Rev. i. 5.)

"Into his hands, his ever merciful and most compassionate hands, I commend your spirit.—
Your truly affectionate friend, J. HERVEY.
"Weston, April 26, 1755."

I make no comment on this letter ; it needs none. There are not many such letters written in these days of universal hurry, under the influences of railway travelling, electric telegraphs, and penny post. The faculty of writing such letters is fast dying out of the world. But my readers will probably agree with me that the man who could write to his friends in this fashion was no common correspondent.

The published *sermons* of James Hervey are very few in number. It is much to be regretted that we have no more of them. The few published are so extremely good, both as to matter and composition, that one feels sorry he did not give the world a hundred more of the same sort. Of course, he could never be a popular preacher. His weak health, feeble voice, and delicate constitution, made this impossible. He often lamented his inability to serve his people better in the pulpit, comparing himself to a soldier wounded, bleeding, and disabled, and only not slain. He would frequently say, "My preaching is not like sending an arrow from a bow, for which some strength of arm is necessary, but like pulling the trigger of a gun ready charged, which the feeblest finger can do." This remark was most true. No doubt, his want of a striking action and delivery robbed his sermons of effectiveness. But they were always full of excellent stuff, excellently put together.

The reader of Hervey's Sermons will discover at once that they are written in a style very unlike that of "Theron and Aspasio." He will find comparatively little of that luxuriancy and ornamentation to which I have already alluded. He will see, to his surprise, a mode of address eminently simple, perspicuous, pointed, and direct, though never degenerating into rant and vulgarity. The rector of Weston Favell had evidently most just and wise views of the wants of a mixed country congregation. He knew that, next to proclaiming sound doctrine, a minister's first aim should be to be understood. When, therefore, he got up into his Northamptonshire pulpit, he deliberately left behind his flowers and feathers, his paint and his gilding, his fine words and long sentences, his classical allusions and elaborate arguments. Usefulness was the one thing that he desired to obtain, and to obtain it he was not ashamed to speak very plain English to plain men. The following paragraphs from a sermon preached by him in 1757, on "The Means of Safety," from Hebrews xi. 28, will probably be read with interest, as conveying a fair idea of his style of preaching :—

"Let me give a word of direction. Fly to Christ, alarmed sinners ! Come under the covert of his blood. Appropriate the blessed Jesus ;

look unto him, and his merits are your own. Thus sprinkle his blood : sprinkle it upon your lintel and door-posts ; upon all you are, upon all you have, and all you do ; upon your consciences, that they may be purged ; upon your souls, that they may be sanctified ; upon your works, that they may be accepted. Say, every one of you, I am a poor, guilty, helpless creature ; but in Jesus Christ, who is full of grace and truth, I have righteousness and strength. I am a poor, polluted, loathsome creature ; but Jesus Christ, who is the image of the invisible God and the brightness of his Father's glory, has loved me and washed me from my filthiness in his own blood. I am by nature a perverse, depraved creature, and by evil practices a lost, damnable sinner ; but Jesus Christ who made the world, Jesus Christ whom heaven and earth adore, Jesus Christ himself came from the mansions of bliss on purpose to save me, to give himself for me. And how can I perish who have such a ransom ?

"Should you say, Have I a warrant for such a trust ? I reply, You have the best of warrants, our Lord's express permission, 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' It is not said, this or that person only, but whosoever, including you and me, excluding no individual man or woman. It is not said, whosoever is worthy, but whosoever is willing. Wilt thou be made whole ? was our Lord's question to the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda. Wilt thou, all terms and conditions apart, inherit grace and glory ? is his most benevolent address to sinful men in all ages.

"You have our Lord's most gracious invitation ; 'Come unto me.' And whom does he call ? The righteous ? No. The excellent ? Quite the reverse. He calls sinners, miserable sinners, even the most miserable of sinners. Those who are weary and heavy-laden, overwhelmed with iniquities, bowed down to the brink of hell, and ready to think, 'There is no hope.' Yet them he encourages, them he invites ; to them he declares, 'I will give you rest,' rest in the enjoyment of peace with God, and peace in your own consciences. Observe and admire the riches of your Redeemer's grace. He says not, Ye are vile, wretched, polluted by sin, and enslaved to the devil, therefore keep at a distance ; but therefore

come. Come, and be cleansed by my blood ; come, and be made free by my Spirit. He says not, Furnish yourselves with this or that or the other recommending accomplishment ; but only come. Come just as you are, poor, undone, guilty creatures. Yea, come to me for pardon and recovery ; to me, who have given myself, my life, my all for your ransom.

"Should you still question whether these inestimable blessings are free for you ? Remember, brethren, they are free for sinners. Is this your character ? Then they are as free for your acceptance as for any person in the world. To us eternal life is given—not to us who had deserved it by our goodness, but us who had forfeited it by our sins. To you is preached the forgiveness of sins—not to you whose transgressions are inconsiderable, but you whose iniquities are more in number than the hairs of your head. Even to you who are the lost and perishing sinner of Adam's family, is the word of this salvation sent. And by God's commission we publish it, that as sinners you may receive it, that receiving it you may commence believing, and that believing you may have life through his name.

"Come then, fellow-sinners, believe the record of heaven. Set to your seal that God is true. Honour his word, which cannot lie. Honour his grace, which is absolutely free. Honour his dear Son, who has obtained eternal redemption for such unworthy creatures as you and I."

I have only two remarks to make on the above extract before I pass on. If any reader of Hervey's works has imbibed the idea that he could only write English after the model of "Theron and Aspasio," I advise him to alter his estimate of the good man's powers. The rector of Weston Favell could be plain enough to suit the humblest intellect, when he pleased.—If any one thinks that the English pulpit of the present day is greatly in advance of the last century, I venture to think that he has something yet to learn. My own deliberate opinion is, that it would be a great blessing to this country, if we had more of such direct preaching as some parishes in Northamptonshire heard a hundred years ago.

- The *private life* of Hervey was in thorough harmony with his writing and preaching. It is

the universal testimony of all who knew him, that he was an eminently holy man. Even the clergy of the neighbourhood, who disliked his theology, and had no sympathy with his ways and opinions, could find no fault in his daily walk. In fact, they used to call him "Saint James." He never married, and by reason of ill health seldom left home, and was confined to the house. But indoors or out-of-doors, he was always full of his Master's business, always redeeming the time, always reading, writing, or speaking about Christ, and always behaving like a man who had recently come from his Lord's presence to say something, and was soon going back again.

His *humility* was eminent. He never considered himself as James Hervey, the celebrated writer, but as a poor guilty sinner, equally indebted to divine grace with the lowest day-labourer in his parish. To two malefactors condemned to be hanged, he said: "You have just the same foundation for hope as I must have when I shall depart this life. When I shall be summoned to the great tribunal, what will be my plea, and what my dependence? Nothing but Christ. I am a poor unworthy sinner; but worthy is the Lamb that was slain. This is my only hope, and this is as free for you as it is for your friend and fellow-sinner James Hervey." On publishing his famous Fast-day Sermons, he observes: "May the Lord Jesus himself, who was crucified in weakness, vouchsafe to work by weakness, or, in other words, by James Hervey!"—When near his death he wrote to a friend: "I beseech Mr. — to unite his supplication with yours, for I am fearful lest I should disgrace the gospel in my languishing moments. Pray for me, the weakest of ministers and the weakest of Christians."

His *charity and self-denial* were most eminent. He literally gave away almost all that he had, and lived on a mere fraction of his income. In his giving he was always discreet. "I am God's steward," he said, "for his poor, and I must husband the little pittance I have to bestow on them, and make it go as far as possible." But when money was likely to be particularly serviceable, as in the case of long sicknesses or sudden losses, he would give away five, ten, or fifteen guineas at a time, taking care it should

not be known from whom the money came. His income was never large, and it might be wondered how he managed to spare such sums for charitable uses. But he saved up nothing, and gave away all the profits arising from his books—which were sometimes large sums—in doing good. In fact, this was his bank for the poor. "I have devoted this fund," he said, "to God. I will, on no account, apply it to any worldly uses. I write, not for profit or fame, but to serve the cause of God; and, as he has blessed my attempt, I think myself bound to relieve the distresses of my fellow-creatures with the profit that comes from that quarter." He carried out this principle to the very last. Even after his death, he was found to have ordered all profits arising from any future sale of his books to be constantly applied to charitable uses.

But space would fail me if I were to dwell particularly on all the leading features of Hervey's private character. The picture is far too large to go into the frame of an article in a periodical. His spirit of Catholic love to all God's people of every denomination—his delight in the society and conversation of godly people—his faithfulness in reproving sin—his singular love to Christ, and delight in his finished work and atonement—his devotional diligence—his veneration for the Scriptures—his meekness, gentleness, and tenderness of spirit,—all these are points on which much might be written, and much will be found in the pages of his biography. So far as I can judge, he appears to have been a man of as eminently saintly character as any that this country can point to, and one worthy to be ranked by the side of Bradford, Baxter, and George Herbert. Few evangelical men, at any rate, in the last century, can be named, who seem to have had so few enemies, and to have lost so few friends. None, certainly, were so universally lamented.

The closing scene of James Hervey's life was curiously beautiful. He died, as he had lived for seventeen years, in the full faith and peace of Christ's gospel. His life had long been a continual struggle with disease; and when his last illness came upon him, it found him thoroughly prepared. Invalids have one great advantage over strong people, at any rate,—a sudden access of pains and ailments does not startle them, and

they are seldom taken by surprise. The holy rector of Weston Favell had looked death in the face so long that he was no stranger to him ; and when he went down into the cold waters of the great river, he walked calmly, quietly, and undisturbed. Those glorious evangelical doctrines which he had proclaimed and defended as truths while he lived, he found to be strong consolations when he died.

His last attack of illness began in October 1758, and carried him off on Christmas day. Disease of the lungs, with all its distressing accompaniments, was the agent employed to take down his earthly tabernacle ; and he seems to have gone through even more than the ordinary suffering which such disease entails. But nothing shook the dying sufferer's faith. He had his days of conflict and inward struggle, like all Christ's faithful soldiers ; but he always came out more than conqueror, through Him that loved him. An abundant entrance into rest was ministered to him. He entered harbour at last, not like a shipwrecked sailor clinging to a broken plank, but like a stately ship, with all her sails expanded, and wafted forward by a prosperous gale.

The dying sayings of eminent saints, when God permits them to say much, are always instructive. It was eminently the case with James Hervey. Like dying Jacob, he was enabled to speak to all around him, and to testify his deep sense of the value of Christ's great salvation. Like Christiana, in "*Pilgrim's Progress*," he was enabled to speak comfortably to those who stood near him, and followed him to the river-side. To his doctor he wrote, at an early period of his last illness : " I now spend almost all my whole time in reading and praying over the Bible. Indeed, you cannot conceive how the springs of life in me are relaxed, and relaxing. 'What thou doest, do quickly,' is a proper admonition for me as I approach dissolution. My dear friend, attend to the one thing needful. I have no heart to take any medicine ; all but Christ is to me unprofitable. Blessed be God for pardon and salvation through his blood ! Let me prescribe this for my dear friend. My cough is very troublesome ; I can get little rest ; but my never-failing remedy is the love of Christ."

On the 15th of December—the month that he died—he spoke very strongly to his curate, Mr. Maddock, about the assurance of faith, and the great love of God in Christ. " Oh ! " said he, " how much has Christ done for me, and how little have I done for so loving a Saviour ! If I preached even once a week it was but a burden to me. I have not visited the people of my parish as I ought to have done, and thus preached from house to house. I have not taken every opportunity of speaking for Christ. Do not think I am afraid to die. I assure you I am not. I know what my Saviour has done for me. I want to be gone. But I wonder and lament to think of the love of Christ in doing so much for me, and how little I have done for him ! "

On the 25th of December—the day that he died—his loving friend and physician, Dr. Stonehouse, came to see him about three hours before he expired. Hervey seized the opportunity, spoke strongly and affectionately to him about his soul's concerns, and entreated him not to be overcharged with the cares of this life. Seeing his great weakness and prostration, the doctor begged him to spare himself. " No, doctor," replied the dying man, with ardour, " no ! You tell me I have but a few minutes to live ; let me spend them in adoring our great Redeemer." He then repeated the words, " Though my heart and my flesh fail, God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever ; " and also dwelt, in a delightful manner, on St. Paul's words, " All things are yours ; whether life, or things present, or things to come." " Here," he exclaimed, " here is the treasury of a Christian ! Death is reckoned among this inventory ; and a noble treasure it is. How thankful am I for death, as it is the passage through which I go to the Lord and Giver of eternal life, and as it frees me from all the misery which you see me now endure, and which I am willing to endure as long as God thinks fit ! I know that he will by-and-by, in his own good time, dismiss me from the body. These light afflictions are but for a moment, and then comes an eternal weight of glory. Oh, welcome, welcome death ! Thou mayest well be reckoned among the treasures of the Christian ! To live is Christ, and to die is gain ! "—After this he lay for a considerable time without seeming

to breathe, and his friends thought he was gone. But he revived a little, and, being raised in his chair, said :—" Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy most holy and comfortable words ; for mine eyes have seen thy most holy and comfortable salvation ! Here, doctor, is my cordial. What are all the cordials given to support the dying, in comparison of that which arises from the promises of salvation by Christ ? This, this supports me !"

He said little after this, and was rapidly drawing near his end. About three o'clock in the afternoon he said : "The conflict is over ; now all is done." After that time he scarcely spoke anything intelligible, except the words, "Precious salvation !" At last, about four o'clock, without a sigh or a groan, he shut his eyes and departed, on Christmas day 1758, in the forty-fifth year of his age. Never, perhaps, was there a more triumphant illustration of the saying of a great spiritual champion of the last century,—"The world may not like our methodists and evangelical people, but the world cannot deny that they die well !"

I leave James Hervey here, having traced his history from his cradle to his grave. He was a man of whom the world was not worthy, and one to whom even the Church of God has never given his due measure of honour. I am well aware that he was not perfect. I do not pretend to say that I can subscribe entirely to everything he wrote, either about the nature of faith or about assurance ; but whatever his faults and defects, I do believe that he was one of the holiest and best ministers in England a hundred years ago, and that he did a work in his time which will be seen to have borne good fruit in the last great day.

I know well that Hervey was only a writer, and nothing but a writer. I know well that the value of his works has almost passed away. Like our old wooden three-deckers, they did good service in their time, but are now comparatively obsolete and laid aside. But I believe the day will never come when the Church will not require pens as well as tongues, able writers as well as able preachers ; and I venture to think it would be well for the Church of our day, if we had a few more hard students and careful writers of the stamp of James Hervey. I therefore boldly

claim for him a high place among the spiritual heroes of the last century. Let us admire Whitefield and Wesley ; but let us not grudge Hervey his crown. He deserves to be had in remembrance.

I now conclude this paper with a few testimonies to Hervey's merits, which, to say the least, demand serious attention. The witnesses are all men of mark, and men who had many opportunities of weighing the merits of preachers and writers. Let us hear what they thought of the subject of this paper, the rector of Weston Favell.

My first witness shall be William Romaine. He says : "I never saw one who came up so near to the Scripture character of a Christian, as Mr. Hervey. God enriched him with great gifts and great graces. He had a fine understanding and a great memory. He was very well skilled in Hebrew, and an excellent critic in Greek. There was great experience of heart-love upon his tongue. He used to speak of the love of the adorable Redeemer like one who had seen him face to face in the fulness of his glory. As to his writings, I leave them to speak for themselves. They stand in no need of my praises."

My next witness shall be Henry Venn. He says : "Mr. Hervey was the most extraordinary man I ever saw in my life, as much beyond most of the excellent as the swan for whiteness and stately figure is beyond the common fowl. His Meditations and Contemplations deserve your most sincere regard. You may look upon them as you would upon Aaron's rod, by which such wonders were wrought. These Thoughts have been the means of giving sight to the blind, life to souls dead in trespasses and sins, and winning the young, the gay, and the rich, to see greater charms in a crucified Saviour than in all that dazzles vain minds."

My next witness shall be Cowper the poet. He says : "Perhaps I may be partial to Hervey ; but I think him one of the most scriptural writers in the world."

My next witness shall be Richard Cecil. He says : "Let us do the world justice. It has seldom found considerate, gentle, but earnest, heavenly, and enlightened teachers. When it has found such, truth has received a very general attention. Such a man was Hervey, and his works have met their reward."

My next witness shall be the late Edward Bickersteth. He says: "Few books have been so useful as Hervey's 'Theron and Aspasio;' though, like every human writing, it is not free from error. But, with a few exceptions, the clear statements of divine truth in the book, and the Christian addresses of the author, full of kindness and affection, gentleness and sweetness of spirit, draw out your best feelings, and win you over to evangelical principles."

My last witness shall be David Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta. He says in his Journal, July 24,

1846: "I have been reading tranquilly and pleasantly a volume of Hervey's Letters, full of that thorough devotedness of heart, deadness to all earthly things, and longings after grace and holiness, which characterized the leaders of the revival in our church.—Oh! that the spirit of Hervey might pervade our younger clergy and myself. To walk with God is the only spring of happiness and usefulness."

Testimonies like these deserve serious attention. My firm belief is, that they are well deserved.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

PSALM CXXVII. 2

GOD is the most cheerful of givers. He openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing. He giveth always; he giveth to every one; and he giveth without upbraiding. How blessed, then, must their portion be, who lie nearest to the heart of this giving God! Yes, indeed, they are truly happy; for to those who are his beloved he giveth sleep.

Sinful creatures cannot sleep. Uneasy and dissatisfied; out of harmony with themselves, with their fellows, with their circumstances; and, worst of all, out of harmony with God—"there is no rest, saith my God, to the wicked." In another, and a bad sense, the world is sound asleep (1 Thess. v. 6), while the children of God alone are wakeful; but in the sense in which the word is used in this psalm, the world knows not what it is to sleep. They rise up early, they sit up late, they eat the bread of sorrows; but the soft, refreshing, holy sleep of faith is impossible to them. None but the man who has David's God to watch him can say with David, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

This safe and holy sleep of heart includes in it two things—perfect confidence in our Divine Keeper, and perfect acquiescence in his sovereign will. If either of these be wanting, sleep is impossible; if either be imperfect, the sleep will be disturbed and broken; but if both be cherished, the peace of God shall keep the heart, and the happy soul shall be able to lie down to sleep in front of ten thousands of enemies, who have set themselves against it round about" (Ps. iii. 5, 6).

And this faith in God has, as its first element, an assured trust in his almighty power. Do you believe, my reader, that God is perfectly able to keep you safe, equally, and amid all dangers? Nay, do not turn to your creed, to see whether the doctrine stands as a proposition there; but turn to your heart, to see whether you can calmly count on the almighty power of your

heavenly Father amid every danger. Does the preserving power of God seem as real a thing to you as the danger which threatens you; and can you therefore look forth on the threatened trouble as one whose safe asylum is beneath the shelter of the Almighty wing? Alas! while the creed of each of us is quite far enough in advance on such a point as this, our happy enjoyment of the truth too often lags far behind.

Another element of this faith in God is trust in his unerring wisdom. Like the preceding, the doctrine is a doctrine in every one's creed; but it is a reality and a power in the life of very few. What, otherwise, is the meaning of all those disappointed complainings, which certainly seem to go a good way towards charging God foolishly? Why those prayers, far from being rare, which seem to be based on the fear that God has made a mistake in arranging our lot; and which have for their burden the entreaty that he revise and reverse his arrangement? My brother, be sure of this, that God never mistakes. He who has his mighty hand busy in all that befalls us, is working to a glorious plan; and he is working, too, in perfect wisdom. We cannot understand the vast reaches of his skill, but he understands them all himself; and our only becoming attitude at present is one of unbounded confidence in the wisdom of our heavenly Guide. As a mere doctrine, this doctrine stands, indeed, in every creed; but the actual and abiding faith of it would change the aspect of the most of professors' lives, as much as the sun of spring revives the winter fields.

And, as another element of this faith in God, we must add the most assured confidence in his tender love. "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of his eye." In Christ Jesus the whole love of his whole heart rests upon his beloved children. And why should we ever doubt this? If words can assure us, if an oath can confirm us, if acts of unwearied goodness

can convince us—how could God have spoken more plainly, or sworn more solemnly, or acted more kindly than he has done? Let us be ashamed of our mistrust; and let us lie down in peace to sleep the sleep of God's beloved, taking this for our pillow, that our sleepless Keeper is our Father, "All-wise, All-mighty, and All-good."

But, in addition to faith in God's power, love, and wisdom, there is needed, for this holy sleep, unquestioning submission to his sovereign will. Ah! there is nothing more trying to the natural heart than this. We shall err greatly, if we fancy that in dealing with others, or in the prayerful cultivation of our own hearts, we have to do only with the grievous tendency to self-righteous confidence in our own feelings or doings. An equal, possibly often a greater danger, lies in self-will. We are prone, indeed, to put our own doings in the room of Christ's doings; but we are just as prone to put our own wills in the room of God's will. The one, as well as the other, dishonours God, and breaks up our sleep of peaceful faith. We have no right to a will of our own, apart from God's will; and though he has gifted us with the glorious attribute of will, it is only that we may exercise the noblest service of the creature, by subordinating our wills to his, and responding to every act of his dealings with us, our most hearty and joyous *Amen*. He never meant us to choose for ourselves, to set up our individual wills in rivalry to his. God's will must be to us, as it is to him, and as it is to every holy being in the universe—the one sovereign will. "Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven." For this have we been redeemed from the earth, that life henceforward should be to us but a doing the will of God (Heb. x. 36). For this have we been renewed after the image of Christ, that, like him, we may find our meat and our drink in doing the Father's will. Ah! my troubled brother or sister, search and see, whether most of the bitterness of your sorrow does not arise from this, that God's will is unwelcome to you because it sets aside your own. How can you be happy while you are cherishing this spirit of rebellion, and preferring your own likings to the good and wise and holy will of God? Give up the sinful struggle. Say "*Amen*" to God's choice for you: say it in the dark; and say it without having any other reason for saying it but only this—it is God's will, and because it is his will, it shall be also mine. And so saying, you shall at once enter into a rest so calm, so sanctifying, so far above all that you have reached in your unbelieving conflict, that you shall thank God for preparing such a sleep for his people, a sleep that can be reached only through perfect faith and perfect patience. "Whenever I can say 'Thy will be done,'" says Henry Martyn, "it is like throwing ballast out of an air balloon: my soul ascends immediately, and light and happiness shine around me."

This, alas! is not the temper of fallen man—it is not our own spirit by our first nature. We have fallen so far from God, that, when left to ourselves, there is no

will in the universe that has less weight with us, in influencing our choice, than God's will. Instead of bowing before it, in self-abandoned worship, as all holy creatures do, it is neglected, despised, opposed in every variety of ways; and this quite as much by the moral and the educated, as by the immoral and the ignorant. Not only under the pressure of strong temptation will man dare to set aside his Maker's will, but he will do it when there is scarcely any temptation at all. For a compliment or for a jest, he will trample on the awful law of God; nay, in mere wanton recklessness, he will oppose God's will for the opposition's sake. The most august and venerated authority in heaven—the holy will of God—is to wicked man on earth no authority whatever. It can scarcely constrain a moment's pause, as he tramples over it to reach the gratification of some of his least imperious cravings. Now, what but misery can come out of all this rebellion; and misery, too, in proportion to the whole-hearted eagerness with which man seeks his own will, in preference to the will of God? It is from this life of sin and misery that grace is designed to set us free; and it does actually free us in proportion to the single-hearted simplicity of our faith. In Christ Jesus we are brought into a new standing before God; and by the Holy Spirit we are really enabled to feel and to act, in some degree, consistently with this new relationship. To a soul thus enabled to behold God in the face of Jesus, nothing is so beautiful as the Divine character; and no blessedness seems comparable to the blessedness of lying absolutely at the loving disposal of such a Being. All that he is is seen to be so lovely, and all that he does is so loving, that the believing soul cannot but count it all joy to have his concerns taken out of his own hands, that they may be arranged by his heavenly Father. He knows that some one must hold the reins; and he sees that God alone has the right to do it, and that God alone can be trusted to do it, so as not to make the interests of one be advanced at the expense of another. Unbelief, having no higher end in view than its own selfish ends, and knowing no better guardian of these than itself, would fain guide its own path; but faith, having higher interests in view, rejoices to commit them all to the direction of a better guide. The spirit which we now speak of is not so much submission, as it is sleep. It is not the case of a soul constrained to accept of rule because it cannot help it, but which would, nevertheless, choose to be otherwise if it could: it is the happy attitude of a soul that so realizes its own ignorance, and weakness, and sinfulness; and so realizes, too, the wisdom, power, love, and faithfulness of God, that it rejoices unspeakably in being made the child of such a Father, and, resting in his paternal care, lies down to sleep. It would not have God's will altered, or even modified, for all the world. Even in deepest trial it can say, with Richard Williams dying of hunger on the coast of Patagonia, "I have no longer a choice, when I know his holy will."

How many are there who name the name of Jesus, and who yet know nothing of this sweet sleep of God's beloved! They may have more, or they may have fewer, of what are thought to be the marks of God's children; but this they have not—they never sleep. Their hands are full, and sometimes over-full, of work; their mouths are filled with good words; their feet are weary with ceaseless travail; but they have, in no true sense, entered into rest. Why is it so? They have never sought it in the way of faith. They have learned, perhaps, a great deal about Christ, but only in the smallest measure have they "learned Christ." They do not fully know the greatness of the work of love which brought Jesus here; neither do they understand how completely he finished this work which his Father gave him to do. They think more of themselves and of their doings than they should, and they think too little of Christ. They have not learned him so as to make him all and self nothing. They know a little about duties, so they try to do them; and some little about dangers, so they try to avoid them: but the duty of accepting the childlike sleep of God's beloved they have never thought of, and the danger of self-will and self-reliance they very imperfectly apprehend. Oh, that they would hearken to God, as he tells them the thoughts of peace which he has been thinking of them; and that they would follow the hand which beckons them towards the perfect rest, which Christ has prepared for all the beloved of the Father!

It is always perfectly safe to sleep under the shelter of God's wing. The Bible teaches us this on every page. Troubled and timid soul, fear no danger, however threatening, if thou be really in the place of obedient trust. He that is keeping thee never slumbers. Leave God's providence to his own management; let his promise suffice thee, and he shall assuredly make all the promise good. Hitherto thy safety has never depended on thine own unbelieving wakefulness, but on thy Father's unwearying care; therefore, sleep when he bids thee. Yes, sleep; for in one sense God reigns as absolutely on earth as in heaven. Nothing is done without him. His government is a reality, though for the present it is hid beneath the thinnest veil—a veil, however, that is thick enough to hide his hand from every eye but that of faith.

This sleep of the believing heart is not only the great essential of present happiness, but is also our chief sphere of service. God is never honoured by our self-reliant labours as he is by our self-forgetting sleep. The perfect repose of the satisfied affections upon his love, and the perfect acquiescence of the creature's will in the holy sovereign will of God, is, of itself, the foremost kind of service, as well as a great help to every other kind. Then let no one complain that he has nothing wherewith to serve his Lord. You can serve him with what you have; and man or angel can do nothing more. If your strength does not give you opportunity for labour, your very weakness gives you opportunity for

patience. If your poverty forbids you to lay thousands at his feet, it does not forbid you to bring the better offering of a resigned will. If you can do nothing else, you can honour your Saviour by your peaceful sleep. Paul's midnight song, ringing cheerfully through the prison, pled as powerfully for Christ as Paul's most eloquent discourses could have done; and, ere now, the joy of some unlettered martyr at the stake has done more, to convince the world, than some gifted brother's contentings for the faith. Sing, then, to God in your deepest trial; lie down to sleep amid circumstances where distracted nature would be driven to extremity; and God will surely make your lowly services fruitful in blessing to yourself and others. He delights to use the feeblest means for the accomplishment of the grandest ends. He who builds a prison-house for the raging ocean with the tiniest grains of sand, has again and again done more with the prattle of some dying infant than with the wisdom of the wisest sage. If, then, we cannot aspire to the wise man's wisdom, let us be content with the better wisdom of the little child. Let us set ourselves to learn the wondrous meaning of the Master's oft-forgotten lesson, when he took a child, and set him in the midst of the disciples, saying, "Behold your model."

"The sleep of his beloved much more with God will do,
Than when the wicked wake and pray the whole night through."

We need to pray for the spirit of holy sleep, and we need equally to watch against every frame of mind that would disturb it. Nothing whatever is so easily spoiled as this sleep of soul. More readily startled than "the roes and the hinds of the field," we must walk as carefully as the cautious huntsman, if we would not stir up the soul from its peaceful sleep of faith. Worldly cares will do it. "A dream cometh through the multitude of business" (Eccles. v. 3); and this dream will suffice to break the sleep we speak of. Wealth, with its consequent disturbances, will also hinder, unless very nicely managed; for the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep this sleep (Eccles. v. 12). The cares of this life that are so apt to be engendered by poverty, will also hinder, if the poor one do not cast all his cares on God. The wishing for this, and the shrinking from that, the restlessness of desire, and the indulgence of self-will, all of these, in any degree, will render our sleep of faith impossible. Nay, the very grace that is in a soul, at least the low measures of that grace, may help to keep the soul from resting. It was because of his faith that Jacob so valued the birthright and the blessing; but it was because this faith was so feeble, that he took his own most unhappy methods of securing them. Had he been unbelieving, like Esau, he would have despised both the birthright and the blessing; while, if his faith had been simpler, it would have led him to wait patiently on God for the promised bestowal of them. And these things are written for our example, for the same

dangers beset us every day. Let us, then, ask from our gracious Father increase of faith, and such increase as shall enable us to cast our every interest on him, while we calmly sleep the sleep which he giveth to his beloved.

"But I cannot sleep," groans some afflicted one; "my circumstances are such as to render sleep impossible. I am full of tossings to and fro, unto the dawning of the day." Perhaps it may be so, my troubled brother; still, it is not your circumstances that make you restless, but your unbelief. Peter, expecting to be put to death on the morrow, slept soundly in his prison. "Feel my pulse," said Argyle, as he stood beside the block on the scaffold; and when the doctor felt it, he declared that it beat more calmly than his own. If you will look around, you will find that the happiest of disciples, the souls who are sleeping most quietly under the shadow of the Almighty, have been trained, every one of them, in the school of sharp affliction, and have been taught their Saviour's sympathy through the extremity of their sorrow. "Tribulation worketh patience;" and the most Christ-like patience is wrought in us only through Christ-like sufferings. "Thou crushest me, O Lord, but it is enough that it is thy hand," said Calvin dying. "When thou wilt, how thou wilt, what thou wilt," said Baxter in similar circumstances. "Why do you ask me what I like? I am the Lord's patient, and cannot but like everything," said Simeon of Cambridge. "Pray for me," wrote Dr. Samuel Brown two weeks before his death, "pray for me, not for cure or alleviation—these are mean things to ask from a Father in heaven—but that his perfect will be accomplished in me." "If it should be a year of sickness and of pain, if a year of family affliction, if it be my dying year . . . welcome the holy will of God," wrote Matthew Henry in his diary. "I would lie against my own soul if I should deny that I would rather have a cross of his choosing for me, than a crown of my own choosing for myself," says Thomas Boston. And the testimony of every one, who has ever slept this sweet sleep of faith, assures us that circumstances have nothing whatever to do with the perfect peace in which God keeps him whose mind is stayed on him. Amid the most sorrowful of circumstances, simple faith and fervent love can find all the elements of a present heaven; while, on the other hand, there is no earthly lot so comfortable that unbelief and self-will cannot make it a nest of troubles. Circumstances, in themselves, have no power to make us either happy or miserable; that depends altogether on the spirit in which these circumstances are met. It is only while we keep our place on Christ's bosom, folded there like helpless lambs, and touched on every side with the pressure of his mighty arms; it is only when we weigh our dangers against his power to guard us, and look at our sorrows in the light of his love which sends them, that we can glorify God by sleeping the sleep of his beloved.

"One good I covet, and that good alone—
To do thy will, from selfish motives free;
And to prefer a cottage to a throne,
And grief to comfort, if it pleases thee."

Many of us may frequently have been struck, on witnessing the death-beds of believers, or on reading their experiences, to observe the extraordinary measures in which, just before the end, this sleep has been enjoyed. Many who have scarcely known this sleep during an active life, have been led into its holy calm upon a dying bed. Perhaps the man had been for years a disciple, humble and sober-minded; but with little of the joy of the Lord in his heart, and with too little of the fire of Pentecost either in life or tongue: and yet this man, when he comes near his end, is not unfrequently found to be filled with a quiet peace, never so abundantly enjoyed before; and to have his heart glowing with a holy zeal, which he was never thought to have been capable of feeling. Why is this? Ah! the problem is easily solved; and the solution of it leads us to deplore the dark side of this cloud, as well as to admire the golden. He had never, till now, slept the sleep of God's beloved. Like Martha, he had been troubled about many things, and cumbered with his much serving. He had had Christ, to be sure, to serve and to enjoy; but then he had also something else. There was the business to be attended to, and the family to be cared for, and so many other lawful things to be gone about; and then he took such a burden of all these things, that the heavy-laden heart had never found out the rest of Jesus, the perfect peace that flows from committing one's way to God, and then after that "*trusting also in him*." Christ was therefore to him, practically, rather like the moon among the stars, the greatest and brightest object in his sky; but Christ was never to him like the mid-day sun, the solitary luminary whose brightness quenches the light of every other. But now the mournful mistake is happily rectified. With dying eyes he has seen his stupendous guilt and folly. He confesses it with tears, and gladly accepts forgiveness. His family, his business, his everything, are now, in confiding faith, cast on the Lord; not because he loves his dear ones less, but because he can trust his covenant Father more. Freed from every selfish care, he can accept now the sleep which God gives to his beloved. Alas, that he had not done this thing some twenty or thirty years before, when he first formally surrendered himself into his Saviour's hands! and then his life, instead of being the undecided, fruitless thing it has been, might have shone like a lamp in a dark corner, and commended Christ both to saint and sinner. And alas, too, that we, who stand around such beds, so seldom learn the lesson which God is teaching us through a dying brother's lips! for is he not telling us to go and do at once, this very duty which our departing friend mourns that he left so long undone?

Before concluding, it will be proper to observe that there is a spurious sleep as well as a genuine; and that

the spurious is the more easily attained. Satan, ever on the watch to weaken or to destroy, will readily present himself as a substitute for the Holy Spirit, to become our comforter. But his sleep is not holy sleep, it is shameful sloth. It is the child, not of clear-eyed faith, which endures as seeing Him who is invisible, but of blind unbelief, which never sees God at all. It is a sleep not only of the earth, earthy, but it is one of the most grovelling forms of sinful self-pleasing. It grows best on the world's most worthless soils. The genuine rest which we speak of is a working rest. It is a rest from sin, from self, from unbelieving cares, from rebellious self-will, that, freed from all its sinful burdens, the soul may run unhindered in the ways of God. If, on the one side, it is not careful; equally, on the other, it is not careless. It feels the weight of responsibilities so far as to be compelled to cast its burden on the Lord; while, having brought its burden to the throne of grace, it leaves it there. Its model is the Saviour sleeping on the stormy Sea of Galilee. Undisturbed by the howling winds, or by the waves that threatened to swamp the little boat, the wearied Saviour lay fast asleep. Looked at from the merely human point of view, the danger was imminent, since even the experienced fishermen were nearly in despair; but looked at from the standing-place of faith, there was no danger whatever, for was not his heavenly Father awake and watching?

And does he not, in the same way, watch every believer still; does he not keep each of us as the apple of his eye? If, then, in the forgetfulness of this, we get alarmed at the signs of any external danger, let us read the rebuke as a rebuke to ourselves as well as to the twelve—"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith!" But the spurious imitation that we speak of is altogether unlike the sleep of Jesus; it is represented rather by the mournful sleep of Jonah. Though his heart was entirely out of communion with God he yet slept. Though the darkest guilt lay on his conscience, and the most rebellious self-will was guiding his course, still he slept. Overtaken by the angry tempest, and with all God's waves and billows yawning round him, the infatuated prophet slumbered on. It was a shameful sight to see a guilty prophet sleeping, while even the heathen mariners were awake and troubled, and were crying each one on his gods. And is there no parallel among us to the sinful sleep of Jonah? Alas! it is to be feared that there are multitudes everywhere who make little other use of the "sweet story of old" than merely to keep conscience quiet, that they may sleep without disturbance on the devil's bed of sloth. May the Lord keep us from every measure of this shameful sleep, and may he give us all instead that holy sleep which none can ever know but his beloved!

J. D.

AUTUMN TREES.



LONG bright summer had passed away, and autumn sounds were in the air, autumn hues stealing over the landscape. Lucy Martyn and her brother felt that their holiday time together was almost over. These young people, with simple tastes and warm affections, happy in the society of one another and of their only surviving parent, were wondrously independent of that exciting variety of amusements which are thought necessary by many of the same age. Their home was in a beautiful but retired part of the Scottish Highlands, and their mother's limited income made visiting or visitors almost impossible. But brother and sister desired no happiness beyond that of rambling for long hours with fishing-rods or sketch-books in hand, exploring the deep ravines and mountain-heights around; or when, in calm days, their mother joined them in a boat on the lake, and all could admire together the magical effects of light and shadow, so endlessly varied in the variable atmosphere of a mountainous country. Mrs. Martyn had from their earliest years endeavoured, and with success, to make her children partakers of her own deep enjoyment in

".... the boundless store
Of charms, which Nature to her votary yields."

On a calm, bright afternoon in the last week of Sep-

tember, the lady sat on a rustic seat in the sunshine, and watched her children descending the opposite hill, and then walking up to the house. They separated, John going within doors, while Lucy came quickly towards her mother.

"You are earlier home than I expected, dears. I hope there is nothing wrong with John!"

"Oh no; only he had an awkward stumble in the Black Linn, and got so very wet that I persuaded him to come home at once with me and change his clothes."

"You did right, certainly."

"But I shall be so glad to sit with you here. Look, mamma, at the autumn bouquet I have gathered for you in the glen."

"Faded leaves!"

"Yes; as the flowers were gone, I set myself to gather coloured leaves instead, from the trees, and ferns, and grass. Look what varieties of colour: yellow, red, browns, olives—and these bright scarlet hips and black brambles—is it not pretty?"

"Really beautiful; quite worthy of our best flower-glass."

"But yet I felt sad as I gathered them. They seemed so different from flowers; and all of them gone! Oh, I wish it could be always summer!"

"Do you, my dear? I never felt so. I have always

thought our change and variety of seasons one of the advantages—not a disadvantage—of our northern climate, compared with more southern regions. How beautiful our woods and copses are becoming every day now! Though, as Cheever says, one would not wish this colouring to last always, we may enjoy the pleasing variety in the meantime. Stay; I was reading, before you came, his ‘Voices of Nature,’—let me give you the benefit of a few sentences.

“There were analogies and lessons in Oriental landscapes, which we miss in nature at the north; but there are also many lessons from a northern landscape and circle of the seasons, not so easily suggested at the south. The brilliant changes and variety of colours in the leaves, and the annual withering and falling of the foliage in the autumn, which has given to this season, with us (in America), the expressive and beautiful designation of The Fall, could have been hardly familiar to an Oriental poet. . . . What a change upon the landscape! The frost performs its silent ministry by night, and then the sun, the mighty chemist and painter, takes up his pencil, and lo! what magic transformations appear at his touch! The forest is all glittering in purple, scarlet, and gold. . . . The woods indeed are splendid, when they have been reddening in the October sun. A beautiful sight it is, for a little time; but sweet nature almost plays the harlequin when she puts her long cherished, lovely foliage under the finishing touches of the frost. It is only because the sight is so transitory that it is so splendid and attractive; for it would not continue to please, if it lasted.

“And here we remark the exercise of Divine wisdom and goodness in the permanent colour which he has chosen for the array of nature. With what care and loving-kindness has God tempered the seasons to our being, and mingled the hues of the world just so as best to educate and soothe our senses, and discipline the mind, the imagination, and the heart, through the medium of the senses! What a difference there would have been in our moral and intellectual character, if, instead of green being the habitual colouring of nature, the landscape had been dressed every day, and all the year round, all the warm months, in the gay variety of the woods in autumn! The human imagination itself, instead of being the faculty that could be developed in the grandeur and sublimity of a mind like Milton’s, might have become but a whimsical display of fancies.”

“I think that last idea,” continued Mrs. Martyn, as she closed the book, “is going rather too far; yet there may be some truth in it.”

“But all this beauty, mamma, is the *last*. It is because the leaves are fading, that they are brightening. How soon they will all fall off, and winter be here!”

“Well, and why not? What real cause have we to regret the change? Winter will bring its own beauties and pleasures, with the blessing of our heavenly Father; and then—have patience, Lucy—spring will return again.”

“Oh, mamma, that verse did so come into my mind, as I gathered the leaves all alone—for John was out of sight at the Linn—‘*We all do fade as a leaf.*’” Lucy’s eyes were full of tears as she spoke.

“True,” said her mother, “most true; and a sad lesson when learned for the first time by a young heart. But at my age you will, I trust, be able to say, in the spirit of hope, not of despondency, ‘So be it, Lord: I would not live alway. Welcome all changes which prepare for the great and blessed change, from this passing scene of earth to thy Paradise above!’”

She spoke, looking upwards, as if almost unconscious of her daughter’s presence. But Lucy, after a minute’s silence, hid her face on her mother’s hand, in unrestrained weeping.

“My own dear child! what is the matter? what distresses you?”

It was some moments before she could reply. “Oh, if we could but all grow and fade together!”

“Ah, I see what it is; you are sorry to look at my gray hairs and wrinkles, and to think that your mother is getting into autumn days. But I do not feel old, my love. I seem to renew my youth, when I have you and John beside me. I often think of the French saying, ‘*Le coeur ne vieillit pas.*’”

“And you are not worse in health this summer, mamma?”

“On the contrary, I feel really stronger and better every way. Let us thankfully enjoy our present happiness together, and trust all the future to our gracious God. Our times are in his hand; far better surely to know *this*, than to have to arrange things for ourselves. But while the fading leaves of autumn are spoken of in Scripture in connection with our own fading mortal life, there is mention made also, in a comforting sense, of leaves which do not fade. Do you remember how the first Psalm begins?”

Lucy replied: “Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.”

“Yes; and the same idea is beautifully given by the prophet Jeremiah: ‘Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.’ An evergreen tree is therefore a cheering instructive type of a lively consistent Christian. All Christians, alas! are not of this class. Too often, even in those whom we hope are in reality safely ‘rooted in Christ,’ we see sad tokens of backsliding and decay. But there are also bright examples of those who go

'from strength to strength,' and this is what we should all aim and endeavour after, by the help of God. Let me read to you another passage from Cheever :—

" 'The affections turning heavenward, the sensibilities alive towards God, the emotions ready to be played upon by the Spirit, moving at the least breeze from heaven, these are the foliage of the trees of righteousness. . . . When the sacred writer says, the leaf shall be green even in drought, he means *always* green, through *all* the seasons, ever in the same grateful, refreshing, simple, and modest colouring. And this is one of the first points that may be noted in the character of a righteous man, that it is made of what are called *fast colours*. There is the hue of principle, and it does not change. There is neither glare nor glitter, nor intrusive show, but a simple quiet green all the year round. It is a colour that holds on through all changes, and pleases the mind under all circumstances. The leaves remain upon the tree, and the colour remains upon the leaves. It is an *evergreen* that is thus presented as the picture of a righteous man.' "

At this moment John came up, having accomplished his change of garments.

"What are you reading and speaking of, mamma?"

"Of what I hope and pray that both my children may become in future life—evergreen Christians. What sort of character do you think that means?"

"I suppose steady and consistent, without changes and backslidings."

"You are right; and, of course, such Christians are the most useful to others, commending the Master whom they serve by their bright, attractive example. And they can be thoroughly trusted, as well as loved; their help, or sympathy, or counsel, can always be depended upon. The evergreen tree may always be trusted to by the weary traveller, either for shade in the burning sunshine, or shelter in the storm. What an honour to be such a 'tree of righteousness!' But what is the secret of their beauty and stability, Lucy, alluded to in both the passages of Scripture we have quoted?"

"They are planted beside the waters."

"Yes; and I need hardly say to you how that is an emblem of the means of grace, and the constant communion with Jesus, which is the source of all a believer's life and fruitfulness."

"I suppose," said John, "it was Lucy's autumn bouquet which has led you to this subject. I saw she was getting pathetic to-day over the fading leaves. Does this season not make *you* sad?"

"Not often, I am thankful to say. My associations with autumn have been generally rather of a cheerful kind. It was always a happy time with us in my youth, and I have tried to keep up the feeling, and to think of ripening fruits rather than of vanished flowers. I have often thought at such times of that verse—'Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof.' "

"How can you apply that?"

"Autumn, with God's blessing, is the best season of the year, which all the others have been making preparations for. If spring was a beautiful season of hope and promise, yet it was also one of much doubt and anxiety. A good spring is a time of *hope*, but a good autumn of thankfulness and *joy*, when the farmer sees his precious grain safe in the garner, all its perils past. Fruit is surely better than flowers, in the highest sense. Was not our apple-tree a fairer sight last week, bending under the golden fruit, than a few months ago when covered with blossoms?"

"I am not sure," said Lucy. "I think it looked prettiest in spring."

"Perhaps so, but the pretty blossoms might all have been blighted by a night of frost; and every sensible person would think its value far greater now. We may apply the emblem to higher things. The Christian life, in its matured, advanced experience, is better than at its first beginnings, fair and hopeful as these may be. Could I be spared to see you and John, many years hence, grown up into tried and approved servants of the Lord—John in the ministry, perhaps, and you in some other post of active usefulness—I should look at my children with greater happiness and rest of heart than I do now, although your roses were then faded and his hair silvered. I see you with love and hope now, but oh, what joy and thankfulness would I feel then!"

"Dearest mother!" exclaimed her son, "surely God *will* spare you to see us all you wish us to be!"

"That will be as He sees good; at all events, I should one day rejoice over you in heaven. See," she said, opening her pocket Bible, "here is one of the comprehensive promises, which I most often pray over in thinking of you both: 'The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing'" (Ps. xcii. 12-14).

"Has your favourite author Foster no sermon upon autumn?"

"Yes; he has one on the very words Lucy was speaking of, 'We all do fade as a leaf.' But I do not like this as I do most of his writings; it seems to me too dark and sorrowful a view of our earthly lot. He appears partly aware of this himself, and says that many may object to it and ask, Why give such a dismal representation, and cloud the little sunshine which glimmers upon our path? His reply is striking—'I answer, nothing worth is that sunshine which will not pierce radiantly through this cloud. No complacency, no cheerfulness, no delight, is worth having which cannot be enjoyed *together with* the contemplation of this view of our mortal condition.' "

"The sun is getting low, mamma," said Lucy; "I think it is not wise for you to sit out longer."

"Let me only repeat to you a few verses, which

express the autumn feelings I have long sought to maintain :—

" ' Since the " glad tidings " spoke peace to this heart,
Life's darkest shadows have seemed to depart ;
All nature's voices one story have told,
Goodness unchanging, to-day as of old.

" ' Autumn winds sweeping o'er fields brown and bare,
Echo the reapers' song, lingering there ;
Autumn floods rushing by garner and store,
Tell me of treasures in danger no more.

" ' Flowers in their fading, and leaves as they fall,
Long days of brightness and beauty recall ;—
Why should I sorrow that these are now past ?
Heaven's cloudless summer for ever shall last !

" ' Oh that life's autumn, like nature's, may bring
Some precious harvest from summer and spring
Fruits which the Master may deign to approve,
Laid on his altar in meekness and love ! "

H. L. L.

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA :

A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration.

A SEQUEL TO " THE DRAYTONS AND THE DAVENANTS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE " CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-GOTTA FAMILY."

XVIII.

NOTES BY MAGDALENE ANTONY.



THE first public event of which I have any recollection, or rather the first time I can clearly recollect having a glimpse beyond our own little world in London and Netherby, was one warm evening in August 1658.

My mother was coming home with me and Dolly from the house of Mr. John Milton in Bird-Cage Walk, past Whitehall, when we noticed many people clustering like bees around the doors of the palace ; and I remember my mother lifting up her finger, and saying to Dolly and me, who were discussing some of our small affairs eagerly :—

" Hush, children, the Protector is there, in sore sickness."

And then I remember noticing that the groups of people through which we were passing were all speaking low and walking softly, as people do in sick-chambers, and every now and then looking up anxiously to the palace-windows.

I recollect a hush and awe creeping over me, and a guilty feeling, as if Dolly and I had been chidden for talking in church.

And all spoke in murmurs, and no one said anything I could hear distinctly, until, as we were leaving the space in front of the palace, from the last point at which we could see the windows, my mother turned back to look. It happened that

at that moment two men were standing close to us, and one pointed to the palace, and said : " It was *there* ! the murderers set up the black scaffold there, just under those windows. I see it now ; and so, I trow, does *the murderer* on his sick-bed inside. And so will more than one when the black pall comes out at those doors. The day of vengeance always comes at last."

The words went through me like a shudder. They were spoken in a deep hissing whisper, more like the gnashing of teeth than speaking.

I did not venture to tell my mother of them. I did not know if she had heard them. I never told anyone of them. They lay seething and working in my brain, as so many perplexities do in children's minds—half-shaped, half-shapeless, altogether voiceless, like ghosts waiting to be born—and tormented me greatly.

For in a few days the terrible black train did leave those palace-doors. My mother took us to see it. And my mother wept, and Aunt Gretel, which was not so wonderful, because Aunt Gretel would weep as easily at anything that moved her as we, children. But my father wept, and even Uncle Roger ; and Annis, the nurse, was stiller than ever. And there was great silence and quiet weeping among the people as the black train passed from the Palace to the Abbey. It was a great day of mourning ; and my father told us we must never forget it. For all the people of England that day had lost their best friend. But all

the time I could not get it out of my head that somebody had called him a murderer, and had called this day of mourning a day of vengeance.

It puzzled me exceedingly, more especially as Dr. Rich, the quiet clergyman who lived in the little house at the end of our garden, and Austin his son, our playfellow, would not, I knew, have anything to do with the procession; and, indeed, would never call the Protector anything but Mr. Cromwell. And Annis, our nurse, never called him anything but Oliver Cromwell (although in her that was not remarkable, since she called even our father and mother Leonard and Olive); and I had heard her say often, no man was to be called a "Protector" who let hundreds of poor Friends languish in prison. Also Aunt Dorothy, I knew, would not come to stay with us on account of something that had to do with the Protector. All which things made a great tumult and chaos in my brain.

But I must confess that the result was, that we grew up with a great tenderness for the Royalist side.

There was little in the shows and titles of the Commonwealth to enkindle the imaginations of children.

In all the fairy tales and romaunts and poems we knew, there was no such prosaical title as Lord Protector. Indeed, we agreed that the Bible history itself became much more interesting after the judges were changed into kings, however wrong it might have been of the Jews to wish for the change. We felt that the threat of his taking our "sons" to be his horsemen and charioteers, and our "daughters" to be his cooks and confectionaries, would certainly not have deterred us from demanding a king. We thought it would be undoubtedly more glorious to be my Lady Confectionary to a queen, or my Lord Charioteer to a king, than to be anything in the sober untitled train of a protector. Queen Esther was to us a far more romantic personage than Deborah, who was only a mother in Israel. And on Sundays, when the sermons were very long and we were allowed to read the Bible to keep us from going to sleep, we found great solace in expatiating upon Shushan the palace, among the courts of the gardens with mysterious splendours of fine linen and purple—beds of gold

and silver—pavement of red, blue, white, and black marble—silver rings and pillars of marble, between which were to be caught glimpses of fair ladies in robes fragrant with perfumes—of a crown royal and a golden sceptre.

But besides these enchantments for our earthly imagination, the Royalist cause, as expounded to us by Austin Rich and his brothers, laid hold on our hearts by the irresistible charm of suffering majesty. Over the story of the young orphan Princess Elizabeth, dying in the castle where her father had been imprisoned, with her head pillowed on the Bible she loved, we wept many tears. The young Duke of Gloucester, who had declared to the king just before his execution that he would let them tear him in pieces rather than accept his brother's throne, was one of our earliest heroes.

And, above all, the name of King Charles was sacred to us. Our mother always spoke of him with a tender respect. We knew how he had worn the portrait of the queen his wife next his heart, and only parted with it with his life. We thought it quite natural that Archbishop Ussher, seeing from the roof of Lady Peterborough's house the king's coat laid aside and his hair bound up for the fatal stroke, should have been able to see no more, but been led fainting away. Moreover Austin Rich had sundry pathetic stories of Episcopal clergyman pilloried, and their parsonages pillaged by Parliament troopers, because they would not deny the king or refuse to pray for him.

So that we were quite prepared to welcome the next great public event which made an impression on us after the funeral of the Protector. This was the entry of King Charles II into London. A king was actually coming through our streets! Our king, who had passed his youth in exile! He was coming to be crowned in the Abbey, and to reign over us. And if a king, then of course the queen would come, and princes, and princesses, and all the splendours belonging to them.

We were sorry our relatives did not seem quite happy about it. But we had been told to speak respectfully of the king, and we had heard the minister in the church pray for him. So that, on the whole, Dolly and I came to the conclusion

that it would not be very wrong for us to enjoy the magnificence as much as we certainly did. Especially as Aunt Dorothy (who, our mother told us, was as good as Aunt Gretel, and Aunt Gretel we well knew was better than any one else) was coming to town for nothing else but to see the face of His Majesty and do him honour.

The previous festivities had excited our expectations to a high pitch. There had been heralds, in coats of many colours, proclaiming the king at different places in the streets; and crowds shouting, "The king, God bless him!" and bells breaking out into peals of joy; and bonfires—we could count thirty one evening from our upper windows—along the road from Westminster to the City, in the streets, on the bridges, by the water-side.

So at last the great festival came. Banners hidden for years waving from the windows all down the streets; fountains flowing with wine; bells clashing all together in sudden peals, as if they had gone wild for joy; and all the people as mad for joy as the bells—some shouting, some weeping; strangers greeting each other like old friends. And such dresses! Old Cavalier wardrobes brought to light again; and some ladies and gentlemen in the new French fashions, with dresses gilded, slashed, tasseled, plumed, laced; every one trying to show their loyalty by going as far from the old Puritan plainness as possible, in materials as rich as could be purchased, and of every colour of the rainbow. We thought it almost as splendid as Shushan the palace in the days of Esther the queen. Trumpets, bells, drums, songs, wild shouts; colour and music everywhere, May-day everywhere,—in dresses, in banners, in the budding trees, in the blue skies; all the city, all the world seemed to us gone wild with joy.

And Aunt Dorothy, the soberest and gravest of all our kindred, as wild as any one; crying out, "The king, God bless him!" kissing Dolly and me again and again in a way which surprised us exceedingly, as we were not aware of having done anything remarkably good; and even at bed-time the caresses exchanged between us usually went no further than our courtesying and kissing her hand, and being told to be good children.

And then the king!

On horseback, as a king should be; in gorgeous apparel, smiling and bowing right and left, as if he felt we were all friends; acknowledging every courtesy with the easy grace natural to him.

And as he passed by, Aunt Dorothy actually sank down on one knee and clasped her hands as if in prayer, while the tears streamed over her face; and we thought we heard her murmur, "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace." For she told us the salvation of England had come.

So the king went on to his palace; and the loyal lords and ladies followed him in their coaches, brilliant with jewels and smiles. And Aunt Dorothy, Dolly, and I looked on, when suddenly, while the procession was pausing for a minute, one of the loveliest of the ladies turned towards us; and when she saw Aunt Dorothy, her face, which was graver and paler than most of those in that gay company, broke into smiles and into a sudden glow; and she seemed looking on beyond us, and then her eyes came back and rested on us again, a little sadly.

Aunt Dorothy exclaimed,—
"Lettice Davenant!"

And I looked, and loved her face at once, and yet wondered. For our mother had talked to us of her as the brightest creature in the world; and we had always pictured our loveliest fairy princesses as like what our mother had told us of Lettice Davenant, with eyes like diamonds, and teeth like pearls, and a colour like fresh roses, and a brilliant changing face, with a flash and play like precious stones about it.

And now she sat there quietly dressed, unlike the ladies round her; bedecked with few jewels; with a sweet, calm face, rather like the good women in New Testament pictures, than a princess in a fairy tale.

So she also passed on, following the king to the palace. And the people rejoiced, and sang and feasted far into the night.

We were wakened from our first sleep by sounds of revelry and wild songs echoing through the streets. Strange sounds to us.

We crept close to each other, Dolly and I; and I said, "Dolly, do you think it was as good as the Book of Esther?"

But Dolly confessed to being a little disappointed. The king in the fairy tales was so different from other people, she said; you always knew him from any one else, even when he was dressed like a beggar. How, she could not quite tell; perhaps his face actually shone, and his clothes, instead of being only shone upon like other people's.

But our king was dressed like a king in a fairy tale, there was nothing to complain of in that; and yet, if Aunt Dorothy had not told us, we might not have known him from the gentlemen with him. We agreed that it would be convenient, since the faces of real kings did not shine, that they should always wear crowns. Otherwise one might make mistakes, which would be such a pity.

Perhaps, when our king was crowned, however, it would be all right.

But we concluded that it certainly was a very delightful thing to have a king of our own, whether his face shone, or whether he was a head and shoulders taller than other men, or not. It made every one dress so beautifully, and seem so glad, and set all the bells and trumpets going so gloriously. And we hoped very soon there would come also the queen, and the princes and princesses.

And then the world would be something like fairy-land indeed. Our father and mother, and Uncle Roger, and all the good people, would of course be rewarded, and made happy all the rest of their days, when our king found them out, as he would be sure to do in time. Of course, they were not expecting to be rewarded. On the contrary, they would be exceedingly surprised when the king found them out, and embraced them, and made them sit on his right hand. The good people in the fairy tales always were. But there was sure to be no mistake in the end. The good people always had their due when the true prince came. And it was not to be thought of that England was to be worse governed than a kingdom in fairy-land.

The next week we were still more satisfied that we had entered on this fairy world. For as Isaac, Dolly, and I were passing Westminster Abbey, we heard an unwonted sound issuing from

it, and crept in to listen. Then, for the first time, we heard the organ, with the chant of the choristers. But we no more thought of its being an earthly instrument, made of wood and metal, than of the golden streets of the New Jerusalem being made of gold like one of our coins.

The wonderful sounds rolled up and down the aisles, and wound in and out among the arches, and wreathed the old stone pillars, and seemed to lose themselves in far-off ahrines and mysterious endless recesses like those in a forest, and then to come back again changed and intertwined with earlier echoes to mingle with the new tides of music that kept streaming forth; until we found that all the while the wondrous tones had seemed wandering at their own sweet will, they had been building a temple within the temple—a temple of melody within the temple of stone. And the Abbey was no more a sculptured edifice, but a living body with a living soul. And when this temple was built, angels came and sang in it—voices such as we had never heard on earth—clear as bells, and free as winds, without a touch of the struggle and sadness in them which common human voices have.

Thus Isaac, Dolly, and I walked home, with the gates of paradise all open around us.

The next morning we crept out again to listen if these heavenly gates were open still.

But on our way we met a noisy, riotous crowd dragging along a bear which was to be baited in the Spring Gardens. Isaac said "baiting" meant that it was to be torn in pieces by dogs for the amusement of the people, after killing and gashing as many dogs as it could, meantime, in its own defence. This was an amusement which the Protector had not permitted. The thought of it closed the gates of paradise to me, at least for that day.

XIX.

OLIVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

They laid him in the Abbey among the kings.

For two years the dust of Tudors and Plantagenets was honoured (so Roger thought) by the neighbourhood of the mortal part of the man who had served England as any of her kings might have been proud to have served her—had loved her, as we believe, more than home or life, or

even the esteem of good men—had made her greater than any king or prince had ever made her, from Alfred to the Elizabeth whom he called "that great queen."

And then, in the September after the Restoration, by order of the king, who sold Dunkirk to the French, and spent the money like the prodigal in the parable, the noble dust was taken out of its resting-place, with the remains of the aged mother, and that daughter Elizabeth Claypole whom the Protector had loved so dearly; and of Blake, the great admiral, who had made the name of England a renown from the shores of Italy and Algiers to Teneriffe and the western islands of the Spanish main, to be cast contemptuously into a pit in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Margaret's.

I think, when he was gone, most good men in England—at least most Puritan good men—felt something was lost our generation was scarce likely to recover. The Scottish ministers said that God's goodness had marvellously caused true piety to flourish more under this usurper than under her rightful kings; "turning bitter waters into sweet by a miracle." And so thought Mr. Richard Baxter; acknowledging, moreover, that he believed the Protector, resisted as he had been, meant well in the main.

Good Mr. Philip Henry (who kept the day of the late king's death as a fast day) wrote, that though during the years between forty and sixty the foundations were out of course, yet in the matter of God's worship things went well; there was freedom and reformation.

Mistress Lucy Hutchinson acknowledged that he had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped, and that "his personal courage and magnanimity upheld him against all enemies and malcontents." And Mr. John Maidstone, his faithful "gentleman and cofferer," wrote (when nothing but dishonour could come to any for honouring him): "In the direst perils of the war, and the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out to others." And he described him thus: "A body well compact and strong; his stature under six feet (I believe two inches); his head so shaped as you might see it both a *storehouse* and a *shop*" (full for every need, ready for all occasions) "of a

vast treasury of natural parts; his temper exceeding fiery (as I have known), but the flame of it kept down, for the most part, or soon allayed, with those moral endowments he had; naturally compassionate towards objects in distress, even to an effeminate measure, though God had made in him a heart wherein was left little room for fear. *A larger soul, I think, hath seldom dwelt in a house of clay than his was.*"

But he was gone. And all the people in England who thought they could govern England better than he had governed her, were at liberty to try.

They did try, for a little more than a year. And at the end of that time the whole nation, distracted to madness from end to end by the disorders they brought about, threw itself at the feet of Charles the Second, in a frenzy of loyalty, without conditions, simply entreating, like a child wearied with its own wilfulness, to be forgiven and governed and kept quiet, yielding every precious right—the fruit of our forefathers' blood and toil—into his hands, content, if he had been strong, to be made as servile as he pleased; ready, alas, he being not strong, but weak and profligate, to be made as base as (for the time) he could and did make it.

"Such," said Roger, "was the Aceldama from which that strong faithful arm had saved us."

"Such," sighed my father, "was the end of the most beneficent of despotisms that could not be immortal."

Roger never ceased, during the few months of the Commonwealth, to do all he could to carry out what he believed would have been the Lord Protector's wish, doing his utmost to serve my Lord Richard, the new Protector, and, after his resignation, to keep order and discipline in the army. But he worked with little hope. During all the times of trial before or since, I never saw him so downcast and desponding as then.

When once the Restoration came his spirits seemed, strangely, to rise again.

He had done his best; and the worst had come. The hopeless struggle without a chief was over, and henceforth he, and those who thought with him, must gird on a new courage, not to contend but to endure. I well remember how, on the evening of the day of the king's entry into London, he came into our parlour, and unlaced his

helmet, and quietly ungirding his sword, laid it on a shelf behind the great Family Bible.

He said nothing, but the action spoke; and we understood, and also said nothing.

Then he left the room, and after a time came down, with every vestige of the old armour of the Ironsides gone, in the plain dress of a Puritan gentleman, and sitting down, he took Maidie on his knee, and began to talk to her cheerily.

It overcame me altogether to see him so, for I knew it meant that he had given up all hope for himself, and well-nigh for England, and the tears fell fast on my sewing. He saw them, and gently setting Maidie down, he came and sat down close by me, and said,—

"Let us thank God, Olive. The old army has been true to itself, and to him who made it what it was, to the last.

"We were gathered on Black Heath to-day, thirty thousand of us; enough to have swept the king and his courtiers, and London and its citizens, into the Thames. We had done more than that before, I think, with fewer of us. And we know, most of us, that this day is as our last—the last of the old army he made. Many of us see nothing left to fight for, and will go back quietly to farm and home, to honest toil and trade, that is, if they will let us; for there are not a few that look for a halter rather than a home when the king enjoys his own again in security. They will hardly trust us together in force again. The discipline which won Naseby and gained Dunbar never wavered. But we let the royal party pass quietly, as if the Lord General had given the word of command. And that, I think, is something to give thanks for. It would not have been well to tarnish his memory by disorders he would have reproved."

After that, the great army of the Commonwealth died away, as Roger had expected, and was heard of no more, except when aged yeomen and tradesmen, on village greens and in city homes, now and then enkindled, as they spoke to each other of Naseby, Dunbar, Worcester, and Dunkirk, into an enthusiasm strange to the next generation, who had only known them peacefully labouring in the field, the workshop, or at the forge.

But the bones of the Protector had not yet

reached their last resting-place. On the 3rd of January 1661, the anniversary of the "martyrdom of His Sacred Majesty" eleven years before, the body of the "great prince" was once more disinterred, with that of Bradshaw, hanged throughout the day on a gibbet at Tyburn, and at night thrown like that of a dog into a pit at the foot of the gallows.

It was a marvellous proof of the just judgments of God, *some* of the Royalists thought, slow but sure.

Roger only said, when he could speak of it at all, which was not for long, "*After that, have no more that they can do.* They have done the worst. And how little it is, that even the basest vengeance could add to the dishonour of the dust, and the worm, which awaits what is mortal of us all! The distance between Tyburn and the royal tombs in the Abbey is little indeed, measured from heaven. Nor will it take longer time from the one than from the other to hear the trumpet when it sounds, and to obey its summons."

"But England is dishonoured by the deed."

"I think not," he replied; "or not chiefly by *that* deed. The men of England may be dishonoured that they did not acknowledge him living. But no grave in England can dishonour him dead, or can take his dust from the faithful keeping of his native earth; nor, I think, can all men may do keep the day from coming when England shall feel that not one spot only, but every inch of English earth is made more sacred by his feet having trodden it, and by his dust being mingled with it."

Little indeed can human vengeance add to the dishonour of death, when once death is past.

But alas, on this side, how much is possible to human cruelty!

As victim after victim proved, led forth to the ignominy and the protracted anguish of the traitor's death, patiently giving up their souls to God amidst such agonies as the torturer's knife could inflict.

Some were in the prime of life and strong to feel; others aged and weak to bear. But I never heard that any of the ten who so suffered dishonoured either themselves, what they deemed "the good old cause," England, or the God who sustained them, by one unworthy word or moan.

The savage punishment of treason had never been inflicted once during the Commonwealth. It was suffered eleven times in the first year after the Restoration. It came back with the May-poles, and the beautiful dresses of many colours, and courtly manners.

The king was present at some of these executions. He went from them to hear the beautiful heavenly music in the Royal Chapel; or to listen to other music, not heavenly, in the palace.

But the people grew weary of this soon. It was feared that if they were too often repeated, the minds of the Commonwealth might once more become confused about the enormity of the crime, illogically forgetting it in the enormity of the punishment. And it was recommended they should not be continued; at all events, not so near the royal residence.

But amidst all the restorations—which to us seemed not going forward and upward, but backward and downward—there was one which brought me some peaceful and hallowed hours.

It was the restoration of the old Liturgy.

There was comfort in creeping into some quiet corner of the Abbey, or of the great churches of the city, to join in the old familiar sacred words.

It was rest to kneel in silent adoration, and be certain one's heart would not be turned aside from lifting itself up to God, by any allusions to the triumphs or the reverses, the wrongs or the revenges, of to-day.

It was joy, in the *Te Deum*, to lose sight of divisions and factions, and with the glorious company of apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, the holy Church throughout all the world, to praise Him of the majesty of whose glory all the earth is full.

It was strength to stand up, and say with the Church of all ages and lands: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty; and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord; in the forgiveness of sins, in the holy Catholic Church, and in the resurrection from the dead."

To stand up above the graves, and under the heavens, and say this to God; in the words I used in my childhood, and Lady Lucy, and so many of our holy dead all their lives, and the Church for so many ages; words which had out-

lived so many wars, and which flowed from calm depths so far beneath them all.

XX.

LETTICE'S DIARY.

DAVENANT HALL, *June 1660*.—The country seems in a delirium of delight to see us back again, and to have a king once more.

The usurper, or the people who followed him, must, one would think, have made England very wretched, that the restoration of her old state should drive her well-nigh wild with joy.

At Dover, where His Majesty landed, and all along the road to London, sober men and women knelt and sobbed out blessings on him! Old men thanked God they saw this day before they died! Mothers held up their children to look at him, that they might be able to carry on to children and grandchildren the tradition of this glorious day!

Arches of triumph across the sober old streets; banners from the windows, mad huzzas from the sober crowds, in whose costume tarnished relics of old Cavalier gaieties struggled to kindle the Puritan sobriety into colour. Oh, the thrill all through the heart of the old English shout of welcome and triumph, the old English cheer! No wonder Marshal Turenne asked what it meant at Dunkirk.

Dear sober, solid, silent old England, when she goes wild, she does it with a will. Bells, bonfires; dumb, patient crowds waiting, well content, for hours, just for the moment's sight and the moment's shout of welcome. The attempts to utter this joy in speeches and processions, so delightfully stiff and clumsy and inadequate, that laughter and tears are kept in close neighbourhood all the time, so delightfully inadequate to utter the welcome and delights in the deep, dumb ocean of the nation's heart.

So glad, so crazy with joy, to see us back again! Patient, blind, hopeful, wilful, loyal old mother of us all; and why?

Eleven years ago a king suffered on the scaffold; and this king, I think, is scarcely like to be better.

It is strange to be made so much of as we are by all the neighbours here. No one has been very glad to have us for so many years. And

now we are all heroes and heroines, we who have been with the king in his exile. They cannot hear enough of what we did and suffered in foreign parts, and of the bearing of the royal family in their adverse fortunes.

And, in truth, we have come rather soon to the end of what we like to say about His Majesty.

Yet we also cannot fail but be swept on with the joy and hope of the nation.

Surely, surely the very welcome must be ennobling to him so welcomed. The very love and trust of a whole people, such as this, must inspire His Majesty to be worthy of the feeling he inspires; must consume in its pure fires all that we had fain see consumed of the past; must enkindle in his heart a returning glow of kingly patriotism, which shall hallow it into an altar on which all falser and baser fires shall be extinguished.

I had scarce thought we should have had so much to regret in leaving France. We had always felt it so completely a land of exile, and had always so hoped our sojourn in it must be drawing to a close, that it was not until we had to sever them we learned how many ties had slowly been weaving themselves around us, and binding our hearts to the strange country.

Even the lofty rooms in the old palace, which had seemed such mere prison-chambers when we entered them; even my father's old enemy "the stone woman, who could never empty her pitcher," seemed to have acquired a kind of right in us.

Madame la Mothe made a vain attempt at softening the parting with congratulatory little pleasantries. They broke down into tears and tender reproaches, her heart being much moved at the time, moreover, by the death of her nephew, for the sake of whose young widow she consented to remain in "the world" to manage the estates.

"Thou shouldst, indeed, have a heavy weight on thy conscience," she said, "with all thine innocent looks. My poor nephew would have been so happy with thee, if thou wouldst have wedded him; he would never have gone to the wars and left this poor little helpless widow to my guardianship. Then my nephew, still happily surviving, and thou making his life good and pleasant, I should at last, perhaps, have had leisure and

grace to make a thorough conversion. I should have gone to Port Royal, and thou, being brought in this way more intimately acquainted with the exemplary piety of those saintly ladies, wouldst once more have reconsidered thy heresies, and at last taken that little step—that one little step which divides thee from the True Fold. Thus I should have made my own salvation and thine; thou the salvation of my nephew. So all might have ended like a romance composed for the edification of youth. And now see the contrast! I remain in the world, bound to it by this poor young widow (with whom otherwise I have no fault to find); thou returnest to thine unbelieving England. My heart feels desolate for thee, as if I lost thy mother and a second youth in losing thee. And, alas, these gentlemen the Jesuits threaten to overwhelm Port Royal. Thus everything goes to the wrong end. Or, if the romance is ever to end right, there must be another volume, another volume not yet even begun, quite out of my sight, which Heaven grant there may be. Heaven grant there be, my child, here or hereafter. For me, certainly, not here; but, if Heaven wills, I pray for thee, here and hereafter also."

Barbe was sorely distracted between me and her seven sisters and brothers. At length she decided, with many tears, that duty bound her to her family.

"My father is an excellent man, mademoiselle, also a great politician, and religious as a pastor; but in the affairs of the earth, mademoiselle, he is a child, blameless—but a child.

"And there are these seven other children. I call them still children, because I am five years older than any of them, and because they were children when I left them to attend mademoiselle, and gain a living for the rest. The youngest is not yet eleven. The oldest is scarcely twenty. He is a student, learned and 'eloquent (my father says) as Demosthenes.' But, unhappily, not endowed with those talents which earn bread. As yet I alone have developed these inferior capacities—transitory, but, alas, so necessary in a world where our corn has to be baked before it can be eaten, and one's flax to be spun before it can be worn. What then can I do? If my father should at last obtain that appointment he is always expecting from some appreciating statesman, or one

of the children should develop these inferior gifts for earning bread; and if then mademoiselle should not, in the splendour of the establishment she was born to and so well deserves, have forgotten her poor little French Huguenot maid—"

But here Barbe's eloquence broke down, and she wept.

"I shall never forget thee, Barbe," I said, "nor the ten thousand lessons of self-denial and sweet temper and cheerful diligence I have learned from thee."

"But mademoiselle will then have ladies for her attendants," sighed Barbe, who, in spite of all I could say, had formed very exalted ideas of our destinies.

"Never one with such fingers as thine, or with a better heart," I said.

"Then," sighed Barbe, as she delicately arranged my hair into long tresses, "it might yet be. History, my father says, is more romantic than the romances. I might even yet arrange again this luxuriant hair."

"Scarcely luxuriant then, Barbe; or, if luxuriant, gray, and only fit to be soberly bound beneath some simple coif in some homely fashion, quite unworthy of thy skilful fingers. You found three white hairs yesterday."

"Sorrow, not years!" she said, quietly. "Mademoiselle has allowed me sometimes to know how it was she understood our sorrows so well."

"Sorrows partly, and partly years, Barbe," I said. "This Book tells us the years are leading us on to the end of the sorrows, and the sorrows training us for the harvest of the years."

And we shed tears together as she read the inscription I had written on the large French Bible I had bought her as a souvenir.

"Ah, mademoiselle," she said, "I shall always hear your voice reading it; your voice and my mother's, the kindest I have ever known or shall ever know till I meet you both again."

I saw Mistress Dorothy in the crowd at the entry into London. She seemed half-kneeling—an unspeakable mark of honour from her dear inflexible Puritan knees. She seemed a little aged; but her face was all aglow with enthusiasm. And with her were two fair rosy children, not like city children, who gazed at me with wide-

open wondering eyes—the eldest dark and flashing, like Dr. Antony's; the other, Olive's eyes. I think she has told them something of Lettice, little wild Lettice Devenant. They looked pleased, and yet so puzzled.

My eyes went past them, but in vain. None else of the old Netherby friends was there. Alas, I fear, they are not all swept into this tide of welcome.

Roger's "king," I fear, lies silent underground. Like mine. His, buried in state (they say), among kings he supplanted, at Westminster. Mine, laid in silence among the kings, his fathers, at Windsor.

The great gulf between us is hardly bridged over yet.

Netherby is empty. Mr. Drayton and Mistress Gretel are in London with Olive.

This old place is in such order as if we had left it yesterday, which is more, I think, than any other of the exiled Cavaliers can say of their restored homes.

I know how. I see the hands that did it all, at every turn, in every nook, in every flower in my mother's terrace-garden so neat and trim, in every grove and arbour of the Pleasaunce, where we used to ramble in the old days.

Ungrateful that I am! I could almost wish they had left it neglected. I could almost wish the roses had run wild, that the flower-beds had returned to the possession of forest weeds, the smooth turf run up into long wild grasses, that the terrace walls were green and moss-grown, that nature had been suffered to run into the elfish kind of revels she likes to play when she finds her way once more into gardens stolen from her domain, that time had been suffered to weave the tangled garlands wherewith, as with a lavish funeral pomp, he is wont to strew deserted places which have been dear to human creatures.

So much has run wild, has run to seed, has blossomed and shed its bloom since then! So much is gone for ever and for ever, it is almost more than I can bear to find these familiar things so much the same. Ungrateful, diseased thoughts. I will not give them a minute's voluntary entertainment.

Gone? Nothing worth keeping has really gone, not one blossom worth living has really faded.

They have not faded, they have fruited. They have fruited, or they are ripening into fruit, sunbeam by sunbeam, shower by shower, day by day. Rich summer-time, golden harvest-time of life! God forbid that I never speak "pulingly" (as he said), as if spring faded and not ripened into summer, or dawn died instead of glowed into day.

And most of all this is so with thee, mother, mother; with thee, whose lost presence makes garden, terrace, chamber, so sacred and so sad. I know it—I know it! Thy dawn was full of tears, and has glowed indeed into the day. I know it; and when I think of thee, of thee and Harry, I rejoice in it.

As to myself, I cannot rejoice at it. Nor need I try. Thank God, I need not freeze my heart by vainly trying to make sorrow not sorrow. The sorrow is my share of it now, and the joy is to come *through that*, through opening our hearts patiently to that, not by closing them and trying to make some wretched artificial sunshine out of the shadow of the cloud. The cloud is sent to bring us not light, but shadow and rain. Behind and after it the sunshine, when the time comes for that!

I thought I saw Job Forster among the thirty thousand on Blackheath; the terrible thousands which kept France and Spain and Europe in awe all these years, and kept us out of England. Why they let us come back at all is the wonder. For they were not broken nor disordered, but compact and strong as ever. And I scarce think *they* share in the welcome the nation gives us. I think most of us breathed more freely when that dread host was passed.

I thought I saw Job Forster among them. Yet when I went into Netherby, there he was at the old forge, working away as steadily and soberly as if he had never left it, instead of roaming all over the world at the beck of Oliver, beating army after army—English, Royalist, Irish, Scottish, Spanish, on field after field.

I could scarce trust my eyes. I was half afraid to speak to him, fearing lest he should give me but a grim greeting as a fragment of the "malignant interest" wherewith they have dealt somewhat sternly. Beside him stood a

lad in a blacksmith's apron, helping him at the forge, with a curious perplexing half-resemblance in his face, which perplexed me like a strain of some familiar tune interwoven into strange music.

But before I passed, Job looked up at my footsteps, and seeing me, I suppose he forgot Naseby, Worcester, malignancy, and everything, for he threw down his tools, and striding forward, took my hands in both of his, black as they were, and shook them till the tears ran down my face, mostly for gladness, and a little for the pain in my fingers.

"Mistress Lettice, my dear," he said, "I am right glad to see thee back again. Come how ye may," he added, to guard himself against any political concession—"come how ye may."

Then Rachel came out at the door of the old cottage, her dear quiet face little aged since I saw her at Oxford, when she made her way through the royal lines to find her wounded husband in the prison. Little aged, yet somewhat changed; ripened, not aged; less of outward suffering, more of protecting motherliness in her ways and looks and tones. And she, too, came forward and courtseyed, a little more mindful of good manners, and bade me welcome, in words like the Book of Ruth, to my country, and my people, and my father's house.

How sweet it was! The old English country tongue; the old English welcome, shyly suppressing twice as much pleasure as it uttered, so sweet that I could say nothing, but could only take her hands in mine, and seek refuge in the cottage, and sit quiet, with my head on her kind old heart, until the crowding memories and joys and sorrows and love and loss which stifled each other into silence found their outlet in a burst of tears.

It was soon over. And then a pale woman with a meek still face came forward at Rachel's bidding from a dark corner of the room, where she had been sitting sewing, and filled me a cup of fresh water from a little basin outside the window.

When she came close to me she smiled, and made a little reverence. And the smile brought back for a moment the youth into her face. And I knew at once she was Cicely, Gammer Grindle's

grandchild. Then it all flashed on me in an instant. I had found where the strain of the familiar tone came from; the lad outside was her son, and by Divine right, if not by human law, Sir Launcelot's heir.

I shook her hand, and she lifted it to her lips and kissed it, with a grace which brought back the day when that pale woman had danced round the May-pole, laughing and rosy, and light-footed and light-hearted, with so many looking on whose faces we should not see again.

I shall get used to it all in time. But now scarce a familiar old sight or sound but would move me to tears, if I did not repress them; as I do, of course. For I would not have the people think I came back among them with a sorrowful heart, or one left in foreign parts.

And how can they understand how the paths they have been going up and down upon, and the doors they have been going in and out of every day these eleven years, to me are doors into a buried past, and paths trodden by feet that tread our earthly ways never more?

Yet I think Rachel understands it, for as I was coming away she said,—

"There has been One walking all the way with us all, Mistress Lettice, all the time. And He knows all."

It was just the strengthening word I wanted to turn me, from the past to the Ever-Present, from the dead to the Living, for all live unto Him. A glimpse into the heart of the Son of man, I think, such as Rachel Forster has, gives those who have it a vision into the hearts of all men.

To my father our home-coming is well-nigh unmixed delight. He is as frolicsome as a boy, full of schemes for re-uniting and reconciling the whole world, by means primarily of ale and roast beef. How pleasant it is to hear his great hearty voice ringing through the hall and court, among the stables, giving orders about the stud, the farm, the hounds; waxing warm over Roundhead insolence with the old servants; cracking jokes with the young ones; mistaking people for their grandfathers and grandmothers; and making his way out of all his entanglements by chivalrous old courtly compliments and hearty old English jokes; and through all never ceasing to be the courtier and the master, and scarcely ever losing his temper,

except now and then with the cool mockeries of Roland, and the reckless carriage of Walter and the courtiers of the New Court whom he brings to see us. Indeed, it needs an occasional refreshing of my father's recollection of the days of the Roundheads to keep his loyalty to the Old Court very warm towards the new.

XXI.

OLIVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Aunt Dorothy was much with us during the months after the Restoration.

She was marvellously gracious and gentle all that time. She believed that we had suffered for our political sins, and must be convinced by the irresistible demonstration of failure of the vanity and folly of our conduct; and she was too magnanimous and too confident to demand confession. It must now be but too plain to us, she thought, that we had erred grievously, and she only hoped our retribution might not be too grievous. For herself, she forgave us our follies on the ground of their failure. The king himself, who had so much to forgive, had written a letter from Breda offering indemnity for the past and liberty of conscience for the future, and should she be more rigid than His Majesty? Far from it. She would take the whole family under her wing, and protect us as far as lay in her power from the consequences of our transgressions.

She had even some thoughts of extending toleration further than she had once deemed possible. Mr. Baxter deemed a church government possible which might include "Diocesans," Presbyterians, and Independents; and a Liturgy which might be joined in by moderate—very moderate—Arminians, and moderate (she feared lukewarm) Calvinists.

She scarcely saw her way to it. If any one could accomplish such a thing, Mr. Baxter might. Some indulgence ought, perhaps (if possible), to be extended to the Prelatists, on account of their loyalty. Some concessions might perhaps be made to the Independents (among whom she did not deny were some godly men) to prevent their straying further into the wilderness of the Fifth Monarchy party, the Quakers, and the Anabaptists. Much was doubtless due to charity. And

when once the true Presbyterian order was established, the gates of Zion rebuilt, and her walls—though in troublous times—it was to be hoped that the sober beauty of her fair towers and palaces would root out the prelatical passion for Babylonish splendours, and the Independent predilection for new ways, and “holes and corners,” from the hearts of all that beheld.

For that the day of Presbyterial triumph had at last dawned on this distracted England, she would not be so faint-hearted as to doubt.

Had not His Majesty three times signed the Scottish Covenant? Had not the divines who went to see him at Breda been suffered to listen (unsuspected of course by His Majesty) to his private devotions, until their souls were moved within them? Had not the excellent Countess of Balcarres told Mr. Baxter how satisfied the French Presbyterian ministers were with his religious dispositions? Had not Monsieur Gaches, pastor of Charenton, himself written to Mr. Baxter how His Majesty attended and appreciated the French Protestant services? Had not Mr. Baxter himself been appointed one of His Majesty's chaplains? And if this were insufficient ground for confidence, what honest English heart, what loyal soul could dare to doubt that a young king with such bitter lessons behind him, with such glorious hopes before him, trusted and welcomed as never king had been by the nation, brought back (as she believed) mainly by the agency of covenanted soldiers, and the prayers and loyal endeavours of Presbyterian pastors and their flocks, would be faithful to his oaths, more especially when to be faithful to his promises was to be faithful to his interests? Was there not, moreover, the solemn Conference actually going on among the divines of the various parties at the Savoy?

Had not Mr. Baxter been encouraged to state all the Puritan objections to the Prayer-book to the full—to propound any number of “queries,” and elaborate any number of alterations; and had he not embraced the privilege to the full, sparing not a vestige of the Babylonish vesture? Had he not, moreover, in a fortnight, drawn up an amended Liturgy, correcting all the mistakes of the ancient Prayer-book, and supplying all its omissions?—a form which, if there must be

forms, might satisfy the most scrupulous. Had not even the learned Dr. Gauden, who had issued that most affecting Portraiture of His Sacred Majesty, called the Icon Basilike, shown himself most unfeignedly courteous and conciliating, and hopeful of an accommodation?

All these considerations set Aunt Dorothy on such a lofty pinnacle of hope, that she suffered even Annis Nye to call her Friend Dorothy without open rebuke, and was suspected of meditating a scheme which might even embrace Anabaptists (“if they would only rebaptize each other, and not blaspheme other people's baptism”) and Quakers, if they would hold silent meetings.

The moment of triumph was not the moment for reproaches. Aunt Dorothy, triumphing over us all in fact, tolerated us all in prospect.

I confess it was sometimes a little difficult to be thus loftily forgiven; and, indeed, I remember once, when in a moment of unparalleled magnanimity Aunt Dorothy loftily extended her toleration to Dr. Martin Luther, saying that, although she could never think him justified about some things, yet that she believed after all “he was right in the main, poor man, and great allowance must be made for one so recently set free from Popery;” that Aunt Gretel herself was roused to say privately to me, “Olive, dear heart I believe if St. Paul were to appear she would tell him that, after all, she believed he ‘was right in the main,’ although she never could think he was justified in shaving his head at Cenchrea, but ‘great allowances were to be made for any one only just set free from being a Pharisee.’”

There were, indeed, a few symptoms which ruffled even Aunt Dorothy's calm loyal confidence. It was unfortunate, she could not deny, that (in consequence of certain legal technicalities) Mr. Baxter was deprived of his living, the former vicar displaced by the Commonwealth having at once entered on it as his right. But these little perplexities were sure to be soon set right. All transferences of authority were sure at first to press unjustly on some.

In the meantime Mr. Baxter had been offered a bishopric. He had declined the bishopric until the Comprehension for which the Conference was labouring was fully accomplished. But the bishopric had been offered, the chaplaincy

accepted; and who could doubt that in time, if he wished, his living would be restored; the old vicar being, moreover, scarce able to preach at all, and sixteen hundred communicants having sent up a request from Kidderminster for the restoration of Mr. Baxter.

It was also unfortunate, she admitted, that many hundred "painful preachers" had been suddenly removed from their churches on the same grounds as Mr. Baxter; but the Protector and his triers (said Aunt Dorothy) had set an ill example, and ill fruit must be expected to grow of it.

Then there were some severe dealings with books. Mr. John Milton's "Defence of the English People" was burned at Charing Cross by the public hangman. But at that, said Aunt Dorothy, no loyal person could wonder, seeing that therein he had dared to speak of the late king's execution as a great and magnanimous act. Properly regarded it was indeed a singular proof of His Majesty's clemency that Mr. Milton's book only was burned, and not Mr. Milton himself.

The public burning of the Covenant was a more doubtful act. This she saw with her own eyes at Kidderminster, in the market-place before Mr. Baxter's windows. The king had signed it and sworn to it, and there were excellent things in it. But there was no denying it had been used to seditious ends. Some (concluded Aunt Dorothy, pressed hard for a Scriptural example) had ground the brazen serpent to powder because it had been made an idol. And she had little doubt, with reverence she said it, Moses would have done the same with the very Tables of the Law, if they had been similarly desecrated. The Ark itself was not spared, but suffered to fall into the hands of the Philistines when Israel would have used it like a heathen charm.

Nevertheless, with these arguments I believe Aunt Dorothy herself was not easy; she was driven to them by Job Forster, who had asked her one day, with a grim irony, how she liked the new doings in Scotland, the execution of Argyle, the forcing of Prelacy and the Prayer-book on the unwilling Presbyterian people, and the burning of the Covenant in Edinburgh.

But as the months of 1661 passed on, and the Conference stood still, whilst Mr. Baxter and the other deprived ministers were not restored, Aunt

Dorothy's lofty confidence gradually changed into an irritable apprehension, which took the form of vehement indignation against all who refused to believe in the favourable issue of events, or who, as she believed, stood in the way of it. And it often moved me much to see how, with ingenious fondness, like a mother, with a wild son, she laid the blame on the servants of the house, on the riotous company or grudging hospitality of the far country, on the very management of the home itself, rather than on the prodigal.

A large portion of this diverted current of wrath was poured on the Queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, who held open celebration of Roman Catholic rites in her palace.

To any information concerning the appropriation of apartments in the king's palace to the king's "lady" or "ladies," she refused absolutely to listen. "It is written," said she, "thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people. But," she added, "if any one were to blame, it was the party that had exposed him to the seductions of his mother Jezebel, and the idolatrous foreign court. Indeed, who can doubt the pureness of the king's Protestant principle, which (even if his morals had been a little contaminated) had resisted Papistical enticements so long!"

The scene in Whitehall, where the king, under a canopy of state, laid his hands on those who were brought to him to heal them of "the king's evil," while the chaplain repeated the words, "*He laid His hands on the sick and healed them,*" was indeed a sore scandal to her. It made her very indignant with the chaplain, who had misguided His Majesty. "Mr. Baxter must be careful," she said, "how he conceded too much to the Prelatical party."

But the chief force of her wrath was directed against the Queen-mother, who, she said, had ruined one king and one generation of Englishmen, and was doing her best to ruin a second; against the Queen-mother and the Fifth Monarchy men.

To the insurrection of Venner, the wine-cooper, in January 1661, she attributed the delay and disappointment in the Conference. How was a young king, kept in exile so long, to learn in a moment to distinguish between the various

sects, or not to be induced by such fanatical outbursts to believe the evil advisers who persuaded him that outside the ancient Episcopal Church lay nothing but a slippery descent from depth to depth ?

Still she hoped on from month to month, or protested that she did, although her hopes made her less and less glad, and more and more irritable, until she tried all our tempers in turn. All except Roger's. His patience and gentleness with her was unwearied.

"I know what she is feeling, Olive," he said. "I went through it all between the Protector's death and the Restoration ; hoping against hope. It strains temper and heart as nothing else does. She will have to give it up, and then she will be all right again."

"Give up hoping, Roger ?" I said.

"Give up hoping against reason, give up trying to persuade oneself down hill is up hill, and evening morning," he said, "and going into the cloud coming out of it ; giving up trying to see things as they are *not*, Olive. Seeing things as they *are*, and still hoping, that makes the spirit calm again. Hoping, *knowing*, that the *end* of the road is up the heights, not into the abysses ; that the evening is only a foreshadowing of the morning that shall not tarry ; that the sun and not the cloud abides. That the Lord Christ," he added, lowering his voice to tones which, soft as a whisper, vibrated through my heart like thunder, "and not the devil has all power in heaven and in earth, and that His kingdom shall have no end."

"Your hope is for the Church, Roger, but not for England."

His face kindled as he answered,—

"Not for England ? Always for England !—for England everywhere ! Now ; in the ages to come ; on this side of the sea, on the other side of the sea ; in the Old World, and in the New ; under the bondage of this profligate tyranny, which must wear itself out, as surely as a putrifying carcass must decay ; in the wilderness, where our people are beginning a story more glorious, I believe, than all the heroic tales of old Greece."

For at that time, whilst doing all in his power by promoting concord amongst Christians to aid Mr. Baxter and the ministers who were seeking for "healing and settlement," and whilst sharing my

husband's labours among those in prison, Roger began to look with a new interest on the tidings which came to us from the Plantations, especially those concerning Mr. John Eliot, who was labouring to convert the poor Indian natives to Christianity. In this he and Aunt Dorothy had much sympathy. Mr. Baxter had always taken a lively interest in this missionary work. Collections had been made during the Commonwealth to aid in supporting evangelists, and aid in translating the Bible and good books into the languages of the natives ; and now, in the midst of all his conferences and contentions, Mr. Baxter was labouring at obtaining a charter for a *Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts*. And in this he succeeded.

At that time a manuscript was much in Roger's hands, containing a copy of Journals of the early Puritan settlers of forty years before. He found it the best lesson of true hope he had ever read. And during the winter evenings of 1661 he would often recite passages aloud to us. Amidst the misunderstandings of good men and the conflicts of parties, it was like a breath of bracing wind to listen to those conflicts of our countrymen with rains and snows and storms, and all the hardships of the wild country peopled by wild beasts and wilder men. As in the Bible stories, there was little making of sermons or drawing of morals in this narrative. The whole story was a sermon, and engraved its own moral on the heart as it went on. In three months half the first noble pilgrim band died, of cold and wet, insufficient shelter and insufficient food. The original hundred were reduced to fifty. Fifty living, and fifty graves to consecrate the new country. Then the graves had to be levelled indistinguishably into the sweep of the earth around, lest the hostile Indians, seeing them, should violate them. Yet never a moan nor a murmur. Their trust in God revealing itself in their patience and courage, their cheerfulness and unquenchable hope.

And now for the fifty were more than twenty thousand ; and the wilderness had become a place of English homesteads and villages, fondly called by the old English names.

As Roger read and told us of these things the world grew *round* to me for the first time. I began to see there was another side to it. And

the vision of this new world—this new English world—rose before me as a new Land of Promise, which, if persecution ever made this England for the time “the wilderness,” might be a refuge for our suffering brethren again.

Not indeed for us. I did not think so much of ourselves: our convictions were moderate and our lives peaceable; and the Star Chamber was not likely to be re-established within the memory of the generation that had destroyed it. But the Anabaptists, and the more decided Independents, who objected to all forms of prayer, and the Quakers, might find such an asylum yet very welcome. Already there were four thousand Quakers in prison. Some had been shut up, sixty in a cell, and had died of bad air and scanty food. For sober Presbyterians, like Aunt Dorothy and Mr. Baxter, or moderate people attached with few scruples to the Liturgy like my father, my husband, and myself, there might not indeed be the triumph in store of which Aunt Dorothy dreamed. But of persecution or imprisonment we did not dream. The tide could never rise again in our lifetime as high as that.

It perplexed us much that during all these months we saw nothing of the Davenants. We did not chance to be at Netherby during the year 1661 or the beginning of 1662. My father had rheumatism, and was ordered not to winter on the Fens; my husband was much occupied; so that we did not have our usual summer holiday. Lettice and Sir Walter, we heard, were for a time in London, about the Court; but we saw nothing of them.

The children who were at Netherby brought back wonderful stories of the sweet lady at the hall; and Máidie especially was inspired with a love for her which reminded me of the fascination of Lady Lucy over me in my own childhood.

I felt sure Lettice's heart could not change.

Had her will, then, grown so weak that she dared not make one effort to break through the barriers which separated us?

Or was it, rather, stronger and more immovable than I had thought? Did she indeed still refuse indemnity to the political offences of the Commonwealth? Could, indeed, no lapse of time efface, no shedding of traitors' blood expiate, the shedding of that royal blood which separated her from Roger?

Nothing but repentance?—the repentance he could never feel without desecrating the memory of that good prince who, as he believed, had been trained by God, through conflict within and without, anointed by wars, and crowned by victory after victory, to be such a ruler as England had never known, over such an England as the world had never seen.

What Roger thought I know not. He never mentioned the name of any of the Davenants, except that of Walter, the youngest, who seemed to come to him from time to time, and whom I saw once at his lodgings, and did not recognize till after he had left, when Roger told me who he was.

For I remembered Walter Davenant—a light-hearted boy, with frank face and bearing, and eyes like his mother's. And this Walter Davenant had a manner half reckless and half sullen; a dress which, with all its laces and plumes and tassels, looked neglected; and restless, uneasy eyes, which never steadily met yours.

“Is that Lettice Davenant's brother Walter?” I said.

“It is Walter Davenant, one of the courtiers of King Charles the Second.”

“He is a friend of yours, Roger.”

“He is Lettice's brother,” he replied; “and she asked me to see him sometimes; and now and then he likes to come.”



"FREELY—FREELY."

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon. For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts."
—Isa. lv. 7-9.



O high are the Lord's ways and thoughts above ours, that we cannot comprehend nor take them in until the Spirit of God enables us. The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not, until He who commanded the light to shine out of darkness Himself shines in our hearts, and gives us the light of the knowledge of His glory in the face of Jesus Christ.

It is hard for the unrighteous man to forsake his own thoughts of God, and of God's way of salvation. Specially hard for him to take in the wondrous fact that mercy is *free*—that a Saviour (and eternal life in Him) is God's *free* gift to sinners—that grace means *free* favour to the unworthy. We truly need to receive the Spirit which is of God, before we can know the things that are *freely* given to us of God. So hard is it for a man to become poor in spirit—to humble himself, and become as a little child—to forsake all that he has or thinks he has—to enter in at that gate which is too narrow for any but naked, empty souls. So hard, that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. Free and abundant entrance for the poor and needy who have nothing to pay, and who are content to be debtors to mercy alone; but for none else. Nature cannot understand this, nor submit to it. It is a blessed sign of the Spirit's working when the language of the soul really becomes,—“Nothing in my hand I bring;” “God be merciful to me a sinner.” Like cold water to a thirsty soul, so is the good news of a *free* salvation to one brought thus low; and whom Satan, it may be, is tempting to utter despair.

The Scripture reader came to me one day with tears in her eyes, and begged me to visit a poor young man whose life was hanging by a thread, in consequence of the effects of an accident. Sudden inward hæmorrhage had weakened him extremely, and his mind was sunk in the deepest despondency,—“There *can* be no hope for me; none, none!” was the mournful reply he gave to all her pleadings with him. She said he seemed to have been well taught; and the consciousness that he had lightly esteemed the Saviour when in health, made him feel ashamed to apply for mercy, now that he was in extremity. He had been a sober, industrious youth, and blameless in the eyes of the world; but he needed none to tell him, now, the deep guilt of *forgetting* God, and the deeper guilt of *neglecting* His great salvation.

When I went to the ward in which he was, and inquired for him, the nurse led me to his bed, and told him who I was, and who had asked me to come to him.

But he took no notice, either by word or look, of what she said. He lay with downcast eyes, the marble whiteness of his features intensified by the masses of silky black hair scattered, as by weary tossing to and fro, on the pillow; and every line of his face, and even the listless position of the bloodless hand on the coverlet, betokened not weakness of body merely, but the deepest dejection of soul. I sent the nurse away, and sat down beside him without remark. What pity filled my heart, looking on the young creature thus suddenly brought to the very brink of death! and as I thought of the poor fainting spirit sinking down into the depths, the bitter waters of despair closing over it, and coming death and judgment threatening to overwhelm it for ever, I cried in my heart that the strong hand of Him who is mighty to save would make haste to help him, and draw him out of the fearful pit and miry clay. How feeble and useless in such a case did man's power appear! What hope, what help, what comfort in the knowledge that “salvation is of the Lord!”

Presently I sung very softly some verses of the hymn, “Just as I am,” and whilst I was singing, his sullen apathy seemed to give way, and the poor fellow threw the sheet over his face, and wept bitterly. By-and-by, he asked for water, and, as I held the cup to his lips, I said: “Just as truly as I am now putting to your lips this drink, so is God holding out to you the cup of salvation, in that last and freest invitation of the gospel, ‘*Whosoever will*, let him come and take of the water of life *freely*.’” and then, as the Lord enabled me, I sought to set before him the grace of God in the gospel of His Son. When I ceased, he feebly said: “It's all of no use—all you've been saying just slides out of my mind—indeed, all the time you've been speaking, my mind's been running after other things. Oh, you don't know how bad I am!”

“No,” I replied, “I do not, and neither, I am sure, do you, but God knows; and does not all you do know about yourself show you that what He says of you is perfectly true? Your heart, He says, is *desperately* wicked. When a thing is desperate, it is surely past mending. Again He says: ‘Thou hast *destroyed* thyself;’ but He adds, ‘in *Me* is thine help found.’ God knows far better than you do how helpless and *lost* your state is; but it was just because He knew its utter lostness that He sent His Son to be the *Saviour* of those who will receive Him as such, and it is in the full knowledge of your helplessness and *utter* unworthiness that He sends you such an invitation as that which again I give and would leave with you: ‘*Whosoever*

will, let him take of the water of life *freely*." He made no reply; but, as I rose and prepared to leave him, he suddenly seized my hand and wrung it.

Next day I went, he held out his hand when he saw me coming, and gave me a cordial welcome. There was a slight change for the better in his bodily state, and a gleam of hope. The day-star of hope, too, had risen within, and the shadows of gloom and despondency were passing away. He told me he had just been asking God to make him thankful for the improvement in his health, and asked me to pray that the Lord would lengthen his life a little, in order that he might be brought to Jesus. I told him I had just come from a prayer-meeting where special prayer had been made on his behalf. He looked very grateful, and said that he had thought little of such prayers when he had heard them made for others in such circumstances; but now he felt their value.

He spoke a great deal that day, telling me of the impressions he had had at the Sabbath school, and of the solemn scenes of revival times in the north of Ireland through which he had passed unaved. He seemed to have a very deep sense of the aggravated nature of his sin against light and grace, and he covered his face and wept as he spoke of his teacher's pleadings with him, and the Spirit's strivings so long resisted, and again he thanked God for his great goodness in not cutting him off suddenly.

I took him a little china drinking-cup to keep for his own use, as he could not raise his head from the pillow, and, as I gave it to him, I said I wanted it to remind him, every time he used it, of the true and faithful words of the exalted Saviour: "To him that is athirst will I give to drink of the fountain of the water of life *freely*."

After I had left him I returned for something forgotten. I moved noiselessly, lest he might be sleeping. But no! he lay with closed eyes, and hands clasped, and lips moving in silent prayer; and I stole away with heart gladdened by the signs of the same breathings of spiritual life which the Lord in vision described to Ananias, with regard to Saul of Tarsus, "Behold, he prayeth!"

There is no need to enter into a detailed account of the way in which this awakened spirit was led on till he arrived at settled peace in believing on Jesus. The rising of the Sun of righteousness on a dark heart is usually like the rising of the natural sun. There is the gray morning dawn, when things unseen before become faintly visible, and as the light waxes brighter and brighter they become more and more clear and distinct; and there is the marked and memorable moment when the first beam of the rising sun touches with glory the top of the mountains, and, rapidly rising above the horizon, floods the whole scene with inexpressible brightness and beauty. But the first faint glimmer of morning spread upon the mountains is from the sun, as well as the dazzling glory when he comes like a bridegroom out of his chamber. And so the first discoveries

of sin and ruin, and the first dim apprehension of an all-sufficient Saviour, are from the entrance into the heart of these life-giving beams which proceed from Him whose goings forth are prepared as the morning.

In "following on to know the Lord," the light which reveals Him waxes stronger and stronger, even though passing clouds may for a time dim its radiance, and this steady advance distinguishes the saving work of God's Spirit from mere transitory impressions, which, like gleams of lightning in the night, only die away into darkness again. The God of this world, whose destroying work it is to hide the gospel from the sinner's heart lest he should be saved, strives hard to darken and obscure the rising light, and thus seldom indeed in the spiritual world is there such a thing as a "morning without clouds." But when "He who commanded the light to shine out of darkness shines in the heart," Satan's blinding power is destroyed. All his opposition is in vain; for as well may the sun in the heavens be restrained from rising, as the true light from shining in due time in the heart of any of His chosen ones.

Robert continued to improve, and with increasing bodily strength he was able to give more earnest heed to the things belonging to his peace. On one occasion, when the gospel had been clearly stated, and its free offer urged upon his immediate acceptance, he seemed depressed, and said, while he saw it all plain enough, it seemed to him as if he had no power to lay hold on it. Next day was the Sabbath, and much prayer was made for him in more than one congregation; and when I saw him in the evening, he seemed more lively and hopeful. I told him I had brought him a verse I thought would just suit him: "To them that have *no might*, He increaseth strength;" and the lines,—

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good;"

and these seemed to give him great comfort.

About this time I went to the country, and with great regret had to leave Robert for a fortnight. But the kind Scripture reader often reported how he was getting on. His bodily strength rapidly returned, and every hope was entertained of his ultimate recovery. It was the month of May. The woods and fields were bursting into new life, and all nature gladly rejoicing. I sat down to rest one morning on a branch which had been cut off its parent stem, and which was putting forth its tender young foliage as vigorously as those which were waving overhead. But I knew that, long ere the summer was past, the leaves of the severed branch would be hanging sere and dead, whilst those on the tree were still fresh and green. I was writing to Robert, and used this as a similitude. I spoke of sin as having cut off man from God the source of life, so that now the life we had for soul and body was no better than the life of the severed branch; and that the bodily life now reviving in him, and all his impressions and good re-

solutions, so far as these flowed only from himself, were but the putting forth of transient leaves—the fruits at the best of a poor dying life, soon to come to an end, and sink for ever into the second death. Then I went on to show how the branch could be grafted into the tree, and the soul united to Christ, and so made partaker of him who is both the "Resurrection and the Life," so that it becomes true both of soul and body, of those that believe in Him, that they shall never perish, but have everlasting life. The spirit of Christ quickening their souls to new life now, being the earnest of the quickening also of their mortal bodies in due time.

When I returned home I hastened to see Robert, but found him in such a deep sleep I could not bear to awake him. A few days after, when I went again, all was changed. The hæmorrhage had suddenly returned, and poor Robert was lower than ever. In body at least—for his mind seemed staid and peaceful. The outstretched arm which he held up to greet me wavered to and fro in utter weakness; and, with white lips, feebly he whispered that "the Lord was his refuge," and breathed forth thanksgiving for all his mercies. He said, "I think I can say now that Jesus is mine, and I am His;" using various other expressions which showed how truly all his hopes and heart's desires were now centred in and clinging round the adorable Saviour. I sang the hymn, "Mercy's free." "Free indeed," he said; "all we can give for it is our grateful love." Very soon it became apparent that all hope of recovery must be given up, and now set in one long dying scene, which lasted for more than a fortnight. The young life, so recently hale and vigorous, was loath to leave the manly frame, weakened no doubt by injury, but not worn out by sickness or decay. Many a visit of deepest interest I paid him during that last fortnight, visits full of sorrowful sympathy with the suffering body, and yet gladdened by the unmistakable symptoms, which came out clear in trial, that the spirit within had been made alive unto God, and was being made meet for the inheritance of of the saints in light.

But oh, how truly does the Psalmist speak of being brought into the *dust* of death! How humiliating, how dreadful to nature, are his approaches even as a conquered foe! Truly he is an enemy, dreaded and shrunk from even by the believer who has got the earnest of victory. For that victory is not yet completed, and that enemy not yet fully destroyed, and never will be until the redeemed body too is ransomed from the grave; then, and not till then, shall be brought to pass the saying, "Death is swallowed up in victory." Meanwhile this coming victory can be realized only by faith. Faith in that glorious living One who was dead and is now alive for evermore; who has deprived death of his sting, and given His sure word of promise that the grave shall not always hold the dust of those who are laid in it, and that because He lives, we who believe in Him shall live also. But to the eye of sense there is only visible, humbling, painful, utter

defeat. Standing at the bed of death, we have nothing to take hold of to comfort or sustain, but God's naked word for it, that he that believes on Jesus shall never perish, but shall have everlasting life; and the sight of the dying one in nature's extremity, clinging to the Conqueror, and able to sing,—

"I'll sing the praises of Thy name
With my last falling breath;
And dying, clasp Thee in my arms,
The antidote of death."

During the five weeks I visited him I never once heard the sound of Robert's voice, and for some days before the end his throat swelled so that he could not without a painful effort, even whisper. But his mind seemed very lively, and he strove by signs to communicate with us. Often he clasped his hands to intimate his desire for prayer, or touched his lips to let us know he wished for a hymn of praise, in which he much delighted.

One day we could not understand his gestures. Often he touched the palms of his hands, and clasping them together, raised his eyes with a grateful look to heaven. At last with a great effort he whispered, "He shed his blood for me."

Repeatedly he made his mother read over to him the following hymn, as it expressed all he wished to say, and as his dying testimony I give it in full:—

"VICTORY."

"Until I saw the blood,
'Twas hell my soul was fearing;
And dark and dreary in my eyes,
The future was appearing;
While conscience told its tale of sin,
And caused a weight of woe within.

"Until I saw the blood,
For mercy I was crying,
As if to move the heart of God,
Or win His favour trying;
But all the seeking seemed in vain,
The wished-for peace I could not gain.

"But when I saw the blood,
And looked at Him who shed it,
My right to peace was seen at once,
And I with transport read it;
I found myself to God brought nigh,
And 'Victory' became my cry.

"My joy was in the blood,
The news of which had told me.
That, spotless as the Lamb of God,
My Father could behold me;
And all my boast was in His name,
Through whom this great salvation came.

"The fear of death was past,
The sense of sin had vanished;
And all my misery of soul
Was now for ever banished,
By that blest truth which entered in,
That Jesus Christ had cleansed from sin.

"My hope was through the blood,
Of being soon in glory,
And learning in a brighter scene,
The fulness of that story,
Which made my new-born spirit cry,
And shout aloud for 'Victory.'

"And when, with golden harps,
The throne of God surrounding,
The white-robed saints around the throne
Their songs of joy are sounding,
With them I'll praise that precious blood
Which has redeemed our souls to God."

I said to him as I was leaving, one night, "*He will never leave thee nor forsake thee.*"

"No; that's not *His* way," he whispered with great emphasis.

Often I left him with no thought of seeing him here again, but still he lingered. At last, one day when I went in, it was plain that the end was very near. His mother, who was with him, moistened his lips, as she named me, and he looked up with eager eyes to my face. "Soon, dear," I said, "you will be with Jesus, seeing Him face to face. He will present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, all sin and evil put away from you for ever."

"Oh, yes, yes," he murmured earnestly.

As I sat beside him I repeated the hymn, "*Jesus, lover of my soul,*"—one he often asked for. His eyes were fixed on me all the time. When I finished the last verse,—

"Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity,"—

even as I spoke, the light faded out of the soft dark eyes, the sobbing breathing waxed fainter and fainter, and the dear soul was parted from us and carried deep down into the shadows. He was still breathing when I left, after commending him into the hands of the faithful Saviour in whom he trusted. About half an hour after, by the time I reached my home, he, I trust, had reached his.

Thus it was so ordered that my first words to him, and my last, were about the full river of the water of life which proceedeth out of the throne of God and of

the Lamb—the grace of God in Christ Jesus, bringing salvation, which hath appeared unto men, and of whose healing life-giving streams every sinner under heaven is invited to partake freely.

The cut down branch in the wood is sere and dead now, and whilst the breath of spring has awakened the slumbering life of the trees and clothed their waving boughs with verdure again, it lies amongst the long grass and ferns, withered and fit only for the burning. But he of whom it always reminds me, is for ever united to the living Vine. His life is now hid with Christ in God, and when He who is our life shall appear, He also shall appear with Him in glory. Even the poor body of his humiliation which he left behind, and which, like the lopped off branch had "*withered*" so prematurely "*in all the leaves of its spring,*" shall then be refashioned like unto Christ's glorious body, and bloom in immortal vigour and beauty. What a hope is this that is set before us in the gospel! and oh, why do so few of the frail mortal children of men flee for refuge to lay hold upon it? Death certainly before all, and life freely offered to all by Him who hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.

How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?

"How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

"They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures. For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light."

Dear reader, have you drank for yourself of this water of life? Are you seeking to lead other thirsty souls to the Fountain? "*Freely ye have received, freely give.*" "*Let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*"

A. B. C.

ARTHUR ERSKINE'S EXPERIENCES.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

XL—A REVERSE OF FORTUNE

"When some dear scheme
Of our life doth seem
Shivered at once, like a broken dream;
And our hearts reel,
Like ships that feel
A sharp rock grating against their keel."

C. F. ALEXANDER.



ARTHUR was fortunate enough to reach Paris just before the expiration of his term of leave. He resumed the duties of his office, and would have felt in a few days almost as if he had never been absent, but for the many memories that the Fête

Dieu at Poitiers had left with him. The brilliant surface-life, in which he bore a part, was on the whole very pleasant to him; it was a swimming with the current that required no exertion, and exacted no self-denial. For the first fortnight after his return, his only pressing care was his continued ill-fortune at play, and consequent growing inability to discharge his debt to François de Besme. But at the end of that period he discovered to his considerable annoyance, that the fame of his exploit at Poitiers had, by some means or other, reached the duke's

household. And, as the natural result, he—Arthur Erskine, the exemplary and devoted Catholic—had actually to endure the mortification of being mocked and jeered by his companions as the champion of *Huguenotrie*.

Not in the least ashamed of what he had done, he was the rather disposed to resent the treatment he received in the haughtiest manner. "It was perfectly incomprehensible to him," he said, "that gentlemen of honour should misunderstand his motives, or find in his conduct any ground for suspecting the fidelity of his attachment to his creed or party." Yet he was the more sensitive to suspicion, because he never forgot that his "poor father" had been so unfortunate as to belong to "the religion," and that he himself had conformed outwardly to its requirements. It was not owing either to his own forbearance or good management that he escaped, at this period, being involved once and again in an "affair of honour."

Worse was to come, however. Summoned one day into the presence of the duke's stately master of the household, himself a nobleman of high rank and ancient lineage, this personage, with the utmost coolness and urbanity, begged "to inform Monsieur Arthur Aireskine that Monseigneur had no further occasion for his services."

Arthur stood confounded. For to him those quiet polished words were indeed "sharper than swords." They meant the loss of position, rank, the hope of fame and fortune—of all, in short, that made life desirable. A moment before "the Duke of Guise's page," a young gentleman who needed not to envy the prospects of any in France, now he stood ruined, forlorn, degraded, with no one to care for his fate.

He well knew the sentence was irrevocable. No appeal was to be made, and he attempted none. But after a moment of silent bewilderment, the intense pride of his character came to his aid, enabling him to stifle every other feeling.

"Very well, sir," he answered, with a bow. "I pray you, have the goodness to present my very humble acknowledgments to Monseigneur, and to assure him of my profound gratitude for his past kindness."

The dignified master of the household began to

look upon the lad with some of that respect which fortitude always inspires. There was even a touch of kindness in his tone as he answered,—

"I am sorry for you, Monsieur Arthur. I have the pleasure to present you"—

"Excuse me, sir," said Arthur, rejecting, with ill-timed haughtiness, the folded slip of paper offered him. "If Monseigneur desires no more services from me, I desire no more favours from him." The bravado of youth and inexperience, afterwards to be repented of. Yet if his pride had not been excessive, it would scarcely have carried him through the mortification and anguish of that moment. With head erect and flushed cheek he walked into the corridor; but scarcely had the door of the apartment closed behind him, ere he stopped, grew pale, and staggered, as one who had received a deadly wound.

He leaned against the wall to recover himself and to think; but all was confusion. He was near an open window, through which he could hear the shouts and laughter of his companions in the tennis-court below. His first impulse was to take his stand in their midst, to ask who dared to slander him to the duke, and to challenge the slanderer to single combat. But a moment's reflection told him that none of these youths either could or would have inflicted such a cruel injury upon him. Whose influence, then, was it that worked his ruin? What was his crime? The answer came to him like a flash of lightning, as sudden and as clear. He recalled some half-jesting words used the night before by the captain of the duke's guard: "It is the first time a friend of the Huguenots ever held a place in the Guise's household, and he should not retain it an hour if Monseigneur were acquainted with his true character."

This was the offence; he could no longer doubt it. The thought gave him relief; with the fearlessness and independence of youth he said, "I have but done my duty; and were it to do again, I would act the same part."

He did not go out into the tennis-court; he sought instead his own apartment, where he began, in a determined vigorous way, to pack up his personal possessions. He had not the least idea whither he should go; nor did he just then pause to think. His mind was wholly engrossed

by one feeling—a strong desire to quit the duke's palace as quickly as possible.

The greater part of his ample and handsome wardrobe still lay scattered in sad confusion about the little room, and whilst regarding it with half-vacant mind, a knock at his door startled him. He was in no mood to be interrupted.

"Who goes there?" he answered, sullenly and with reluctant tone.

"I—François. Permit me to enter; I know all. Ill news travels fast."

"Has he come to plague me for his money? He might have trusted my honour. But a ruined man has no friends." And with these thoughts in his mind, and their reflection upon his usually pleasant countenance, Arthur went to the door.

"I shall meet you to-morrow at Lacroix," he said, coldly; "and then I will satisfy you."

"Satisfy me! About what? Ah, that debt! I had not even thought of it," said François, shrugging his shoulders. "And I assure you," he added, vehemently, "I shall take it ill of you to mention it again. I do not wish to touch a single crown of yours, my friend. But what are you doing here? Stay, I have a little advice to offer you."

He came in, and seated himself upon Arthur's bed, in an easy and graceful attitude. Arthur meanwhile, touched and softened by his generosity (though not intending to avail himself of it), stood passive, waiting for what was to come.

"It is a bad affair for you," began his self-constituted Mentor. "I wish, with all my heart, you had left the Huguenots alone."

"And with all mine I wish that the citizens of Poitiers had done so," said Arthur, with a laugh, which he intended to be careless, but which was only sad and bitter. There are times when it is easier far to jest than to speak calmly and seriously.

"But since you have mixed yourself with them at all," continued François, "if it were my own case I would go a little farther."

"What do you mean?" asked Arthur.

"Go to the Huguenots altogether. It is the wisest thing you can do."

"You are making untimely sport," returned Arthur, angrily. "Or you would insult me," he added.

He could not understand the young Frenchman's levity—a levity not at all inconsistent with his religious views, nor even, as history proves, incompatible with fanaticism, but rather, where a very low moral tone prevails, frequently found along with it.

"Patience, my friend, patience. I do but tell you how I would act, were I so unhappy as to find myself in your place. There is M. de Coligny, a brave man and a great captain, although he is a heretic, I would present myself to him—nothing more simple. I would assure him I had lost the duke's favour through my ardent attachment to the religion—"

"Then you would tell a confounded lie!"

"Well, then, to those of the religion; it is all the same," continued the unabashed François. "Without doubt, M. L'Amiral would hear your tale favourably, all those people are so eager for converts. He would be certain to find you a good place in his household, and to charge himself with your advancement—"

"And I should live a dishonoured traitor, and die a renegade and apostate. Thank you, I don't want to barter my soul," said Arthur, scarcely able to contain his scorn and anger.

"Ah, you take everything so seriously, you Scotch! It is not that at all. You do not imagine that so many fine cavaliers and brave gentlemen, some of them of the first families in France, would be so stupid as to lose their souls? They have more *esprit* than to act in that manner. They will have the priest to shrive them, depend upon it, when they come to die, and so make all right at the last."

François was in his way, and after the fashion of his class, a very sincere Catholic. Still, it was evident that he had a more real faith in gentle blood than in the forms of his religion. And that he believed, far more firmly than in either, in that doctrine, as old as human nature, "Let us provide for the present, and leave the future to take care of itself."

Noticing, however, Arthur's angry impatience, yet imperturbable in his own good humour, he had tact enough to change the subject; and for half an hour he entertained, or sought to entertain, his friend with scraps of gossip, and scandal, and light jesting talk on indifferent subjects. This

might seem, to one in Arthur's position, a little like "vinegar upon nitre," though in truth it was not. The words, in themselves so worthless, just at that time carried something by no means worthless to Arthur Erskine, for they seemed to say, "My friend, thy disgrace makes no difference whatever in my feelings towards thee." And the assurance that the disgraced one was not abandoned by all the world, was far from valueless.

When at last François de Besme thought proper to abandon his comfortable seat, and to laugh and jest himself out of the room, Arthur, though not sorry to be relieved of his company, yet reflected with some pleasure: "He likes me better than I imagined. After all, he is not hollow all through, poor fellow. One comes against sound metal, if only he goes deep enough. Well," he added, with a sigh, as his thoughts wandered to another subject, "I must sell my horse. It will just pay him, no more. I am sorry to part with Charlot, but it must be. Better to do this, than give up my sword. And the debt must be paid. It is well I have no more."

That evening he bade farewell for ever to the palace and the household of the Duke of Guise. A hundred times over he told himself that he did not care a *liard* for what had happened. Yet in truth he cared profoundly; even though as yet he did not know what terrible reason he had to care, and what prolonged and bitter suffering lay before him.

XII.—LOWER AND LOWER.

"His heart was yearning for the land
He ne'er might see again,
For Scotland's high and heathered hills,
For mountain, rock, and glen;
For those who haply lay at rest
Beyond the distant sea,
Beneath the green and daisied turf
Where he would gladly be."

W. E. ATTOUN.

THREE months later, Arthur Erskine stood irresolute, near the door of one of the famous taverns and gaming-houses of Paris. It would have been difficult for his former friends to recognize him now. Yet the greatest change was not in his dress. That, though plainer than of old, was such as any gentleman of the time might have worn without remark. A round cap of black velvet, without badge or plume, a slashed

doublet of olive green, and a light coloured vest beneath, did not betoken any very painful change of fortune. But it was otherwise with the large mournful dark eyes which looked out from beneath the velvet cap, with the hollow cheek, and eager wasted face. Keen suffering, both of body and mind, had left its impress but too plainly upon these.

It would not be so great a misfortune for a man to drop from the platform of his original position, if he could be sure of falling safely upon that immediately beneath. But unhappily there is often no standing-room for him there. So the next is tried, and the next, frequently with no better success, till nothing remains but the crowded space beneath them all, where the "dangerous classes" herd together. The Brahmin who loses caste does not become a Sudra, but a Pariah.

Arthur Erskine had not yet fallen thus low, but he was in great peril of so doing. He tried to gain an entrance into the household of one or two of the great Catholic nobles. But he met with cold, though civil refusals. Those who did not know the cause of his dismissal naturally supposed him guilty of some very heinous offence; while those who did, looked on him as one of the "*suspect*," as one who had betrayed the interests of his party, perhaps the most grievous crime that can be laid to any man's charge in a time of civil disunion.

The proud and sensitive youth soon resolved to run no more risk of being repulsed. "I can bear hunger," he said, as he turned from the door of the Duc de Nemours' Hotel, "but I cannot bear insult or dishonour." With this last word he branded what seemed the most feasible course that now remained to him, and determined to dismiss it for ever from his thoughts. It was that indicated by De Besme, when he hinted, with truth, that what was disgraceful in the eyes of the high Catholic party, would be meritorious in those of the adherents of the Prince de Condé. But Arthur's principles, and still more his pride, held him back from having recourse to the Huguenots. He might not be obliged actually to abjure his creed, but he must of necessity change his party, and this appeared to him almost, if not entirely, as objectionable. Moreover, he must make

a merit of his conduct at Poitiers, and a grievance of his consequent dismissal from the duke's service, and neither of these things could he condescend to do.

As little did it occur to him to seek any simpler or lowlier occupation. He was not fitted for such; nor, circumstanced as he was, did it seem likely that he would have succeeded in obtaining it. He thought indeed of enrolling himself as a student in the Sorbonne, but he had not the means either to pay the necessary fees or to maintain himself creditably during a single term.

None of his relations were then in Paris; nor, had it been otherwise, would he have applied to them. They had provided for him in the best manner they could, and had done all, and more than all, that he expected from them. He was painfully sensitive to the thought of seeing them, or of their hearing of his present situation. Indeed, he shrank every day more and more from meeting any one who had known him in more prosperous times.

He had now no means left of supplying himself with absolute necessities except by the sale of the gay clothing and other articles of luxury which he had accumulated during the past year. His little store diminished daily, far more quickly than he wished, yet more slowly than might have been expected. For while he was thus debarred from action, the strength of his character showed itself in endurance. He learned to practise the most rigid self-denial; nay, he sometimes found in it a kind of relief and comfort.

There was one event toward which he looked to rescue him from his present difficulties, and he anticipated it with as much eagerness as a prisoner would the breaking of his chains. A civil war might give him back all that he had lost; his sword, his hand, his heart, should then be needed, and could win for him work and bread, and with them, no doubt, position and honour. But there was, at that time, no civil war; nor did there seem any likelihood of one. On the contrary, the Queen-Mother was evincing an inclination to favour and protect the Huguenots; and both Admiral Coligny and the Prince of Condé were then actually at the Court.

The most terrible features of Arthur's lot were

its inaction and its hopelessness. To a hot, eager, impetuous youth there could be no fate more dreadful than to rise day after day with no task before him except to suffer, and no occupation for his time and thought except sad recollections and dreary forebodings. There seemed no way out of the desolation he had made around himself. He could see nothing to be done; nothing, at least, that he could do. He had many hours of unutterable dreariness and depression; and these were usually succeeded by fitful bursts of impatience and passionate gushes of sorrow.

Nor was he free from self-reproach. He did not, indeed, blame himself for the adventure which cost him so dearly; but he accused himself, in a vague, general way, with that which, in the eyes of many, is the worst of crimes, the crime of having *failed*. Proud, eager, confident of success, he set out to conquer his destiny, and all too quickly and surely his destiny conquers him. There was keen mortification, nay, more, there was bitter anguish in the thought.

As he stood at the door of the tavern in the Rue du Pont, on that fine September morning when our chapter opens, he had in his possession just one gold crown, the greater part of which was destined to pay for the humble lodging where he lay "*perdu*." A thought crossed his mind that he might, by risking, double it. Still he hesitated; not because he disliked play, for he did not, but because he feared to lose his last coin. Hope however prevailed over fear, and, with a prayer to the Virgin for success, he went in, approached the crowded table, flung down his crown, watched the turning of the wheel, and took it up again—doubled.

For three months he had been almost a stranger to the sensation of pleasure. All the sweeter was the feeling that thrilled him now. It was not so much the trifling gain as the spring of hope and courage it brought; the persuasion that he might yet succeed in something, that fortune had not altogether and for ever deserted him. It seemed a pity to break off now. So again he risked his coin, and again he was a winner. He left the place at last with ten gold crowns in his pocket, and with a lighter heart than he had known for many days.

Why should he not go there the next and the

next? Why should he not do, as he had heard of others doing, succeed on a grand scale, win fabulous sums, heaps of gold? Why not he, Arthur Erskine, as well as any one else? Moreover, after the dreary stagnation of his recent life, the excitement in itself was delicious. It was like coming out of a close and gloomy prison into the bright sunshine and fresh morning breeze. So he went again and again, and played with varying, but, on the whole, with very good success. He pursued this course for two or three weeks; and, at the end of that time, he was able to allow himself sufficient food, he tasted wine again, he even thought of removing to a better lodging.

But this gleam of prosperity soon faded. His success tempted him to larger ventures, and one day he staked his little all—and lost it. He turned from the place with the dread feeling of dark despair. "All is gone—everything is against me," he said to himself over and over again, as, mechanically and half-unconsciously, he bent his steps back to his dreary lodging.

Yet this time he was mistaken. Everything was *not* against him. The types set backwards give the printed page to our view clear and legible; and thus the things which seem "*against us*" may sometimes be read "*for us*" when the page of our life is completed.

It is indeed truly "*for us*," and may be reckoned amongst our greatest blessings, when the angel of the Lord, standing in our path, turns us back from forbidden ways, even though it be with a "terrible countenance" and a drawn sword in his hand. Perhaps the two best days in Arthur's life hitherto had been precisely those which he himself would have called the worst; that on which he was dismissed from the Duke of Guise's service, before he became a profligate fanatic, and that on which his fortune failed him at the gaming-table, before he became a confirmed gambler.

But as yet he saw it not; he only saw the extinction of the last faint light that seemed to brighten his pathway. Youth hurries quickly from one extreme to another, and perhaps for that reason is the more prone to despair. Seldom do riper years bring the blank of utter hopelessness which often for a time overwhelms the young, when disappointment or failure cross their path.

Arthur stole about now, listless and aimless, the shadow of his former self. He even began to think, as he walked beside the quay, or loitered on the Pont du Change, how soon a plunge into the dark deep waters beneath would end the sad story of his life, and cut short for ever all its perplexities.

What withheld him from making the experiment? Was it fear? Not the fear of death, but of something which lay beyond it. Darkness reveals things which are hidden in the light; and thus, in the darkness of those bitter hours, Arthur saw for the first time the great realities of the eternal world. His past life, innocent in the eyes of his associates, and hitherto comparatively so in his own, now appeared to him as one long departure from God. Sin, hitherto a mere word with him, or at worst an accident, the stain of which might be effaced with a little expense or trouble, now seemed the most real thing in the universe, and the deepest in his own nature. It was more real than pain or shame, far more dreadful than want or ruin. It hid from him the face of God; and shut out his prayer whenever he tried to raise his eyes upwards.

His religion, the romance of his boyhood, helped him scarcely more effectually than a straw would help a drowning man. It was a plaything for the hours of prosperity, not strength or refuge for the time of need. Yet still he held it, indeed for a season his hand closed upon it all the more tightly, with the instinct of agony.

Again, at other times, strange doubts would haunt him. In a soul so tempest-tossed as his, more currents of thought and feeling meet and cross and mingle than can be readily accounted of. The sufferer himself has no plummet line wherewith to sound those troubled depths. Only One can do it.

Many thoughts of his childhood and of his father's land came to Arthur in those days, and unconsciously upheld him. In order to support life during the chill and dreary Parisian winter, which, when he abandoned the gaming-table, was already drawing near, he had been obliged to part with the last relic of his prosperity, and the most valued of all his possessions, his costly sword. The sum for which he pledged it was sufficient to provide him with shelter and bread until the

spring should open, but not to take him home; nor indeed could he bear the thought of returning thither penniless and forlorn.

Yet it was a change that, in his thoughts, he now called Scotland "home," instead of France. More and more, as winter dragged slowly on, did he long for it, and for the sweet face of her who made it home to him, his gentle sister. Even the memory of Wedderburn, and of his life there, grew pleasant to his imagination; and in days of hard frost and biting cold he often amused himself with dreams of merry games of *kuting* (so he called *curling*) on the great pond. But so do time and distance hallow trivial things, that he could have wept at the remembrance of the enjoyment with which Helen used to watch his feats. What a great gulf, fixed by his own pride and folly, was between them now! Neither prayers nor tears, he thought, could bridge it over; though he knew well she would not cease, while life remained, to pray or weep for him. He said once and again, "I shall see her face no more on earth." Nor was it strange if he added, with keen self-reproach, "I have chosen my own way, and I have found it a hard one."

XII.—THE LOWEST OF ALL.

"It is not in the shipwreck or the strife
We feel benumbed, and wish to be no more,
But in the after-silence on the shore,
When all is lost, except a little life."

BYRON.

WINTER had changed to spring without bringing any change to Arthur Erskine, when one day he found himself standing near the splendid hotel of the Prince de Condé. Something extraordinary seemed to be going on, for the great gates were open, and a crowd of persons of all classes were thronging in.

Arthur asked one of them, a respectable artisan, with a book in his hand, what was doing within.

"There is a *Prêche* to be held in the Great Hall of the Prince's Hotel," was the answer.

"And who is to preach?" asked Arthur.

"M. le Pasteur ——" Arthur did not catch the name, and he never chanced to hear it afterwards. Partly out of mere idleness, and partly from the spirit that ever prompts the cry, "Who will show us any good?" he yielded to the impulse of the moment, followed the crowd, and went in.

He soon found himself in a spacious and lofty hall, capable of containing more than a thousand persons. He was glad to secure a quiet seat, for the place was filling rapidly. The *Prêche* was, in fact, a great event; and it would be attended, not only by as many of the Huguenots of Paris as could avail themselves of the privilege, but by a goodly number of strangers, and some Catholics, like himself, attracted by curiosity.

A few benches before him there sat amongst the listeners one he well knew. It was not without a thrill of many mingled feelings that he recognized the tall figure and the dark features of De Villemorgue. His first impulse was to go and take his seat by his side, and when the *Prêche* was over, to accost him, and tell him frankly all he had seen and suffered since. From this, however, he was withheld by the thought that it would have the appearance of preferring a claim for assistance and patronage, from which his independent spirit instinctively recoiled.

While he was still pondering what course to take, the whole assembly rose, and with little skill, but much heartiness, began to sing together a kind of psalm or sacred canticle. Arthur was moved, in spite of himself, by the fervour of the crowd around him, though he cared not for the words they sang. These began,—

"Gens insensés, où avez-vous les yeux
De faire guerre à Jésus Christ?"

and an old man near him, who lent him his hymn-book, informed him that the "spiritual song" was composed by the royal counsellor, Du Bourg, who, as all the world knew, was "a faithful martyr of the Evangel."

A prayer was then offered in fervid, rapid French. The speaker's mind seemed entirely occupied with the interests of the Reformed Church, and Arthur scarcely cared to follow him. Still it pleased his ear to hear once more the reverential, yet simple "*thou*," to which he had been accustomed in his childhood, addressed to the Divine Being, instead of the "*you*" of mere human courtesy, so characteristic of French Catholicism.

The prayer was over at length, and Arthur, with some interest, watched the officiating minister as he entered an extempore pulpit erected at one end of the hall. There was nothing particularly

dignified or prepossessing in his appearance; he was a short, spare man, apparently of middle age, dressed in a Geneva gown and bands. Nor did the first words that he uttered tend to conciliate prejudice. For his accent and language but too clearly betrayed a want of education and refinement. It is true that at this period the Reformed Church was frequently reproached with such defects as these in her ministers. But she had a mournful, yet proud, apology to offer. The best and noblest of her sons "were not," having gone to receive the martyr's crown, or else they were exiles for their faith, and wanderers on the face of the earth.

Arthur however, unaware of all this, had just decided hastily that the Huguenot was a clown, unfit to preach to gentlemen, and that he would not listen to him; when, in spite of his resolutions, his attention was rivetted. For the preacher, having concluded a few introductory remarks, read aloud, in a reverent impressive way, the words he had chosen as his text, "As it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment; so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." Arthur had learned these solemn words at Wedderburn, and though little heeded at the time, they had often haunted his memory since. And he felt eager enough now to hear what this man had to say of death and the judgment. But he was disappointed, and at first greatly annoyed, though still he could not help listening on. The sermon, which was entirely controversial, had for its theme the alleged repetition of the one offering of Christ in the "unbloody sacrifice" of the mass. It was a peculiar kind of sermon, not learned, not well-arranged, not eloquent, except in a certain restricted sense, but pre-eminently forceful. Applying a stern merciless logic with passionate energy, the preacher again and again struck the obnoxious doctrine heavy, well-aimed blows that it was impossible to evade. Scripture, reason, common sense, all were summoned to prove that the "one sacrifice" neither was, nor could be repeated; that transubstantiation was a fiction; and the consecrated wafer "a morsel of bread."

Had Arthur heard such a sermon on his first arrival in France, it would have simply exasperated him. For there are states of mind in which

a change of opinion through force of argument is, humanly speaking, impossible. If a man *will* not hear reason, who can make him? The will is, after all, the sole monarch of that mysterious realm within us, whose fiat can silence reason and too often conscience.

But many causes had combined to undermine the citadel of Arthur's faith; it was not wonderful, therefore, that under this heavy cannonade it tottered, and was ready to fall. The mass, as the preacher very well knew, was the central dogma of Popery, and with it all the rest would be overthrown. By the time he had come to the eleventh and last division of what he called his "brief discourse," one at least of his hearers felt conviction forced upon him.

The preacher did not appear so anxious (at least not on this occasion) to build up, as to destroy. The work to which he was appointed seemed to be in an especial manner that of the iconoclast. It is a work often useful, sometimes highly necessary. Still, it cannot be denied that the temple where the iconoclast has been is apt to present a very mournful appearance to the worshipper.

There was one temple that day where long cherished idols were dashed from their pedestals and strewn in fragments on the floor. "The carved work thereof was broken down with axes and hammers;" and the painted windows, through which the sunshine stole, not in its own "pure severity of perfect light," but changed and broken into rainbow hues, were shivered by ruthless hands. But there was this advantage to counterbalance the desolation. The sunshine might pour in freely now, it might search every nook from ceiling to pavement, there was no longer anything to obstruct or distort it.

Unhappily there was no sun just then shining on that ruined temple: thick clouds obscured its sky. And so desolation and darkness together reigned within it.

Arthur left the Prince of Condé's Hotel a Protestant, if Protestantism be merely a negation, the negation of Popery.

Thus a moment may, and often does, change the tenor of a whole life, inward or outward. But the silent unnoticed work of many days, perhaps of years, has been preparing the way for the change.

He had now less inclination than ever to accost De Villemorgue, for his heart was sore within him. He felt as if he had lost *everything*. His faith seemed the last treasure left him in his dreary isolation; and now that a strong hand had wrenched it from his grasp, what remained to him? Nothing. With one of old he might have said, "Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more?"

His attention was soon forcibly diverted from the troubled world within to the equally unquiet world without. The stream of sober-looking people that emerged from the Hotel de Condé had not yet been absorbed in the crowded streets of the great city, when, most unfortunately, as it seemed, one of the frequent Catholic processions bearing the Host turned from a bye-street, and met them face to face. A few years earlier, or a few years later, every man woman and child who neglected, upon such an occasion, to kneel in the dust, would have incurred the imminent hazard of being torn to pieces. But this was a day of toleration, when the chiefs of the Huguenot party were actually favoured and courted by the government. The populace of Paris, with all their mad fanaticism, must of necessity have learned to endure some things in silence, and to keep the peace in a general way. Still it was not to be expected that an open disrespect to their idol, shown in broad daylight, would be suffered to pass without some characteristic expressions of displeasure.

On the other hand, it was not either to be expected or desired, that men with their hearts stirred within them by such a discourse as the Huguenots had just heard, should prostrate their bodies before that Host which they knew to be a consecrated lie and an insult to the majesty of Heaven.

Nor was it to be expected (however it might have been desired) that this "mixed multitude" should all manifest in their conduct the meekness of wisdom, and resist the temptation of bandying mockeries and reproaches with the crowd.

It must be owned that some of the Huguenots showed themselves ready enough at this work; nor when insult was exchanged for violence, and stones began to fly and blows to be dealt, were they by any means passive sufferers.

Arthur had determined from the first moment *not* to kneel to the Host; nor, if a fray were the consequence, did he care particularly whether he took part in it or no. He had nothing to lose and nothing to gain.

He however very much regretted his good sword, which was of course still in pledge. Yet he was no worse provided than all the Huguenots, who were forbidden by the laws to attend their assemblies armed.

While he was looking around for something which might be transformed into an offensive weapon, a stranger accosted him, and in imperfect French requested his assistance in protecting a terrified woman, with two little children clinging to her dress. This was a task entirely to Arthur's taste. Unarmed as he was, he struggled hard to clear the way for his charges to the shelter of a neighbouring shop. And he had well nigh accomplished his purpose when a stone from some hand in the crowd struck him on the head. There was a sharp sudden pang—then darkness—a rush of many noises—a sense of falling, he knew not whither—and no more.

Slowly, after a long interval, consciousness returned. He was lying on a comfortable bed in a small, quiet room. Some one was sitting by his side.

"Where am I?" he asked faintly.

"*Wi' guid friends,*" a voice replied, in the broad unmistakable vernacular of his father's land.

No sounds could have been half so sweet to the ear of the poor, lonely, way-worn youth. They brought to his heart a sense of rest and protection to which he had been long a stranger. But everything around him seemed confused and strange, and he was still far too weak to face the great perplexity of how he came there and who was with him.

"But ye maun bide still, Maister Arthur," the voice said again. It did not strike him that there was anything extraordinary in a stranger's acquaintance with his name. Nor when that stranger, raising his head with a woman's gentleness, gave him something from a cup (it might have been medicine or cordial), did he hesitate to drink it. The person standing by his bed seemed to him first a great way off, then only the shadow

of a troubled dream, from which he was on the point of waking in his own little bed at Wedderburn.

Was he awake, or was he dreaming still? Awake or dreaming, he seemed to be at Wedderburn once more. Not in bed however, but on the "muckle dub," busy with a merry game of curling, with the kind eyes of Lady Wedderburn and Helen, and his own loved mother, watching the sport.

Yet, though it must have been mid-winter, the heat of a tropical summer could not have been more intolerable, and everything he touched, even the ice, seemed burning. But nothing burned half so fiercely as his own brain, through which ever and anon keen darts of pain were shooting. "Mother!" at last he cried aloud, "mother!" But he had a sort of dreamy consciousness that his mother, though near, could not come to him.

So he cried instead, "Helen—sister—lay your hand on my head."

And then some one touched his burning brow, very gently, and with a cool hand, saying softly, "*I do it for her.*" And this at least was not a dream.

But other dreams came thronging quickly round him, each wilder than the last and more perplexing. Fever had set in—violent fever—and death and life were struggling for the mastery.

Had his naturally good constitution been even better than it was, it could scarcely have withstood the strain of the last terrible months. Physical suffering and mental anguish had done their work upon him at last, and the blow received in the tumult after the Prêche was only the occasion, not the cause, of a sickness which indeed appeared to be "unto death." D. A.

M. GUIZOT'S TESTIMONY TO THE CHRISTIAN REVIVAL IN FRANCE.

IN the summer of 1864, M. Guizot, in giving to the world a volume of "Meditations on the Essence of Christianity, and on the Religious Questions of the Day," announced his intention of following it up with other three volumes of a similar tenor. The second series of the Meditations was to have for its subject the History of Christianity, including such topics as the authenticity of the Scriptures, the primary causes of the foundation of Christianity, the great religious crisis in the sixteenth century, which divided the Church and Europe between Romanism and Protestantism, and finally, those anti-Christian crises which at different epochs have threatened the existence of Christianity itself. The third series of Meditations was to be consecrated to the study of the Actual State of Christianity, its internal and external condition, in this nineteenth century. In the fourth and concluding series the venerable author, feeling, we suppose, that his "old experience" had attained "to something like prophetic strain," proposed to direct his eye into the future, sketching the Future Destiny of the Christian faith, and indicating by what course it is called upon to conquer completely and to sway morally this little corner of the universe in which the designs of God unfold themselves in our view.

It was, we confess, with a certain feeling of disappointment that we subsequently learned that the order of publication had been changed, and that the survey of the Actual State of Christianity was to take precedence of the review of its History. The latter is precisely the subject on which M. Guizot may be expected to shed a

flood of light. His readers—and who that reads books at all has not read the Lectures on the History of Civilization in Europe?—will await with some impatience the volume which is to set forth the final opinions of so great a master of the Christian philosophy of history, on such subjects as the birth of Christianity, its mighty rejuvenescence in the Reformation of the sixteenth century, and its conflict with the tide of disbelief which overflowed Europe in the eighteenth. May life and health be granted for carrying out the programme to its completion!

M. Guizot's second volume, although it does not discuss the topics on which most readers will chiefly desire to know the author's mind, is every way worthy of his pen; and, being accessible in an English dress, will doubtless attain a wide circulation in this country. It is entitled "Meditations on the Actual State of Christianity, and on the Attacks which are now being made upon it;" but the survey actually given is by no means so extensive as the title would imply. M. Guizot wisely directs his view to the particular portion of Christendom with whose recent fortunes he has had the most perfect acquaintance; indeed he seldom lifts his eye beyond the limits of France. The prominence given to the revival of faith within the *Church of Rome* has been censured by some critics. Yet it can be easily explained. M. Guizot's book being addressed, in the first instance, to his own nation—a nation mainly Roman Catholic—he is obliged to assert with energy the claim of the Protestant Churches to be recognized as pertaining to the One Catholic Church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

This he does in a spirit which can hardly fail to make an impression on Roman Catholic readers; but in doing it he concedes, with what most Protestants will regard as a want of due qualification, the Christian standing of the Romish communion, the right of that communion to be recognized in its turn as a portion of the Catholic Church. It is only fair to remember that the Reformers constantly taught that Christ has a people within the Church of Rome. They maintained that that communion comes within the range of the promise of the Spirit. Calvin, for instance, was in the habit of teaching that the members of the Romish communion occupy pretty much the same position, within the Christian commonwealth, as the Kingdom of the Ten Tribes, under Jeroboam and Ahab, occupied within the commonwealth of Israel. In both instances we see flagrant apostasy from the purity of God's worship, in both instances we see innumerable evils flowing from that apostasy; but as God never ceased to gather individuals to himself, and even to raise up faithful prophets, in apostate Israel, so we may well expect that he will raise up to himself a people within the communion over which the Papacy exercises its baneful domination. M. Guizot goes further in this direction than we are prepared to follow. The intimate relations into which he has repeatedly been brought with some of the best members of the Romish Church, in the course of his public life, sufficiently explain the view he has been led to take. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the sympathy he cherishes for his Roman Catholic friends rests on grounds diametrically opposite to those which have found so much favour among the Tractarians. He sympathizes with vital Christianity wherever he sees it, but is himself an evangelical Protestant to the core.

Although M. Guizot does justice—and something more than justice—to the awakened life and energy of the Gallican Church, it is around the Reformed Church—the church of his fathers—that the affections of his heart are entwined. We attach especial value to the chapters which relate to the revival with which the Lord blessed the Protestant Church of France during the early decades of the present century. M. Guizot's testimony is that of an eye-witness; for his public life commenced when the first breath of the new life began to stir the Church, and he has enjoyed the personal acquaintance of many of the principal agents in the work. How thoughtful and hearty the testimony is, the following paragraphs will show:—

"The awakening of Christianity amongst the Protestants of France had now (1830) produced such results that it mattered little who the patrons of the movement might be; it had assumed its true character, and was drawing its strength from the fountain of Truth. In times of religious incredulity and of religious indifference, and even in the transitional times which immediately ensue, it is the error of many, and even of men who respect and support religion, to consider it in the light of a great political institution, a salutary system of

moral police, however necessary to society, indebted for its merits and its prerogatives rather to its practical utility than to its intrinsic worth.* Grave error! misconceiving both the nature and the origin of religion, and calculated to deprive it both of its empire and its dignity. Utility men hold as of great account, but it is only Truth that commands unconditional surrender. Utility enjoins prudence, Truth alone inspires feelings of confidence and devotion; a religion having no other guarantee for its influence and its endurance than its social Utility, would be very near its ruin. Men have need of—nay, they thirst for—Truth in their relations with God even more than in their relations with one another; the spontaneous prayer, adoration, obedience, suppose Faith. It was in the name of the Verity of the Christian religion, of that Verity manifested in its history, by the Word and even by the Presence of God, that the awakening of Christians was accomplished amongst us. The labourers in this great work felt the faith of Christianity, and they diffused it; had they spoken only of the social utility of Christianity, they would never have made the conquest of a single human soul.

"At first sight, one is tempted to attribute this success to energy of faith on the part of these labourers in the cause—to the active and devoted perseverance of their zeal. Again a mistake. Not that human agency was without its share in the results; but even where the Faith was thus propagated, the share that that Faith itself had in the result was infinitely greater, from its own proper and inherent virtue, than any share of men. Incredulity and indifferentism may diffuse themselves and pretend to dominate; they leave unsolved the problems that lie in the depth of man's soul. They do not rid him of his perplexities, whether of instinct or of reflection, as to the world's creation and man's creation, the origin of good and evil, Providence and fate, human liberty and human responsibility, man's immortality and his future state. Instead of the denials and the doubts that had been thrown over these unescapable questions, those who applied themselves fully to rouse awakened Christianity recalled the human soul to the memory of *positive solutions* of these questions—solutions in accordance with the traditions of their native land, in accordance with their habits as members of families, and in harmony with the recollections of early childhood; solutions often contested, never refuted—always recurring in the lapse of ages, and century after century. It was from the *intrinsic and permanent value of the doctrines which they were preaching*, and not from themselves, that the labourers in the work derived their force and their credit.

* The story told in a subsequent Meditation furnishes a piquant instance of the error M. Guizot has in view. "A man of distinguished mental capacity and of an honourable character—Engineer-in-Chief in one of our great departments—was one day speaking to me with sorrow of the attacks levelled at Christianity. 'It is not,' he said, 'on my own account that I regret these attacks—you know I am a Voltairian; but I ask for regularity and peace in my own household: I felicitate myself that my wife is a Christian, and I mean my daughters to be brought up like Christian women.'" (p. 244).

"They had another principle of force—a force born and developed in the bosom of the Christian religion, and in that alone—they had the *passionate desire to save human souls*. Men are not—they never have been—struck as they ought to have been struck with the beauty of this passion, or with its novelty in the moral history of the world, or with the part it has played among Christian nations. Before the era of Christianity, in times of Asiatic and European antiquity, pagans and philosophers busied themselves about the destiny of men after the close of their earthly life, and with curiosity, too, did they sound the obscurity; but the ardent solicitude for the eternal welfare of human souls—the never-wearying labour to prepare human souls for eternity—to set them, even during this existence, in intimate relations with God—and to prepare them to undergo God's judgments,—we have, in all this, a fact essentially Christian, one of the sublimest characteristics of Christianity, and one of the most striking marks of its divine origin. God constantly in relation with mankind and with every man, God present during the actual life of every man, and God the arbiter of his future destiny; the immortality of each human soul, and the connection between his actual life and his future destiny; the immense value of each human soul in the eyes of God, and the immense import to the soul of the future that awaits it;—these are the convictions and the affirmations all implied in the passion alluded to, the passion for the salvation of men's souls, which was the whole life of our Saviour Jesus Christ, which passed, by his example and by his precepts, into the life of his primitive disciples, and which, amidst the diversities of age, people, manners, opinions, has remained the characteristic feature and the inspiring breath of the genius of Christianity—breath which animated the men who, in our days, laboured, and with success, to revive Christian faith amongst the Protestants of France.

"Their zeal was employed in a very circumscribed sphere; beyond it their names were unknown, and unknown they have remained. What spectators, what readers, what public knew at that time, or know even at this moment, what manner of men they were, or what their deeds—those men who called themselves Neff, Bost, Pyt, Gonthier, Audebez, Cook, Wilks, Haldane? But who, I would ask, in the time of Tacitus

and of Pliny, knew what manner of men they were, and what the deeds of Peter, Paul, John, Matthew, Philip—the unknown disciples of the Master, unknown himself, who had overcome the world? Notoriety is not essential to influence; and in the sphere of the soul, as in the order of nature, fountains are not less abundant because their springs are hidden in obscurity. The Christian missionaries of the time did not trouble themselves to lessen that obscurity. To literary ability they had no pretension; nor did they seek the triumph of any political idea, of any specific system of ecclesiastical organization, of any favourite plan in which their personal vanity was interested. The salvation of human souls was their only passion and their only object. They looked upon themselves as humble servants commissioned to remind men of promises they had forgotten—of promises of salvation by faith in Jesus." (Pp. 139-146.)

The latter half of M. Guizot's volume is devoted to a critical review of the philosophical systems which have contested with Christianity the dominion over men's minds in France during the last sixty years. The longest chapter, and the most interesting one, is on Auguste Comte and the Positive Philosophy. Our author was acquainted with the philosopher, having been brought into contact with him when he (M. Guizot) was Minister of Public Instruction in Louis Philippe's time. He pronounces him to have been a vain, unhappy man, possessed with the belief that he was born to exercise an absolute empire over the mind of the human race. "He had so entire a confidence in his own intellectual superiority, and in the rights which it conferred, that he expressed it sometimes with a *naïveté* amounting almost to idolatry. One day, believing that he had won over to his ideas M. Armand Marrast, then the editor of the *National*, he wrote thus to his wife:—'Marrast no longer feels any repugnance in admitting the indispensable fact of my intellectual superiority. To speak plainly, and in general terms, I believe that, at the point at which I have now arrived, I have no occasion to do more than to continue to exist; the kind of preponderance which I covet cannot, henceforth, fail to devolve on me.' And this is the prophet whom some of our English thinkers venerate as the great light of the age, whose doctrine is to eclipse the gospel of Christ!

A SOLDIER'S CONVERSION.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF PASTOR HARMS.)



SOLDIER, who greatly loved the Lord Jesus, used to describe to me many scenes of his past life. There were things among them enough to make one's hair stand on end. These I will not tell over again; I have only spoken of them before our gracious God, and, in doing

so, implored of him to have mercy on our German fatherland. But my friend also related to me how he came to believe in the Lord Jesus; and that I will now write down, for it may be made a blessing to others. To make the story public can do no harm to himself: he is now with the Lord.

The man was above thirty years old when I became acquainted with him. "I have been a soldier," he said, "for more than ten years. I have gone through all our country of Hanover, especially in the troubled times, when we were constantly sent here and there; and I have also been across the borders, as far as Altonburg and Schleswig-Holstein. I have lived in large and small cities, in villages and in hamlets, sometimes for a long, sometimes for a short time, and have learned to know many lands and many people. I have had experience of health and of sickness, of abundance and of want. I have marched on foot, and travelled by railway. I have visited churches and theatres. I have been merry in dancing-halls, and groaned in hospitals. I learned to read, write, and count. I have studied geography and read history, more perhaps than most common soldiers ever think of. I was a favourite with my officers, and liked by my comrades. When we lay in quarters, I got always into favour, for I was friendly with the people, and never behaved like a clown or a villain, as many soldiers do, and so are considered as such.

"If any one had asked what was my religion, I should certainly have replied that I was a Christian. But, would you believe it? I really knew nothing about Christianity. It is true that I had often, in obedience to orders, gone to church; but whether from the reason that it was an order, or that our officers always remained outside while we were sent in, or whether the fault lay in the sermons, the fact is, I never learned Christianity. My whole religion consisted in this, that it was disgraceful to steal, and right to be obedient to our commanders. But *why* the one was a disgrace and the other a duty I knew not. I had no Bible; I never thought of praying; and indeed, during the whole of my military service, through all our journeys and marches, I had never seen any man reading his Bible, or heard any one pray or sing hymns, except in church, and there I never joined in prayer or singing. I knew, indeed, that there was a God above, but I never thought of him, I knew nothing of him. I can never yet comprehend how I was preserved from committing gross sins and crimes, while living wholly without God in the world. Perhaps it was partly because I rather prided myself on being an upright, respectable man, of whom none should be able to speak evil. But truly the profanity of supposing that a man might live as a Christian without a God and Saviour, I did not understand; and so what I called trifles—such as occasional drinking, swearing, dancing, gaming—I never considered as sins. Yet I sometimes wondered how I felt, as if something were wanting to me, and I knew not what it was. Once, I remember, when our regimental band on the king's birth-day played the chorale, 'Nur danket alle Gott,' tears came into my eyes, and I could not understand why.

"One day we arrived at a village where we were to stay a week, and I was quartered with a peasant, who

received me kindly. After showing me my room, he asked me whether I would prefer to take my meals alone, or with the family. I replied at once that I would rather eat in company with themselves. As it was then about noon, he led me into the kitchen, where his wife and a family of boys and girls were ready waiting for dinner. But how strange I felt when, after the food was placed on the table, all stood up with the greatest reverence, and the father, in a devout voice, said, 'Lord, the eyes of all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.' Then followed the Lord's Prayer, and the close of Luther's 'Prayer before Meals,' and then the words, 'May God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost bless this our food. Amen.' All, even the young children, stood devoutly with folded hands, and it was easy to see that they joined in the prayer—even the youngest, a boy of three years, was as quiet as if he had been in church. Only the last Amen he spoke out loudly, apparently with childish pleasure that it was now time to eat. I had stood up with the rest, from natural courtesy, but my limbs shook under me with emotion. I ate little, and the farmer thought I was bashful, and kindly pressed food upon me. When all were satisfied and cheerful, the whole party again stood up reverently, as at the beginning, with folded hands, while the father said, 'Give thanks to God, for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever,' &c., going through the whole of Luther's form of thanksgiving. Then all shook hands kindly with each other, and dispersed, the elders to work, and the children to their lessons, for it was almost time for school. The little fellow came and climbed on my knees, and said with winning frankness, 'Tell me a little story about the dear Saviour.' I began, in some confusion, to speak about lambs and sheep, cows and horses; for of the Saviour I knew nothing. But the boy insisted that I must tell him about the dear Saviour; and so pressed me, that at last I said that I did not know anything of him. 'And you are so big,' said the child, 'and yet you know nothing about the Saviour! Then you will not get to heaven.' Truly I had never thought about heaven; and yet it seemed terrible to hear from the mouth of a child the sentence that I should never go there. I went out and visited my comrades in the village; but my uneasiness continued, and I resolved to let the time for supper be past before I returned to the cottage.

"At last, at nine o'clock, I went back. The evening meal was indeed over, but my portion had been kindly laid aside for me. I began to eat. Then the little boy, who was preparing for bed, came running up to me and said, 'First pray, then eat.' This was a new and still harder home-thrust. I could not pray, but the child clasped his hands and said for me, 'Come, Lord Jesus, be with us, and bless to us what thou hast given us.' 'That is how you ought to pray,' said the child, and went to bed. The food seemed quite to stick in my

throat. Then again the whole family gathered together, and family worship was held; first singing, such as went through my very soul; then a chapter of the Bible read, with here and there a simple explanation. Then all knelt down, I along with them, and the father prayed for the forgiveness of sins, the anointing of the Holy Spirit, the protection of holy angels against the devil, &c. I felt quite giddy. I could not look up, I felt so ashamed; and yet my heart was happy. Then all shook hands, wishing one another good-night, and went away, each taking their Bible with them. Only the peasant and his wife remained in the kitchen, and read their Bibles; and the man handed one to me, saying that perhaps I would like to read a little longer the dear Word of God. I did so, but understood nothing, and soon went to bed. But before lying down I prayed thus: 'God, thou God of this house, be my God also!'

"The next Sabbath was a 'day of decision' for me.

All went to church, and I with them, and there I joined in a service which I can never forget. From that time all is changed with me. Now I love the Saviour with all my heart; now I know that I am on the way to heaven, and knowing it, I rejoice."

Such was my friend's tale; and now, at its close, I ask all my dear readers, Is not this remarkable? During ten years a soldier, calling himself a Christian, travelled among professing Christians through the towns and villages of Christian Germany, living without God, without Christ, knowing nothing of the Bible, hearing nothing of the Saviour or salvation, until at last, in a peasant's cottage, he found the Lord, who seemed to be elsewhere unknown. If this soldier had come to your house, my reader, would he have found the Saviour there? Is your light placed on a candlestick, or hid under a bushel?

H. L. L.

BLOW UPON BLOW.

BLOW upon blow, as the salt waves flow,
Gulphing the wreck on the bar,
As they gather, they gather, you
wreaths of snow,

On the serrated Lochnagar.

Nay, line upon line, as the red buoys shine

To beacon the ship round the bar,

As each cairn's white back marks the traveller's
track

O'er the wildering Lochnagar.

Blast upon blast, until the last

Breaketh the bruised reed;

Frost upon frost, till the rose has lost

Leafage, and flower, and seed.

Nay, blast upon blast, till the tempest is past,

And the west winds hymn on the reed;

Frost upon frost, till the winter is lost,

And the braeside blooms from the seed.

Stroke upon stroke, and the quarried block

Is borne from its native bed;

Stroke upon stroke, and the fated oak

Bows to the woodman's blade.

Nay, stroke upon stroke, and the Parian block

Grows into sculptured grace;

Stroke upon stroke, and the carved oak

Is the pride of the artist's place.

Fire after fire, until hopes expire

With the sparks that upward spring.

Till the widow'd heart on the altar-pyre

Is ashed in the offering.

Nay, fire after fire, until Love mounts higher,

For the flame snaps the bond from her wing;

Until blighted Hope and deferred Desire

Rise perfect through suffering.

K. M. S.



IN THE GLEN.

RIVER, beautiful river,
 Rushing 'twixt rocky walls,
 Eddying, roaring for ever,
 Foaming in waterfalls !

Birches weeping above thee,
 Pines in the rifts on high,
 Delicate flowers that love thee,
 Thou passest them flashing by.

River, turbulent river,
 Tortured, fretted, and whirled ;
 Torn by jagged rocks for ever,
 Down black abysses hurled :
 Boulders on boulders heaping,
 Resistless in thy sway ;
 Headlong in thunder leaping,
 Flinging thy strength away.

River, beautiful river,
 Here, through the gates of rock
 Thou forcest thy might for ever,
 With rush, and turmoil, and shock.
 Then—leaving behind for ever
 The tumult and the foam—
 Thou glidest away, O river,
 Serenely to thy home.

On yonder heights that tower,
 Thy last wild voices die ;
 Noiseless through field and bower
 Thy closing course shall lie.
 Trees and flowers bent o'er thee,
 The heavens blue in thy breast,
 The deep lake full before thee,
 Thou passest to thy rest.

River, unruffled river,
 Such calm and peace be mine,
 As the shadows lengthen ever,
 And the lights of day decline !
 Long, with impotent warring,
 Seeking a smoother way :
 Rebellious passions jarring
 Though the hot and troubled day :

August 15, 1867.

The spirit self-perplexing :
 The wild, unchastened will
 'Gainst adverse things and vexing
 Chafing and tossing still,—
 Wasting its strength for ever
 In struggles sore and vain ;
 Feeding on inward fever,
 Fretting a ceaseless pain.

Sweet, after perturbation,
 And toil that knew no close,
 The peace of resignation,
 The trust that is repose !
 The calm of a will subjected ;
 Patience that conquers ill ;
 And the face of Heaven reflected
 In a heart that lieth still.

River, tranquil river,
 Gliding into thy rest,
 Now the first star doth quiver
 Faintly upon thy breast.
 And the full moon, ascending,
 Finds thee a mirror fair ;
 And all rich odours, blending,
 Float in the purple air.

River, vanishing river,
 I would end my journey like thee :
 May the Home that awaits me ever
 Then full in my vision be !
 Calm be my course, and even ;
 No terrors in my breast ;
 And rays from an opened heaven,
 To light me to my rest.

Listen—the voice of a RIVER
 Comes wafted from above !
 Flowing, crystal-clear, for ever,
 Out of the Throne of Love.
 They thirst no more for ever,
 Who have tasted of that stream ;—
 Wayworn and parched, bright RIVER,
 I bless thy distant gleam !

H. A. B.

Treasury Pulpit.

THE PREACHING OF ANOTHER GOSPEL ACCUSED.

BY W. R. WILLIAMS, D.D.

"I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another gospel: which is not another; but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ. But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed."—GAL. I. 6-9.

NOW full are these words of force and solemnity. Let us fix the mind on them until we feel their significancy. Is it a profane blasphemer, who opens his mouth only to pour forth execrations, who has "clothed himself with cursing as with a garment," and whose malignant feelings towards his fellow-man assume the awful form of an appeal to Heaven? No; it is one who delighted rather in blessing; and who, cruelly as he was hated by his own nation, requited their enmity only with the most earnest wishes for their salvation, though he were himself accursed to obtain it. Is it the hot haste of a good man speaking unadvisedly, and rather according to the infirmity of the man than the sobriety of the saint? The very form into which it is cast, and the calm, firm repetition of its tremendous denunciations, stamps it as the language of deliberation. Far from being an outburst of human passion, the language is that of one full of the Holy Ghost, of one selected and sent forth by Christ to be an authoritative teacher of the churches—an inspired apostle. They are not the words of human infirmity, but the utterances of a holy God and a true—his unerring and "lively oracles." May, then, the Spirit which *spoke* in Paul *hearken* in us. The truth here taught us, if awful, is yet a salutary and timely one. We learn,—

I. That it is possible to ascertain what the true gospel is;

II. That the gospel is unchangeable;

III. And that they who pervert it are accursed.

I. It is possible to acquire certainty as to the true nature of the gospel. Paul's language throughout the epistle implies this. It would have been most unreasonable and most cruel thus to denounce those whose doubts as to the real purport of the gospel were unavoidable and excusable. He makes no exceptions for ignorance, and prejudice, and heedlessness. He needed to make none. He had credentials, such as none of their false teachers brought, that Christ had sent him to preach the gospel. Miracles, prophecies, and the moral results of his preaching, proclaimed him one commissioned of God. As to the doctrines he had taught, they could be left in no doubt. He assumes

that the distinction between his own gospel and that of the rival teachers was palpable on the most cursory examination; and that his rudest hearers were competent to perceive the difference between the opposing doctrines, and were bound to make the requisite discrimination. He had spoken clearly and without reserve; consistently and without variation. He had in Galatia, as everywhere else, taught that men were sinners, and could not be saved by their own good deeds; but that Christ "*gave himself for us*" (Gal. i. 4), and having died as the sacrifice, arose as the High Priest; and that, repenting and believing, men might be justified freely in his righteousness, and accepted through his mediation. He had taught that by nature all inherited and deserved the wrath of God; but that through Jesus the Holy Spirit was given, producing a change of heart. He had taught that the fruit of the Spirit thus given would be necessarily holiness of life in each true convert. Christ, the crucified Redeemer, the Holy Spirit, the great renewer and enlightener of the world, were the theme of his familiar converse, his ministrations, and his writings. There was no want of certainty, then, as to what he had taught, and what they should believe.

2. But we find men often excusing themselves for having spent a whole lifetime in a state of spiritual irresolution, or what is rather indifference to all religion, sheltering themselves under the plea, that amid contending systems and warring pulpits they cannot ascertain what the gospel really is. Some, calling themselves Christian teachers, assure them that there is no hell, but that death is to every man the gate of heaven. Others contend that Christ had no inherent deity, and made no propitiatory sacrifice. He was but a wise and good teacher, and if men are saved, it is not by his atonement or by any other substitute sacrificed in their stead. Others, again, teach that Christ did indeed die for our salvation, but that it is our own meritorious conduct and character that entitle us to his salvation, or in other words, we are saved by our own righteousness. Amid the teachers who thus stand contending with each other, and contradicting the testimony of the great body of Christians in all ages, these irresolute men profess to be at a loss what sentiments to receive. And

sometimes they wish that they had lived in the primitive ages of the Church, and could have heard the gospel from the lips of the apostles themselves.

Let such remember, then, that in the apostles' times they would have been subjected to the same perplexity of which they complain in our own. Let them remember also that they would then have found relief only from the same sources to which they are directed now. If they are distressed by the many and contradictory teachings of human guides, the Galatians were exposed to the same trial. While the apostles yet lived, the churches they had themselves planted and instructed were visited by those who taught another gospel. Paul had taught a righteousness by faith in Christ that magnified the cross. These false teachers taught a righteousness that was of the law, making void the cross of Christ. In what way were the Galatians to know the truth? The apostle was not always with them. They had his teachings treasured in their memory, and as recorded in his epistles. They had the teachings of other apostles, and of uninspired teachers known to accord in their doctrines with the inspired and authoritative guides of the Church. And they had the Scriptures of the Old Testament. But above all these they had unimpeded access to God, and the Spirit of God was their counsellor. Under what process of teaching, and in what type of doctrine, had they received this Spirit? In that teaching and doctrine let them persevere. That Spirit sought in prayer would explain the Scriptures, and guide rightly and safely. If we are, in the providence of God, brought into similar conflicts from the opposing dogmas of men, we have the same resort in the Scriptures, and the like refuge in the Spirit of God. The volume gives no uncertain response; the Holy Ghost is no tardy or inefficient instructor.

3. Now, is it not most irrational—we appeal, my fellow-immortals, to your own consciences—is it not most irrational to stun and weary your ears with the din of human controversies, while you make no appeal to the original authorities? Are you sincerely in quest of truth? Had you been told of an estate bequeathed you by some distant friend, and one informant spoke of it as small in amount, and another described it as being of great value, and you found yourself involved in a whirlwind of contradictory statements, would you compare and collate the rumours on every side, and form your opinion from them, or appeal at once to the written will and the surrogate? If you were told that your home was in flames, would you go around questioning those who had left the scene as to its origin, and extent, and ravages, or would you not rather cast aside all other engagements, and rush to the rescue of your property and your family; to see with your own eyes, and toil with your own hands? And are salvation, and the soul, and heaven worth so little that they do not require the like personal investigation, the like decisive appeal to the ultimate authorities?

Prophets and apostles, and the Lord of apostles, and the Master of the prophets, hold in this case but one language. They refer you to the record. "To the law and to the testimony," cried the prophets; if your teachings—if your teachers speak not according to these, it is because "there is no truth in them." "Search the Scriptures," is the command of Christ; "which are able to make you wise unto salvation," respond the glorious company of the apostles. Do you complain of dulness and weakness of mind? they reply, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally, and who upbraideth not;" and a louder and sweeter voice than theirs is heard continuing the strain—"The Spirit shall lead unto all truth;"—while the prophets, catching and re-echoing the invitation thus addressed to weak and erring man, exclaim, "The wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein."

Until the Scriptures, therefore, are abrogated, and until the Spirit of God has abdicated his office as teacher of the Church, you cannot be at a loss, if disposed, in a candid and docile spirit, to learn what are the real doctrines of the gospel. If a man will not ask that Spirit, indeed he may have the ablest of human teachings, and bring to the book an intellect of angelic power, and yet the result be but error and darkness. But if he will come in the name of Jesus, imploring the Spirit, idiocy itself shall not prevent his learning the way of salvation. If he refuses thus to come, and will not study the book of God in God's own appointed way, he is not entitled to complain of uncertainty as to his religious opinions, much less to dogmatize in his scepticism. Let us, then, in this matter be honest to our own souls, for death is on his way; a judge is even now at the door, who will not stoop to answer our cavillings; and wretched, then, will be the fate of that man, who, with the open Bible before him, and the hovering dove of the Spirit above him, has neglected the one and repelled the other.

Make but the experiment in the temper of a little child, and a certainty, sure and unshaken as the everlasting hills, shall possess your souls, while truth darts in upon the darkened mind, and in the light of God you see light—the uncreated, undeclining glory of God, in the face of his Son. Then shall you know that gospel which Paul preached, and whose promises he is now inheriting.

II. But, again, the religion of which we may thus obtain a certain knowledge is *unchangeable* in its character. We hear men sometimes, in forgetfulness of this character of Christianity, exclaiming, "Shall science and art go on, from day to day, altering their forms and extending their boundaries, and religion alone receive and admit no improvement?" If they mean that the language of the Bible may be better understood, and that new researches of the antiquarian and traveller, and new fulfilments of prophecy, may throw new and yet increasing light on the pages of the sacred volume—if they mean only, that in days of higher devotedness,

such as the Church is yet to see, there may be a more thorough mastery of the doctrines and a more resplendent exhibition of the morals of Christianity—this no Christian denies; but that the facts of Christianity can be modified, its morality be amended, or its doctrines altered, is impossible. Those who suppose it forget that the gospel is not a *discovery* but a *revelation*.

By a *discovery* we mean what man's intellect has found out by its own efforts; by a *revelation*, what God's intellect has communicated to man's intellect, and what, if not thus aided, man could not have discovered for himself. The one is the fruit of man's labour; the other the gift of God's grace. Now, what man's intellect has discovered, man's intellect may investigate more thoroughly and understand more perfectly. But what man has learned only from God's disclosures, he can of course understand no further than he finds it on the face of those disclosures. He cannot go up to the original truths themselves upon which God drew, and thus improve on the divine communications. Some of the disclosures thus made are, from the very necessity of our nature, or from a wise regard to our present interests and duties, imperfect revelations, leaving portions of the subject shrouded in darkness. These imperfect revelations are called mysteries. With the limits set by the Divine Mind to his revelations our investigations must terminate: the attempt to pass beyond these is not only temerity, it is folly and ruin. The adventurer dashes himself to his own destruction against the impassable barriers of the human intellect.

When Columbus found the American continent, it was a *discovery*. Where one man had gone, other men might follow, and inquire more fully, and learn more correctly than did the original discoverer, and thus our knowledge of America may be destined to receive daily improvements. But when Paul was rapt into the third heaven, and saw and heard what it was unlawful to utter, it was a *revelation*. No mortal foot could follow him, to pursue and improve his account. Now, had it been permitted Paul to describe in writing the celestial glories thus unveiled to him, those who wished to understand the nature of that upper world would have but one course left for them to pursue. They must investigate Paul's character for veracity, and the evidences he adduced that the Most High had conferred on him so transcendent a favour as to be permitted to become a visitant there. When they had settled these questions, all that their philosophy could do would be but to explain Paul's language as they found it in his descriptions. They could not hope for further knowledge of the world described, unless God should choose to make a fresh revelation to another Paul. No telescope could read what his vision had left unread—no created wing could bear the student up the pathless skies to investigate what Paul had left untold: no stretch of human sagacity could add to the record as the apostle left it. With the first discoverer of the Western world it was different: his account, brought

to Europe, could be continually amended and enlarged; and the school-boy of our times may know more of the new world than did the sagacious navigator who first conjectured and then established its existence.

Now, the gospel is strictly a *revelation*. It tells us of a world which we can enter for ourselves only by dying: it tells us of the nature and will of our God what none but he could tell, and of which we can know only as much as he has chosen to tell. As the human intellect did not discover the gospel, so no advancement of the human intellect can amend or alter it. But we have heard and read of men who have dared to say, "Christ came to set up a dispensation; it is now past; it has done service in its day; but its day is now gone by. The gospel needed by our refined and scientific times must be a new dispensation." We shudder at the profanity of the spirit that can vent itself in language of such impious arrogance; for no man may claim to come with a new dispensation, unless he comes heralded by such prophecies as ushered Christ's way, and attended by such miracles as marked the whole course of the Redeemer. We say to the sophists and dreamers who talk thus madly of the perfectibility of human nature, and its need of a new and amended gospel, "Produce your witnesses; let the winds obey your bidding, and the waves become the fixed and stable pavement of your feet; give eyes to the blind, and call the dead from their tombs; speak, as Christ spoke, the words of divine wisdom; and read, as did he, the secrets of the heart. Die as Christ died, with the earth heaving beneath, and the heavens darkened above, to attest their sympathy with, and their subjection to, the mighty Sufferer. And having done this, you have but half done your mission: show the niche in ancient prophecy reserved for your coming. When Jesus appeared, he came in the train of a long procession of prophets, who had before witnessed of his coming, and carried the line of their testimony, in unbroken continuity, from Eden up to Calvary. He did, indeed, supersede a former dispensation; but that very dispensation had predicted its own departure and described Christ's advent. Does the present dispensation, that of Christ's gospel, speak of itself as being thus transient and temporary? No, it claims to endure till yon sun shall have forsaken his station: the gospel is an everlasting gospel. Does Moses or does Christ foretell your new gospel? The Bible has else no room for it. Yea, they do foretell it; but it is in the language of Enoch; it is the gospel which the seventh from Adam foretold—the gospel '*of hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against the Lord,*' and of which the Lord, '*when he cometh with ten thousand of his saints,*' shall '*convince the ungodly*'" (Jude 14, 15). Mad were the builders of Babel, when they would raise the tower, whose foot was on the earth, up to the heavens; but they who would, by human discoveries, build up a new and better gospel, are the builders yet more insane of a Babel yet more impious.

But it will be urged that there have been men of very

considerable austerity of morals, and of high pretensions to wisdom; who have taught a gospel very different from Paul's. Were it not uncharitable to condemn them? We will not undertake, for ourselves, to answer this question. To their own Master they stand or fall; but if their Master have spoken, in his own oracles, in reply to this question, we must not suppress or condemn the response that has been given. By his Spirit, then, in his servant Paul, he has replied, and his language is, "*But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.*" We are taught in the Scriptures, by men's moral fruits to judge whether they are true disciples of the true doctrine; but we are not allowed merely by their fruits to judge of their doctrine itself. We must bring this to the test of the Scriptures as well; and, if rejected by this test, whatever the comparative excellence of deportment in the teachers, they and their doctrine are disallowed. The apostle puts the case, in favour of a false teacher, into the most authoritative form, surrounding him with the highest splendour of moral character and the most plausible show of a heavenly mission. He imagines his own appearance as the promulgator of a new gospel. Should the convert whom Christ's glory smote down on the highway to Damascus—he who had been in labours more abundant, and in deaths oft, whose were miraculous tongues and miraculous works—should he bring to the Galatian Church "another gospel," they were to turn from it and from its teacher without hesitation. He proceeds further: as if to put the decision into the strongest possible form, he imagines a teacher, possessing not merely the imperfect sanctity of erring man, but one invested with the holiness of an angel from heaven. His words do not describe Satan coming up out of the pit, and disguised as an angel of light; but he conceives an event yet more dazzling in its seductions, yet more perplexing and ensnaring to the mind of the learner. Should an angel from heaven, one yet recent from those glorious courts, and with the brightness of its moral splendour and its "beauty of holiness" still clinging about him, venture to sin, and commence his fall by preaching to our race another gospel, let him be accursed.

If true at all, then the gospel is unmingled and immutable truth: no events can occur, no evidence be adduced, authorizing us to modify that system which was given of God, and which God guards, and that, like its divine author, claims a perfection that admits neither amendment nor decay, the one unchangeable gospel "*which is not another.*"

III. Those perverting the gospel are accursed, not because fallible man has willed it, but God the Holy Ghost has pronounced the curse; and who may annul or dispute it? The fearful doom is not unmerited. Whatever the external recommendations of any such system, or of its advocates, did their show of excellence equal that of an angel, as yet but in the first hour of his

fall, they inherit a fearful curse, because of the crime they commit and the mischief they occasion.

1. Of the greatness of the crime we form but inadequate conceptions, from the blindness produced by our share in the guilt of our race, and also from the faint and remote views we have of God. Yet what arrogance is it, evidently, to alter the teachings of the Unerring and the Omniscient, the Holy One of Israel—what the fearfulness of the presumption, that would correct infinite wisdom and contradict the God of truth! There is something most daring and portentous in the ingratitude of the creature that would dictate and prescribe to the Creator who has made him, and the unwearied Benefactor whose sleepless vigilance protects him from destruction, and whose untiring bounty is daily supplying him. And how aggravated the sin of rejecting, on any pretext, the plans and the gifts of that Redeemer who has died for us, and of grieving that Spirit which would have reconciled and sanctified us! And what language can describe the aggravated cruelty of thus counterworking God's designs of mercy in the gospel? It is a revelation of grace, in which wrath was to be appeased, that mercy might have its free course over the miseries of a groaning world. They who set aside the gospel, remove or clog the channel of God's mercy, that his vengeance may have its original scope and roll its consuming deluge over a world of sin. The man who would cut off the supplies of food from his famished fellow-creatures in a besieged town—the wretch who should in wantonness destroy all the remedies provided for a hospital in which crowds were tossing with agony—agony that, unrelieved, must issue in death, but which these remedies could not only relieve, but remove—such a destroyer, such a traitor, were surely not as cruel as the man who sets aside the true gospel. For the religion of Christ is the food of the soul and the bread of heaven; and the atonement of Christ, as Paul preached it, is the one remedy for the wretchedness and sin of our race, and apart from it there is no salvation for the soul to all eternity.

2. The greatness of the mischief is necessarily incalculable. For all earthly powers must fail to span and to gauge that eternity into which death ushers us, and for which the gospel is to prepare us. To pervert that gospel is to aid Satan in thrusting down our race to misery unremitting and unimaginable. What is a conflagration that lays a city in ashes, or a plague sweeping over the breadth of the land—what is loss of freedom, or reputation, or life, compared with the loss of the soul? And he who sets aside the gospel ruins not one soul but many. "Their word will eat as doth a canker." Error is contagious. The victim of delusion will seek to quiet his conscience, and increase the influence of his system, by swelling the number of proselytes to his party from every side. Who can calculate the blind, led by the blind, that have already entered the pit, and are now even rejoicing on their way thither? To have any share in producing such mischief, is to aid

in feeding the worm that never dies, and to heap fuel on the flame that is never quenched. May the mercy of God save us from such sin! Better were it to beg crumbs with Lazarus, and sit with Job on the dunghill, than to share riches, honour and power here, on condition of preaching another gospel, and prophesying smooth things, and crying, "Peace, peace," while God's own voice proclaims, "There is no peace to the wicked."

With these views, then, of the character of the gospel, let us ask ourselves, as in the sight of God, Have we the gospel that Paul preached, or do we receive another? If we receive that which he preached, do we obey it? If it be our hope and guide, let us hold it fast with an unwavering confidence, and defend it by a fearless profession, though man cavil at, or an angel contradict its testimonies; content with the assurance that what the Scriptures teach and the Spirit seals shall stand, though the elements melt with fervent heat, and the heavens pass away as a scroll when it is rolled together.

1. It is evidently the interest and duty of every hearer of the gospel to ascertain that he is receiving that system of truth which the apostles taught. The Word of God allows not, nor will his bar acquit those who have trusted indolently in the numbers attached to their sect, or in the wisdom or piety of their teachers, while careless as to their own personal experience of religion, and neglect the earnest study of those Scriptures that are to try every doctrine and judge every spirit. In Paul's time the gospel had its opposers among the Jews who sought after signs, and among the Greeks who looked for wisdom. And men now reject or modify the gospel for the same causes. Should modern systems, therefore, demand our faith and claim to supplant the gospel of Paul, either because of the signs and wonders that attest them and the new revelations they boast to have received, on the one hand, or because of the superior wisdom, refinement, and philosophy of those who defend them, on the other hand; we do well to remember that we receive such systems at our peril. And the woe that smites the teachers of these errors will not spare their followers.

2. Errors in religion are neither rare nor harmless. If even in apostolic times there were not wanting heresies of the most fatal character, we have no reason to expect that they should become less numerous or less fatal now that the age of miracles is past, and the presence of inspired and infallible teachers is withdrawn. And if, from these varied forms of religious belief, some would infer the harmlessness of error, and teach us that every system calling itself Christian has in the main the

great truths necessary to piety here and happiness hereafter, we need but bring their theory to the test of the text before us. The teachers opposing Paul, those at least in Galatia, preached apparently the same God and the same judgment and eternal retribution as did the apostle, nor is there any evidence that they disputed the divine mission of our Saviour. But there was an entire difference of statement as to the way of salvation. How did Paul act? Did he respect the independence of those who thus differed from him, and assert their essential union with himself in the great matters of the faith? The course that he pursued so resolutely himself, and so impressively urged upon others, was far different. Instead of dwelling on the opinions held in common, as furnishing a sufficient basis for concord, and acknowledging in the truths they yet retained the basis of a common Christianity, he denounced, without compromise or qualification, the opposing doctrine as being "another gospel." For it taught error as to the fundamental truth, the mode of a sinner's acceptance with God.

3. There are truths in religion of such vital importance that departure from them must destroy the soul. The holiness that the gospel came to foster is the effect of truth received in the love of it. And this truth is in its own nature harmonious and one. Truth cannot contradict itself; nor in science or art can there be two opposed and warring truths. So is it also in religion. The singleness of truth constitutes the basis of its exclusiveness. It claims for itself exclusively and without rival the faith and obedience of mankind; a claim that is exclusive because it is just, and that could not be consistent without requiring thus the rejection of all error. These exclusive claims are often misrepresented as involving the most odious intolerance and illiberality. But in truth there is no more a possibility of the existence of several true religions, than there is of the existence of more than one God. From the one Jehovah there can emanate but the one truth—developed, indeed, in different degrees at different ages; in Judaism the bud, in Christianity the expanded flower—but essentially, and in all ages, the one unchanged and unchangeable religion, revealing for man, the sinner, salvation through an atonement and Mediator of divine appointment. Much of error may be mingled with this truth in various minds; but there are vital errors which the Word of God has doomed as the seals of ruin in those who retain them. It recognizes in the Church of God one head and one foundation, and those only are acknowledged as the heirs of life who build on this foundation, and "*who hold the head.*"



A SONG OF THE RIVER.



ANY waters go softly dreaming
On to the sea ;
But the River of Death floweth
softest
By tower and tree ;

By smiling village and meadow,
In the morning light ;
By palace-gate and by cottage,
In the dim hush of night.

No sigh when the wistful moonlight
Seeks that cold breast,
No smile when the gold of sunset
Burns in the west ;

No rush of the mournful waters
Breaks on the ear,
To tell us, when life is strongest,
That death flows near.

But through throbbing hearts of cities,
In the heat of the day,
The cool dark River passeth
On its silent way.

And where the Good Shepherd leadeth
To pastures green,
Ever the dark "still waters"
Of death are seen.

This is the River that "follows"
Where'er we go ;
No sand so dry and thirsty
But these strange waters flow.

To fainting men in the desert
No living streams appear ;
But the waters of death rise softly,
Solemn and clear.

And down to the silent River,
By night and day,

Old men and maidens wander ever,
And pass away.

Some go with the voice of thanksgiving
And melody ;
And some in silence at midnight,
When none are by.

Some go where the smiling meadows
Sweep to the River-side,
And the pale sweet flowers are blowing
Close to the solemn tide ;

They wander gently downward
As the sun sinks low,
And linger amongst the pleasant flowers
In the purple glow ;

Till they hear a strange wind blowing
Across the tide,
And a long low sigh through the rushes
By the River-side,

And the hour is come for crossing
To the silent shore ;
We may watch and wait for their coming—
They shall return no more.

And some are summoned at midnight,
To cross in haste
Where the banks are steep and frowning,
And the land lies waste ;

No tender smiling of sunset,
No pale death-flowers,
Which can make the banks of the River
sweet
In dying hours ;

Only a sudden leaping
From the frowning height,
To the cold dark breast of the River,
And then the silence of night.

Many waters go softly, dreaming
On to the sea ;
But the River of Death floweth softest
To thee and me.

We have trod the sands of the desert
Under a burning sun ;
Oh, sweet will the touch of the waters be
To feet whose journey is done !

Unto Him whose love has washed us
Whiter than snow,
We shall pass through the shallow River
With hearts a-glow.

For the Lord's voice on the waters
Lingereth sweet,—
"He that is washed needeth only
To wash his feet."

R. M.

The Children's Treasury.

GRETCHEN'S VINES.

FRITZ and Gretchen had each a garden of their own, which their father had prepared for them. He had planted them with bright flowers ; and, still further to improve their beauty, he had surrounded each plot with stout stakes fixed in the ground, to the top of which osiers were fastened from stake to stake, so as to form arches upon which creeping plants might grow.

Little Gretchen was delighted. "Oh, Fritz," she cried, "now I can have some vines of my very own. What creepers will you have ?"

"I shall have no creepers at all," replied Fritz, shaking his head very wisely. "You know how hard the autumn winds blow round the corner of the house just here ; and, I am sure, if these alight arches are covered with broad vine leaves to catch the wind, they will all be blown down together."

"But surely," said Gretchen, "father would not have made the arches for us if we could not have creepers upon them."

"Perhaps father did not think of the wind," said Fritz, "or perhaps he thought, as indeed I do too, that the arches are very pretty without creepers."

But Gretchen was satisfied with neither of these explanations. She was sure her father had been much too careful in his arrangements for their pleasure to have forgotten the power of the wind, and she was also sure that no one but Fritz could think the bare arches pretty at all.

So she got the vines she wanted, and planted one at each corner of her garden, that they might spread all round it.

The summer went on. Gretchen's vines grew and flourished, till they had climbed over all the arches, and twined round each other, making a green crown all round the plot, and shading the flowers from the too great heat of the sun ; while the rough stakes in Fritz's

garden were still as bare as they were on the day they were put up, and his plants, exposed to the full sunlight, looked parched and dry. But he said he could easily remedy that by giving them a little extra water ; and every time the summer breeze shook the vine-leaves, and tossed the long tendrils to and fro, he laughed at his sister for fancying that anything so easily moved by every breath could stand against a real strong wind.

At last in early autumn the first storm came. Gretchen heard the wind roaring round the house one night, as she lay in bed, and she trembled for her beloved vines. Both children went out early in the morning to see if any mischief had been done. To their surprise Fritz's garden was in confusion. The wind had caught the bare poles, thrown some of them down, and loosened almost all, besides breaking many of the unsheltered plants within the plot.

Gretchen's vine-clad arches, on the contrary, were all standing. Only one or two of them were bent a little forward by the wind (which was an injury easy enough to repair) ; and the plants in the centre of the garden, sheltered by the vines from the violence of the storm, were unharmed.

Their father joined them as they were still looking in astonishment at a scene so different from what they had expected, and they turned eagerly to him for an explanation. "Father," cried Fritz, "why are my arches blown down, and not Gretchen's, when mine had nothing on them to catch the wind as hers had ?"

"They had less to keep them up, my boy ; nothing, in fact, but the hold that each stake had for itself in the ground, and the slight osiers at the top, some of which you see are snapped in two. Gretchen's arches are all bound firmly together by the strong living branches of her vines."

"Then my dear useful vines held my arches up in-

stead of helping to throw them down; was that it, father?" cried Gretchen, clapping her hands.

"That was it, my little one; and I hope my two children will always be like Gretchen's green arches, and not like Fritz's bare ones," said their father smiling, "and then stormy winds and troubles will not hurt them."

"What do you mean, father? We cannot be covered with vines."

Their father smiled again at their puzzle, and said: "Fritz's arches are like people who go by the old proverb, 'Every tub must stand on its own bottom;' people who care only for themselves, and seem to say, 'If we sympathize too much with others, we shall be sure to get mixed up in their troubles—we will stand alone;' and so, you see, when they meet with misfortunes they find their hold of the ground too slight, and the ties which join them to others far too weak to save them, and they are all upset together."

The children laughed at their father's picture of the selfish, self-reliant arches. "And what are mine like?" cried Gretchen.

"Yours are like a family all bound close together by strong living love and sympathy for each other, so that they all meet trouble together. But that is not all. Can you tell me of anything else they have to keep them up?"

"I think I know," said Fritz; "they have the roots of the vines at the corners, which go much deeper into the earth than the stakes themselves, and take much firmer hold."

"That is it," said his father, putting an arm round each of the children. "The branches would be no support if they were just tied on the top of the arches without the strong root in the ground; and so I would have my children not only love each other dearly (for that alone could not keep you safe), but I would have you love God first and best. Let his love be the firm ground of which your hearts can take fast hold; and then love for each other and for all the world will grow from that highest, holiest love, like the strong vine-branches from the deep living root; and, upheld by his love, you need fear no trouble and no danger."

E. E. M.

"I CAN'T RUB IT OUT."

BY A. L. O. E.

SO you went with your mother yesterday to hunt for a new house," said Bertie Day-born to his young companion, John Jeffries, when he paid him an early visit one morning. "Did Mrs. Jeffries see any place to suit her?"

"Oh, no! We went to two houses—one big, one little—but neither would do. They were the funniest places that ever I saw in my life! The first was on the top of a hill, such a hill that you couldn't have ridden your pony up it; a goat could not have climbed it."

"Then how did your mother climb it?" asked Bertie.

"Oh! it was a tug and a scramble! I pulled mother up," cried John, acting the scene as he described it. "Mother was puffing and panting, alipping and sliding, but at last we struggled to the top."

Bertie burst out laughing, as John had intended him to do, at his exaggerated account.

"Then the cottage itself was so queer! There was not a chair or a table in it that had more than three legs, some had only two; one could not sit down for one's life."

"I say!" exclaimed Bertie.

"The paper on the walls," continued John, "had on it roses as big as a plate, with butterflies as large as thrushes!"

"I say!" cried Bertie again, not perceiving that John, from an idle love of fun, was wandering away from the truth.

"The whole place was no larger than your arbour."

"Well," laughed Bertie, "it is clear that house would not suit your mother. I hope the second was better, for you've told me how anxious Mrs. Jeffries is to get settled in a nice home, to welcome your father when he comes from sea."

"The second house was ten—twenty—fifty times as big as the first." John stretched out his hands to give an idea of enormous size. "It was a very pretty house too, but it did not suit us at all."

"Why not?" inquired Bertie.

"Oh, mother likes a brick house better than a great huge stone one," replied John, with a little hesitation.

"She has an odd taste," remarked Bertie.

John knew quite well that his mother's only objection to the house had been the high rent, but in his silly pride he again wandered away from the truth.

John had now to start for a day-school which he attended: Bertie, whose parents were much richer than Mrs. Jeffries, had a tutor at home.

I shall not give a long account of what passed at school. John being very fond of nuts, had carried some there in his pocket, and when the master's back was turned he pulled them out, and began cracking them with his teeth: this made his companions whisper, laugh, and hold out their hands for a share. The master turned suddenly round on hearing the noise; but John in a second had covered his nuts with his book, and sat grave and still as a judge.

"What are you about?" cried the master in a loud, angry voice, grasping his cane.

"Nothing, sir, but learning my task," replied John. Cowardly fear made the boy a third time wander from truth.

And this was not because John had never been told the evil of falsehood. Mrs. Jeffries, a pious woman, who kept her lips pure from untruth, had often warned her son against his besetting sin. His brave father, then absent at sea, was as honest in his talk as he was in his dealings. John had not the excuse of not knowing the danger and guilt of wandering from truth, but he had got into a sad habit of careless speaking. He had never found any harm come of it, he said; he could not see any danger in it. No more can we see infection in poisoned air, though in breathing that air we may risk health and life.

John's sins of the tongue were not confined to untruthfulness. When lessons were over and the school-boys ran out into the playground, John had a quarrel with a boy called Sam, over a game of marbles. They did not, indeed, come to blows, but they pelted each other with bad names—too bad for me to put down on paper. The quarrel was made up at last, before the boys set off for their several homes, and John felt no trouble in his conscience on account of the vile language which he had used.

The home of John Jeffries was full two miles from his school, his walk was therefore rather a long one, and he parted from all his companions. The afternoon was exceedingly hot; John was tired after the house-hunting expedition of the preceding day. The turf by the wayside looked so green and inviting that John put down his books and stretched himself at full length on the grass, where he soon fell sound asleep.

"Why, if that is not John Jeffries fast asleep on the turf!" exclaimed Bertie Dayborn, who chanced to be riding with a companion towards his home, which was near the spot. "Here, Eustace, just take my bridle and lead my pony to the stable; I'll go and wake up John and have a bit of fun with him. I like to be with John, he's such a funny chap; he's always setting me laughing."

Down jumped Bertie from the saddle; he threw his rein to Eustace, and softly approached the sleeping boy, intending to tickle his face with the whip which he held in his hand: but Bertie forgot his intention when he heard John muttering in his sleep, and bent down, trying to make out what were the words which he uttered. "I can't—I can't rub it out!" was all that Bertie could catch. John looked uneasy in his sleep, knitted his brow, moved his hands, and then suddenly opened his eyes with a start, and looked up in the face of his friend.

"Bertie, is that you?" he exclaimed, jumping up from the grass.

"Ay, it's I, old fellow, who have caught you napping. I've sent home the pony, and I mean to walk with you

part of the way, and hear more about those queer houses. Why do you look so grave and glum? I think you are still half asleep!"

"I've been dreaming," replied John Jeffries, and he rubbed his eyes and yawned.

"I daresay that you dreamed something funny—that is what you are always doing. What was it that you could not rub out, which seemed to trouble you so? You often tell me odd things that you dream."

"I am afraid that I have often told you odd things when I had not dreamed them," replied John, too well aware how often he had altered and added to his dreams, to make them more funny and strange. John was beginning to think that it might be wiser and safer not to repeat dreams at all.

"But I want to hear this one!" cried Bertie, linking his arm in that of his friend, as the two boys began to walk slowly along the hot dusty road.

"I have had an odd dream," said John, thoughtfully. "It seemed to have much more meaning in it than most of my dreams ever have. I'll tell you about it, Bertie—I'll tell you *exactly* what I dreamed. I suppose that it was my house-hunting with my mother that put the thoughts into my head."

"I daresay that you were in your dream scrambling up a hill too steep for a goat, with Mrs. Jeffries panting and puffing behind you," laughed Bertie.

"The hill which we went up yesterday was *not* so very steep," said John, gravely; "you *could* have ridden up it on your pony; and it was only one of the chains in the cottage that had a leg that was broken. I talked a great deal of nonsense this morning."

"Well, no matter, it was very amusing. But tell me what was your dream."

"I fancied that I was house-hunting still, but I do not think that my mother was with me. I was going through one of the prettiest houses that ever I saw, and a strange old woman was showing me over it. I said, 'This is just the place to suit my mother; and won't it please my father, who likes everything neat, when he comes back from sea?' For, Bertie, the paper on the walls was white as milk, not a speck nor a spot upon it; only where the sun shone on the paper I saw a pattern of gold which I had not noticed at first. I dreamed that I praised the pattern to the woman who was showing me the house, and she said, 'Ah! yes; the people who lived here last spoke none but good words, and they have made this pattern of gold; for this is a *witness-paper*, you see, and all that is spoken in any of the rooms leaves a mark behind on the wall.'"

"A *witness-paper*!" exclaimed Bertie; "I never heard of such a paper in my life."

"Nor I," said John, "except in this dream. Well, all in a moment I lost sight of the woman, and I fancied myself living in a room in that house which was covered with the white witness-paper. I was placing the furniture, and drawing up the blinds, getting all ready for my father, when who should come in but you."

"So you were dreaming of me on the grass! I am afraid that you were sorry to see me in your dream, for you did not look pleased in your sleep."

"That was no fault of yours," said John Jeffries. "I fancied that I was having a long talk with you, and telling you all sorts of nonsense, just as I was doing this morning, and we were very merry together, when all at once you stopped in the midst of a laugh and cried out, 'Why, what's the matter with the paper?' I looked at it, and oh! what a change I saw in what had been such a white, clean wall, only marked with a pattern of gold! There were ever so many dirty black spots upon it! Then I understood in my dream that every idle word that I had uttered had fallen upon it like soot or ink."

"Awkward for you," observed Bertie.

"Well, in my dream," continued John Jeffries, "I fell into a furious passion, because I knew that my father would be very angry when he should see how I had been spoiling his paper. I abused the woman who had let the house; I called her a cheat, and all kinds of bad names. But, Bertie, only fancy my surprise and vexation when every passionate word that I spoke left a horrid red stain on the wall!"

"That house of yours," observed Bertie, "was one in which one would learn to talk little. I'm afraid that not many people would keep clean homes if their walls were covered with witness-paper. But what was the end of your dream?"

"I was so much vexed to see the milk-white paper so stained and blotted, that I could have stamped with rage; but I dared not say anything more, for it seemed as if I could not open my lips without making the matter worse. In vain I tried to rub out the spots; they seemed quite ingrained on the paper, and oh! how ugly they were! While I was in the midst of my trouble, Jabez Tupper, the ostler, seemed in my dream to walk in."

"Oh! he has a dreadful habit of cursing and swearing," said Bertie. "Papa has forbidden me to go near him. He'd soon make any room with a witness-paper as black as a coal-hole."

"I must have remembered his wicked habit in my sleep," said John; "for I dreamed that Jabez stared on seeing the black and red stains on my wall, and in his surprise uttered an oath. The moment that he had taken the holy Name in vain, there was a mark of burning on the paper, as if a red-hot iron had been suddenly drawn across it, and then the edges burst out into flame! I was so frightened at the thought that the house had been set on fire that I awoke with a start."

"That was a curious dream," observed Bertie. "I am very glad that our walls are not covered with witness-paper, that we may say whatever we choose without our words leaving a mark."

"Perhaps they *do* leave a mark somewhere," said John, whose eyes were now thoughtfully fixed on the ground, and who was calling now to remembrance some truths that his mother had told him.

"You think a mighty deal of your dream, and you seem to take it to heart," cried Bertie. "Let's talk of something else, and be jolly!"

The boys talked of various things till they parted, and then John Jeffries walked on alone. His dream was full in his mind; and his thoughts, as he slowly sauntered on his way to his home, were something like these:—

"How many idle, untruthful, angry, wicked words I have spoken this very day! and how many thousands and thousands of them I must have uttered during the whole of my life! I never cared about them, nor thought them anything so bad, because they seemed to *leave no mark behind them*. But my mother has told me that every one of them is marked down by God: she has taught me out of the Bible that *every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment*. And if every idle word is noted, how much more words of falsehood and wicked oaths! I have never uttered anything quite so bad as an oath, but my sinful words must have been as many in number as the hairs of my head; must I give an account for them all! I never thought before what a sinful boy I have been. If my conscience is like the witness-paper in my dream, it must indeed by this time be blotted all over with stains."

The mind of John Jeffries was troubled: he was beginning to see that what he had thought so little of, had been blotting his soul with sin, which he had no power to rub out. That night when his mother came to his room, as she always did, to have a little prayer with him before he went to rest, John told her about his dream and the thoughts which it had put into his heart.

"If God punishes for every idle and wicked word, I don't know what will become of me," said the boy, after he had told Mrs. Jeffries all. "I shall be more careful with my tongue in future, but I can't undo the past any more than I could rub out the stains in my dream."

Then Mrs. Jeffries took down her son's little Bible, and opened it, and showed him from it the only way in which the stains left by sins, whether of word or deed, can be blotted out for ever, and the soul made quite pure and clean before a holy God. She showed him how forgiveness must be asked for the sake of God's only Son, who has already borne the punishment for those who truly believe in him, and who from believing try to obey.

"I'll never say wicked things more!" exclaimed John.

"My son," said Mrs. Jeffries, "I fear that habit will prove too strong for you; you will forget your good resolution when sudden temptation comes. It is well, indeed, for you to determine, as did King David,—*I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not with my tongue*; but you will find the task too hard for you, unless you are given help from above, even the help of God's Holy Spirit."

"You always teach me to ask for the Spirit in my prayers," said John, "but I am afraid that I have never attended much to what I was saying."

"Alas!" observed Mrs. Jeffries, "how many so-called prayers are but idle words, a taking of God's name in

vain, so that we need to ask forgiveness even for them! May you and I, my dear boy, be enabled to keep a watch over our lips, remembering that every idle, angry, untruthful word, although we see it not, really leaves a dark stain behind it."

CHARLIE, AND THE ROBIN'S SONG.

ONE summer morning early,
When the dew was bright to see,
Our dark-eyed little Charlie
Stood by his mother's knee.
And he heard a robin singing
In a tree, so tall and high;
On the topmost bough 'twas swinging,
Away up in the sky.

"Mamma, the robin's praying,
In the very tree-top there:
Glory! glory! it is saying;
And that is all its prayer.
But God will surely hear him,
And the angels standing by;
For God is very near him,
Away up in the sky."

"My child, God is no nearer
To robin on the tree,
And does not hear him clearer
Than he does you and me.
For he hears the angels harping
In sun-bright glory drest,
And the little birdlings chirping
Down in their leafy nest."

"Mamma, if you should hide me
Away down in the dark,
And leave no lamp beside me,
Would God then have to hark?
And if I whisper lowly,
All covered in my bed,
Do you think that Jesus holy
Would know what 'twas I said?"

"My darling little lisper,
God's light is never dim;
*The very lowest whisper
Is always close to him.*"

Now the robin's song was filling
The child's soul full of bliss;
The very air was trilling
When his mamma told him this,—
And he wished, in childish craving,
For the robin's wings to fly;
To sing on tree-tops waving,
So very near the sky.

THE NOBLEMAN'S JEWELS.

A RICH nobleman was once showing a friend a great collection of precious stones, whose value was almost beyond counting. There were diamonds, and pearls, and rubies, and gems from almost every country on the globe, which had been gathered by their possessor by the greatest labour and expense. "And yet," he remarked, "they yield me no income."

His friend replied that he had two stones, which cost him but five pounds each, yet they yielded him a very considerable annual income.

In much surprise, the nobleman desired to see the wonderful stones; when the man led him down to his mill, and pointed to the two toiling gray mill-stones. They were laboriously crushing the grain into snowy flour, for the use of hundreds, who depended on this work for their daily bread. Those two dull homely stones did more good in the world, and yielded a larger income, than all the nobleman's jewels!

So is it with idle treasure everywhere. It is doing nobody any good. While poor souls are dying of thirst, the money is hoarded and hid away which might take the water of life to them. It is right to be prudent and saving of our money when it is for a good fixed purpose; but to hoard it up for its own sake is more than folly—it is sin; and even when we save for a good purpose, a part of it is the Lord's. It is not all ours. We cannot spend all upon ourselves, and yet have God's favour.

Learn early to value money at its true worth, and to spend even pennies as God's stewards. He will certainly call us to give an account of the way in which we have spent even the smallest sums.





THE GOLDEN AND THE GILDED.

IN the description of the New Jerusalem given us in Rev. xxi., we read that "the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass." And again it is added, "the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass" (Rev. xxi. 18, 21). This city is the continuing city which God has prepared for his children; the city of which he is the builder and the maker; for, from its first conception to its final completion, it is wholly the work of God. And God's workmanship is always "pure gold."

In Rev. xvii. we read of Satan's imitation of the heavenly Jerusalem, the city of peace—viz., Babylon, the earthly city of confusion. It is represented as a woman gorgeously arrayed, and, among her other adornments, she is "decked," or, as the margin reads it, "gilded with gold." God's reality is "pure gold;" Satan's counterfeit is only "gilded with gold."

Now, without using this in any other way than merely as an illustration of a most important principle which is set before us under a great variety of forms throughout Scripture, let us, for a little while, meditate on the danger that besets us all of mistaking Satan's gilded counterfeit for God's reality of pure and solid gold.

Gold is an admirable emblem of the divine. It is the most precious of the metals. It is also that metal which, in the procuring of it, is generally least subjected to the art of man. Iron, copper, and most of the other metals, need to be laboriously separated from their ores; but, in general, gold needs only to be searched for till it is found. Gold is also the most malleable of metals, capable of being worked into every shape by the practised hammer; and thus it fitly represents the gracious soul, soft and passive in the hand of God, and ready to take whatever shape the great Designer pleases. Gold, again, has scarcely any affinity for oxygen the destroyer, so that the atmospheric air does not rust it; common acids do not corrode it, alkalis do not affect it; and so little does it lose by heat, that it has been kept fused for a month without the waste of a single grain weight. And is not this, of all the metals, the best emblem of the faith which is of God's operation, which, when sent out amid an evil world, has no affinity for its destroying corruptions, and which, when placed in the very eye of God's testing furnace, will stand the heat for weeks, and months, and years, and will lose

nothing of its own, but will part only with the dross which encrusts it?

But, if pure gold be a fitting emblem of the truly divine in man, equally so is gilding a fit emblem of the counterfeit; for while, in reality, it is only a human thing, it assumes all the appearance of being a work of God.

And all the religiousness of a man's own heart is sure to be but gilded. Man, as man, universally loves sin. True, he may not love *vice*, which is often confounded with *sin*; but still, whether loving or hating vice, man is in love with sin, whose essence always lies in self-will and in self-pleasing. Coupled with this universal love of sin, there exists in certain classes of minds a powerful drawing towards religiousness; and under the influence of these twofold likings, such men are in imminent danger of taking up with a form of religion which shall gratify the natural demands of the conscience for worship, while, at the same time, it shall not interfere with the selfishness of the unregenerated heart. And though the gospel, in its entirety, is anything but palatable to the natural heart of man, yet, certain portions of it, wrenched out of their connection, and rested on as if they alone were the gospel, are exceedingly sweet to the sin-loving, self-loving, religion-loving lusts of the unrenowned soul. These fragments of truth, then, the unbroken heart is only too ready to lay hold of, and out of them to compound for itself a "gilded gospel," as Bunyan calls it, which, of all religions, true or false, is the sweetest to the carnal heart.

This "gilded gospel," in the form of it which is most likely to assail many of us, is one that completely overlooks God's holiness and man's sin. It keeps harping on grace, grace; but it has nothing to say about God's holy hatred of man's most fearful sin. It chatters about love and mercy, and it delights to expatiate on the exalted privileges of the forgiven; but it never speaks of repentance towards God, and never thinks of exhorting to do works meet for repentance. Indeed, whatever it may possess, it lacks every element in Paul's gospel-commission as described by himself. (See Acts xxvi. 18-20.)

And so this "gilded gospel" produces in the heart that receives it a corresponding class of emotions, which, however lively for a season, are only, as Fraser of Brea styles it, "gilded grace." The mutilated

gospel, like the genuine, may find out the sinner where he is; but, unlike the genuine, it leaves the sinner as it finds him, only with his outside gilded. He is as selfish as ever, though in the gilded professor this takes the form of religious selfishness. He is as self-willed as ever, as self-satisfied as ever, as whole-hearted and as worldly as ever; only these are all covered over with a thin film of surface gilding. He used to forget God, and to live for self, as a confessedly godless man; he forgets God still, and lives as much for self, only he does it now as a religious man. What was leaden is leaden still, only the lead is gilded. There is in him no true humility—none; though there is just enough of the semblance of it to deceive a heart that loves to be deceived. There is no real denial of *self*—none; and what seems to be so is only the forsaking of the old lusts for the indulging of the new. There is no Knoch-like walking with God, nor even the possibility of it; though there may be plentiful dealing with the letter of the Word. And so the whole of this fosters frequently a wonderful confidence and assurance—a confidence that is the fruit, not of a heart broken through faith, but of a heart made obdurate in its unbelief.

And not unfrequently, to man's eyes, the gilded looks better than the golden; still more frequently does it look quite as well. As in jewellery it is almost impossible for the inexperienced to distinguish the true gold from the well-plated trinket, so, in spiritual matters it is often hard to discern God's grace from Satan's skilful imitation of it. My reader, never attempt to judge a fellow-disciple. "Who art thou that judgest another?"—*let a man examine himself*. And that this self-searching be done satisfactorily, let us cast ourselves on God, to be tried in his crucible, saying, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." For the special circumstance which makes it often very difficult to discern the gilded is, that the gilding is done with genuine gold. In the "gilded gospel," for instance, they may be, every one of them, undoubted truths which are gloried in; though, being wrenched from their connection, and carefully separated from the complementary truths which are given us to prevent the abuse of them, they have all the effect of absolute falsehoods.

Very generally the poor gilded disciple does not readily suspect that he is aught else but genuine gold. His zeal may concern itself about others, but never about himself. The man that is farthest wrong is likely to be best satisfied of his being perfectly right. Hence he does not like to be stirred up to self-suspicion; he relishes only smooth things, that soothe and comfort him. On no account can he bear to be led deeper into his heart than the outside gilding; for, whatever his profession may say otherwise, his spiritual confidence is so entirely confidence in self, that a true sight of the humbling realities within him would speedily put it to

death. When anything therefore awakens a troublesome doubt, he never dares to search honestly to the bottom of the case; but he turns at once to the gilt outside, and pacifies his conscience with the glitter of the seeming gold. "I had a very good outside," says Brainerd, speaking of his earlier experiences, "and I rested entirely on my duties though I was not sensible of it." And it is astonishing how far a very little gilding, though it be almost all worn off, can go towards quieting a man who shrinks from troublesome self-discovery. A creed somewhat clear, a loud profession, a little zeal for doctrines or for party, a little feeling, though perhaps almost all evaporated, will suffice to lull a self-deluded soul back to its deadly slumbers. For all love is blind, and the reigning love of self blinds the eyes to everything that would defile the beauty of the idol.

The great source of all this self-delusion lies in light and inadequate convictions of sin. Unless we be brought to realize in some degree the infinite enormity of sin, together with our own personal standing before God, as hopelessly and helplessly ruined by it, we shall never rightly apprehend the holy grace of God in Christ. We shall be sure to trifle with the gospel, and instead of being turned by it into gold, we shall only gild self with it. So far from having self crucified and slain by the law, in order that we may be quickened into newness of life in Christ Jesus, we shall only have self stimulated, decorated, and flattered, both by the law and by the gospel. Ah, what thorough work does the Holy Spirit make in hearts which he enters to convict of sin! He stops every mouth, silences every excuse, makes a man stand before God speechless with shame and fear; while all the time he reveals the boundless grace of God in Jesus as sufficient for every need of a soul dead in trespasses and sins. Happy they who thus are taught of God! It is only so far as we receive such teaching, that we really learn to know ourselves, and to know Christ. It is by this *demonstration* of the Spirit, and not by any persuasive words of man's wisdom, that we are enabled to see God himself, so as to fear him, to tremble at his word, to walk humbly before him, and to rejoice only in Christ Jesus. But without some measure of this peculiar teaching of the Holy Spirit, if we take up God's truths at all, we shall do it only to use them for our own gilding. And while the gilded professor is practically ignorant of sin in all its aspects, he is especially ignorant of it in the enormity of its heinousness. He has never seen its reality in God's light, nor been taught its true character by the dying agonies of the Son of God. He has never died to sin. He does not hate it with a hatred that is implacable. Between Christ's thoughts of sin and his thoughts of it there is no sympathy whatever. What little light he seems to have, is confined to the knowledge of its dangerousness as a thing which may entail punishment on himself. Free him from the fear of the personal danger, and he is easy about all besides. So he takes Christ for pardon,

as he fancies, but he never takes Christ for holiness; nay, he can scarcely be said even to wish for holiness. Self-loathing for sin, and groanings unutterable for deliverance from its abhorred remainders, are feelings which he never experiences. All the use that he has for Christ's salvation is to deliver him from punishment; salvation by power he never thinks of, never prays for. Like Halyburton in his earlier life, who, afterwards describing his experience, says, "I designed only so much religion as would take me to heaven."

The gilded professor, therefore, is in all cases sure to cream the Bible. He never looks on it as all cream, as being seven times purified in every word of it, but he dwells exclusively on a few selected passages. Instead of yielding up his character to be moulded according to the perfect model of the Word of God, he lays violent hands on the Word, and by expanding this part, and ignoring that, he frames out of God's Bible a smaller Bible to suit himself; choosing rather to tamper with the perfect model till it fits the crooked character, than to submit the crooked character to the trying operation of the perfect model. And, indeed, how much do our Bibles condemn the most among us, of the golden disciples as well as of the gilded; not our neglected Bibles merely, but our Bibles as daily used and prized! Are we not blame-worthy in our eclectic use of them, feeding exclusively, or too nearly so, on our favourite portions, as if it were not the case that *all* Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and given, too, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works? Is not our selection, also, often a sign that we are babes who, through spiritual feebleness, turn from the strong man's meat, for we can digest nothing but the milk of infants? (1 Cor. iii. 1, 2; Heb. v. 13, 14). For what are the portions which are thus exclusively dwelt on? Are they not generally the elementary truths of the Word, the beautiful gospel that is meant and that is fitted for the sinner? There are, alas! believing souls who have for years been so exclusively occupied with what concerns their own safety, that they have never had time or vigour to press forward to that which concerns God's fullest glory. They study the life and death of Jesus to have conscience kept quiet, and the troubled heart comforted, and this is surely well; but they err in not studying the same life and death as being also our perfect pattern, and our most powerful stimulus to holy living. They like to hear Jesus say to them, "Son, daughter, thy sins be forgiven thee;" but they are not careful enough to listen as he goes on to add, "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord." They value dearly the precious promises which speak of full forgiveness; why should they not equally value those which secure, to the pleader of them, every present help for holy and efficient service? My brother, my sister, this is far from well. If it be so with us, it is a proof that grace, even when it is genuine, is in its low and feeble stages, rather indeed in the blossom than in the ripening fruit;

and it not only proves that the soul is weak, but, what is very serious, it continues the guilty weakness.

In all ages men have been given to the gilding of self with an outside film of religion. The first worshipper we read of was also the first murderer. And that a kind of worship was maintained in his godless family, seems probable from the names which were given to his descendants, many of which sound with as devout a ring as those of the holiest households. For in the use of good words the gilded can always equal the truly golden. Lying Gehazi is able to say, "The Lord liveth," quite as fervently as his master; and vindictive Saul can tell the traitorous helpers of his rage, "Blessed be ye of the Lord." In the case of Israel of old, we find that God gave them a variety of ordinances, most of which were beautiful types that shadowed forth, more or less clearly, the same spiritual truths in which the gracious soul now finds all its joy. But the bulk of the nation, carnal and earthly, cared little for the ordinance; and the most of those who did care for it rested merely on the shadow, while few, very few passed beyond the veil of the symbol, to feed their hungering souls on the divine realities behind. The multitude used the ordinance only to adorn themselves with it, and to glory in their observance of it as a self-righteous merit. And though now, in our day, God has removed the veil of type and shadow, and has set before us divine truth in its uncovered clearness, man's tendencies remain the same, and we are just as ready now to use God's gospel for our own gilding, as were the Jews of old to use the ceremonial foreshadowings of it. Man is now equally ready to rest in the outward shell of the doctrine, as of old he was to rest in the outward shell of the type; and unless we be individually taught of God, we shall be no more likely to pass beyond the shell, in order to feed on the life-giving kernel, than were our ancient predecessors the Jewish formalists. The blood of bulls and of goats could not take away sin then, neither can the clear knowledge of any set of doctrines take away sin now; Jesus alone can do it, and Jesus does it as he is apprehended by a faith which eats the very flesh and drinks the very blood of the Son of man. Ah, my brother, is your knowledge—is mine—a personal, sanctifying knowledge of the Redeeming God-man; does it include the elements of all that Paul aimed at, when, forgetting his past attainments, he still pressed on to "*know Him*?"

It is an awful and most startling thought that the gilded have in all ages been the majority, and the golden only, as it were, a remnant. What a view does this give us of the deceivableness of the human heart! "Salvation cometh now," says Samuel Rutherford, "to the most part of men in a night-dream; there is no scarcity of faith, such as it is, for ye shall not now light upon the man who shall not say he hath faith in Christ." And in all ages it has been much the same. Nay, long before Rutherford's day, within the limits of the apostolic age, the leaven had so fatally leavened the lump,

that we see in the later epistles, and especially in the latest, the seven epistles in Rev. ii., iii., the gilded professors grown alarmingly abundant. Suffer me again to say, Let no one presume rashly to judge a brother, but "let a man examine *himself*." And in doing so, these epistles to the seven churches in Asia will furnish us with an admirable help. "They are to me," says Henry Martyn, "the most searching and alarming part of the Bible." Let no one be satisfied because he knows a great deal, or has been under the influence of powerful convictions, or is conscious of zeal for doctrines, or feels at times a lively joy when exercised about divine things. These things are all needful and useful in their own place, but they are all quite as common to the gilded as to the golden. "Probably few perish," says the judicious Scott, "where the Word of God is fully preached, without many awakenings, many fears, many desires; yea, and many feeble endeavours, which are all subdued and extinguished through the *love of sin*."

Indeed, to a certain extent, every one of us is gilded; every professor, true and false, is more or less under the influence of a deceitful heart. The humblest among the humble is still too proud; the soul that has been most completely emptied of confidence in flesh, needs to be still further emptied. Self is never too much forsaken, nor Christ too exclusively gloried in, by any man here in the body. Even after we have put off the old man, and have put on the new, we need still to be exhorted to put on the new man (Col. iii. 9-12). Our own spiritual reality is such that we cannot, in this life, bear to have it fully disclosed to us. Let us be truly thankful if God has shown us so much of it as has sufficed to send us in self-loathing to Christ for everything; and if he be still opening up to us more of our unsuspected evils, that we may be still more simply cast on Jesus. It is the unsuspected element of the false within us which is one of our greatest snares: and therefore it is that our Lord so often warns us against self-deception. He charged the disciples *first of all* to beware of hypocrisy (Luke xii. 1); and Peter exhorts believers to lay aside all hypocrisy (1 Pet. ii. 1). From these, and similar warnings, we learn that hypocrisy is specially a believer's danger; understanding by the word, not the conscious fraud which is practised by the designing, but the unconscious wearing of a mask which is sure to accompany a believer's self-ignorance. And against this mask-wearing, a mask which first of all hides our real features from ourselves, we need to be all put on our guard. "It is not," says an old Puritan, "the presence of hypocrisy, but the reign of hypocrisy, that damns the soul." But though such unconscious mask-wearing do not destroy us, who can tell how much it may hinder our growth or spoil our service.

What an awful view does the whole subject give us of the "depths of Satan!" How subtle is his craft, how universal his sphere of operation! He can as effectually destroy souls in his assumed disguise as an angel of light, as he can in his native form of open wickedness.

He is working in the Church as destructively as in the world. He has his one hand busy in the shaping of a professor's creed; while he has the other hand busy in the infidel's denial of it. The prayers of one man, and the blasphemies of another, are equally prompted by him. While he blows up to fury the flames of the most loathsome passions in one heart, he feeds with fuel the wildfire of false religious emotion in another. Everywhere, always, and through everything he leads the powers of darkness in their desperate conflict with the children of the light. And what a master-stroke of craft it is to fill the Church with gilded professors! Who can estimate the havoc which he is working by means of this? So soon as the Lord of the harvest sowed his field with wheat, his enemy followed his footsteps sowing the field with tares—tares, which are so like the wheat, that till they have both come to fruit they cannot be distinguished. "I could never have believed," says Luther, "but that I have good experience thereof at this day, that the power of the devil is so great, that he can make falsehood so like the truth." And he is still carrying on his work of mischief. Wherever Jesus sows his wheat, Satan is immediately on the spot, scattering his tares among them. And there is a depth of malicious skill in this. Not to speak at all of the fearful fact that the tares are thereby almost hopelessly sealed up to final ruin, and that, too, a ruin all the worse that it has been reached through the abuse of the very highest privileges, think of what mischief is done by such tares to all around them. Their influence on the world is hurtful; for their earthly spirit and their grievous inconsistencies are stumbling-blocks to their neighbours, and so, whether they commend the gospel, or whether they oppose it, they are in either case enemies of the cross of Christ. Their influence on each other is most hurtful, for they keep each other in countenance; nay, so numerous are they, that they often give the tone to public sentiment—a tone which is always unspeakably below the heavenly spirit which should prevail in the Church of God. And in this way their influence on true saints is hurtful; nay, who can tell how much of the slumbering of the wise virgins is owing to the deeper sleep of the foolish virgins beside them? Perhaps, after all, these gilded professors are the most efficient instruments which Satan wields in his work of destruction. Ah, my brother professor, there is no single question that can ever be so important to you or me as this: am I a grain of Christ's wheat, or am I of the devil's sowing in the Church—a miserable misery-making tare?

If we are to form our judgment from the position which this subject occupies in Holy Scripture (and what other standard of judgment have we?), there is scarcely any question which more concerns us than this danger of self-deception. Open the Bible anywhere, and you will be almost sure to come on some reference to it. Histories, prophecies, psalms, and parables, burden themselves with this most solemn matter, in every variety of

aspects; and in the personal teaching of our Lord few subjects are made more prominent. Those who are familiar with the writings of our godly fathers, know that they, too, assigned it a place of similar prominence (sometimes, perhaps, too much so); and yet, in certain quarters of the modern Church, such warnings are never uttered, nay, the need for them is not only ignored but vehemently denied. Is this quite safe? Would our wise and gracious God have made such full provision against this danger of self-deception, if it had not been an urgent one? From neglect of the wise use of divine warnings on this subject, there are multitudes of sinners who continue unconvinced of their sins; multitudes of self-deluded professors who continue unaware that they are entirely self-deluded; and multitudes, too, of true believers who continue distressingly ignorant of their remaining corruptions, and who, therefore, are not duly humbled under a sense of them. For want of the self-jealousy enjoined in the Bible, the Bible itself is partially lost to many, and entirely lost to myriads. Its fearful exposure of human corruption, its vehement warnings, and its solemn expostulations, are read without profit, for they are applied to others. The reader of them may see in them his neighbour's sin or his neighbour's danger; but if he be taught that it is a point of faith never to mistrust himself, he is scarcely likely to see either his own sin or his own danger. And yet, unless he faithfully apply the Word to himself, his knowledge of it is likely to be used towards making him a gilded, rather than a golden professor. It is true, indeed, that this self-inspection may be, and often is, carried too far, and that in a most legal and self-righteous spirit. But the proper remedy for this is not the total neglect of the duty; it is rather the devout recognition of the need of the Holy Spirit's help, in order to do it profitably, and the humble waiting on God for this needed and promised help.

My reader, let us try to realize the blank horror of a deluded professor, who has gone forward, smiling in his easy-minded self-delusion, to discover, when too late, that he has been labouring to hoard up, not wrath merely, but wrath on the most tremendous scale. Ah, we cannot exaggerate, we cannot even estimate the despairing horror! "It is genuine gold," said Satan to him all along; and as Satan appeared in the guise of a holy angel, and spoke as kindly as he did to Eve in Eden, he was as readily and as fatally believed. "It is gold, genuine gold," said Pride; and Pride, if it speak at all moderately, is sure to be credulously trusted. "It is gold," said Sloth, alarmed at the prospect of any needless trouble. "It is surely gold," said Worldliness,

afraid that the purchase of anything better would cost too dear. "It is gold," said each charitable friend and brother; "if your profession be not golden, it will be a pity of mine." "It is surely gold," said the deceived soul to itself; "so many shrewd and competent witnesses can never be mistaken." And as it said so, it looked again at the gilded outside. Alas for it that it never asked the judgment of the "faithful true witness who never deceives!" Instead of this, it was satisfied with the flatteries of its flatterers, and went forward to the judgment-seat, hugging to its heart its fancied gold, only to learn from the lips of the final Judge that its treasure is not gold at all, but only gilded dross. What an unspeakable horror, to be aroused from a life-time's pleasant dreams by the angry words, "Bind the hypocrite together hand and foot, and cast him out!" Ah, my brother! if this appalling doom be not yours and mine, it shall only be because we are kept from it by God's preserving mercy; a mercy which we shall do well to bespeak continually for ourselves and others.

Before concluding, it may be well to add a word of caution to the timid and sensitive disciple. Satan invariably misapplies spiritual truth, and he will endeavour to misapply this. To the whole-hearted he hands the comforts meant only for the heart-broken; while the rude shock, designed to awaken an infatuated sleeper, he applies to the tender conscience of one who may already be morbidly sensitive. Ah! beloved brother, who art down-cast with the humbling conviction that there is nothing golden at all about thee, except it be the little well-worn gilding, and who, the more thou lookest into self, discoverest infinities of evil in thyself, take courage; that is one good sign of a golden soul. For the only true gold is not man, but Christ; not human excellence, but divine grace. It is Christ within us, and Christ upon us; and the golden Christian is one who says with Paul: "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." Let no discoveries, then, of the worthlessness of self discourage thee, any more than thy discoveries of the infinite worthiness of Christ; for both together are meant to lead thee through self-despair to glory only in the Lord. And however unworthy a man may be *in himself*, yet *in Christ* (and he is in Christ if he sincerely accepts him as his Prophet, Priest, and King) he is "pure gold." J. D.



ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA:

A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration.

A SEQUEL TO "THE DRAYTONS AND THE DAVENANTS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

XXII.

LETTICE'S DIARY.

AUGUST 19th.—My father's wide-embracing schemes of correspondence and reconciliation have been somewhat narrowed. My brother Roland has been with us, and one or two of his friends about the Court; and he has possessed my father with dark and chilling thoughts of the Puritans.

Indeed, there is an icy touch of cynical doubt in Roland which seems to take the glow out of everything. He does not assail any person, or any party, or any belief. All parties, he protests, are good, to a certain extent, in their measure, and for their time. But he makes you feel he scorns you as a fond and incredulous fool for believing in any person, any party, or any truth, with the kind of faith which leads to sacrificing oneself.

The king, he says, declares that "*nothing* shall ever part him again from his three kingdoms;" and the king never says a foolish thing.

According to Roland, all enthusiasm is either, in foolish men, fanaticism, or, in able men, the hypocrisy of fanaticism, put on to deceive the fanatics.

When my father declaims against Oliver Cromwell as a wild fanatic, and records instances of the destruction of painted windows and the desecration of churches, Roland shrugs his shoulders, slightly raises his eyebrows, smiles, and says:—

"No doubt, that is what he would have had Job Forster and his fellows believe. For himself, his fanaticism had the fortunate peculiarity of always constraining him to climb as high as he could. But he should not be too severely blamed. What can a shrewd man do, when he sees every one taking the same road, but travel a little faster than the rest, if he wishes to keep first?"

"Surely," said I, "you cannot deny that the Puritans were sincere?"

"At first, probably, many of them," he said. "When they had only two mites to give, doubtless they gave them. It is the destiny of mites to be spent in that manner. Happily for the widow in the New Testament, her subsequent history is not told."

"For shame, sir!" said my father. "Say what you like of the Puritans of to-day; I will suffer no profane allusions to the good people who lived at the Christian era."

"Pardon me, sir!" retorted Roland. "Anno Domini has no doubt made those who lived in it sacred; except of course, the Pharisees and a few other reprobates, who are fair mark. But, I assure you, nothing could be further from my intention than to cast the slightest imputation on that excellent widow. I only suggest that if her circumstances improved, no doubt her views enlarged with them. She would naturally feel that while two mites might be bestowed without regard to results, larger possessions involved wider responsibilities, and must, therefore, be dispensed with more prudence; as the Rabbis (who, no doubt, we should charitably suppose, started with intentions as pure) had found out before."

"Speak plainly," said my father; "none of your court riddles for me. Do you mean to say the Puritans were like that good widow or like the Pharisees?"

"Sir," replied Roland, "you must excuse me if my charity reaches to a later century than yours. You forbid any imputations on the early Christians; I decline to make any against those of a later date. I would leave the sentence to events. Before long there is reason to hope that many of the Puritans will once more have an opportunity of proving their principles, and, if they like, of returning to the exemplary condition of the widow with the one farthing."

"What do you mean? There are to be no confiscations."

"I mean that the Savoy Conference will, I think, issue otherwise than Mr. Baxter and his friends desire. Presbyterian shepherds, Independent lions, and Episcopal lambs will, I think, scarcely at present be made to lie down in the ample fold of the Church; and the sheep to whom the fold naturally belongs, cannot, of course, be expected to withdraw, especially after having tried the tender mercies of the outside world as long as they have."

"It is all the clergy!" said my father, provoked into indiscriminating irritation with some one, as he always is in discussions with Roland. "It is always the

parsons and the preachers who won't let the people be quiet. Banish them all to the plantations, and we should have peace to-morrow."

"And twice as many parsons and preachers to break it the day after to-morrow," said Roland. "They have been trying it in England for these eleven years; and I think you will find that has been the result."

"Roland," said my father, changing the conversation, "we must find some way of showing our gratitude to the Draytons. Every corner of the demesne is in better order than I left it."

"Mr. Drayton is a clear-sighted man," was the reply, "and no doubt foresaw that the rightful owners would return. However, we cannot be too grateful; and no doubt circumstances will give us opportunities of returning his kindness. He will scarcely himself escape some little fines, which we can get lightened. Besides, they are sure, sooner or later, to get entangled with some of the laws against conventicles; Mistress Dorothy, or some of them. It is the way of the family. And then we can be the mouse to nibble the lion's net."

"At least," I said, "you cannot accuse the Draytons of hypocrisy."

"Scarcely," he replied coolly; "they are on the other side of the balance, where consciences weigh heavier than brains. But, at all events," he added, turning to my father, "we are sure to be able to assist Mr. Drayton's son; for, from all I hear, he is scarcely out of the circle of those who are liable to the punishment of treason, so that you may set your mind quite at rest, sir, as to having opportunities of showing our gratitude."

I know he said this to silence me. And it did silence me. I dared not defend the Draytons, for fear of further rousing my father against them.

But Walter, who had been listening to the debate hitherto with some amusement, here broke in.

"Roger Drayton is no traitor," said he. "He took the wrong side, unfortunately for him, and you the right side; but a more loyal gentleman does not breathe."

"That depends on the construction the crown-lawyers set on loyalty," retorted Roland.

And the conversation ceased.

August 20th.—After that discussion, Roland had a walk with my father round the estate, and the next morning he said to me:—

"I will not have the family disgraced, Lettice, by Walter's reckless ways. If he must beg or borrow, let him beg or borrow of some of those gay courtiers who help him to spend. Not of a man like Roger Drayton, to whom we already owe too much—a Puritan too, a soldier of the usurper; and, for aught I know, a regicide."

"Did Walter borrow of Roger Drayton?" I said, and this time I could not help flushing crimson.

"Yes, yes!" he replied, angrily; "and Roland says, moreover, child, it was thou who introduced them to each other. I will have no clandestine intercourse, Lettice. Thou shalt see I will not!

"Father," I said, rising, "has Roland's poisonous tongue gone as far as *that*? Does he dare to accuse me or Roger Drayton of that? If you wish to know what the understanding between Roger Drayton and me is, it is this—I thought you knew it; my mother did. We have promised to be true to each other till death, and beyond it, for ever. And the promise was scarce needed. For the love that makes it sacred was there before."

For they had called Roger a traitor. And it was no time to measure words.

I write these down, because I like to see them, as well as to remember that I said them.

My father drew a long breath.

"Pretty words," he said, "for a lady who recognizes the divine right of kings, parents, and all in authority."

He paced up and down the room for some time, speaking to himself.

"Very strange, very strange," he said; "up to a certain point as gentle as her mother; and once past that, like a lioness. Very strange."

And then still to himself,—

"'Tis a pity; 'tis a thousand pities. If he had been anything but what Roland says every one says he is; if he had been only a little misled! But now impossible; of course, impossible!"

"'Tis a pity, Lettice," he then said to me in a vexed tone, but very courteously. "Roland told me of a neighbour of ours, a good and loyal gentleman, who would be but too proud of the honour of my daughter's hand. As fine an estate as any in the country, and marching with our own. 'Tis a pity, child, for I should not have lost thee. And I should do ill without thee."

"You will *not* lose me, father," I said.

"Nay, nay," he said, "thou art one to be trusted, I know that well. Never believe I doubt that, Lettice, for any hasty word I speak. Never believe I doubt that."

And he kissed me and went his way.

No, he does not doubt me. But there is something in Roland which tempts one to doubt everything and every one.

Did I say his touch was icy? Would it were only that. Frost rouses nature to a vigorous resistance, or checks it with strengthening repression. There is a healthy frost of doubt which kills the insects which infest piety, and checking the too luxuriant growths of faith with a wholesome cold, braces them from mere leafage to solid stem and fruit.

But Roland's influence is not the wholesome winter of doubting and inquiring, which seems to interpose between the successive summers of advancing faith, testing its roots. It is a languid atmosphere of doubt, in which everything is alike uncertain; everything alike mean, worthless, earthly. The disbelief in goodness itself, and truth itself, which, like a pestilential malaria, rises from the sloughs of a wicked life, such as our Court encourages. In the depths of its degradation I

believe he himself scorns to soil the sole of his foot. But he stands on the edge and breathes the poison into his brain, and breathes it out again in bitter and cynical talk.

While poor reckless Walter, capable not merely of creeping safely along the dull wayworn ways of life, but of soaring to its noblest heights, plunges into the midst of the pollution; until the very wings with which he was meant to soar upward are clogged with the evil thing; and instead of buoying him upwards, drag him downwards, helpless, blinded, so that he can not only no longer soar, but scarcely even creep.

What will the end be?

Often this weighs on me more than even Roger's peril. For that is not for the soul, which is the man; and that is but for the moment.

Sometimes my spirit sinks, sinks as if its wings, too, were all clipped and broken. And I have dreadful visions of one precious life ending in dishonour before man here, in this England, in this age; and the other in dishonour before God and good men for ever. And Roland standing by and observing both, and saying, with a lifting of his eyebrows, between pity and scorn,—

"Yes, that is the issue of passion, for syrens—or for clouds. That is the result of giving the reins to enthusiasms; religious or otherwise. Poor Walter; and poor Roger! With a few grains more of self-interest and common sense, they might both have stood where I stand, and learned the vanity of everything in the world or out of it, except, as the preacher says, getting well through it."

August 27th.—The minister who succeeded Placidia Nicholls' husband during the Commonwealth has been superseded by Dr. Rich, a scholar who seems to have lived through those stormy times scarce hearing their tumult; so near and so much more important seem to him the tumults and controversies of former times. He will scarce assert that Monday is the day after Sunday, without proving it by citations from a catena of fathers and schoolmen; which sets one piously questioning, whether what needs so many authorities to sustain it is itself substantial. Otherwise, the matter of his statements seem so free from everything every one does not believe, that one would have thought no proof needed.

A most friendly, blameless, and harmless gentleman, however, he is; although weighed down a little as to thinking by the authority of so many ancients, and as to living by the necessities of eleven motherless children, who have to be fed and instructed; since, unfortunately, the children of such a learned man came into the world as destitute of Patristical lore as if they had been born in the first century, or their father were a Leveller.

It does seem hard that so much learning cannot become hereditary, like pointing, or retrieving. It is such a great hindrance in the way of the moderns being so much wiser than the ancients as they ought to be.

On one page of modern ecclesiastical history, however, it is easy to make Dr. Rich, or any of his eleven, elo-

quent. And that is the record of the good deeds of Olive and Dr. Antony, who seem to have maintained and lodged the whole family throughout the times of the Commonwealth. They are worthy, he says, to have lived in the days of the Apostolic Fathers; and tears come into his eyes when he speaks of Olive's little devices for delicately helping him. "She thought I was too buried in my books to see," he said. "But, in truth, I was too much overwhelmed with their kindness to speak."

The elder girls, too, have endless stories of Olive's motherly counsels and succour. From their account, Maidie and Dolly must be the blithest little un-Puritanical darlings in the world; and the boys bold little Cavaliers.

August 30th.—At our first return I felt almost more an exile in some ways than while we were in France. People had fitted into each other so closely as to leave no room for us but a kind of show-place out of every one's way. The myriads of fine interlacing fibres which bind communities together, and root each in its place, can only grow slowly, one by one, as storms straining the boughs, or summers overlading them with fruit, made them needed.

Even eleven years of mere Time almost place you in another generation. Those we left babes are shy lads and lasses; the children are young mothers at their cottage-doors, with their own babes in their arms, courtesying and wondering we do not know them; the youths and maids are sober men and matrons, giving counsel on the perils of life to the youths and maidens we left babes. And the changes of these eleven years have not been those of mere Time.

Not the people only have changed, but the country;—the whole way in which every one looks at every thing. In our youth King and Parliament were the powers which ruled and divided the world. Men of forty now scarcely remember a king really reigning. Men of twenty scarcely remember a Parliament, save the poor mockery of a "Rump" which Oliver "purged," and which the London butchers roasted in effigy—that is, in beef—at the Restoration.

The names honoured and dreaded in our youth, names scarce uttered without the eye flashing, and the cheek flushing with admiration or indignation, have passed from the regions of popular enthusiasm to the sober and silent tribunals of history. Many which seemed to us indelibly engraven on the hearts of men for renown or for abhorrence, Sir John Hotham, "the first traitor," Sir Bevil Granvill, Sir Jacob Astley, are—except among those who personally recollect them—unknown; whilst around the loftier heights still in sight strange mists of legend already begin to gather, especially among the peasantry. Prince Rupert is the "black man" with whose name men of twenty have been spell-bound into submission in the nursery. Archbishop Laud and Strafford, in our Puritan village, have well-nigh taken the place of the Spaniard and the Pope

of our childhood, and rise before the imagination of the people as fiery-eyed giants, rattling chains, and thirsting for the blood of Englishmen.

Hampden, Pym, Falkland, Eliot, are mere grand, silent shades, walking the Elysian fields of the past, far-off, among the heroes, Leonidas, Brutus, or the Gracchi, but in no way disturbing the pursuits or influencing the thoughts of the present.

Instead, people speak frequently and familiarly of Lambert, Fleetwood, and others, whose names to me sound as strange as those of the combatants of the Fronde. And, besides these, there are the names which have shifted from side to side, until they seem to have lost all meaning.

The names of religious influence among the Puritans—John Howe, Dr. Owen, Vice-chancellor of Oxford, and Richard Baxter—are, through Mistress Dorothy, less unfamiliar to me. Our good Bishop Hall is dead. But Dr. Jeremy Taylor, whose discourse my mother loved so well, still lives, and fills the church with the music of his thoughts.

The one English name which, on the continent of Europe, overshadowed (or outshone) all the rest—he whom the young King Louis (the Fourteenth) called “the greatest and happiest prince in Europe”—is one men scarce utter willingly now. The emotions which his name calls out have indeed still a perilous fire in them.

The other name, of which we used to hear most in foreign parts, until it seemed at times as if, to the outer world, the Doing of England were alone manifest in Oliver Cromwell, and her Thought in John Milton, is also proscribed. The poet’s treasonable “Defences,” which scholars abroad admired (on account of the Latin I suppose), have been burned in public. But he himself will, it is thought, be spared; although for the present he is in concealment. A poet of our name and kindred, to whom they say he showed kindness, is doing his utmost to save him. His blindness, and the great genius and renown he hath, also give him a kind of sacredness. Some say Heaven hath punished him enough already; others that Heaven shields him, and makes his head sacred from violent touch by a crown of sorrow.

It is from Isaac Nicholls, Mistress Placidia’s son, I hear most of Mr. John Milton. Isaac is a strange sprout from such a stock. He careth scarce at all for the world as a place to get on in; and almost infinitely as a theatre to contemplate, with its scenes painted by divine hands. He seems as familiar with the past as Dr. Rich; but in a different way. To Dr. Rich the past seems a book, and the present another book—a commentary on it. To Isaac the past seems not a book, but a life, and the present a life flowing from it.

The names of the heroes seem as the names of friends to him, from Leonidas to Falkland. The voices of the poets seem all living, from Homer to Milton. And while Mistress Nicholls wears out heart and brain in anxious cares to make him an inheritance, he finds a

king’s treasury in a book, or in a carpet of mosses and wild-flowers, such as clothes the sweet old glade by the Lady Well.

Of all the people I remember, no one seems to me to have grown so old as Mistress Nicholls; and of all the new people, none seems to me so delightfully new as Isaac Nicholls.

The prohibition laid by my father (through Roland’s influence) against all intercourse with the Draytons, does not extend to Mistress Nicholls’s home. She is the nearest link I have with the old Netherby home. Isaac comes often to the Hall, and spends long days. The library is a new world to him. And he is a new world to me; or, rather, his mind is to me a mirror in which all the black blank England of these eleven years lives and moves, and has voice and colour.

It was a warm evening early in July when I first saw Isaac. Mistress Nicholls was sitting spinning in the porch of her neat house, on the outskirts of the village.

“As diligent as ever, Mistress Nicholls,” I said.

“Yes, Mistress Lettice,” said she, in a voice which had fallen into an habitual whine (such as is thought by some characteristic of the Puritans in general). “Ah, yes, these are no times for a lone woman to slacken her hands. It is not by folding of the hands that body and soul are kept together in these days.”

As she spoke she led me to a chair in the parlour. In the window was sitting a lad with round shoulders and long hair falling over his forehead, as he pored over a large folio on the window seat.

He turned round suddenly at her words, and said, in an abrupt, shy way, yet with a gentle, cheerful voice:

“Oh, mother, don’t speak of body and soul, we have much more than food and raiment.”

“I do not deny,” she replied to me in a voice half querulous, half apologetic, “that the Lord has been merciful, far above my deserts, no doubt. We have never yet been suffered to want, I freely acknowledge, and we ought to be very thankful, Mistress Lettice; very thankful, no doubt.”

Hearing my name the boy rose, and in a quiet, nervous way, came forward, held out his hand, and then drew back, blushing, and made an awkward bow.

“My Isaac has heard of you,” said his mother, “from his cousins. Isaac thinks no one fit to be compared with his cousins, Maidie and Dolly Antony.”

“Olive’s children!” I said. And I took his hand and held it in both mine. It seemed to bring me nearer them.

“Maidie and Dolly think no one fit to be compared with Mistress Lettice,” he said.

It touched me much. And with so much in common, friendship between Isaac and me waxed apace.

Yes, it was I, Lettice Davenant, whom Olive’s fond recollections had made her children’s queen of beauty and love; the fairy princess of their fairy tales; the Una of their “milk white lamb.” They knew all about me; the adventures of our childhood were their nursery

stories; the love of our youth was the ideal friendship of their childhood.

And now I came back to them no longer their cotemporary in the perpetual youth of fairyland, but their mother's; and here were these boys, Isaac and Austin Rich, thinking no one in the world so sweet and fair as Maidie and Dolly Antony.

Over again, the old story! Yet it does not make me feel old, but young again. For our old friendships—our old faithful love—are not dead, nor like to die; "incurruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." That is a heavenly inheritance which the heart enters on here, or never there.

Not years nor sorrows make us old, but selfish cares. As Rachel Forster said, when I asked her whether Mistress Nicholls had suffered from any uncommon griefs or necessities, that she looked so old, and seemed to feel so poor.

"Nay, Mistress Lettice, nay! To my recollection Mistress Placidia was never young; and all the riches of the Spanish main could not make her rich. She has such a terrible empty space inside to fill. Not even the Almighty, the possessor of heaven and earth, can make her rich, at least not with riches. And, sure enough, he has tried, to my belief, near all the ways He has. But it is of no use. But I do think He has begun to make her poor. And that is something."

"What do you mean, Rachel?" I said.

"Time was when, though, poor soul, she was never able to think that she *had* anything, she thought great store of what she *was*," said Rachel. "But now that is broken down. I do believe the Lord took her down that step when her boy was born. And that step, the emptying and going down into the depths, in my belief, begins to make us Christians. Then comes the step up again into the light. And, poor soul, it seems to me, ever since, the good Lord has been trying, by all manner of ways, to lead her up that stair. But she has never had the heart to come. And so, down there, out of the light, her poor wisht soul has grown old, and white, and withered-like; and her voice has got a moan in it, like a voice tuned in a sick-chamber, and never lifted up in the fresh air, in a good hearty psalm. 'Tisn't years or griefs that make us old, nor poverty that make us poor, to my seeing, but looking down instead of up, and being shut up alone with self, instead of with God."

And Job looked up and said with a smile and a nod:

"*She* knows well enough, wife; she knows it isn't anything the Lord sends that makes us old or poor; but what the devil sends. The loss of all the world can't make us poor, and the rolling by of all the ages can't make us old, any more than the angels. But there's no need to tell. *She* knows. Mistress Lettice knows."

Job did not look up from the tool he was repairing as he spoke. But I felt that his heart had seen into mine.

And it is a wonderful comfort to me to think that that good old Puritan blacksmith knows.

For he has camped many a night on the field with Roger, as Rachel has often told me. And, no doubt, he must have seen into Roger's heart as well as into mine. And no doubt those two, who have loved each other so well, have a warm corner in their prayers for us.

September 1st.—Isaac Nicholls has wonderful stories of the settlers in the American Plantations. The wilderness across the Atlantic seems to have been to him and Olive's children a kind of Atlantis, and Fairy or Giant land; what the Faëry Queen or the stories of Hercules or the Golden Fleece were to us.

He has tales of daring and endurance concerning those Pilgrims to the West, which seem to me worthy of the old heroic days. Of weeping congregations parting on the sea-shores of the old world, reluctantly left. Of congregations, free and delivered, praising God in the midst of danger and distress on the shores of the new. Of a hundred English men and women forsaking land and friends for religion, and going in a little ship across the ocean, landing among the wooded creeks, half of them perishing in the cold of the first winter; but the fifty who survived never murmuring and never despairing. Of toils to till the new fields by day, and watchings at night against the Indians. Of exploring parties going through trackless forests till they found a habitable nook by the borders of some lake or stream. Of green meadows and golden corn-fields slowly won from the wilderness; and pleasant gardens springing up around the new homes, with strange fruits and flowers, and birds with song as strange as the speech of the Indians. Of old Puritan psalms sung by the sea-shore, till the homely villages arose, with their homely churches, as in Old England on the village greens.

It sounds, as he tells it, like a story of some old Grecian colony, with church-bells through it;—a curious mosaic of a Greek legend (such as Roger used to tell me) and the Acts of the Apostles. But the colonists were not Athenians nor Spartans, but Englishmen. And it all happened only forty years ago. Or, as Isaac believes, it is all happening still. For although the great tide of Puritan emigration has ceased during the Commonwealth, there are always a few joining the numbers.

"And," saith Isaac, "Maidie says Uncle Roger thinks the tide will set in again for the wilderness, if things go on as they are going now at Court."

But here Isaac halts abruptly, as treading on forbidden ground, and the conversation is turned; he little knowing how gladly I would have it flow in the same current, and I scarce deeming it keeping faith with my father to make an effort that it should.

The two living men who seem to fill the largest space in Isaac's admiring gaze, are Mr. John Milton, whom all the world knows, and a John Bunyan (not even a Mr.), a poor tinker and an Anabaptist, whom no one

knows, I should think, out of his own neighbourhood or sect, but whom Isaac declares to have a way of making past things present, and far-off things near, and unseen things visible, as only the poets have.

Mr. John Milton one can understand being the hero of a boy like Isaac; losing his sight, as Isaac believes, in the "Defence of the People of England;" filling all Europe with his song, shaking the thrones of persecuting princes by his eloquent pleadings for the oppressed Christians of the Alps, seeming to find in his blindness (as a saint in the darkness of death) the unveiling of higher worlds; a gentleman with a countenance which my mother thought noble and beautiful as Dr. Jeremy Taylor, or any about the late king's Court; a scholar whose taste and learning the scholars of Italy send to consult, and whose birth-house they come to see in London as of their own Petrarch or Dante Alighieri; a poet whom men who can judge seem to lift altogether out of the choirs of living singers, into a place by himself among the poets who are dead.

But this Anabaptist tinker! It is a strange delusion. I cannot wonder at Mrs. Nicholls's aversion from such guidance for her son, especially as it leads into the most perilous religious path he can tread.

October.—I have seen the Anabaptist tinker and heard him preach, and I wonder no more at Isaac's enthusiasm.

It was in a barn a mile or two out of Netherby. Isaac persuaded me to go, and I went; and wrapping myself in a plain old mantle, crept into a corner and listened.

And there I heard the kind of sermon I have been wanting to hear so long.

Heaven brought so near, and yet shown to be so infinite; the human heart shown so dark and void, and yet so large and deep, and capable of being made so fair and full of good. Grace, the grace "which overmastereth the heart;" not something destroying or excluding nature, but embracing, renewing, glorifying it. Christ our Lord shown so glorious, and yet so human; more human than any man, because without the sin which stunts and separates. Yes, that was it. This tinker made me see Him, brought me down to His feet; not to the Baptist, or Luther, or Calvin, or any one, but to Christ, who is all in one. Brought me down to His feet, rebuked, humbled, emptied; and then made me feel His feet the loftiest station any creature could be lifted to.

He began, as I think all highest preaching does, by appealing not to what is meanest, but what is noblest in us; not by showing how easy religion is, but how great.

He began thus:—"When He had called the people, Jesus said, 'Whosoever will come after Me let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me.' Let him count the charge he is like to be at; for following Me is not like following some other masters. The wind sets always on My face, and the foaming rage of

the sea of this world, and the proud and lofty waves thereof, do continually beat upon the bark. Myself and My followers are in; *he therefore that will not run hazards, let him not set foot in this vessel.*"

Then he spoke of the greatness of the soul that *could* be lost and should be saved. God breathed it. "And the breath of the Lord *lost nothing* in being made a living soul. O man! dost thou know what thou art? Made in God's image! I do not read of anything in heaven or earth so made, or so called, but the Son of God. The King Himself, the great God, desires communion with it. He deems no suit of apparel good enough for it but one made for itself."

Then he spoke of the wonderful beauty of the body. This "costly cabinet of that curious thing the soul." The more it is thought of and its works looked into, the more wonderfully it is seen to be made. Yet is the body but the house, the raiment, of that noble creature the soul. It is a tabernacle; the soul, the worshipper within. Yet we are not to forget the body is a tabernacle, no common dwelling, but a holy place, a temple.

Then he spoke of the powers of this "noble creature:" of Memory, its "register;" of Conscience, its seat of judgment; of the Affections, the hands and arms with which it embraces what it loves. God's anger is never, he said, against these powers—"the *natives* of the soul"—but against their *misuse*.

But the soul being so noble, it is the soul that sins. Not the body; that is passive. And it is the sinful impenitent soul which suffers, "when the clods of the valley are sweet to the wearied body."

A whole world of wisdom, the wisdom I had been longing to hear, seemed to me to lie in the words of this tinker. How many dark hearts would be cheered, and downcast hearts lifted up, and closed narrowed souls opened and expanded to embrace the light around, if this could be understood. The body is not vile, it is God's curious costly cabinet; his tabernacle to be kept holy. The body sins not. Sin is not in matter but in spirit. Conversion is a liberation of all the "*natives*" from the intrusive tyranny of sin and Satan, a making the whole man every whit whole. God's anger is not against the natural affections or understanding. They are *not* to be destroyed, crushed, or fettered. They are to be liberated, expanded, quickened with the new life.

How many of the dark pages of Church history already written, and now being written, might never have been, if the theology of this tinker could be understood!

Luther, they say, also knew these things (and Roger used to declare Oliver Cromwell did, but of this I know nothing). Strange it is to see how from height to height these souls respond to each other, like bonfires carrying the good news from range to range, throughout the ages. These are the wise; wise like angels; wise like little children. Half way down, it seems to me, walk the smaller ingenious men of each generation, laboriously building elaborate erections which all the ingenious men on their own hill-side and on their own

level admire, but which those on the other side cannot see. And below, in the valleys, the reapers reap, and the little children glean, and the women work and weep and wait, and wonder at the skill of the builders on the hill-side, so far above them to imitate. But when they want to know if the good news from the far country is still there for them, as for those of old, they look not to the hill-sides but to the hill-tops, where the bonfires flash the gospels—plainer even in the night than in the day—and where the earliest and latest sunbeams rest. And so the eyes of the watchers on the mountain-tops, of the children and the lowly labourers in the valleys, and of the angels in the heavens, meet. And when the night comes—which comes to all on earth—the ingenious builders on the hill-sides, no doubt, have also to look to the mountain-tops, where the watch-fires burn, and the sunset lingers and the sunrise breaks.

This tinker seems to have a soul ordered like a great kingdom, all its powers in finest use and in most perfect subordination. But Isaac says this kingdom sprang from a chaos of war, and conflict, and anguish, such as scarce any human souls know.

In this also like Luther, who had his terrible civil wars to pass through ere the Kingdom came within. (And Roger said Oliver Cromwell had.) To John Bunyan (Isaac told me), the finding of an old thumbed copy of Luther on the Galatians was like the discovery of the spring in the wilderness to Hagar. "I do prefer that book," he said, "before all others, except the Holy Bible, for a wounded conscience."

So they meet—these simplest, wisest, widest, humblest, highest souls, and understand each other's language, and take up each other's song in antiphons from age to age.

Yet, I fear, this can scarce be so with John Bunyan. His voice can scarce reach beyond his own time, deep as it is. For how could an unlearned tinker write a book which ages to come would read?

And, withal, he is a true Englishman. That also pleased me well in him. I think the greatest men who are most human, most for all men, are also most characteristically national; it is the smaller great men who are cosmopolitan. Even as St. Paul was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, Martin Luther was German to the core, they say (and Roger said Oliver Cromwell was English to the core). And so is John Bunyan.

A square, solid brow; a ruddy, healthy, sensible countenance; a body muscular, strong-boned, tall, compact; eyes keen, calm, quick, sparkling, observant, kindly, with twinklings of humour in them, and tears, and anger, but not restless or dreamy; a mouth firm, capable of rebuke or of quiet smiles. In company, Isaac says, not "given to loquacity or much discourse, unless some urgent occasion required it;" and then "accomplished with a quick discerning of persons, being of a good judgment and an excellent wit." The dumbness (natural to all Englishmen worth anything) not absent in him; speech being with him not for ornament but for use.

November 1660.—Isaac is in great trouble. John Bunyan has been cast into prison. Mistress Nicholls also is in great trouble, fearing Isaac may be involved in John Bunyan's disgrace, seeing he loves so much to hear him.

"It is a very peculiar trial," saith she, "that her boy should embrace the most perilous form of all the perilous religions of the day."

"Not the most, mother," said Isaac. "The Quakers are worse."

Indeed everyone seems to agree that of all the sects which have sprung up during the Commonwealth, the Quakers are the worst. I should like to see one.

February 1661.—I am grieved to the heart at these ungenerous revenges. It was an ill way to celebrate the martyrdom of His Sacred Majesty, to drag the bodies of brave men from the graves in the Abbey, and hang them on gibbets.

Senseless, mean, and barbarous revenges! They should have heard John Bunyan the tinker preach. It was not the body that sinned. They should have let it rest.

My father thinks Oliver Cromwell deserved anything; but he is not pleased at their having disturbed the bones of his mother and daughter, and of Robert Blake, and cast them into a pit in St. Margaret's churchyard.

"A peaceable old gentlewoman, who never did any harm that I heard," said he, "except bringing the usurper into the world; and a young gentle lady, too good for such a stock. Their dust would not have hurt that of the kings'. Doubtless it was insolence to lay them there; but it was scarce an English gentleman's work to molest them."

But about the violation of Blake's tomb his anger waxed hot. "A good old Somersetshire family!" he said. "They might have let him rest; if only for the fright he gave the Pope, the Turk, and the Spaniard."

I was afraid to go near Job Forster's for some days after I heard of these desecrations. When at last I went, Rachel could not altogether restrain her indignation. Job only said, "Never heed, never heed. *He* they sought to dishonour doesn't heed. What is all the world but a churchyard? In 'the twinkling of an eye' will anyone have time to see where the bodies rise from? Or dost think the gold and jewels on kings' tombs will have much of a shine when the Gates of Pearl are open, and the poor body they have thrown like a dog's beneath the gibbet shall enter them shining like a star?"

But then something broke down his fortitude, and he added, in a husky voice,—

"Yet England might have found him another grave. He did his best for her; he did his best."

January 1662.—A long break in these pages. There has not been much very cheerful to write. And I would never write moans. These it is better to make into prayers. (

Our house is not altogether at unity with itself.

Roland has brought home his wife.

From the first, my father did not affect her.

She took her new honours more loftily and easily than he liked.

"A pretty Frenchified poppet," he called her.

I have done my best to smooth matters, although it is a little vexatious to the temper, sometimes, to be counselled with matronly airs, and consoled for my single state by this young creature.

It has been often difficult to keep the peace.

Naturally, the old associations of the old place are nothing to her, and she offends my father continually, by laughing at the old servants, the old furniture, and what she calls our old-fashioned ways in general.

But to-day she kindled him into a flame which, for the time, will probably keep her at a distance.

She ventured to propose that she should change my mother's oratory into a cabinet for herself, "to be draped," said she, "with silk, and adorned with statues, and be like the apartments of the 'Lady' at Whitehall."

Which brought out some very plain English from my father concerning the "Lady," and all who favoured her.

"The king," he vowed, "might degrade his palaces, if he pleased, and if he dared. But he would see the Hall and everything in it burned to the ground, rather than have the place where my mother had lived the life and prayed the prayers of an angel, polluted by being likened to the dwelling of a creature it was a dishonour for a man to tolerate or for a woman to name."

So, for the time, the controversy ended. And, in a few days, Roland and his wife went back to the Court.

But my father is more and more uneasy and irritable. "In his youth," he said, "in the days of the good king of sacred memory, *all* were noble, rebels, royalists, all. Eliot, Pym, Hampden, Essex, were gentlemen and true Englishmen, as well as Falkland, Bevil Granvill, or Sir Jacob Astley. And all, however deluded, feared God, and honoured all true men and women. But now," says he, "all are base together—Court, Royalists, Roundheads—all. Why could not Roger Drayton have kept to such politics as Hampden's or his own father's, and not disgraced himself by joining these furious traitors and sectaries?"

By which I know that my father has relented towards the Draytons, though he will by no means confess it.

June 1662.—I have seen a Quaker. And a very soft and mild kind of creature it seems to be.

Olive's children are at Netherby. To-day I met her little girls at Mistress Nicholls's. Maidie is a darling little elfin queen. And Dolly is a sweet little Puritan angel. And with them was Annis Nye, their nurse, a Quaker maiden, with a heroidal serene face, and a voice even and soft, like a river flowing through meadows. She attracted me much; a harmless dove of a maiden she seemed.

But when I said so to Job Forster, on my way home he shook his head and muttered,—

"Soft enough, and deep enough! You would find what kind of gentleness she has if you saw her take the bit between her teeth and make straight for the pillory, and you had to hold her in and keep her safe, if you could. Why, I'm always expecting, morn and night, that poor maid'll get a 'concern' to go and testify against the king's mistresses, or the Popish bishops' surplices. To say nothing of the chance of her setting off to preach in New England, or to the Turks, or to the Pope of Rome, as some of them do when they are well persuaded it is more dangerous than anything else. And say what George Fox may of the Protector, she'd find the tender mercies of the Court scarce so tender as he was. If you want to make your life a burden to you, Mistress Lettice," he concluded dolefully, shaking his head, "you've nought to do but to get your heart tender to a Quaker (as no man nor woman with a heart in them can help getting it to that wilful maid), and try to keep her out of harm's way. You'll find you've no rest left, day nor night. I've had hard things to do in my time, but never one that beat me over and over like trying to keep a Quaker safe."

July 1662.—My father, a few days since, met Maidie and Dolly in the village, and asked whose children they were.

In the evening he said to me,—

"Those children of Olive Drayton's, at least, are guilty of no crimes, political or other. Have them to the house, Lettice, if thou wilt."

And, since, the old house and the gardens have grown musical with the frolics of these young creatures, Isaac and Maidie, Austin Rich and Dolly. It makes me young again to see their story of life beginning.

And it is pleasant to feel there is so much of youth left in my heart to respond to the youth in theirs, so that they see and feel my being with them a sunshine, not a shadow.

Sometimes I feel as if I could be content to take this on-looker's place in life, and be a kind of grandmother to every one's children. If I could only be sure that Roger and the old friends were also content and secure.

But the times press hard on them, and are like, they say, to press harder yet.

August 30th.—The harder times for the Puritans have come, or have begun. A week since, on St. Bartholomew's Day, two thousand of their ministers resigned their benefices, rather than do what was commanded by the Act of Uniformity.

My father is angry with the "parsons" all round; with the bishops for driving the Puritans out, with the Puritans for going.

Mistress Dorothy writes from Kidderminster:—

"Mr. Baxter and sixteen hundred of His Majesty's most loyal subjects, and the Church's most faithful ministers, banished from their pulpits. We had looked for another return when, like Judah of old, we hastened to be

the first to bring back our king. But return, or no return, let not any think we repent our loyalty. We will pray for His Majesty by twos or threes, if, by his command, we are forbidden to assemble in larger numbers. Pray that his throne may be established, and his counsellors converted."

Job Forster smiles grimly under the gray soldierly hair on his upper lip, and says, sententiously, between the strokes on his anvil,—

"They are finding it out. One after another. The four thousand Quakers in the jails. The Scottish Covenanted men, with the choice between the bishops and the gallows. Jenny Geddes will scarce rise from the dead to help them now. They are learning how the king remembers their sermons, to which they made him hearken so many hours. And how he keeps their Covenant, to which they made him swear so many oaths. The French, and the Dutch, and the Spaniards found it out long ago. And now the two thousand parsons are finding it out. And by-and-by, nigh the whole country will find it out. But Rachel and I will scarce be here to see."

"Find what out?" I said.

"That the Lord Protector's death was no such great blessing to any but himself," said Job. And he became at once too absorbed in his work to pursue the conversation.

October 29th.—To-day, the Post brought tidings which, when my father read, he dashed the letter from him, and started to his feet with an anathema, brief but deep.

Then he paced up and down the room once or twice in silence, and then he said suddenly to me,—

"Lettice, where is Roger Drayton?"

The abrupt question startled me for an instant, so that I could not reply. I did not know what new calamity had come, or was coming. And I suppose the colour left my face. For at once my father added very gently,—

"I should not have asked thee. I know well thou hast kept my prohibition but too loyally. I will send a messenger to Netherby with the letter."

He wrote a few rapid lines, and despatched a servant with the letter without delay.

Then deliberately and quietly he took his sword from his side and hung it up beside my grandfather's in the hall.

"For the last time!" he said, "the honour of England is gone for ever. *The king has sold Dunkirk to the French.*"

And with a restless impatience he went on,—

"Come, come, child! We will make no babyish moans. Get on thy mantle and come round the old place. A man may still serve the country by making two blades of grass where one grew before. But by bearing arms under traitors who sell the honour of England to pay for the paint and gewgaws of wicked women, never again. Henceforth call thyself a husband-

man's daughter, Lettice; but never again a soldier's. In name and in arms England is disgraced, child, dishonoured, made a bye-word and a laughing-stock to the whole world. But we may still make the corn grow thicker and the sheep fatter. So who shall say there is not something worth living for yet?"

"Something worth doing yet," he added, "for the country of Eliot and Falkland, and Robert Blake, who made the Pope and the Turk quake in their castles, and now lies tossed like a dog into a pit in St. Margaret's churchyard!"

But he did not tell me what was in the letter he sent to Netherby.

October 31st.—The autumn wind was softly drifting the brown leaves into heaps round the roots of the trees, by the Lady Well, and softly adding to them by loosening one by one from the branches. I was thinking he was God's gardener, tenderly, though with rough hands, folding warm coverlids over the roots of the flowers. I was thinking how wilder winds would come, and with icy breath heap the snows above the dead leaves; and yet still only be God's gardeners to keep his flowers housed against the spring, and not to shelter only, but to feed and enrich them whilst sheltering. For sleep is not only a rest, but a cordial of new life. I was listening to the dropping of the water into the Holy Well the monks had made so long ago, and thinking how Olive and I had listened to it long ago, and thought it like church music from a kind of sacred Fairy-land. The old well, and the fresh spring; always fresh, always living, always young; when there came a rustling among the leaves which was not the wind, nearer, nearer, and before I could look, his hand on my hand, and his voice, low as the dropping of the water, on my heart, and deep as the spring from which it flowed.

"Lettice, your father told me I might come back. Do you say so?"

I could scarcely speak, still less could I meet his eyes, which I felt through the heavy lids I could not raise.

"My heart has never changed, Roger," I said at last, "nor misdoubted you one instant."

"Has your determination changed, Lettice?" he said, gently withdrawing his hand.

"Has yours?" I said. "If you can but say you grieve for one irrevocable deed, and would recall it if you could?"

"I repent of much, and would undo much," he replied. "But I can never say I repent of following him who saved England; and to whom England cannot even return the poor gratitude of a grave."

We went silently home side by side, the dead leaves crumbling under his feet in the still woodland paths, till we came to my mother's garden, one side of which bordered on the wood.

There he unlatched the little garden gate, and held it for me to pass. The click sounded startling in the silence. I passed through, but did not look up, until my hands were suddenly seized in my father's, and his

face shone down on me beaming with smiles I had not seen there for many a day.

"How now, child," said he, "whither away, pale and downcast as a white violet?"

"Dost fear I distrust thee, Lettice?" he added, softly; "I never did, I never could."

Then I looked up and met his eyes for a moment, but the softness in them overcame me, and I could not speak.

"What does all this mean, Roger Drayton?" he resumed, impatiently. "Does not she know I sent for thee? Surely she has not changed?"

"Mistress Lettice says she has not changed," said Roger, despondingly, "and never can."

"Then what is all this coil about? She told me months since, in the teeth of prohibitions and entreaties to bestow her hand elsewhere, that you had exchanged troth, and would be true to each other till death."

"And after," said I. "Death cannot separate us for ever. Only that terrible death, and that only in life."

"It was because I guarded the scaffold at the king's beheading," said Roger.

"Tush, tush, child," my father replied, hastily. "We have been through a wilderness, and which of us has not lost his way? We have been through the fire and smoke of a hundred battles, who expects us to come out with face and hands washed like a Pharisee's?"

Then suddenly turning to Roger and taking his hand, he said, solemnly,—

"If thou hadst known, Roger Drayton, for what a king that scaffold was clearing the way, I trow thou hadst rather laid thy head on the block thyself."

This Roger did not deny. Was not his silence a confession? And so, when my father laid our hands together in his, could I refuse? The sacred irresistible touch of another hand which had once before so joined them, seemed on us all, and a tender voice from heaven seemed to float above like church-music. And still as I listened to-night, in the oratory alone, it seemed to say,—

"My children, the way is rough, tread it together. The burdens are heavy; share them all. Sorrows, fears, fruitless regrets, fruitful repentances, share them all. Bear each other's burdens, and in so bearing, make them sometimes light and always helpful. To you it is given to love; not with the poor timid transitory love which dares not see, but with the love which dares to see because it helps to purify. My children, the way will not be smooth. Tread it together. The burdens will be heavy. Share them all."

XXIII.

OLIVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

They were married as quietly as might be on a quiet autumn day in the old parish-church of Netherby.

We waited for them in the porch of the old church—

the west porch, which our forefathers had built—looking across the green graves of the village churchyard, across the quiet village street to the arched gate which opened opposite from one of the avenues of the hall; my father, Aunt Dorothy (once more at Netherby), Aunt Gretel, my husband, the children and I.

No stately procession issued thence, only Lettice, leaning on her father's arm, wrapped closely in a mantle, with a few faithful old servants following.

We saw them in the distance wending towards us among the gray stems of the beech trees. Their footsteps fell softly on the fallen leaves as they crossed the church path. We met them at the churchyard gate.

So we entered the church, which we had not done before.

And there a sight met us which went deep to our hearts.

There had been no triumphal wedding arches, no banners, no flowers strewn on the bride's path.

Netherby was a Puritan village, and we Puritans were at no time great in pomps and ceremonials. Moreover, there was a weight of joy in the crowning of this hope so long deferred, and a depth of content, which moved rather to tears than to shouts of welcome. Nor were the times very joyous to us. With two thousand deprived ministers to be kept from starving, and thousands of those who believed as we did, not to be kept from prisons, our festivities naturally took a sober colouring.

We had not therefore been prepared to find the church full from door to altar; full of people from the village and from all the country round—old men and women, and the youngest children that could be trusted to be quiet. (For, as one mother said afterwards, "I would like them to be able to say to their children, 'I was there when Mr. Roger and Mistress Lettice were married.'") They rose as we passed up the aisle, and a soft murmur of benediction seemed to fill the silent church.

For Roger and Lettice were dearly loved in the dear old place, with an affection which had grown with their growth from infancy, and which was strong through the intertwining roots of centuries. (It will be long before the new roots in the New World strike so deep.)

And through all the generations of Davenants and Draytons this was the first time the lines had met in marriage.

It was a solemn as well as a joyful thing to see those two stand with joined hands at the altar, with the tombs of our fathers beside them in the oldest transept, and the stately monuments of the Davenants opposite, whilst the whole village of our tenants and servants (children of generations of our tenants and servants) were gathered behind.

As they knelt down side by side on the altar steps, a ray from the autumn sun fell softly on her bowed head, slightly turned, on the rich brown hair flowing beneath her veil, on the broad fair brow, the drooping eyelids, with their long dark lashes and the pale cheek. In its

repose her face shone on me as if it had been her mother's, looking down on her from heaven; so close seemed the likeness, so angelic the calm. It brought my childhood, and all heaven before me, and blinded my eyes with tears.

Good old Dr. Rich was so completely shaken out of his natural dwelling-place in the past by his sympathy with them that he seemed like another man. His voice was deep and tender, and the benedictions fell from his lips with a power which resounded from stone effigies of knight and dame, and thrilled back from every living heart, in a deep echo, "Yea, and they shall be blessed."

The most rigid Puritan in the place conformed for the occasion. Responses went up, not, as Mr. Baxter complains, "in a confused and unmeaning manner," but hearty and clear as an anthem; and the *Amens* rang through the church like a salute of artillery.

As the service closed and we followed Lettice and Roger down the aisle, I noticed a cavalier wrapped in a large mantle, leaning against one of the pillars near the door. Lettice saw him and pointed him out to Roger, and both then went towards him. It was Walter Davenant. He came forward and grasped their hands.

His voice was low, and had a tremor in it. But I heard him say,—

"If my being publicly here could have been any sign of honour to you, Roger Drayton, I would have come with a cavalcade. But my coming is an honour to none. I pray you think it not a disgrace."

Sir Walter coloured as he saw him (he had forbidden Walter to enter his house), but Lettice placed their hands together, and there was no resisting the entreaty in her sweet pleading face. So the old cavalier went back to the hall leaning on his son's arm.

It seemed as happy an augury as could be given of the blessing to flow from the marriage.

He was the only one of Lettice's kindred except her father who vouchsafed his presence. And I believe it was to counterbalance this cold reception, and testify how he honoured, as much as to show how he loved, his child, that Sir Walter insisted on all the village partaking of such a feast as Netherby had never seen, and on the ringers of all the churches round ringing such peals as the country-side had never heard.

So it came about that at last, after flowing so parallel, so close, and so divided for so many centuries, the two streams of life at Netherby blended in one.

Job Forster said,—

"I always knew it must be—I always knew. Do you think, Mistress Olive, I've watched nightly with Master Roger by the camp-fires on Scotch and Irish moors, on the hills and by the sea, and gone with him into battle after battle, when neither of us knew who would ever come back alive—without finding out where his heart was? and when Mistress Lettice came back from beyond seas as a lily among thorns, I knew *she* was all right, which made it plain. But I never breathed it to a soul. *She* (i.e. Rachel) of course always knew everything, whether

she was told or not. But she was unbelieving about it—fearful and unbelieving. I never knew her so bad about anything. I believe it was because she wished it so much. Scores of times she has vexed me sore about it. 'There was no promise folks should be happy,' said she, 'and have all they wished for.' I had to mind her of the morning long ago, when we went hunting in the dark for a promise for Master Roger when he was in that sore trouble, and no promise came, till at last she found we wanted none, for we'd got beyond the promises to Him who was the Promise of all promises. And here she was standing up again for a promise! 'It was spiritual inward blessing we were looking for then, Job,' said she (nigh as perverse as that poor Quaker maid), 'and of course that's all plain. This is *outward*, and that's another thing altogether. No doubt the good Lord would have us all forgiven and made good. But it's by no means clear to my mind He'd have us all married and made happy just in the way we wish.' 'Well,' said I, 'thou'rt a wise woman, a world wiser than me. But thou'rt never fought under Oliver. He said he knew not well to distinguish between outward blessings and inward. *To a worldly man they are outward; to a saint, Christian.* The difference is in the subject, if not in the object.' Nor," continued Job, "do I know to distinguish, or care. Leastways thou'rt been the best means of grace the Lord ever sent to me. And why should'nt Master Roger and Mistress Lettice be like thee and me. Seems to me scarce thankful, anyway, to put marriage among the outward blessings, like meat." Which, if it did not convince her (for the best of women can't be always amenable to reason), anyways turned the conversation. And now it's all come about as I said, wife, and thou must give in at last," he concluded. "Sure, thou'lt never be as stiff-necked as those poor wilful Scottish ministers who were so wise they could'nt even see what the Almighty meant after he had spoken in thunder at Dunbar. Poor souls," he added, "poor stiff-necked souls, they're learning it now on the other side of the book, by the gallows and the boot, and the congregations scattered by the King's soldiers on the hills."

Rachel did not plunge into the vexed question his words raised; as to whether the event proved the equity of the cause. She only said,—

"Promise or no promise, Job; inward or outward, I've no manner of doubt the good Lord minds whether we're happy or no, and makes us as happy as may be, while being made as good as we can be. Which, of course, He minds ten thousand times more; because the goodness *is* the happiness, come which way it may, by the drought or the flood. But if the happiness *will* make us good, no fear of his stinting that. Good measure pressed down and running over, that's His measure, and that's the measure He's given Mistress Lettice and Master Roger at last, and thee and me, this many a year. Good measure, with his sign and mark on it to show it *is* good, and no counterfeit."

Aunt Dorothy was the only one among us who thought it necessary to temper Roger and Lettice's content with dark forebodings.

"It is no smooth sea, dear heart," said she to Lettice, "thy bark is launched upon, nor can ye remain long in any haven."

"I know that I have married a soldier," replied Lettice, "and a soldier in a warfare which has no discharges. But I know his lot, and I have chosen it for mine, Aunt Dorothy."

"Aunt Dorothy" fell from her lips for the first time like a caress. There was always a kind of sweet easy majesty about Lettice, which made her caresses seem a dignity as well as a delight, and Aunt Dorothy for the time ceased her forebodings. Her love for Lettice was stronger than she confessed or knew, and she was always more easily led by Lettice than by any amongst us to take a brighter view of things and men. Not that Aunt Dorothy was one given to moan or whine. She did not dread suffering, but she believed it her duty to dread joy, and was therefore ever wont to shadow sunny days with the severe foresight of evil days to come. Dark days indeed were her bright days, since on these she permitted herself to enjoy such stray sunbeams as rarely fail to break through the darkest.

During three years after Roger and Lettice's marriage we kept much at Netherby. Sir Walter's failing health made him choose the quiet of his country home. Moreover, the doings of that degraded Court, which the loyal Mr. Evelyn called "rather a luxurious and abandoned rout than a Court," displeased the old cavalier of the court of Charles the First as much as it did any Puritan amongst us. Except for the contrast which made it yet bitterer for us who had hoped much from the Commonwealth, and remembered Milton dwelling at Whitehall, and the blameless family of the Protector making a pure English home, with dignified courtly festivities and family prayer, where now the eager contests of the gaming-table and wretched French songs resounded, on Sundays as well as on other days, through the apartments where the King's mistresses reigned.

An alliance grew up between Aunt Dorothy, Sir Walter, and good Dr. Rich. Aunt Dorothy could never so far forgive my father, Roger, my husband, or Job Forster, for turning (as she believed) liberty into license, and lawful resistance into rebellion, as to consort with them again as of the same party. With Sir Walter she had a broad common ground in their loyalty to the late king, their lamentations over the present Court, their general admiration of the nobleness of the past, and their general hopelessness as to the future. But with Dr. Rich her sympathies were deeper. He would bring her passages from St. Austin, which she thought only second to St. Paul; and, in return, she would acknowledge that there was one passage which she had not once understood as she ought, and that was, "Resist not the power, for they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." She agreed with

Mr. Baxter and Mr. Henry as to the duty of attending, at least occasionally, the services in the church established by law. And he agreed that from primitive times private assemblies for edification in twos and threes were not forbidden.

Sometimes, indeed, they had debates.

"England also has now her St. Bartholomew," she said once, "and no doubt she will have her retribution. Charles the Ninth of France died in agonies of remorse soon after that fatal day of the execution of the Huguenots."

"Anniversaries are not always wise to observe, madam," he replied. "On the eve of St. Bartholomew's day seventeen years ago, the Commonwealth prohibited the use of the Common Prayer even in private. That also is an anniversary. And some might say *this* St. Bartholomew is the retribution. God forbid I should accuse Him of punishing one injustice by another. But by all means let us avoid predictions. Even agonies of remorse are not the most hopeless end of guilty souls."

"Yet," said my father, "nothing is more safe than predictions of retribution. Most men being likely to suffer, and all men being sure to die, what can be safer than to threaten either affliction or death, or both, to those we deem guilty? It seems to me," he continued, "an endless and fruitless toil to make up the balance of accounts between the churches as to persecution. Perhaps all that can be said is, that those who have had the least power have had the privilege of inflicting the least wrong. He who ruled England once said, 'He never yet knew the sect who, when in power, would allow liberty to the rest!'"

"He was for license," interposed Aunt Dorothy. "Heaven forbid we should call that liberty."

"Ay, sister Dorothy, no doubt," said my father, smiling, "with many sects liberty to any other is license. That was what the Protector thought. Be thankful that you have no chance just now of *making* a St. Bartholomew of your own."

"The Protector has had his retribution, brother," said Aunt Dorothy, solemnly, "let us leave him and his politics in peace."

"But, sir," rejoined my father, turning to Dr. Rich, "after all, the worst retributions surely are *in* our sins. The loss of the soul in sinning must be greater than any subsequent loss in suffering; and I confess, to me no severer retribution seems possible to the Church which inflicts this present wrong than the wrong itself, the loss of two thousand of her most fervent and holy pastors, and the rending from her of the tens of thousands who revere and follow them. The losses of churches after all are not in livings but in lives; not in money but in men."

Bitter and biting, indeed, were the times around us, yet the prisons of those days were more honourable than the palaces. Better beyond comparison any disgrace and suffering that reckless Court could inflict than the disgrace of belonging to it.

With two thousand good ministers and their families thrown destitute on the world, it was impossible that any of those who honoured them could feel their own possessions anything but a trust to be scrupulously husbanded for their succour. Many hundreds also were in prison, though none, I rejoice to think, of those two thousand were ever in prison for debt. Then there were the Quakers, who bore the brunt of the battle, carrying passive resistance as close to action as possible, and persisting in meeting in public assemblies though certain to be dispersed by constables or soldiers, with wounds or loss of life.

Indeed it was for this reason amongst others we kept away from London during the years following the passing the Act of Uniformity, in the hope of keeping Annis Nye out of the peril we knew she would confront if near enough to attend a meeting of Friends.

It was not any one party in the state whose hearts began to fail, but the good men of all parties.

It was no longer Royalists or Roundheads only that were sinking, but England. It was not Puritanism or Presbyterianism only that the Court affronted, but righteousness, purity, and truth.

Already the weapons of ecclesiastical or theological controversy, the subtle and "unanswerable" arguments wherewith Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, Erastians, Calvinists, Arminians, Semi-Arminians, and all the sixty sects Mr. Baxter had enumerated, had been assailing each other during the past years, seemed to hang rusting over our heads, as mere curious antiquities, such as the bills and crossbows our ancestors had used in the wars of the Roses.

The contest was being carried to other ground; to the oldest battle-field of all, and the most plainly marked.

As Job Forster said,—

"There's a good deal of the fighting that's been done these last years, Mistress Olive, that's been a sore puzzle to a plain man like me. I mean the wars with words as well as with swords. Friend and foe used so much the same battle-cries, and fought under banners so much alike, that when a man had gained a victory, it wasn't always easy to see whether to make it a day of humiliation or of thanksgiving. The safest way was to make it both. And after *he who could see for us all* was taken from our head, things got clean hopeless, and it was all shooting in the dark. But now there's a kind of doleful comfort in putting by all the long hard words with which Christians fight each other, and taking up for weapons the Ten Commandments. A man feels more sure anyway they can't hit wrong. There's been a deal of fighting and a deal of talking these last years, and seems to me now as if the Almighty were calling us all to a Quaker's silent meeting, to keep still a bit, and mind our own business. Perhaps when the talking and the fighting begin again, they'll both be the better for the silence."

XXIV.

LETTICE'S DIARY.

DAVENANT HALL, October 1664.—The blow has fallen on us at last. Aunt Dorothy and Annis Nye are together in prison at Newgate.

Annis was the first taken. Olive being for a time in London, nothing could keep the maiden from attending the forbidden meeting of Quakers, held at the Bull and Mouth, Bishopsgate. And so it happened that, one night, they looked for her return in vain, and Dr. Antony going to search for her, found that the assembly had been broken up by the soldiers with violence, and that among those seized and thrown into prison was Annis Nye. They would have paid anything, or taken any pains to rescue her, but the peculiar difficulty in the case of the imprisonment of the Quakers is, that they will do nothing and suffer nothing to be done, which would in any way recognize the justice of their sentence. The magistrate in this case (as in another which occurred at the same time) was willing to have set Annis free, if she would have given any pledge to abstain from attending such meetings in future. But she said,—

"Ask me not to do aught against my conscience! If I were set free to-day I must go to-morrow, if the Lord so willed me, to meet the Friends at the Bull and Mouth."

Nor would she suffer bail to be given. And so she was sentenced to be carried beyond seas to the plantations in Jamaica—she and divers other Quakers, men and women; the men being sentenced to Barbadoes, and the women to Jamaica.

Aunt Dorothy's heart was moved for the maid; but, nevertheless, she shook her head, and said she had always prophesied such wilfulness could have no other end.

"It was a pity," said she, "the rashness of such disorderly people should throw discredit on the sufferings of sober Christians."

For she still clung to the belief that there was a legal submission, a conformity to the furthest limit possibly compatible with fidelity to conscience, which must be a safeguard for the personal liberty of those who, like Mr. Baxter and herself, rigidly kept within it.

But she was soon to be driven from this last point of hope. In July the Conventicle Act came into action, ordering that any religious meetings in private houses or elsewhere, of more than five people besides the household, rendered those who attended them liable to imprisonment or fines.

And from that time no Puritan gentleman, who had an enemy base enough to inform against him, or happened to come in the way of a common mercenary informer, could be safe. Some even deemed it unsafe to say a grace when five strangers were present.

At Netherby, a few of the villagers had always been wont to join our family-prayer from time to time.

At the time of the coming of the Conventicle Act into operation, Aunt Dorothy chanced to be alone in the house, the rest of the family being in London, and she scorned to make any change.

On Sunday morning, an ill-looking suspicious stranger dropped in on their morning exercise. And on the next the constables made their appearance at the same hour, and arrested Aunt Dorothy in the king's name.

The servants talked of resistance, and the constables suggested bail, but Aunt Dorothy refused either: the first, from loyalty to the king; the second, from loyalty to truth. She was guilty of no offence against God or the king, said she, and was ready to stand her trial.

Accordingly she is in Newgate, and Roger is in London, doing all he can, in conjunction with Mr. Drayton and Dr. Antony, to effect her liberation.

Twelfth Night, 1665.—I little thought that ever again, while we are both on earth, anything should separate Roger and me.

I had gone over, as I thought, all possible dangers, and resolved that, in all, duty must keep me by his side. Exile, war, imprisonment, all I would share. What duty could ever arise so strong as my duty to cleave to him?

And yet now Roger lies in prison in London, and I am imprisoned here, kept from him by soft ties of duty stronger than bolts of iron.

For in the cradle by my side, breathing the sweet even breath of an infant's sleep, lies our little Harry Davenant Drayton.

And in the next chamber, with the door open between, lies my father, sleeping the feverish broken sleep of sickness, from time to time calling me to his side by an uneasy moan or a restless movement; scarcely able to bear me out of his sight.

Roger was arrested for speaking some words of good cheer to a little company who had gathered at early dawn in a solitary place to hear their ancient pastor. The pastor had been thrown into prison, and the poor flock waited in vain. Roger came to tell them of their pastor's imprisonment, said a short prayer and a few words of good counsel, and would thus have heartened and then dismissed them, when the officers came and seized him. Strange that he, so little given to over-much discourse, should be in prison for speaking.

There were no bonfires or festivities to-day, as on that Twelfth-night, all but a quarter of a century since, when all Netherby, and my own brothers and I, made merry around the winter bonfires; that night which was nigh costing Roger so dear; all life and all the Civil War before us, then as unknown as to-morrow now!

How scattered the company who met then! On battlefield, and lonely heath, and in the silent church; in this old house (which feels almost as lonely and silent now), and in prison.

Yet better now than then, in many ways, and for most of us. Some of the dearest who could never have

rested here, at rest for ever above. Roger with a rest in his heart no prison can rob him of. And my father nearer my mother, I think, than ever before in heart and soul.

I read the Prayer-book to him often, and the Bible. He makes little comment, but loves to listen, and asks for the chapters and hymns my mother loved best. And sometimes he asks me what comforted her most when she thought of dying. And I tell him,—

"Christ our Lord. The thought of Him; all He said, did, and suffered on earth; Himself living now in heaven. All else, she said, was Hades, the Invisible. But Christ had become Visible; had been manifested, seen, touched, and handled." "God refuses us all such poor pictures," said she, "as Pagans and Mussulmen have of their paradises and elysiums; all pictures, except such as it is plain are *not* pictures, but symbols; either because they contradict themselves—as 'gold like transparent glass,' and seas 'mingled with fire'—or, because we are told they are symbols, like the living water and the Tree of Life. The other world remains to us Hades. But Christ the Lord has been seen by mortal eyes, held in the mortal arms of a mortal mother. His feet bathed with tears and kissed by the lips of an adoring, penitent woman. His hand laid with healing touch on the leper none else would touch. His hands nailed to a cross, and His feet; the prints of the nails seen by Thomas; His voice heard on the slopes of Olivet, by the sea-side, by the well. Christ the Lord was heard and seen," she said. "And that makes all the Hades a place not of darkness, but of light to me, where the human heart can long to be, to adore Him, and yet remain human."

"Did she say that?" my father says. "Did she say that? Then that is what I can understand too. Even *she* could have seen nothing but a blank of darkness in it but for Him; but for Him. Then, sweet heart, no wonder I seem like groping in the dark sometimes. I who have so much more sin to be forgiven, and so much less faith to see."

Then once I told him how that horror of thick darkness came on me when she died, and how it was shone away by the Apostles' Creed. And he listened, gazing at me as if his soul were living on the words. Then I read him the gospels; the stories of the resurrection.

And then often, again and again, he asks me to repeat what my mother said. And each time, instead of growing dull by repetition, it seems to grow living to us both.

So I can have no doubt that my place is here, and not in the prison with Roger, where otherwise it would be liberation to me to go.

January 30th, 1665.—No word from the prison for some days. The snow is white on all the breadths of the Fens, bounded only like the sea by the gray sky, broken only by the Mere, black with ice, and by the dark limbs of the trees which have stripped themselves like athletes to fight the winter storms.

Sixteen years since they laid the king amidst the falling snow, among his fathers, in the Chapel at Windsor.

How little our sentences avail !

Executed this day sixteen years as a murderer and traitor ! Celebrated to-day in every church throughout the land as a martyr of blessed memory ; while the bones of those who put him to death lie mouldering under the gallows.

Yet who shall say that the final sentence is given yet ? Higher and higher the cause is carried from tribunal to tribunal, from the angry present to the calm-judging generations to come, from these again to the Tribunal above, from which there is no appeal.

Of what avail for us to judge ?

The sentence is *given* there already ; given, and *known* to those whom it most concerns.

What matters it what we are prattling about it here below ?

My husband has left among his papers some letters and journals from the other side of the sea, which are well worn by much reading, and noted in the margin in many places, so that in reading them I converse with him, and find much comfort every way, both in the text and the comment.

The simple story goes straight to my heart, nerves and braces it at once. Never, I think, were sufferings borne with more of courage and less of repining.

Frost, famine, salt water freezing on their scanty clothing till it was hard as the Ironsides armour. Then "vehement" coughs came on, "hectic," and consumption ; still they bore cheerfully on. Out of the hundred, seventeen died in the first February after their landing, sixteen in March, sometimes three die in a day. At last, at the end of the winter, of one hundred persons, scarce fifty remained ; the living scarce able to bury the dead ; the well not sufficient to tend the sick. And in a notice which touches me to the quick, the journal says :—

"While we were busy about our seed, our governor, Mr. Carver, comes out of the field very sick, complains greatly of his head ; within a few hours his senses fail, so as he speaks no more, and in a few days after, dies, to our great lamentation and heaviness. His care and pains were so great for the common good, as therewith 'twas thought he oppressed himself, and shortened his days ; of whose loss we cannot sufficiently complain ; and his wife deceases about five or six weeks after."

She, belike, did not complain of his loss. She endured ; and died.

And shall I complain while *Roger lives* ; and of bodily hardship I know nothing ; though that, indeed, is scarce the hardest.

Half the exiles dead, yet the rest never lost heart or distrusted God ; but went on, and toiled and conquered ;—made a home and a refuge for their brethren ;—began a New World.

The sorrows were borne in unrepining silence, as knowing God the Father would not try them on many that could be spared. The mercies are recorded with grateful minuteness.

After their first harvest from seed saved from half-starving mouths, they appointed an annual Thanksgiving Day ; afterwards, after a time, an annual fast. But the thanksgiving came first. And they made it a right merry day ; preparing for it by a holiday of hunting game for the feast. A wholesome and not gloomy piety theirs seems to me, like John Bunyan's. Moreover, they have eyes to see. The journal tells of forests "compassing about to the very sea, with oaks, pines, ash, walnut, birch, holly, juniper, sassafras, and other sweet wood ;" of forest paths and sweet brooks ; of quiet pools and deep grassy valleys ; of vines, too, and strawberries ; and sorrel and yarrow, and cherry trees and plum trees.

Deer range the forests, and wilder animals. One poor man whose feet were "pitifully ill" with the cold, crept abroad into the woods with a spaniel. A little way from the plantation, two wolves ran after the dog, who fled between his legs for succour ; he had nothing in his hand, but took up a stick and threw at one of them and hit him. They ran away, but came again ; he got a pale-board in his hand, and "they sat on their tail, grinning at him a good while, and then went their way, and left him."

Cranes and mallards waded about the marshy places and plashed in the pools ; and now and then they started partridges and "milky-white fowl ;" and birds sang pleasantly among the trees.

The world seems so wholesome there, so adventurous, so full of life. Sometimes I think if Roger were out of prison, one day I should like to go there with him and our babe, and all the rest ; away from the conflicts of this distracted land ; out of the way of courts and prisons and Convictive Acts, to conquer some more homes from the wilderness.

But, perhaps, this is only restlessness and repining ; in which case I should be no worthy member of such a company.

I wonder if Roger ever thought of this, and never liked to mention it to me, knowing how I love the old country and the old church. The pages are so well-worn and so carefully noted. When we meet again, at all events, I will show him I am ready for anything he deems good. "Thy country shall be my country ; whither thou goest I will go ; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried."

Yes ; none can rob me ever more of that sacred right.

February 2nd.—A letter from Roger from the prison.

Brief enough, as his letters and speeches for the most part are, yet marvellously lengthy for him.

"Our case is but little to be commiserated," he writes, "being so much lighter than that of others, and we trust soon to be ended.

"I might, indeed, have as fair a room as at Netherby,

and as good eggs, cheese, butter, and bacon as a soldier could wish for sold here in the prison.

"But no man, hale and strong (as I am, sweet heart, so never be downcast), could know that hundreds of men and women, imprisoned for much the same cause as we, are under the same roof, ill-clad, ill-fed, and worse lodged, and enjoy his feast alone.

"The Quakers, as usual, provoke the charge, and bear the brunt of it. The men's sleeping-room, till lately, was a great bare chamber with hammocks hung between a pillar in the midst and the wall, in three tiers, one above another; the air, by the morning, enough to breed a pestilence. God grant it do not. For although this is somewhat mended, these crowded prisons are little better than pest-houses at the best. And pestilences do not stay where they begin. Whitehall is not so far from Newgate but that the poison might spread. The Friends outside do what they can to succour, clothe, and feed those within, arranging their help with a singular order and care. But much is left for us to aid in. Wherefore, sweet heart, send what warm woolseys and wholesome country food thou canst. Leonard Antony will bring it and see it well bestowed.

"We have good hope of deliverance, by payment of sundry fines and other moneys. Annis Nye, we fear, is sentenced to the plantations in Jamaica. But Aunt Dorothy will, no doubt, speedily be free, and bring thee tidings. So God keep thee and the babe. And be of good cheer. I was never of better heart. Farewell.

"P.S.—Thy brother Walter hath been to see me. He was much moved. And he is doing what he can for our release. But he looks sorely aged and changed."

February 10th.—Aunt Dorothy is at Netherby again.

She looks thin and pale after such prison-fare and lodging. She brings certain tidings that Roger will soon be free.

Her wrath seems chiefly directed against the exactions of the prison-officers.

"Harpies!" said she, "unconscionable harpies. I would not have given a groat of good money to fill their unhallowed coffers, and to buy the rancid lard and fetid oil they dare to call butter and bacon, or demeaned myself to ask them the favour of a lodging separate from the vagabonds and purse-pickers, had it not been for that poor wilful maid, Annis Nye. She looked like a ghost or a corpse; a corpse with the eyes of an angel, and the courage of a lion. Yea, the courage of a lion more than the meekness of a martyr. Brave I say she is as any woman ever was. And brave the Quakers are. But meek I never will call them. One of them was imprisoned for 'finishing a job,' mending shoes, on the Sabbath morning! On religious principles, quoth he: breaking the Sabbath 'on religious grounds!' And when in prison he let them nearly whip him to death, rather than confess himself guilty by doing the malefactors' prison work. Indeed, he would have died but for the tender nursing of Mr. Thomas Killwood and the other Friends, dressing his wounds with balsams. For

that they are friendly to each other, these fanatics, no one can deny; brave and friendly; but meek—surely they are not. I had almost to belie myself by pretending to want a waiting-woman (a bondage I hate), before I could prevail on that poor maid to let me have her in a room apart, and nurse and cherish her as she needed. For she had been sorely bruised and wounded in the scattering of the meeting, where the soldiers took her; and had been busier since with her 'concerns' and her 'callings,' to all seeming, than with mollifying her wounds and bruises. I am a woman of no weak nerve, niece Lettice, but my heart sickened when I came to see how she must have suffered. And she as patient as a lamb; dumb and patient those Quakers can be. I will never deny that; dumb and patient, brave and friendly. And now there she is again alone, without a creature in their sober senses near her to keep her from her 'concerns' and her 'calls.' There she is with ever so many others, sentenced to 'service' in Jamaica."

When Job Forster heard this sentence, he brushed his hand across his eyes.

"Poor maid! poor, pleasant, wilful maid!" said he.

But before long he seemed to take a more cheerful view.

"Perhaps it's for the best, after all, Mistress Lettice.

Who knows but she might have been seized with a concern to go to preach to the Grand Turk, or the Pope, or the Dey of Algiers? Several of the women Friends have done such things. Not that the Turks are the worst foes for a Quaker. They listen to them as meek as lambs, for they think they are mad; and they think the Almighty speaks through mad people. And then they escort them out of the country, as gracious as may be. And I don't see what any saint could do better with a Quaker, poor blind infidels though those Turks be. Nay, the Turks are not the worst danger for a Quaker. She might have had a concern to go to New England, to testify, as others of her sect have done, against the severity of their treatment there. And New England, they do say, is about the hottest place a Quaker can go to just now. They don't listen to them, like the poor Turks. And they do escort them out of the country; but not graciously. They beat them from town to town, and threaten them with the gallows if they come back again, which makes it a stronger temptation than any Quaker can resist to go back as soon as they can."

This is a great perplexity to me. I thought the people in New England had gone there on account of religious liberty. I must ask Roger.

February 17th.—Roger is with us again; scarce the worse for his imprisonment, except a little hollow in the cheeks, and a good deal of want of repair in his clothes. I see he did not use the clothes I had made.

"A little more in good campaigning order," he says, if I attempt to condole; "a little relieved of overabundance of flesh. That is all."

It is the way of the Draytons generally, and of Roger in particular, that their spirits rise beyond the ordinary

level in a storm. I suppose the family has been used to stormy weather so long that they feel it their element. They are at home in it, and like it.

I have asked him about New England. His face quite beamed, and his tongue seemed unloosed, when he found the thought of going to the plantations was not so terrible to me.

He confessed that he had often thought it might be the best resource, if things do not mend here, but had shrunk from mentioning it to me.

"We are all cowards, in some direction," he said, with a smile. "How was I to know, sweet heart, I had married a Deborah, whose heart would never fail?"

"Thou dost not despair for England?" I said.

"God forbid!" said he. "But the lives of nations count by centuries, and ours by years, and that but precariously. And, meantime, while there is so little to be done here, I have sometimes thought we might serve the old country best by extending her dominion and anticipating her freedom in the new."

"But," said I, "I cannot make out about this freedom. Job Forster says they are by no means gentle to Quakers."

He paused a little.

"The Quakers are not quite content with quietly pursuing their own way," he said. "With all their objections to war and teaching of passive resistance, their warfare is certainly not on the defensive, but a continual assault on other sects. And at present the New England plantations are struggling, not 'for wellbeing, but for being;' which is a struggle in which men are apt to make rough terms. By-and-by, they will feel stronger, and be gentler; and the Quakers, seeing that every man's hand is no longer against them, will cease to set their tongues against every man."

"I scarce think," he added, after a pause, in that low tone to which his voice always naturally falls when he speaks of his old general, "that the place is yet to be found on earth where such liberty exists as the Protector would have had in England."

"But it has scarce come to the alternative of exile yet. I cannot think that England will be steeped much longer in this Lethe of false loyalty, forgetting not Eliot and Hampden, and the Commonwealth alone, but Magna Charta, and all her history; all that makes her England."

XIV.

LETTICE'S DIARY—(Continued).

LONDON, April 1665.—The last weeks of watching by my father's sick-bed are over. No bitterness mingles with the sorrow. At first it seemed as if we could do nothing but give thanks for the peace and patience of those last days; and the rest for the spirit, so weary and hopeless as to this world and its future—so full of lowly, trembling hope as to the other.

Then came the ebbing back of the tide of affection in a tide of grief, the sense of blank and loss that must

come; and Roger thought it best I should leave the old scenes altogether for a while, and come to Olive's home.

For the old home at the hall can never be a home for us again.

Roland and his wife took possession at once, with workmen from town, and a train of new servants. Happily, my father had pensioned many of the old household.

My sister-in-law has remodelled my mother's oratory, and the old places so sacred to me, as she wished, after the newest fashions at Whitehall.

But these changes in things, however sacred, are little indeed, compared with the changes in people; the evil influences brought into the household and the village by the dissolute train of serving men and women, trained in the wicked manners of the Court.

LONDON, May 1665.—The spring seems to unfold her robes slowly this year, and feebly, like a butterfly I saw yesterday, in which life was so low that it died whilst struggling out of its chrysalis. There has been much drought. The scant foliage in the parks and by the road-sides grows old and gray with dust and drought almost as soon as it is out.

There have been comets and strange sights in the sky this winter. Aunt Dorothy thinks they are for the nation's sins; but Mr. Drayton, who attends the lectures of the Royal Society at Gresham College, says they have to do with the revolutions of the heavens, not with the revolution in England. "The signs of the times," says he, "are not in the sky, but in the Whitehall gaming-tables." But Aunt Dorothy shakes her head, and says the Royal Society, the Quakers, and the Court together, are fast undermining the faith of the people.

There are rumours that one or two poor folk in the villages of St. Giles' and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, between Westminster and the City, lie sick with a malady men like not well to name.

But all just goes on as usual. The king feeds the wild-fowl and plays pall-mall in the park, with the throng of idlers about him.

There is little, indeed, at Whitehall to recall that it ever was what Roger and the foreign ambassadors say it was in the days of the Commonwealth—a virtuous princely home; still less to make it possible to think the king recalls it as the scene of his father's martyrdom. A gaming-house, where wicked women are lodged, and fill the galleries night and day with licentious revelry; where the wife sits apart, neglected and despised, while her husband spends her fortune on the mistress with whom he compels her to associate!

Is there no English gentleman left, no relic of old knighthood, that these things can be?

Queen was a sacred name to the cavaliers of my youth. Were there no cavaliers left when the young queen, after patiently sitting apart some time in her neglected corner of the room while the base throng, with the king at their head, gathered around the mistress—at length rose and withdrew to hide her bitter

tears in her chamber;—were there none of the old Cavaliers left to rally indignantly round her and shame the king back to her? Were there no English gentlewomen left to uphold her in the courageous and womanly resistance she dared at first to make to the degradation of such company as the king forced on her?—To say to her, “For his sake and your own, never yield to such dishonour! Better weep alone, neglected for life, a widowed wife, than stoop to be but the first of such a company!”

Alas! now, poor lady, she has learned to hide her indignation, and to converse freely with those any man with a spark of true manhood in him, profligate though he might be, would have kept from her sight.

And some still speak of the king as a model of grace and courtesy, and extol his infinite jest and wit; comparing the polish of these refined days with the rough, soldierly jokes of the usurper!

These days refined, and those coarse! Roger says there is more coarseness in the most polished compliment of this hollow Court than in the roughest joke a man like Cromwell could ever make. Just as there is more coarseness in the theatre now established than in the rudest jests in Shakspeare, whose plays the king's courtiers and mistresses are too “polite” to act, and the courtiers too “polite” to enjoy.

For the royal favourites now are to be seen on the stage. The “lady” now, they say, does not reign alone. The poor young queen has this wretched revenge, at least, that the king can be constant to no love, lawful or not.

Bear and bull baiting, too, are restored among the “refinements” of the Court. But, perchance, I am the bitterer on this, in that this degradation presses me so close. The gleam of better hope that broke on us for Walter, when he appeared at our marriage and was reconciled to my father, has long since vanished; and he is swept away again in the whirlpool of the Court.

It is this which obliges me to think of evils from which otherwise I might turn my eyes.

This Dance of Satyrs is to my brother, indeed, a Dance of Death. These fires of sin are burning away his very life and soul, and none can quench them.

June 3rd.—The numbers of poor sick folk in St. Giles' and St. Martin's have increased fearfully. The nobles and rich men take alarm; many houses are deserted; the roads crowded with coaches full of fugitives.

The Plague is amongst us! The Plague!

To none of us not yet beyond middle life are the terrors of that word fully known. Mr. Drayton, Aunt Dorothy, and the aged, know the meaning of the word too well. In 1636, nearly thirty years ago, was the last great desolation of the City. Before that it recurred, with more or less force, every few years. Then it swept away a fifth of the inhabitants. But for the last sixteen years it has been scarcely seen in London; merely four or five people in the year, in the lowest districts, dying of it, and so preventing its being altogether forgotten.

Said Aunt Dorothy: “The Commonwealth was not all a godly people could wish. But during the Commonwealth the Plague did not visit the City. That scourge, at all events, was not deemed needful. Now the Court has come back—or I should not say come *back*—such a Court as was never known has come to us from those wicked, foreign, Popish parts: and with the Court comes the Plague.”

“The real Plague has been among us some years,” said Mr. Drayton. “Heaven grant this Plague may be the purification. But take heed, sister Dorothy, take heed how we interpret Providence before the time. The scourge has fallen on too many of late for us to say too hastily this is the Father's rod, and that is the Lictor's; or this is the King's accolade to smite his servant into knighthood, from the lower place of service to the higher. What sayest thou, sister Gretel?”

“For me, brother,” she replied, “there is little temptation to be too quick to interpret, because I am so slow to understand. So I find it the safest way, when the rod falls on others, to hope it is, as thou sayest, the King's accolade. When it falls on myself, I know well enough it is the Father's rod—the loving Father's loving chastening, yet sorely needed.”

But Aunt Dorothy set her lips rigidly.

“Some men's sins are open beforehand,” said she, “going before to judgment. And all men say it does seem very notable just now that death seizes most on the profane, and seems to pass the sober and religious people by.”

June 3rd.—Rumours of a great victory over the Dutch Fleet. The news scarce stirs up the smitten city to the faintest semblance of joy or triumph. Yet are victories not so frequent now as to be made common.

June 25th.—The Court has fled to Oxford. Whitehall is empty and silent. That mockery, at least, is gone out of sight of the people's misery.

The Court has fled, and the good Nonconformist ministers have come back, and are allowed to preach in the churches from which they were driven.

June 30th.—We have held a family consultation to-day whether to stay or go. Roger and Leonard Antony had no doubt of their duty.

Many of the physicians have left (to attend their fugitive patients, they say), which makes it all the more needful, Dr. Antony thinks, for him to remain.

Many of the clergy, also (though by no means all), have fled (to tend their fugitive flocks, they say). And Roger deems it the plain duty of a Christian man, who is here already by Providence placed in the midst of the peril, to stay, and give what help he can to the stricken and the bereaved, by counsel, alms, and words of Christian hope. This is the kind of season that unlocks Roger's lips. He grows eloquent, when dying men and women look to him to lift their hearts to God. At least, the few words he speaks are eloquent, and refresh the heart like cold water after a burning drought—cold and fresh, because of the deep places from which it comes.

They tried a little to persuade Olive and me and the children to seek refuge elsewhere.

But not much, seeing that all persuasion could be of no avail to move us to this.

Thank God, it is *not* my duty to be parted from him now. God spares us this agony.

Indeed, there is one mitigation to the anguish of this time of terrors. Death comes to many households now almost as the Glorious Epiphany for which my mother looked ; as it were with a great trumpet, in the twinkling of an eye, smiting whole families together, without parting, from earth to heaven.

For what richer mercy could we ask ?

July.—The sunny sky, unshaded by a cloud, still smiles its terrible steady stony smile on the drooping city ; like a countenance which despair has smitten into idiotic vacancy ; like an eye from which madness has dried the tears.

It is strange to have such leisure as we have now to listen and think. For in one thing Roger and Dr. Antony are firm. They will not suffer us to go into the infected streets, nor indeed to leave the garden, save by the water-gate, to give the children fresh air in the meadows by the river.

We keep everything as much as possible in its wonted, even course. Our family prayer and psalm have not been omitted once ; Roger's father leading it, for Roger and Leonard are seldom present.

Maidie and Dolly sew and help us in the house, where there is much to do ; since we held it duty by no means to suffer our servants to remain in the infected city, unwilling as they were to depart. Mistress Gretel, Mistress Dorothy, and Olive, therefore, do the kitchen and the household work, and I and the young maidens help all we can ; although (being brought up too helplessly) I am not of half the use I would be.

This regular even living Dr. Antony deems the best precaution. He believes a feverish convulsive kind of religion is as dangerous as any other excitement, and that we have great need at such (as at all) times of the exhortation, *Study to be quiet, and to do your own business.*

Much as he honours those who preach in the churches, he could desire that their exhortations were sometimes less alarming. The people are roused and alarmed enough, he says, by the pestilence. Death itself is preaching the Alarm and the Call to the unconverted. What sermon can preach "Prepare" like Ten thousand Deaths in a week ? The preachers should preach Christ and His peace, he thinks. And so no doubt many do.

The magistrates do what they can to produce the same regularity in the city. London is not wholly abandoned by all her rulers in her sore need. Bread is as abundant and cheap as ever, though it must be brought to us at some peril.

There is a great quiet in the streets. No holiday processions now. The merry-makers are all gone from

the city, or from the world. No funeral processions. There are no burials, except by night. The city is dying. But there are no tolling bells, no reverent slow steps of the mourning train. The magistrates dare not let the mourners go about the streets by day.

Death is stripped of all the pomps with which we seek to hide its terrors, and stands bare. The only funeral procession is the dead-cart with its ghastly drivers ; the dead-cart met at the head of each alley with shrieks of despair which break the silence of the night. Twice the drivers of that cart were lost, and the horses rushed wildly on. But no one knows if the drivers died or fled. The general tomb is that dread Pit in the fields where the dead are thrown at midnight, of which we scarce dare even think.

The pestilence makes no distinction that any of us can understand now. Aunt Dorothy has well-nigh given up seeking to read God's judgments, which at first she and many thought so distinct and distinguishing.

Yet amid all these horrors there are alleviations such as sometimes do make the meaning shine through them, as if they were illuminated from within.

Divisions have ceased. Instead of disputing questions of precedence as on a mock battle-field, Christians draw inward to the citadel, which is the sole and common refuge of us all.

Mere religious *talk* has ceased.

People whose talk is deeper in their life, do not *dare* to talk for fear of having to prove their words the same hour in dying.

People whose life lies deeper than their speech, do not *need* to talk of what they feel. The peace which sets them free to serve and comfort all around, speaks enough, with very few words.

Persecution has ceased.

The pestilence, with its cruel Act of Uniformity, has altogether annulled that of the king. Divers of the ejected ministers, now that ten thousand are dying in a week, have resolved that no obedience to the laws of mortal men whatever can justify them in neglecting men's souls and bodies in such extremities. They therefore stay, or return. They go into the forsaken pulpits, unforbidden, to preach to the poor people before they die ; also to visit the sick, and get such relief as they can for the poor, especially those who are shut up in the smitten houses.

The fear, and hope, which at first made people avoid each other, have passed together. And the churches are crowded whenever any preach who speak as if they testified what they knew.

"Religion," Roger says, "is gaining such a hold of numbers of these weeping, silent listeners, as, living or dying, will not be loosed again."

And (unless the Puritan preaching is different from any I ever heard, or thought to hear) the sermons are such as the evident possibility of the preachers never preaching another, and the certainty of many of the

congregations never hearing another, alone can make them.

They are messages; not statements, or arguments; scarcely so much appeals as messages. The calmest allusion to danger penetrates the heart like the archangel's trumpet, when ten thousand dying lips are echoing it.

"You are lost—wandering and lost in sin."

That has a strange power, when we knew it to be true, and see before us the edge of the abyss.

"The Son of God has come to seek and to save the lost."

He, Himself, not the plague, but the Saviour, is here, seeking the lost now; not to judge but to save.

God has so loved the world; not hated, let these horrors say what they may—not forgotten—but *loved*; not willed this poor darkened world to perish, let these grass-grown streets, and these shutters rattling against the empty houses, these midnight burials of thousands, these death-wails, this death-silence, say what they will, *not to perish*; the true perishing, the perishing in sin, of sin, is not His will, never His will, but the being *saved*, out of sin and from sin. *This salvation is as near you as the plague.* Nay, the plague is only the merciful thunder calling to it.

Few words are needed to move men now; no new words. The older the better. If the old forgotten words once lisped at a mother's knee, better than all.

O Walter! Walter! my brother! Art thou here still in this plague-smitten city, or hast thou fled with that Court smitten with a plague so infinitely more terrible? Would God thou wert here to hear those sacred words of heavenly forgiveness and strength, echoed back to thy heart once more, as from our mother's lips, from among these congregations of dying men!

August 25th.—It has come close to us at last.

Our door is marked with the red cross now.

The sweetest and ripest souls among us—Roger's father and Aunt Gretel—have been stricken, and are gone home.

Yesterday morning, before daybreak, I was resting on my bed, having watched through the night, when I heard the latch of the garden-door, which was left open for Roger and Dr. Antony, softly lifted. I thought it might be Roger, and crept down-stairs.

At the door I met Annis Nye.

Her face was pale and worn, but serene as ever, and her voice as calm.

"I heard that you were all here, without any to serve you," she said, "and I thought that was a call to me to come."

"Do you know into what peril you come?" I asked.

"I saw the plague-sign on the street-door," she said; "so I came round through the garden."

I clasped her in my arms, and kissed her, and wept. Tears are not common with us now; but I could not help these. Generous deeds always touch the spring of tears, I think, more easily than sorrow.

What was stranger than my being thus moved, when Aunt Dorothy came down and saw Annis, and heard why she had come, she did as I had done; she took the maiden to her heart and wept.

But what sounded stranger yet in that house and city of death, when the children saw her, they made the hushed house ring for a moment with their joyous welcomes.

"Annis is at home again!" they said; "Annis is safe. She will nurse us all, and keep every one quiet, and we shall all get well."

Meantime, Mistress Dorothy had busied herself preparing food, which she set before Annis, and with difficulty persuaded her to take a little bread and milk.

She had a strange story to tell, and she told it in few words, as was her wont, at our questioning.

"I and other women friends were sentenced to the plantations in Jamaica," she said. "But the shipmasters refused to take us. They held our sentence unjust, and feared the judgment of the Lord if they meddled with us. At last one was found who took us, he being denied a pass down the river from the plague-smitten city unless he covenanted to carry us. They had trouble in getting some of us on board. For they would not acknowledge their sentence so far as to climb willingly into the ship. So they had to be hoisted on board like merchandise. To this I was not called. For which I was thankful. For it angered the sailors sorely. 'They would hoist merchants' goods,' said they, 'but not men and women.' But the officers took the ropes, saying, 'They are the king's goods.' So, as chattels, we were shipped for the plantations. But we had scarce reached the sea when the pestilence broke out among us. One and another sickened and died. So that the shipmasters would proceed no further, but cast us on shore, and me among the rest."

There was a kind of comfort in feeling that, coming thus from an infected ship, the generous maiden had not really increased her risk by devoting herself to our service, freely as she had dared to do so. And our risk could scarce be increased.

Having told her tale, Annis quietly folded her out-of-door garments, laying them aside in the old places, and said to Aunt Dorothy, "Which way can I serve thee best?"

We took her to Mr. Drayton's sick-chamber. Olive's eyes brightened with the soft moisture of grateful tears as Annis entered, where she sat by her father's bed.

But that was no place or season for spoken thanks or questionings. Annis at once fitted into her place among the nurses. And I know not how any of us could have survived those days and nights of watching, but for her help.

Aunt Dorothy said,—

"I will take heed how I speak lightly of Quakers and their calls again."

Yes; the two readiest among us have been called home. Roger's father and his mother's sister. Honoured and beloved beyond any.

Yet we speak of them quietly, almost without tears.

Death is so around us—without, within, everywhere—that it seems the most natural thing. We say, "They are gone home," with less sense of separation than in ordinary times we say, "They are gone to Netherby," with far less than we should have said, "They have gone across the seas."

It is so likely we may be with them again to-morrow—to-day!

I look back a page or two in this Diary, and the words they spoke and I wrote so lately have become sacred, dying, farewell words.

"*The Father's rod.*" Yes, that was what they thought. "*The King's touch smiting them from the lower service to the higher.*" That is what we think, and we say it to each other as their epitaph.

September.—No distinction, indeed, this pestilence makes as to whom it smites.

What I wished, yet scarce dared to wish, for Walter has come true.

Could I have dared to wish it, had I thought it could come?

Two nights since, Roger came to my bedside and said,—

"Lettice, I dare not spare thee, even thee, from a call such as this. Canst thou be ready to come with me quickly, to visit one smitten with plague?"

From any voice but his, the sudden, midnight summons would have set my heart beating so as to rob me of the power to obey.

But there is always a calm about him which nerves me to do anything. Besides, he said, "*Come with me.*" And that was strength itself.

I did not waste time in questioning. He left me to tell Annis Nye not to wake Olive.

I was dressed in a few minutes. Then I went and kissed the babe. It might be perilous for me to touch his soft cheek, rosy with sleep, when I came back. If ever I came back to him! For that was a probability which must be met in such a leave-taking.

As I stood by the child's little bed, Roger came back.

"We will kneel beside him," he said.

And in a few brief words he prayed, for strength to comfort, for wisdom to guide, for balm to heal.

Before we rose, I knew what he meant.

"It is Walter," I said.

He took my hand in his, and we spoke no more.

Silently we went out, our steps echoing through the streets, the great bonfires, kept up now in each street to purify the air, lighting us on our way, now illuminating with tongues of fitful flame the red cross and the closed door, now more drearily lighting up the empty chambers of the houses of the dead which needed no longer to be closed, whose half-opened shutters creaked restlessly in the night-winds.

We stopped at the steps of what had been a stately mansion.

The door was ajar, as Roger must have left it. There

were none to usher us into the lofty hall or up the wide staircase, on whose stone stairs our steps echoed so noisily through the deserted chambers, step as softly as we might.

Through one luxurious chamber after another we passed, our steps hushed on soft Persian rugs, and softened by tapestried walls.

In one lay virginals and lutes and song-books, as if from a recent concert. In another, a table spread for a feast—the wine still sparkling in the glasses, and summer-fruits mouldering on the porcelain.

And in the last chamber, upon a stately gilded bed with silk curtains, he lay, my brother, with scarce open, half-vacant eyes, which seemed as if their sight and meaning were gone, his hands clenched in agony.

Yet he saw and knew me, for he cried with an energy which pierced the silence like a death-wail,—

"Take her away, Roger! take her away! I will not have that at my door! Take her away!"

But I went close to him, and gently unclasped his clenched hand, and kissed his forehead, and said,—

"Two of us have been smitten already, Walter. We are past peril."

"Who have been smitten?" he asked suddenly.

"Not your child?"

"No," I said—and I felt my voice falter—"not our Harry."

Then his mind seemed to wander, for the far-off past came back so vividly as to blot out the days that had intervened.

"Harry, my brother Harry—don't speak to me of Harry," he said. "He loved me, and sent a dying message that he looked to meet me. And he never will—he never will." And then,—

"I am dying, Lettice, don't you see? *dying*—body and soul. For mercy's sake don't come near me. If you can bear it, I can't. There will be torments enough soon. Don't burn my soul thus with your purity and your love."

I took his hand, and pressed it to my lips, for I could not speak. But he drew it away with a convulsive energy.

"Take her away, Roger!—don't let her! She doesn't know what I am, or who it was these hands touched last."

And then at intervals he told us how, when the Court left, a small company of the more reckless young courtiers had persuaded him it would be cowardly to go; and they had established themselves in this house, belonging to a kinsman of one of them, and held wild revelries there. How he had half intended, when he had heard we remained in the City, to break with these dissolute associates, and find us out; and had once or twice crept in to churches by himself and heard sermons, but had delayed and hesitated from week to week; until at last, towards the end of August, a singing-girl, one of their company, had been smitten with the plague. Then the door had been closed and marked, and all the

revellers had escaped through windows, over the leads of other houses, or over the palings of gardens to the river, and so into the country. But he could not shut his heart to the dying shrieks of that poor lost girl, and abandon her to die alone.

"I meant to wait till she was dead," he said, "and leave the men of the dead-cart to find her in the empty house and bury her, and then to follow the rest. I had enough on my conscience without being followed through life with those dying cries. But before she died I began to feel ill myself. I tried to keep up my spirits with wine; but that was of no use. And then I found half-a-dozen leaves of an old Prayer-book—the sentences, and the confession, and the absolution, and one or two of the Gospels. I entreated her to let me read to her, but she would not listen, but kept deliriously singing, mixing up light songs, bad enough at any time from a woman's lips, with strains of music from the Royal Chapel, and melodies of innocent old Christmas village carols, in a way horrible to hear. And then she died, and I was too ill to leave. And I crept in to this bed. That was yesterday. And at night-fall there was a rattling at the door, and heavy steps up-stairs, and heavier down again. So I knew they would bury her. But I lay still under the sheets; for a horrid dread came over me that they might find me, carry me down, and bury me with her, to save time. There had been horrible jests among us of such things happening. But the door shut, echoing through the empty house like thunder.

"And I knew I was left alone to die. And then another horrible feeling came over me; that it would be better if they had found me, and taken me out to die quietly among the dead, without thinking any more about it, than leave me here lingering alone to think of it; to look at death steadily, alone, no one knows how long; with nothing but dying between me and it.

"And to pass the time and break the silence I took up the old Prayer-book and read aloud,—

"*'When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness.'* But I thought, I can never turn away from my wickedness. I can only turn round and round in it for ever and ever. So I stopped, until the silence was worse to bear than the words; and then I read on again. But my own voice sounded to me like a parody. Dreadful jesting voices seemed reading the sacred words after me, until I came to the Confession.

"Then the jesting voices vanished. And, instead, came my mother's voice, and my own, as a boy, saying it after her, 'We have gone astray, like lost sheep.' I might have said it once, I knew, and have *come back*; now I should have to *go on saying it* for ever, with her voice echoing it as if from heaven, and *never come back*. If I could hear the voice of some one good reading this confession and the gospels, I thought they might seem true, even for me, yet, but never in my own.

"So I flung the book from me, and lay still until I heard a man's feet coming softly up the staircase; and I thought it was a thief come to pillage, and then

perhaps to murder me. And the insane desire of life mastered me again; and I covered my face again and hushed my breath, until I heard Roger's voice beside me saying, '*There is no one living here.*' And then I looked up. And all night he has been speaking to me, Lettice—nursing me as my mother might, and now and then reading out of the Gospels and the Confession. And if the merciful words would seem true to me in any voice, sister, they would in his. If I had only gone to you all before! But it is too late. Is it not too late? Is not my life wasted, lost—lost for ever?"

He gazed into my eyes with that wistful, thirsting look of the souls who are departing. I knew nothing but truth would avail. So I said as quietly as I could,—

"Your life—this life, Walter—I am afraid it is lost—lost for ever. Your *life*; but not you, Walter; not *you*."

He kept his eyes fixed on mine, and said,—

"And there is no second, Lettice. God Himself cannot give us back the lost life again."

Then all that he might have been, all my mother hoped he might be, rushed over my heart, and I could not say any more. I could only kneel down by his bedside and take his hand and sob out,—

"O Father, Thou knowest all he might have been, all that Thou wouldest have had him be. And Thou seest the ruin they have made of him. Have pity, have pity, and forgive!"

He laid his hand on mine.

"Hush, Lettice, hush!" he said; "not *they*—I. I have ruined myself. No one could have ruined me but myself. The sin is mine."

Then I rose. For I felt as if my prayer was answered. I felt as if, weak, trembling woman that I was, a priestly voice was in my ears pronouncing absolution, ready to breathe the gospel of forgiveness through my lips. For it seemed to me these were the first words of real repenting I had ever heard Walter utter. I had heard him again and again speak of himself or his life with a passionate loathing. But that was not repenting. Too often if any one admitted the justice of such self-accusations, he would turn them into self-excusing and accusing of others. But now, it seemed to me, he was indeed coming to himself, coming home; and I said,—

"Walter, *you* could not turn from the cries of that poor dying creature. Will you set your pity above God's?"

"I had none but myself to think of," he said. "It mattered nothing to any one whether I did right or wrong about it. He is King and Judge, and has the whole world to think of in forgiving any one."

"Our Lord did not say so," I said. "When the lost son arose to come home to be forgiven, it seemed as if the father had nothing to do with any one in the world but with him. He did not think of what the servants would say, or the elder brother, or how any one else might be tempted by the forgiveness to wander.

He was watching the wanderer! Oh, Walter, He was the first to see him turn—the first! He was the first to see you. I know it by the parable; I know it because, after all—after *all*, Walter—He has let you die at your post. Think of the mercy of that! You might have died helping to ruin some one. You die trying to help. Think of the mercy of being suffered to do that!”

A softer light came into his eyes, and after a minute he said,—

“I cannot doubt His pity; no, I dare not. What I doubt is myself. How can you know, Lettice, how can I know, that if life were given back to me I might not waste it all again?”

Then turning that intense searching gaze from me to Roger, he went on,—

“How can I know whether I am clinging to Him, as a dying man clings to *anything*, or indeed as the repenting son to the Father? How can you know or I?”

Roger bent low over him, and said,—

“Neither you nor I can know. One only knows. He only can forgive. He knew, on the cross, when he was dying for the world, and the thief beside him was dying for his own crimes, and dying He forgave the dying. He knows now. He is as near as then, and *not dying*; *living* for evermore; almighty to save. But even if you are clinging to Him, as a drowning man to a rock, or to an out-stretched hand, in mere terror of the waves, is He one likely to wrench His hand even from such a poor, desperate, selfish grasp as that? Did He on the Sea of Galilee?”

Walter drank in all Roger said, but made no reply.

Roger's next words fell solemn as a summons from another world.

“What do you want Him to save you from?”

Walter's answer was a cry of agony.

“From myself!—from myself!”

Roger's voice was firm no longer, but low and broken as Walter's own, as he replied,—

“That He died to do; that He lives to do. That He can never refuse to do for any that ask Him, for ever and for ever.”

Then, after a few moments, Roger said,—

“If He sees no other way to save you but that you should lose your life, that you should not be trusted with it again, could you be content?”

“How can I be content?” Walter answered. “Think what my life might have been. It might have been like yours! And I have no second. I would not complain. It is no wonder I cannot be trusted. I cannot trust myself. But you can never know how bitter it is to begin to see what life might have been when it is all over, and when you begin to see how well He you have grieved was worth serving.”

He lingered some days. And then the lost life was over.

The life those we had served not disloyally had done their utmost to ruin.

The spirit had departed, which He we have served so unworthily even to the uttermost can save.

It was beyond comparison the bitterest sacrifice we had ever made.

Yet this sacrifice England is now making by becautombs on the same foul altar.

A sacrifice not of life ennobled, and made infinitely worthier in laying it down, but of honour, of virtue, of all that makes men men. Of souls degraded in the sacrifice to the level of that to which they are sacrificed. A sacrifice to devils, and not to God.

NOTES INTRODUCTORY TO THE PSALTER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BINNIE, D.D., STIRLING.

NO. V.—PSALMODY UNDER SOLOMON AND THE LATER KINGS.



THE torrent of sacred song that gladdened the reign of David dwindled into a brook when the great psalmist died. Of the Hundred and fifty psalms, not more than four can be traced to the age of Solomon. This is certainly a much smaller number than might have been expected, considering the intellectual brilliance of the age, and especially considering that the wise king and his contemporaries had been nurtured amongst the songs of Zion. In explanation of this, it has been customary to allege, as Dr. Delitzsch does in his recent Commentary, that the age of Solomon was one rather of reflective study than of direct

and deep feeling, that the yearning after higher things which marked the preceding generation had given place to the lust of present enjoyment, and that if, of the Thousand and five songs which the king wrote, all have perished save two or three, the reason is to be found in the fact that he “spake of all things from the cedar to the hyssop, directing his studies rather to the arcana of nature than to the mysteries of grace.” There may be something in this, but it is too strongly put; for Solomon is the undoubted author of the Song of Songs. May not a better explanation be found in another direction? We know that the function of the Psalms was not so

much to set forth new revelations, as to aid the Church in appropriating and responding to the revelations already given. May it not be that the material of which psalms are woven—the prior revelations of divine truth—had been so far exhausted by David and his contemporaries, that a long time had to elapse—the Church's stock of knowledge had to be enlarged by new revelations and new experiences—before there could be a copious flow of new songs? Certain it is, as we shall afterwards see, that the only period that was very fruitful of psalmody after the reign of David, was preceded by that marvellous disclosure of God's purposes regarding the Church and the world which took place by the ministry of Isaiah and the other prophets who lived about the same time.

Two psalms bear SOLOMON'S name in their titles. One of these is the Hundred and twenty-seventh; entitled *A Song of degrees, of Solomon*.

"Except the LORD build the house,
In vain they labour that build it:
Except the LORD keep the city,
In vain the watchman waketh.

"It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late,
To eat the bread of sorrowful toils:
So he giveth to his beloved [in] sleep.

"Lo, an heritage of the LORD are children;
A reward is the fruit of the womb.
As arrows in the hand of a mighty man,
So are the children of young men.

"Happy the man who hath filled his quiver with them:
They shall not be ashamed,
But they shall speak with the enemies in the gate."

Some recent critics throw doubt, here also, on the trustworthiness of the superscription. But most people will judge that this must be in virtue of some foregone conclusion; and will agree with Luther, Calvin, and the generality of the older commentators, in thinking that the psalm is so exactly in the manner of the wise author of the Proverbs, that we need not hesitate to attribute it to his pen. It is the lyrical expression of thoughts which run through the "dark sayings" of that book. The first part of it, for instance, is a beautiful reproduction of Prov. x. 22: "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it;" and the correspondence is still closer if we translate the latter clause, as many do, "And sorrowful toil addeth nothing to it." Familiar as the Proverb has become in the speech of every

Christian nation, the Psalm is yet more familiar. It was from the psalm that the pious builders of a former generation borrowed the *NISI DOMINUS FRUSTRA*, which may be read on the lintels of houses in our older streets. An admirable confession of faith to be made by any man who is called to be a builder in Church or Commonwealth! It is the Lord's blessing that builds the House and keeps the Town; that fills the House with the stir of children, and peoples the Town with valiant sons, who, with unabashed brow, will speak with the enemies in the gate.

Solomon's other psalm is the Seventy-second: and here also the traces of his pen are unequivocal. A mistaken interpretation of the note appended to this psalm (of which we shall have something to say in a future paper) led most of the older commentators to attribute it to David, and to suppose that it contains a prayer offered in his old age "for Solomon," as the peaceful prince who was to succeed him on the throne. It has long been known that the note in question refers to the whole of the preceding portion of the Psalter—much of which was written by Asaph and the sons of Korah; and there can be no doubt that the title can only be translated "*of Solomon*." So clear are the traces of Solomon's pen that Calvin—whose sagacity in this kind of criticism has never been excelled—although he thought himself obliged by the note at the end of the psalm to attribute the substance of it to David, felt Solomon's touch in it so sensibly, that he threw out the conjecture that the prayer was the father's, but that it was afterwards thrown into the lyrical form by the son. This is not the place for detailed exposition; I will therefore content myself with remarking that, properly speaking, the psalm is not "for Solomon" at all. If it refers to him and his peaceful reign, it does so only in as far as they were types of the Person and Kingdom of the Prince of Peace. The psalm, from beginning to end, is not only capable of being applied to Christ, but great part is incapable of being fairly applied to any other.

The Forty-fifth is another Messianic psalm belonging to this period. It was not written by Solomon, but by "the sons of Korah"—the same Levitical family who had made such precious contributions to the Psalter in the preceding reign.

Its theme—its primary and proper theme—is the glory of the Lord Christ and the Church's marriage to Him; and this is celebrated with gorgeous imagery which reminds us of the reign of King Solomon at every turn. The King's house is an ivory palace, fragrant with myrrh and aloes and cassia. The Queen is arrayed in gold of Ophir, and the daughter of Tyre brings in her hand the wealth of the nations for a wedding gift. The parallel between the Song of Solomon and the Psalm cannot escape any reader, and we may very confidently attribute them both to the brilliant age of the son of David.

The great event of Solomon's reign was the building of the Temple. It was a high day in Israel when, at the close of the great prayer which was offered at the consecration of the House, the fire came down from heaven upon the altar of burnt-offering, and the cloud of the divine glory filled the sanctuary. Did the harp of inspired song hang silent on the wall that day? On the contrary, we can distinctly trace to this epoch one of the greater Messianic psalms. As the Twenty-fourth was composed by David to be sung at the bringing up of the ark to the tabernacle on Mount Zion, so the Hundred and thirty-second was composed by Solomon, or by some Levitical psalmist in concert with him, to be sung when the ark was borne into its final resting-place within the golden chamber of the Temple. Solomon's prayer on the occasion, as it is reported in the Chronicles, concludes with petitions that constitute the burden of the psalm, "Now therefore arise, O LORD God, into thy resting-place, thou, and the ark of thy strength: let thy priests, O LORD God, be clothed with salvation, and let thy saints rejoice in goodness. O LORD God, turn not away the face of thine anointed: remember the mercies of David thy servant." I do not forget that some, like our venerable Translators, judge the psalm to have been written by David for a "prayer at the removing of the ark," and suppose that it is he who here "commendeth unto God the religious care he had for the ark;" nor do I forget that other critics connect the psalm with the consecration of the Second Temple. But neither supposition corresponds perfectly to the tenor of the psalm. God did not say of David's new tabernacle, "This is my rest for ever; here will I dwell:"

and as for the Second Temple, we know indeed that its builders might well have prayed, like Solomon, "Arise, O LORD, into thy rest," but they could not have added, "Thou and the Ark of thy strength;" for the ark never entered that second house. Moreover, is it not most natural to suppose that it was Solomon, and the Levites his contemporaries, the men who had been eye-witnesses of the late king's solicitude about the erection of a fit dwelling-place for the God of Jacob, that gave utterance to the affectionate reminiscence with which the psalm opens?

"Remember, O LORD, to David,
All his cares.
How he sware to the LORD,
And vowed to the Mighty One of Jacob;
I will not come into the tabernacle of my house,
Nor go up into my bed;
I will not give sleep to mine eyes,
To mine eyelids slumber,
Until I find out a place for the LORD,
Habitations for the Mighty One of Jacob."

The historian of Solomon's reign has preserved the names of some of the sages who graced his court, and who doubtless stood related to him in his studies in much the same way as Asaph and the other Levitical seers to David. The list occurs in the encomium on the wisdom of Solomon, which tells how "he was wiser than all men (that is to say, wiser than all the men of his own age and country); than Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol; and his fame was in all nations round about" (1 Kings iv. 31). Questions not a few have been raised respecting the sages here enumerated—the wise satellites who revolved around the wisest king. Were they of the tribe of Judah, the king's own tribe, as the insertion of their names in 1 Chron. ii. 6 has been thought to imply? Or were they not rather Levites, registered among the families of Judah because their lot had fallen to them within the inheritance of that tribe? These questions must remain unanswered here. I quote the list at present simply to call attention to the fact that two of the names that occur in it are found also in the superscriptions of the Eighty-eighth and Eighty-ninth psalms. The former has the singular peculiarity of possessing two superscriptions, for it is entitled both "A song or psalm of the sons of Korah," and a psalm "of Heman the Ezrahite, to give instruction:" the latter is entitled "A psalm of Ethan the

Ezrahite, to give instruction." Is the coincidence of these names with those of Solomon's sages a mere accident? or are the Heman and Ethan of the superscriptions to be identified with the Heman and Ethan of 1st Kings? We are not in a condition to determine the point with certainty. The superscriptions are obscure; and it must be admitted that neither the authorship nor the date of the psalms in question has yet been settled beyond the possibility of doubt. Without going into any of the discussions that have been raised, I can only say that I am satisfied Calvin hit the truth when he conjectured that the Eighty-ninth psalm was written by some prophet of Solomon's time, who lived on into the disastrous reign of Rehoboam; and that it was written to give expression to the sorrowful feelings with which the godly in Judah had witnessed the disruption of the kingdom, and the collapse of the short-lived glory of David's house. We know that it was not the sentiment of patriotism merely, but the deepest religious feelings of the people that were wounded when the Ten Tribes fell away from the House of David. The glories of the latter days had been announced in connection with the promise to David that his seed and throne should be established for ever. The calamity that had befallen the monarchy seemed therefore to involve a breach of covenant with the Lord's anointed and with the Church. "Thou hast been wroth with thine anointed: thou hast made void the covenant of thy servant: thou hast profaned his crown by casting it to the ground." The faith of the people was wounded, quite as much as their patriotism, when the monarchy which had been the subject of so many great and far-reaching promises, and from which such great things had been hoped, was despoiled of its glory ere the reign of the third king had well begun. The days of its youth were shortened; it was covered with shame. With regard to the Eighty-eighth psalm, one must speak with more hesitation. Neither author nor date is quite clear. It is a tearful song; indeed, it stands alone in the Psalter in this respect, that no ray of light breaks the gloom it delineates. Were it not that the suppliant calls upon God, in the opening verse, as "Jehovah, the God of his salvation," the whole might have seemed the cry of despair rather than of struggling faith. Dr.

Hengstenberg, and some other commentators of note, are of opinion that the two psalms go together. If so, we may pretty confidently identify the "Heman the Ezrahite" of the one superscription and the "Ethan the Ezrahite" of the other, with the Heman and Ethan of Solomon's time. Some go further, and identify them with the Heman and Ethan-Jeduthun, the Levitical seers and psalmists whom David appointed, along with Asaph their kinsman, to preside over the service of song. It is just possible they may be the same; but in that case they must have lived to extreme old age. The forty years of Solomon's reign, in addition to the last years of David's, intervened between the establishment of the Levitical choirs and the disruption of the kingdom. However this may be, since it is pretty certain that the Eighty-ninth psalm is a voice from the calamitous reign of Rehoboam, that psalm possesses a certain melancholy interest as being the last utterance of the Holy Spirit, in this kind, for a long time—the last pulsation of the mighty tide of inspired psalmody which commenced to flow when David was anointed at Bethlehem.

From the death of Solomon till the cessation of prophecy there intervened about five hundred years. This period of half a millennium is parted by the Captivity into two unequal divisions. The former extends from B.C. 975, which was the date of Rehoboam's accession and Jeroboam's revolt, till B.C. 588, when Jerusalem was burnt by the Chaldeans and Judah carried into captivity; the latter, from B.C. 536, the year of Cyrus's decree permitting the Jews to return, till the time of Malachi's prophesying, which was between a century and a century and a half later. Fixing our attention, for the present, on the former period—the four centuries during which the family of David reigned over the House of Judah—what are the outstanding features that strike the eye? It was a very eventful period. The years were crowded with incident, and that of a kind which the Spirit of inspiration judged worthy of being commemorated in Scripture, in a double narrative, for the instruction of succeeding times. There were times of apostasy and times of revival; reigns in which the people sat every man under

his vine and his fig tree, and reigns in which the feet of hostile armies traversed the land. There are two names, however, which tower above the rest, as the names of kings who were a signal blessing to the nation. JEHOSHAPHAT came first. He was the fourth in the succession after Solomon, and came to the throne sixty-one years after that king's death. HEZEKIAH inherited the crown about two hundred years later, when the monarchy was obviously declining to its fall. Both kings were God-fearing men; both walked in the ways of David their father, and were honoured to do eminent service to Church and Commonwealth in their generations; in behalf of both, God, in an astonishing way, put invading armies to flight, making bare his arm for the defence of his people; best of all, the reigns of both were times in which special efforts were made for the religious instruction of the people, and in which there was a genuine revival of religion.

These chronological notes are not a digression from our subject. Does the reader remember what was said in the first of these papers about the connection that obtained between times of revival and the production of new psalms? It is a remarkable fact that these reigns of Jehoshaphat and Hezekiah, which the sacred history, especially in the Chronicles, expatiates upon with marked affection as seasons of religious awakening in Judah—these two reigns, I say, and after them the period of the Captivity and Return, are precisely the periods in which psalmody revived. So far as success has attended the effort to trace to their origin the forty or fifty songs of the later psalmists, they are found to belong to the three periods of quickened religious life.

The psalms we owe to the reign of JEHOSHAPHAT are not many. Of only *two* are we quite certain: there may be, perhaps, *four* or *five*. Some think the Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh—both of them Korahite psalms—belong to this period. Certainly we owe to it the Forty-eighth and the Eighty-third—the former a Korahite psalm, the latter “a song or psalm of Asaph.” The character of these odes reminds us that it was a storm of danger that at this epoch awoke for a short time the harps of the Levitical seers. They make mention of an invasion which, as

we learn from the historical books, for a while threatened to sweep away Jehoshaphat's throne, and even to annihilate the kingdom. The nations bordering on Judah to the east and south—Moab, Ammon, Edom—entered into a coalition against it, and secured the alliance of several more distant powers. They invaded the land from the south and marched without check till they reached the wilderness of Tekoa, within ten miles of Jerusalem, whence, looking northwards, they could descry the battlements of the city and the glittering pinnacles of the temple. In this extremity of danger Jehoshaphat and the people betook themselves to prayer. Having received, through one of the prophets, the promise of deliverance, king and people sallied forth in a solemn procession, in the van of which there marched a band of the Levites, singing and praising the Lord. When they came in sight of the enemy, they found that God had sown mutual suspicions in the motley host, so that they had turned their swords against each other, and were utterly discomfited. It deserves to be remarked in connection with our subject, that the prophet by whom God's comfortable message was delivered to the king was Jahaziel, the son of Zechariah, “*a Levite of the sons of Asaph*,” and that among the Levites who sang praise to the Lord mention is made of a band, “of the children of the Korahites” (2 Chron. xx. 14–19). It is an interesting and significant coincidence, that of the two psalms known to date from this epoch, one is marked in the superscription as an Asaph psalm, and the other is assigned to “the sons of Korah.” The Asaph psalm is the Eighty-third, and is the prayer of the congregation when the danger was at its height. It speaks of a confederation of “the tabernacles of Edom, and the Ishmaelites; of Moab, and the Hagarenes; Gebal, and Ammon, and Amalek;” and, among the more distant allies, mention is made of Tyre, and of Assyria itself. Their cry is, “Come, let us cut them off from being a nation; that the name of Israel may be no more in remembrance.” The cry of Judah, in response, is towards heaven: “O my God, make them like a wheel;” or, as Milton translates the prayer,—

“My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find;
Giddy and restless let them reel,
Like stubble from the wind.

"As when an aged wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
The greedy flame runs higher and higher,
Till all the mountains blaze;

"So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase."

Such was the prayer. The answer which God gave, in the flame of discord that consumed the confederate host, is celebrated by the sons of Korah in the Forty-eighth Psalm. The following translation is printed so as to exhibit the structure of this lofty triumphal ode:—

"Great is the Lord, and greatly praised
In the City of our God, the mountain of his holiness.
Beautiful for height, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion;
On the sides of the north, the City of the Great King.

"God in her palaces
Is known for a refuge.
For, lo, the kings were assembled,
They passed by together.

"They beheld; so they were astonished:
They were troubled, they fled.
Trembling took hold upon them there,
And pain, as of a woman in travail.

"With an east wind
Thou breakest ships of Tarshish.
As we have heard, so have we seen
In the City of the Lord of hosts, in the City of our God.
God will establish it for ever. [Selah.]

"We have thought, O God, of thy loving-kindness
In the midst of thy temple.
According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise
Unto the ends of the earth:
Of righteousness is thy right hand full.
Let Mount Zion rejoice,
Let the daughters of Judah be glad,
Because of thy judgments.

"Walk about Zion, and go round about her
Number her towers:
Mark ye well her rampart;
Consider her palaces;
That ye may tell it to the generation following.

"FOR THIS GOD IS OUR GOD FOR EVER AND EVER:
HE WILL BE OUR GUIDE EVEN UNTO DEATH."

Some expositors have strangely found a difficulty in the last verse, deeming such a profession of personal faith an inappropriate termination for a national song. Even Dr. Delitzsch, a wise and devout interpreter, shares in this notion; going, indeed, so far as to throw out the surmise that some word must have been lost from the Hebrew text. To me it seems that the verse, as it stands, is admirably in harmony with the song and is its crowning beauty. When the Lord does great things for Church or Nation, He means that all the faithful, however humble their station, should

take courage from it, and repose in Him fresh confidence, and cling to Him with a firmer hope. "This God shall be our God for ever: he will guide us even unto death."

A century and a half elapsed between the death of Jehoshaphat and the accession of HEZEKIAH. This long tract of years was anything but devoid of interest. But it made no addition to the Psalter, or none that can now be identified with any certainty. Perhaps the Eighty-second—the short but striking psalm which has for its theme *the judgment of the gods by the God of gods*—may have come from this time. It bears the marks of having been written under one of those disastrous reigns in which the persons of the wicked found acceptance at the civil tribunals, and the foundations of the earth were therefore out of course. At length there came a glorious efflorescence of holy song. God having raised up, in Hezekiah, a king every way worthy to sit on David's throne and granted a time of clear shining to cheer his people, the harp of psalmody awoke from its long sleep, and poured forth strains so rich and various, that it seemed as if the golden time of David had come again.

The psalms of this epoch may be distributed into three classes, corresponding to the three characteristic features of the time.

1. The reign of Hezekiah was a time of RE-UNION IN THE CHURCH. It witnessed the resumption of the long-interrupted ecclesiastical communion between Judah and the Ten Tribes. It will be remembered that when Jeroboam cast off his allegiance to the House of David and founded the Kingdom of Israel, he erected an idolatrous worship at Dan and Bethel, and prohibited the people to resort to the feasts of the Lord at Jerusalem. It would be a great mistake to imagine that the Ten Tribes ceased thenceforward to belong to the Commonwealth of Israel or the Church of the Living God. The Lord did not withdraw from them either the ministry of his Word or the saving grace of the Spirit. Generation after generation, He gathered to Himself a remnant according to the election of grace. Even in the dark days of Ahab and Jezebel, when the Sidonian idolatry became the State religion, the Lord reserved to Himself seven thousand in

Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal; and the ruler of Ahab's own house was one of them. Prophets, too, were raised up. Elijah and Elisha ministered to the Ten Tribes. Obadiah concealed a hundred prophets at once in a time of persecution. It is certain, therefore, that God did not, during all those two hundred and fifty years, *unchurch* the Ten Tribes. Nevertheless, during all that time, there was an entire *cessation of communion* between the House of Judah and the House of Joseph. Never once did they resort together to the solemn feasts. Individuals occasionally, as at the accession of Jeroboam and in the reign of Asa, left their homes in the North and cast in their lot with Judah, because of the House of the Lord; but that was all. At length a partial reunion gladdened the whole Church in the first year of Hezekiah. The recent captivity of two tribes and a half had weakened the Northern Kingdom; and Hoshea, who was Hezekiah's contemporary and the last of its kings, was led by a sense of duty to break the evil custom which his predecessors had inherited from Jeroboam the son of Nebat, "who sinned, and made Israel to sin." He suspended the law against going up to Jerusalem. Hezekiah's posts were permitted to carry to every part of the kingdom the invitation to unite once more with Judah in celebrating the Passover in the city which God had chosen out of all the tribes of Israel. The invitation, scorned by many, was gladly accepted by others; and a Passover was celebrated, the like of which had not been seen in Israel since the days of Solomon and the undivided kingdom.

So happy a reunion—happy in itself, twice happy as the pledge of the time when Ephraim should no more envy Judah, and Judah no more vex Ephraim, but they should be one stick in the Lord's hand—could not fail to call forth new songs. There is, I think, sufficient ground to attribute to it the Eighty-first Psalm. It is, obviously, and by universal consent, a Festal song: the reference to the exodus from Egypt shows that, although framed to suit all the three Feasts, it had a special connection with the Passover: and the emphatic reminder that the feast had been ordained in *Joseph* for a testimony—especially when this is taken in connection with the terms of the reference to Joseph in the

psalm next to be noticed—may be fairly interpreted as pointing to an occasion when Ephraim and Manasseh, the sons of Joseph, participated with Judah in the solemn rite. There is an undertone of sadness towards the end which reminds us that the desolation of the northern kingdom was at hand; but it opens with trumpet tones:—

"Sing aloud unto God our Strength
Make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.
Take a psalm and let the timbrel sound;
The pleasant harp with the psaltery.
In the new moon blow up the trumpet;
In the full moon, on the day of our feast.
For this was a statute for Israel,
A law of the God of Jacob.
He ordained it for a testimony in Joseph,
When he went out against the land of Egypt:
[Where] I heard a language I understood not."

There were circumstances in the condition of the Ten Tribes in the age of Hezekiah that were well fitted, as indeed they were designed, to blow into a flame the ancient brotherly affection of Judah and Joseph. Fourteen years before his accession, the Northern Kingdom was bereft of the Transjordanic tribes by the first of the great Assyrian invasions. A second invasion under Shalmanezzer, five years after Hezekiah's accession, brought Hoshea's reign to an end and completed the captivity of the kingdom. This was in B.C. 721, eight years before Sennacherib's attempt against Judah. Bearing these dates in mind, they will be found to shed an interesting light on a psalm which is set down in the Psalter by the side of the Festal hymn we have just noticed. That that hymn was first sung at Hezekiah's passover, I have stated merely as a probable conjecture. That its sister psalm, the Eightieth, belongs to that age, may be asserted as something more than a conjecture. It is a lamentation over the devastations that were now being wrought by the heathen among the tribes of the Lord, and the reference to the northern tribes is reiterated and express. It may interest the reader to see the whole psalm, in a revised translation, printed so as to exhibit the strophic arrangement:—

"O Shepherd of Israel, give ear, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock.
Thou that sittest [throned] upon the Cherubim, shine forth.
Before Ephraim, and Benjamin, and Manasseh, stir up thy strength,
And come for salvation to us.
O God, turn us again;
And cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved."

"O Lord, the God of hosts,
How long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people?
Thou feedest them with bread of tears;
And givest them tears to drink in large measure.
Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbours;
And our enemies laugh among themselves.
*O God of hosts, turn us again;
And cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved.*

"Thou didst remove a vine out of Egypt:
Thou didst cast out the heathen and plantedst it.
Thou preparedst room before it;
And it took deep root and filled the land.
The hills were covered with the shadow of it,
And the boughs thereof were cedars of God.
She sent out her boughs unto the sea,
And unto the river her shoots.

"Why hast thou broken down her hedges,
So that all they which pass by the way do pluck her?
The bear out of the wood doth waste it,
And the wild beast of the field doth devour it.
O God of hosts, return, we beseech thee;
Look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine;
Even the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted,
And the son whom thou makest strong for thyself.
It is burnt with fire, it is cut down:
At the rebuke of thy countenance they perish.

"Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand;
Upon the son of man whom thou madest strong for thyself.
So will we not go back from thee;
Quicken us, and we will call upon thy name.
*O Lord, the God of hosts, turn us again;
Cause thy face to shine, and we shall be saved."*

It has long been felt that this psalm must have been written with reference to the gradual desolation of the Ten Tribes. This was pointed out by Calvin, and he has been followed by the best subsequent expositors. The reference to the Ten Tribes being evident, the psalm, according to Calvin, is a prayer of Judah for her afflicted sister. There was a time when, as the Lord complains by the prophet Amos, the people of Judah, being "at ease in Zion," were "not grieved for the affliction of Joseph" (Amos vi. 6); there was a time when they would have taken pleasure in the captivity of the Northern Kingdom, looking upon it as the removal of their rival. But they have been brought to a better mind: they have now learned to pray for their brethren. That this represents the general drift of the psalm, is unquestionable. But it would require to be taken with some modification. Those who, like Dr. Hengstenberg, adhere to the letter of Calvin's view, are obliged to maintain that Benjamin, which is named along with Ephraim and Manasseh, belonged to Israel, not to Judah. If the psalm is a prayer for Ephraim, it is a prayer for Benjamin also. We get rid of all this difficulty if we look on the psalm as the joint prayer of all the tribes; *the prayer in which the house of Joseph and the*

house of Judah, so long estranged from one another, unite in calling on the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob. The psalm has Asaph's name in the superscription, and is inscribed "to the Chief Musician." It is therefore a Song of the Temple. What more likely than the supposition that it was first sung in the Temple in those early years of Hezekiah's reign, when Benjamin found himself once more associated with Ephraim and Manasseh, his mother's sons, in the solemn worship of the Lord; that it is the prayer in which the whole seed of Jacob, now happily restored to religious fellowship, united in spreading before the Lord the calamities of the nation, and prayed him to restore them again and cause his face to shine?

2. The reign of Hezekiah witnessed just such another **INVASION** and **DELIVERANCE** as had been seen in Jehoshaphat's time. The facts already noticed remind us that this was the age in which the Assyrian monarchy had attained the highest noon of its splendour. It was at this time that the Assyrian kings were rearing at Nineveh those great palaces, whose sculptured slabs have lately lent a new attraction to the museums of Europe. Shalmanezer, who carried the Ten Tribes into captivity, was succeeded by Sennacherib, and the new monarch resolved to measure his strength with the King of Egypt. That he might leave no hostile fortress to threaten his rear, he resolved to capture Jerusalem and remove the people to share the captivity of their brethren. The sacred writers have narrated in great detail the history of this attempt: the impious letter of the Assyrian king; the arrogant pride of Rabshakeh his lieutenant; Hezekiah's prayer as he spread the letter before the Lord in the Temple; the comfortable answer sent by Isaiah; the stroke of the angel of the Lord which laid low 180,000 men, the flower of Assyria, in one night; the flight of Sennacherib in shame to his own land. As in Jehoshaphat's time, the danger and the deliverance are, both of them, celebrated in psalms. It is certain that the Seventy-sixth Psalm celebrates the *deliverance*; and the Seventy-fifth bears marks of having been written in the crisis of the *danger*. An unfortunate mistranslation in the second verse of the latter psalm is apt to mislead the reader of the Authorized Version.

The verse expresses *God's* purpose, not the purpose of the psalmist. "When I shall seize the appointed time, I will judge uprightly:" God may hide himself long, but when the fit time, the time of His own appointment, comes, He will make bare His arm in the defence of the oppressed:—

"For God is the Judge.
One he casteth down, another he lifteth up.
For a cup is in the hand of the Lord;
And the wine foameth, it is full of mixture;
And he poureth out of the same:
The very dregs thereof they shall drink out—
Even the wicked of the earth."

The Seventy-sixth Psalm was evidently written in the first flush of the grateful joy with which the marvellous discomfiture of the Assyrians gladdened every countenance in Jerusalem. It is rendered with such exquisite skill and spirit in the Authorized Version (and, I may add, in the Scots Metrical Version also) that citation is unnecessary. Let the reader compare it with the narrative given in Isaiah and the historical books, and he will not marvel that the critics, divided as they are in opinion regarding the origin of so many other psalms, are almost unanimous in connecting this one with the mysterious discomfiture of Sennacherib's host.

To some it may seem that a psalm which originated in an event so marvellous, and which bears such indubitable marks of its origin, must be little adapted for the subsequent use of God's people, and therefore must be out of place in the Hymnal of the Church Catholic. But facts refute such a notion. Times without number the psalm has been sung, as furnishing the best

possible vehicle in which to give expression to the thoughts and feelings of God's people in view of deliverances wrought for them. When the Covenanters at Drumclog closed their ranks to meet the onset of Claverhouse and his dragoons, they sang the opening verses, to the tune of Martyrs:—

"In Judah's land God is well known,
His name's in Is'el great:
In Salem is his tabernacle,
In Zion is his seat.

"There arrows of the bow he brake,
The shield, the sword, the war.
More glorious thou than hills of prey,
More excellent art far.

"Those that were stout of heart are spotted,
They slept their sleep outright:
And none of those their hands did find
That were the men of might."

A century earlier, in 1588, when the first rumour of the discomfiture of the Spanish Armada reached Edinburgh, and the citizens assembled to render thanks to God, Robert Bruce, addressing them in the West Kirk, took this psalm for his text, and the two noble sermons he preached on the occasion were, from beginning to end, little more than a running commentary on the psalm. Every hearer must have felt that the whole was as appropriate to the circumstances as if the psalm had been written for the occasion.

The third characteristic feature of Hezekiah's reign, and the psalms that are connected with it must be reserved for another paper, in which I hope also to pass in review the Songs of the Captivity and the Return.

TOPLADY AND HIS MINISTRY;

OR, ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE.



PERFECT orchestra contains many various instruments of music. Each of these instruments has its own merit and value; but some of them are curiously unlike others. Some of them are dependent on a player's breath, and some on his skill of hand. Some of them are large, and some of them are small. Some of them produce very gentle sounds, and some of them very loud. But all of them are useful in their place and way.

Composers like Handel, and Mozart, and Mendelssohn, find work for all. There is work for the flageolet as well as for the trumpet, and work for the violoncello as well as for the organ. Separately and alone, some of the instruments may appear harsh and unpleasant. Combined together, and properly played, they fill the ear with one mighty volume of harmonious sounds.

Thoughts such as these come across my mind when I survey the spiritual champions of England a hundred

years ago. I see among the leaders of revival in that day men of singularly varied characteristics. They were each in their way eminent instruments for good in the hands of the Holy Ghost. From each of them sounded forth the word of God throughout the land with no uncertain sound. Yet some of these good men were strangely compounded, peculiarly constituted, and oddly framed. And to none, perhaps, does the remark apply more thoroughly than to the subject of this paper, the well known hymn-writer, Augustus Toplady.

I should think no account of English religion in the last century complete which did not supply some information about this remarkable man. In some respects, I am bold to say, not one of his cotemporaries surpassed him, and hardly any equalled him. He was a man of rare grace and gifts, and one who left his mark very deeply on his own generation. For soundness in the faith, singleness of eye, and devotedness of life, he deserves to be ranked with Whitefield, or Grimshaw, or Romaine. Yet with all this, he was a man in whom there was a most extraordinary mixture of grace and infirmity. Hundreds, unhappily, know much of his infirmities who know little of his graces. I shall endeavour in the following pages to supply a few materials for forming a just estimate of his character.

Augustus Montague Toplady was born at Farnham, in Surrey, on the 4th of November 1740. He was the only son of Major Richard Toplady, who died at the siege of Carthage shortly after his birth, so that he never saw his father. His mother's maiden name was Catherine Bates, of whom nothing is known except that she had a brother who was rector of St. Paul's, Deptford. About the history of his family I can discover nothing. I only conjecture that some of them must have been natives of Ireland. Who his parents were, and what they were doing at Farnham, and what kind of people they were, are all matters about which no record seems to exist.

Few spiritual heroes of the last century, I must freely confess, have suffered more from the want of a good biographer than Toplady. Be the cause what it may, a real life of the man was never written. The only memoir of him is as meagre a production as can possibly be conceived. It is perhaps only fair to remember that he was an only child, and that he died unmarried; so that he had neither brother, sister, son nor daughter, to gather up his remains. Moreover, he was one who lived much in his study and among his books, spent much time in private communion with God, and went very little into society. Like Romaine, he was not what the world would call a genial man—had very few intimate friends—and was, probably, more feared and admired than loved. But be the reasons what they may, the fact is undeniable that there is no good biography of Toplady. The result is, that there is hardly any man of his calibre in the last century of whom so very little is known.

The principal facts of Toplady's life are few, and

soon told. He was brought up by his widowed mother with the utmost care and tenderness, and retained throughout life a deep and grateful sense of his obligations to her. For some reason, which we do not know now, she appears to have settled at Exeter after her husband's death; and to this circumstance we may probably trace her son's subsequent appointment to cures of souls in Devonshire. Young Toplady was sent at an early age to Westminster School, and showed considerable ability there. After passing through Westminster, he was entered as a student of Trinity College, Dublin, and took his degree there as Bachelor of Arts. He was ordained a clergyman in the year 1762; but I am unable to ascertain where, or by what bishop he was ordained. Shortly after his ordination he was appointed to the living of Blagdon, in Somersetshire, but did not hold it long. He was then appointed to Venn-Ottery, with Harpford, in Devonshire, a small parish near Sidmouth. This post he finally exchanged for the rural parish of Broad Hembury, near Honiton, in Devonshire, a cure which he retained until his death. In the year 1775 he was compelled, by the state of his health, to remove from Devonshire to London, and became for a short time preacher at a chapel in Orange Street, Leicester Square. He seems, however, to have derived no material benefit from the change of climate; and at last died of decline, like Walker and Hervey, in the year 1778, at the early age of thirty-eight.

The story of Toplady's inner life and religious history is simple and short; but it presents some features of great interest. The work of God seems to have begun in his heart, when he was only sixteen years old, under the following circumstances. He was staying at a place called Codrington, in Ireland, and was there led by God's providence to hear a layman named Morris preach in a barn. The text—Ephesians ii. 13, "Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ"—and the address founded on it, came home to young Toplady's conscience with such power, that from that time he became a new man, and a thorough-going professor of vital Christianity. This was in August 1756.

He himself in after-life referred frequently to the circumstance of his conversion with special thankfulness. He says in 1768: "Strange that I, who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought nigh to God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name! Surely it was the Lord's doing, and is marvellous! The excellency of such power must be of God, and cannot be of man. The regenerating Spirit breathes not only on whom, but likewise when, where, and as he listeth."

Although converted and made a new creature in Christ Jesus, Toplady does not seem to have come to a full knowledge of the gospel in all its perfection for at least two years. Like most of God's children, he had to fight his way into full light through many defective

opinions, and was only by slow degrees brought to complete establishment in the faith. His experience in this matter, be it remembered, is only that of the vast majority of true Christians. Like infants, when they are born into the world, God's children are not born again in the full possession of all their spiritual faculties; and it is well and wisely ordered that it is so. What we win easily, we seldom value sufficiently. The very fact that believers have to struggle and fight hard before they get hold of real soundness in the faith, helps to make them prize it more when they have attained it. The truths that cost us a battle are precisely those which we grasp most firmly, and never let go.

Toplady's own account of his early experience on this point is distinct and explicit. He says: "Though awakened in 1756, I was not led into a clear and full view of all the doctrines of grace till the year 1759, when, through the great goodness of God, my Arminian prejudices received an effectual shock in reading Dr. Manton's sermons on the seventeenth chapter of St. John. I shall remember the years 1756 and 1758 with gratitude and joy in the heaven of heavens to all eternity."

In the year 1774, Toplady gave the following curious account of his experience at this period of his life:—"It pleased God to deliver me from the Arminian snare before I was quite eighteen. Up to that period there was not (I confess it with abasement) a more haughty and violent free-willer within the compass of the four seas. One instance of my warm and ignorant zeal occurs now to my memory. About a year before divine goodness gave me eyes to discern and a heart to embrace the truth, I was haranguing one day in company on the universality of grace and the power of free agency. A good old gentleman, now with God, rose from his chair, and coming to me, held me by one of my coat-buttons, while he mildly said:—"My dear sir, there are marks of spirituality in your conversation, though tinged with an unhappy mixture of pride and self-righteousness. You have been speaking largely in favour of free-will; but from arguments let us come to experience. Do let me ask you one question, How was it with you when the Lord laid hold on you in effectual calling? Had you any hand in obtaining that grace? Nay, would you not have resisted and baffled it, if God's Spirit had left you alone in the hand of your own counsel?—"I felt the conclusiveness of these simple, but forcible interrogations more strongly than I was then willing to acknowledge. But, blessed be God, I have since been enabled to acknowledge the freeness of his grace, and to sing, what I trust will be my everlasting song, '*Not unto me, Lord, not unto me; but unto thy name give the glory.*'"

From this time to the end of his life, a period of twenty years, Toplady held right onward in his Christian course, and never seems to have swerved or turned aside for a single day. His attachment to Calvinistic views of theology grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, and undoubtedly made him

think too hardly of all who favoured Arminianism. It is more than probable, too, that it gave him the reputation of being a narrow-minded and sour divine, and made many keep aloof from him, and depreciate him. But no one ever pretended to doubt his extraordinary devotedness and singleness of eye, or to question his purity and holiness of life. From one cause or another, however, he appears always to have stood alone, and to have had little intercourse with his fellow-men. The result was, that throughout life he appears to have been little known and little understood, but most loved where he was most known.

One would like much to hear what young Toplady was doing between the date of his conversion in 1756, and his ordination in 1762. We can only guess, from the fact that he studied Manton on the seventeenth of John before he was eighteen, that he was probably reading hard, and storing his mind with knowledge, which he turned to good account in after-life. But there is an utter dearth of all information about our hero at this period of his life. We only know that he took upon himself the office of a minister, not only as scholar, and as an outward professor of religion, but as an honest man. He says himself, that "he subscribed the articles and liturgy from principle; and that he did not believe them merely because he subscribed them, but subscribed them because he believed them."

One would like, furthermore, to know exactly where he began his ministry, and in what parish he was first heard as a preacher of the gospel. But I can find out nothing about these points. One interesting fact about his early preaching I gather from a curious letter which he wrote to Lady Huntingdon in 1774. In that letter he says: "As to the doctrines of special and discriminating grace, I have thus much to observe. For the first four years after I was in orders, I dwelt chiefly on the general outlines of the gospel in this remote corner of my public ministry. I preached of little else but of justification by faith only, in the righteousness and atonement of Christ, and of that personal holiness without which no man shall see the Lord. My reasons for thus narrowing the truths of God were these two (I speak it with humiliation and repentance):—1. I thought these points were sufficient to convey as clear an idea as was absolutely necessary of salvation; 2. And secondly, I was partly afraid to go any further."

"God himself (for none but he could do it) gradually freed me from that fear. And as he never at any time permitted me to deliver, or even to insinuate anything contradictory to his truth, so has he been graciously pleased, for seven or eight years past, to open my mouth to make known the entire mystery of the gospel, as far as his Spirit has enlightened me into it. The consequence of my first plan of operations was, that the generality of my hearers were pleased, but only few were converted. The result of my latter deliverance from worldly wisdom and worldly fear is, that multitudes have been very angry; but the conversions which

God has given me reason to hope he has wrought, have been at least three for one before. Thus I can testify, so far as I have been concerned, the usefulness of preaching predestination; or, in other words, of tracing salvation and redemption to their first source."

An anecdote related by Toplady himself deserves repetition, as a curious illustration of the habits of clergymen at the time when he was ordained, and his superiority to the habits of his cotemporaries. He says: "I was buying some books in the spring of 1762, a month or two before I was ordained, from a very respectable London bookseller. After the business was over, he took me to the furthest end of his long shop, and said in a low voice, 'Sir, you will soon be ordained, and I suppose you have not laid in a very great stock of sermons. I can supply you with as many sets as you please, all original, very excellent ones, and they will come for a trifle.' My answer was: 'I certainly shall never be a customer to you in that way; for I am of opinion that the man who cannot, or will not make his own sermons, is quite unfit to wear the gown. How could you think of my buying ready-made sermons? I would much sooner buy ready-made clothes.' His answer shocked me. 'Nay, young gentleman, do not be surprised at my offering you ready-made sermons, for I assure you I have sold ready-made sermons to many a bishop in my time.' My reply was: 'My good sir, if you have any concern for the credit of the Church of England, never tell that news to anybody else henceforward for ever.'"

The manner of Toplady's life, during the fifteen or sixteen years of his short ministry, may be gathered from a diary which he wrote in 1768, and kept up for about a year. This diary is a far more interesting record of a good man's life than such documents ordinarily are, and gives a very favourable impression of the writer's character and habits. It leaves the impression that he was eminently a man of one thing, and entirely engrossed with his Master's business—much alone, keeping little company, and always either preaching, visiting his people, reading, writing, or praying. If it had been kept up for a few years longer, it would have thrown immense light on many things in Toplady's ministerial history. But even in its present state it is the most valuable record we possess about him, and there seems no reason to doubt that it is a tolerably accurate picture of his mode of living from the time of his ordination to his death.

So little is known of the particular events of the last fifteen years of Toplady's life, that it is impossible to do more than give a general sketch of his proceedings. He seems to have attained a high reputation at a very early date as a thorough-going supporter of Calvinistic opinions, and a leading opponent of Arminianism. His correspondence shows that he was on intimate terms with Lady Huntingdon, Sir R. Hill, Whitefield, Romaine, Berridge, Dr. Gill, Ambrose Serle, and other eminent Christians of those times. But how and when he

formed acquaintance with them, we have no information. His pen was constantly employed in defence of evangelical religion from the time of his removal to Broad Hembury in 1768. His early habits of study were kept up with unabated diligence. No man among the spiritual heroes of last century seems to have read more than he did, or to have had a more extensive knowledge of divinity. His bitterest adversaries in controversy could never deny that he was a scholar, and a ripe one. Indeed, it admits of grave question whether he did not shorten his life by his habits of constant study. He says himself, in a letter to a relative, dated March 19, 1775:—"Though I cannot entirely agree with you in supposing that extreme study has been the cause of my late indisposition, I must yet confess that the hill of science, like that of virtue, is in some instances climbed with labour. But when we get a little way up, the lovely prospects which open to the eye make infinite amends for the steepness of the ascent. In short, I am wedded to these pursuits, as a man stipulates to take his wife; viz., for better, for worse, until death us do part. My thirst for knowledge is literally inextinguishable. And if I thus drink myself into a superior world, I cannot help it."

One feature in Toplady's character, I may here remark, can hardly fail to strike an attentive reader of his remains. That feature is the eminent spirituality of the tone of his religion. There can be no greater mistake than to regard him as a mere student and deep reader, or as a hard and dry controversial divine. Such an estimate of him is thoroughly unjust. His letters and remains supply abundant evidence that he was one who lived in very close communion with God, and had very deep experience of divine things. Living much alone, seldom going into society, and possessing few friends, he was a man little understood by many, who only knew him by his controversial writings, and specially by his unflinching advocacy of Calvinism. Yet really, if the truth be spoken, I hardly find any man of the last century who seems to have soared so high and aimed so loftily, in his personal dealings with his Saviour, as Toplady. There is an unction and savour about some of his remains which few of his cotemporaries equalled, and none surpassed. I grant freely that he left behind him many things which cannot be much commended. But he left behind him some things which will live, as long as English is spoken, in the hearts of all true Christians. His writings contain "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," if any writings of his age. And it never ought to be forgotten, that the man who penned them was lying in his grave before he was thirty-nine!

The last three years of Toplady's life were spent in London. He removed there by medical advice in the year 1775, under the idea that the moist air of Broad Hembury was injurious to his health. Whether the advice was sound or not may now, perhaps, admit of question. At any rate, the change of climate did him no good. Little by little the insidious disease of the chest,

under which he laboured, made progress and wasted his strength. He was certainly able to preach at Orange Street Chapel in the years 1776 and 1777; but it is equally certain that throughout this period he was gradually drawing near to his end. He was never, perhaps, more thoroughly appreciated than he was during these last three years of his ministry. A picked London congregation, such as he had, was able to value gifts and powers which were completely thrown away on a rural parish in Devonshire. His stores of theological reading and distinct doctrinal statement were rightly appraised by his metropolitan hearers. In short, if he had lived longer he might, humanly speaking, have done a mighty work in London. But He who holds the stars in his right hand, and knows best what is good for his Church, saw fit to withdraw him soon from his new sphere of usefulness. He seemed as if he came to London only to be known and highly valued, and then to die.

The closing scene of the good man's life was singularly beautiful, and at the same time singularly characteristic. He died as he had lived, in the full hope and peace of the gospel, and with an unwavering confidence in the truth of the doctrines which he had for fifteen years advocated both with his tongue and with his pen. About two months before his death, he was greatly pained by hearing that he was reported to have receded from his Calvinistic opinions, and to have expressed a desire to recant them in the presence of Mr. John Wesley. So much was he moved by this rumour, that he resolved to appear before his congregation once more, and to give a public denial to it before he died. His physician in vain remonstrated with him. He was told that it would be dangerous to make the attempt, and that he might probably die in the pulpit. But the vicar of Broad Hembury was not a man to be influenced by such considerations. He replied that "he would rather die in the harness than die in the stall." He actually carried his resolution into effect. On Sunday, June the 14th, in the last stage of consumption, and only two months before he died, he ascended his pulpit in Orange Street Chapel, after his assistant had preached, to the astonishment of his people, and gave a short but affecting exhortation founded on 2 Peter i. 13, 14: "I think it meet, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance." He then closed his address with the following remarkable declaration:—

"It having been industriously circulated by some malicious and unprincipled persons that during my present long and severe illness I expressed a strong desire of seeing Mr. John Wesley before I die, and revoking some particulars relative to him which occur in my writings,—Now I do publicly and most solemnly aver that I have not nor ever had any such intention or desire; and that I most sincerely hope my last hours will be much better employed than in communing with such a man. So certain and so satisfied am I of the truth of all that I have ever written, that were I now sitting up in my dying bed with a pen and ink in my

hand, and all the religious and controversial writings I ever published, especially those relating to Mr. John Wesley and the Arminian controversy, whether respecting fact or doctrine, could be at once displayed to my view, I should not strike out a single line relative to him or them."

The last days of Toplady's life were spent in great peace. He went down the valley of the shadow of death with abounding consolations, and was enabled to say many edifying things to all around him. The following recollections, jotted down by friends who ministered to him, and communicated to his biographer, can hardly fail to be interesting to a Christian reader.

One friend observes:—"A remarkable jealousy was apparent in his whole conduct as he drew near his end, for fear of receiving any part of that honour which is due to Christ alone. He desired to be nothing, and that Jesus might be all and in all. His feelings were so very tender upon this subject, that I once undesignedly put him almost in an agony by remarking the great loss which the Church of Christ would sustain by his death at this particular juncture. The utmost distress was immediately visible in his countenance, and he exclaimed, 'What! by my death? No, no! Jesus Christ is able, and will, by proper instrument, defend his own truths. And with regard to what little I have been enabled to do in this way, not to me, not to me, but to his own name, and to that only, be the glory.'

"The more his bodily strength was impaired the more vigorous, lively, and rejoicing his mind seemed to be. From the whole turn of his conversation during our interview, he appeared not merely placid and serene, but he evidently possessed the fullest assurance of the most triumphant faith. He repeatedly told me that he had had not the least shadow of a doubt respecting his eternal salvation for near two years past. It is no wonder, therefore, that he so earnestly longed to be dissolved and to be with Christ. His soul seemed to be constantly panting heavenward, and his desire increased the nearer his dissolution approached. A short time before his death, at his request I felt his pulse, and he desired to know what I thought of it. I told him that his heart and arteries evidently beat almost every day weaker and weaker. He replied immediately, with the sweetest smile on his countenance, 'Why, that is a good sign that my death is fast approaching; and, blessed be God, I can add that my heart beats every day stronger and stronger for glory.'

"A few days before his dissolution I found him sitting up in his arm-chair, but scarcely able to move or speak. I addressed him very softly, and asked if his consolations continued to abound as they had hitherto done. He quickly replied, 'O my dear air, it is impossible to describe how good God is to me. Since I have been sitting in this chair this afternoon I have enjoyed such a season, such sweet communion with God, and such delightful manifestation of his presence with and love to my soul, that it is impossible for words or any

language to express them. I have had peace and joy unutterable, and I fear not but that God's consolation and support will continue.' But he immediately recollected himself, and added, 'What have I said? God may, to be sure, as a sovereign, hide his face and his smiles from me; however, I believe he will not; and if he should, yet will I trust him. I know I am safe and secure, for his love and his covenant are everlasting!'"

To another friend, speaking about his dying avowal in the pulpit of his church in Orange Street, he said: "My dear friend, these great and glorious truths which the Lord in rich mercy has given me to believe, and which he has enabled me (though very feebly) to defend, are not, as those who oppose them say, dry doctrines or mere speculative points. No! being brought into practical and heartfelt experience, they are the very joy and support of my soul; and the consolations flowing from them carry me far above the things of time and sense. So far as I know my own heart, I have no desire but to be entirely passive, to live, to die, to be, to do, to suffer whatever is God's blessed will concerning me, being perfectly satisfied that as he ever has, so he ever will do that which is best concerning me, and that he deals out in number, weight, and measure, whatever will conduce most to his own glory and to the good of his people."

Another of his friends mentioning the report that was spread abroad of his recanting his former principles, he said with some vehemence and emotion, "I recant my former principles! God forbid that I should be so vile an apostate." To which he presently added, with great apparent humility, "And yet that apostate I should soon be, if I were left to myself."

Within an hour of his death, he called his friends and his servant to him, and asked them if they could give him up. Upon their answering that they could, since it pleased the Lord to be so gracious to him, he replied: "Oh, what a blessing it is that you are made willing to give me up into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and to part with me! It will not be long before God takes me; for no mortal man can live, after the glories which God has manifested to my soul." Soon after this he closed his eyes, and quietly fell asleep in Christ on Tuesday, August 11, 1778, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

He was buried in Tottenham Court Chapel, under the gallery, opposite the pulpit, in the presence of thousands of people, who came together from all parts of London to do him honour. His high reputation as a champion of truth, the unjust misrepresentations circulated about his change of opinion, his effectiveness as a preacher, and his comparative youthfulness, combined to draw forth a more than ordinary expression of sympathy. "Devout men carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." Foremost among the mourners was one at that time young in the ministry, who lived long enough to be a connecting link between the last century and the present—the well-known and eccentric

Rowland Hill. Before the burial-service commenced, he could not refrain from transgressing one of Toplady's last requests, that no funeral sermon should be preached for him, and affectionately declared to the vast assembly the love and veneration he felt for the deceased, and the high sense he entertained of his graces, gifts, and usefulness. And thus, amidst the tears and thanksgivings of true-hearted mourners, the much-abused vicar of Broad Hembury was gathered to his people.*

The following passage from Toplady's last will, made and signed six months before his decease, is so remarkable and characteristic, that I cannot refrain from giving it to my readers:—"I meet humbly commit my soul to Almighty God, whom I honour, and have long experienced to be my ever gracious and infinitely merciful Father. Nor have I the least doubt of my election, justification, and eternal happiness, through the riches of his everlasting and unchangeable kindness to me in Christ Jesus, his co-equal Son, my only, my assured, and my all-sufficient Saviour; washed in whose propitiatory blood, and clothed with whose imputed righteousness, I trust to stand perfect, sinless, and complete, and do verily believe that I most certainly shall so stand, in the hour of death, and in the kingdom of heaven, and at the last judgment, and in the ultimate state of endless glory. Neither can I write this my last will without rendering the deepest, the most solemn, and the most ardent thanks to the adorable Trinity in Unity for their eternal, unmerited, irreversible, and inexhaustible love to me a sinner. I bless God the Father for having written from everlasting my unworthy name in the book of life—even for appointing me to obtain salvation through Jesus Christ my Lord. I adore God the Son for having vouchsafed to redeem me by his own most precious death, and for having obeyed the whole law for my justification. I admire and revere the gracious benignity of God the Holy Ghost, who converted me to the saving knowledge of Christ more than twenty-two years ago, and whose enlightening, supporting, comforting, and sanctifying agency is, and (I doubt not) will be my strength and song in the hours of my earthly pilgrimage."

Having now traced Toplady's history from his cradle to his grave, it only remains for me to offer some general estimate of his worth and attainments. To do this, I frankly confess, is no easy task. Not only is his biography a miserably deficient one—this alone is bad enough—but his literary remains have been edited in such a slovenly, careless, ignorant manner, without order or arrangement, that they do not fairly represent the author's merits. Certainly the reputation of great writers and ministers may suffer sadly from the treatment of injudicious friends. If ever there was a man who fell into the hands of the Philistines after his death,

* It is a curious fact that Toplady expressly desired that he might be buried at least nine feet, and, if possible, twelve feet, underground! He assigned no reason. Perhaps it was because he wished to be buried inside his church.

that man, so far as I can judge, was Augustus Toplady. I shall do the best I can with the materials at my disposal; but I trust my readers will remember that they are exceedingly scanty.

1. As a *preacher*, I should be disposed to assign to Toplady a very high place among the second-class men of the last century. His constitutional delicacy and weakness of lungs, in all probability, made it impossible for him to do the things that Whitefield and Berridge did. Constant open-air addresses, impassioned extempore appeals to thousands of hearers, were a style of thing entirely out of his line. Yet there is pretty good evidence that he had no mean reputation as a pulpit orator, and possessed no mean powers. The mere fact that Lady Huntingdon occasionally selected him to preach in her chapels at Bath and Brighton, of itself speaks volumes. The additional fact that at one of the great Methodist gatherings at Trevecca he was put forward as one of the leading preachers, is enough to show that his sermons possessed high merit. The following notes about preaching, which he records in his diary, as having received them from an old friend, will probably throw much light on the general turn of his ministrations:—“(1.) Preach Christ crucified, and dwell chiefly on the blessings resulting from his righteousness, atonement, and intercession. (2.) Avoid all needless controversies in the pulpit; except it be when your subject necessarily requires it, or when the truths of God are likely to suffer by your silence. (3.) When you ascend the pulpit, leave your learning behind you: endeavour to preach more to the hearts of your people than to their heads. (4.) Do not affect much oratory. Seek rather to profit than to be admired.”

Specimens of Toplady's ordinary preaching are unfortunately very rare. There are but ten sermons in the collection of his works, and out of these the great majority were preached on special occasions, and cannot, therefore, be regarded as fair samples of his pulpit work. In all of them there is a certain absence of fire, animation, and directness. But in all there is abundance of excellent matter, and a quiet, decided, knock-down, sledge-hammer style of putting things which, I can well believe, would be extremely effective, and especially with educated congregations. The three following extracts may perhaps give some idea of what Toplady was in the pulpit of Orange Street Chapel. Of his ministry in Broad Hembury, I suspect we know next to nothing at all.

The first extract forms the conclusion of a sermon preached in 1774 at the Lock Chapel, entitled “Good News from Heaven”:—“I perceive the elements are upon the sacramental table. And I doubt not many of you mean to present yourselves at that throne of grace which God has mercifully erected through the righteousness and sufferings of his co-equal Son. Oh, beware of coming with one sentiment on your lips and another in your hearts! Take heed of saying with your mouths, ‘We do not come to this thy table, O

Lord, trusting in our own righteousness,’ while perhaps you have in reality some secret reserves in favour of that very self-righteousness which you profess to renounce, and are thinking that Christ's merits alone will not save you unless you add something or other to make it effectual. Oh, be not so deceived! God will not thus be mocked, nor will Christ thus be insulted with impunity. Call your works what you will—whether terms, causes, conditions, or supplements—the matter comes to the same point, and Christ is equally thrust out of his mediatorial throne by these or any similar views of human obedience. If you do not wholly depend on Jesus as the Lord your righteousness, if you mix your faith in him with anything else, if the finished work of the crucified God be not alone your acknowledged anchor and foundation of acceptance with the Father, both here and ever, come to his table and receive the symbols of his body and blood at your peril! Leave your own righteousness behind you, or you have no business here. You are without the wedding garment, and God will say to you, ‘Friend, how camest thou here?’ If you go on, moreover, to live and die in this state of unbelief, you will be found speechless and excuseless in the day of judgment, and the slighted Saviour will say to his angels concerning you, ‘Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness, . . . for many are called, but few are chosen.’”

My second extract is from a sermon on “Free-Will,” preached at St. Anne's, Blackfriars, in 1774:—“I know it is growing very fashionable to talk against spiritual feelings. But I dare not join the cry. On the contrary, I adopt the apostle's prayer that our love to God and the manifestation of his love to us may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all feeling. And it is no enthusiastic wish in behalf of you and myself, that we may be of the number of those godly persons who, as our Church justly expresses it, ‘feel in themselves the workings of the Spirit of Christ, mortifying the works of the flesh, and drawing up their minds to high and heavenly things.’ Indeed, the great business of God's Spirit is to draw up and to bring down—to draw up our affections to Christ, and to bring down the unsearchable riches of grace into our hearts. The knowledge of this, and earnest desire for it, are all the feelings I plead for, and for these feelings I wish ever to plead, satisfied as I am that without some experience and enjoyment of them we cannot be happy living or dying.”

“Let me ask you, as it were one by one, has the Holy Spirit begun to reveal these deep things of God in your soul? If so, give him the glory of it. And as you prize communion with him, as ever you value the comforts of the Holy Ghost, endeavour to be found in God's way, even the highway of humble faith and obedient love, sitting at the feet of Christ, and imbibing those sweet sanctifying communications of grace which are at once an earnest of and a preparation for complete heaven when you die. God forbid that we should ever think lightly of religious feelings! If we do not in some

measure feel ourselves sinners, and feel that Christ is precious, I doubt the Spirit of God has never been savingly at work upon our souls."

My last extract shall be from a sermon preached at St. Anne's, Blackfriars (Romaine's church, be it remembered), in 1770, entitled, "A Caveat against Unsound Doctrine":—"Faith is the eye of the soul, and the eye is said to see almost every object but itself; so that you may have real faith without being able to discern it. God will not despise the day of small things. Little faith goes to heaven no less than great faith; though not so comfortably, yet altogether as surely. If you come merely as a sinner to Jesus, and throw yourself, at all events, for salvation on his alone blood and righteousness, and the grace and promise of God in him, thou art as truly a believer as the most triumphant saint that ever lived. Amidst all your weakness, distresses, and temptations, remember that God will not cast out nor cast off the meanest and unworthiest soul that seeks salvation only in the name of Jesus Christ the righteous. When you cannot follow the Rock, the Rock shall follow you, nor ever leave you for a single moment on this side the heavenly Canaan. If you feel your absolute want of Christ, you may on all occasions and in every exigence betake yourself to the covenant-love and faithfulness of God for pardon, sanctification, and safety, and with the same fulness of right and title as a traveller leans upon his own staff, or as a weary labourer throws himself upon his own bed, or as an opulent nobleman draws upon his own banker for whatsoever sum he wants."

I make no comment on these extracts. They speak for themselves. Most Christians, I suspect, will agree with me, that the man who could speak to congregations in this fashion was no ordinary preacher. The hearers of such sermons could never say, "The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed." I am bold to say that the Church of the nineteenth century would be in a far more healthy condition if it had more preaching like Toplady's.

2. As a *writer of miscellaneous papers on religious subjects*, I do not think Toplady has ever been duly appreciated. His pen seems to have been never idle, and his collected works contain a large number of short useful essays on a great variety of subjects. Any one who takes the trouble to look at them will be surprised to find that the worthy vicar of Broad Hembury was conversant with many things beside the Calvinistic controversy, and could write about them in a very interesting manner. He will find short and well-written biographies of Bishop Jewell, Bishop Carleton, Bishop Wilson, John Knox, Fox the martyrologist, Lord Harrington, Witaius, Allsop, and Dr. Watts. He will find a very valuable collection of extracts from the works of eminent Christians, and of anecdotes, incidents, and historical passages, gathered by Toplady himself. He will find a sketch of natural history, and some curious observations on birds, meteors, animal sagacity, and the solar system. These papers, no doubt, are of various merit; but

they all show the singular activity and fertility of the author's mind, and are certainly far more deserving of republication than many of the reprints of modern days. Of Toplady's "Family Prayers," I shall say nothing. They are probably so well known that I need not commend them. Of his seventy-eight letters to friends, I will only say that they are excellent specimens of the correspondence of the last century—sensible, well composed, full of thought and matter, and supplying abundant proof that their writer was a Christian, a scholar, and a gentleman. I cannot, however, do more than refer to all these productions of Toplady's pen. Those who wish to know more must examine his works for themselves. If they do, I venture to predict that they will agree with me that his miscellaneous writings are neither sufficiently known nor valued.

3. As a *controversialist*, I find it rather difficult to give a right estimate of Toplady. In fact, the subject is a painful one, and one which I would gladly avoid. But I feel that I should not be dealing fairly and honestly with my readers, if I did not say something about it. In fact, the vicar of Broad Hembury took such a very prominent part in the doctrinal controversies of last century, and was so thoroughly recognized as the champion and standard-bearer of Calvinistic theology, that no memoir of him could be regarded as complete, which did not take up this part of his character.

I begin by saying that, on the whole, Toplady's controversial writings appear to me to be in principle scriptural, sound, and true. I do not, for a moment, mean that I can endorse all he says. I consider that his statements are often extreme, and that he is frequently more systematic and narrow than the Bible. He often seems to me, in fact, to go further than Scripture, and to draw conclusions which Scripture has not drawn, and to settle points which for some wise reason Scripture has not settled. Still, for all this, I will never shrink from saying that the cause for which Toplady contended all his life was decidedly the cause of God's truth. He was a bold defender of Calvinistic views about election, predestination, perseverance, human impotency, and irresistible grace. On all these subjects I hold firmly that Calvin's theology is much more scriptural than the theology of Arminius. In a word, I believe that Calvinistic divinity is the divinity of the Bible, of Augustine, and of the Thirty-nine Articles of my own Church, and of the Scotch Confession of Faith. While, therefore, I repeat that I cannot endorse all the sentiments of Toplady's controversial writings, I do claim for them the merit of being in principle scriptural, sound, and true. Well would it be for the Churches, if we had a good deal more of clear, distinct, sharply-cut doctrine in the present day! Vagueness and indistinctness are marks of our degenerate condition.

But I go further than this. I do not hesitate to say that Toplady's controversial works display extraordinary ability. For example, his "Historic Proof of the Doc-

trinal Calvinism of the Church of England" is a treatise that displays a prodigious amount of research and reading. It is a book that no one could have written who had not studied much, thought much, and thoroughly investigated an enormous mass of theological literature. You see at once that the author has thoroughly digested what he has read, and is able to concentrate all his reading on every point which he handles. The best proof of the book's ability is the simple fact that down to the present day it has never been thoroughly answered. It has been reviled, sneered at, abused, and held up to scorn. But abuse is not argument. The book remains to this hour unanswered, and that for the simplest of all reasons, that it is unanswerable. It proves irrefragably, whether men like it or not, that Calvinism is the doctrine of the Church of England, and that all her leading divines, until Laud's time, were Calvinists. All this is done logically, clearly, and powerfully. No one, I venture to think, could read the book through, and not feel obliged to admit that the author was an able man.

While, however, I claim for Toplady's controversial writings the merit of soundness and ability, I must with sorrow admit that I cannot praise his spirit and language when speaking of his opponents. I am obliged to confess that he often uses expressions about them so violent and so bitter, that one feels perfectly ashamed. Never, I regret to say, did an advocate of truth appear to me so entirely to forget the text, "In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves," as the vicar of Broad Hembury. Arminianism seems to have precisely the same effect on him that a scarlet cloak has on a bull. He appears to think it impossible that an Arminian can be saved, and never shrinks from classing Arminians with Pelagians, Socinians, Papists, and heretics. He says things about Wesley and Sellon which never ought to have been said. All this is melancholy work indeed! But those who are familiar with Toplady's controversial writings know well that I am stating simple truths.

I will not stain my paper nor waste my readers' time by supplying proofs of Toplady's controversial bitterness. It would be very unprofitable to do so. The epithets he applies to his adversaries are perfectly amazing and astonishing. It must in fairness be remembered that the language of his opponents was exceedingly violent, and was enough to provoke any man. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that a hundred years ago men said things in controversy that were not considered so bad as they are now, from the different standard of taste that prevailed. Men were perhaps more honest and outspoken than they are now, and their bark was worse than their bite. But all these considerations only palliate the case. The fact remains, that as a controversialist Toplady was extremely bitter and intemperate, and caused his good to be evil spoken of. He carried the principle, "Rebuke them sharply, that they may be sound in the faith," to an absurd extreme. He forgot the example of his Master, who "when he was reviled

reviled not again;" and he entirely marred the value of his arguments by the violence and uncharitableness with which he maintained them. Thousands who neither cared nor understood anything about his favourite cause, could understand that no cause ought to be defended in such a spirit and temper.

I leave this painful subject with the general remark, that Toplady is a standing beacon to the Church, to show us the evils of controversy. "The beginning of strife is like letting out water." "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin." We must never shrink from controversy, if need be, in defence of Christ's gospel, but we must never take it up without jealous watchfulness over our own hearts, and over the manner in which we carry it on. Above all, we must strive to think as charitably as possible of our opponent. It was Calvin himself who said of Luther, "He may call me a devil if he will; but I shall always call him a good servant of Jesus Christ." Well would it have been for Toplady's reputation, if he had been more like Calvin! Perhaps when we open our eyes in heaven we shall be amazed to find how many things there were which both Calvinists and Arminians did not thoroughly understand.

4. There is only one more point about Toplady on which I wish to say something, and that is his character as a *hymn-writer*. This is a point, I am thankful to say, on which I find no difficulty at all. I give it as my decided opinion that he was one of the best hymn-writers in the English language. I am quite aware that this may seem extravagant praise; but I speak deliberately. I hold that there are no hymns better than his.

Good hymns are an immense blessing to the Church of Christ. I believe the last day alone will show the world the real amount of good they have done. They suit all, both rich and poor. There is an elevating, stirring, soothing, spiritualizing effect about a thoroughly good hymn, which nothing else can produce. It sticks in men's memories when texts are forgotten. It trains men for heaven, where praise is one of the principal occupations. Preaching and praying shall one day cease for ever; but praise shall never die. The makers of good ballads are said to sway national opinion. The writers of good hymns, in like manner, are those who leave the deepest marks on the face of the Church. Thousands of Christians rejoice in the "Te Deum," and "Just as I am," who neither prize the Thirty-nine Articles, nor know anything about the first four councils, nor understand the Athanasian Creed.

But really good hymns are exceedingly rare. There are only a few men in any age who can write them. You may name hundreds of first-rate preachers for one first-rate writer of hymns. Hundreds of so-called hymns fill up our collections of congregational psalmody, which are really not hymns at all. They are very sound, very scriptural, very proper, very correct, very tolerably rhymed; but they are not real, live, genuine hymns.

There is no life about them. At best they are tame, pointless, weak, and milk-and-watery. In many cases, if written out straight, without respect of lines, they would make excellent prose. But poetry they are not. It may be a startling assertion to some ears to say that there are not more than two hundred first-rate hymns in the English language; but startling as it may sound, I believe it is true.

Of all English hymn-writers, none, perhaps, have succeeded so thoroughly in combining truth, poetry, life, warmth, fire, depth, solemnity, and unction, as Toplady has. I pity the man who does not know, or, knowing, does not admire those glorious hymns of his beginning, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me;" or, "Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness;" or, "A debtor to mercy alone;" or, "Your harps, ye trembling saints;" or, "Christ, whose glory fills the skies;" or, "When languor and disease invade;" or, "Deathless principle, arise." The writer of these seven hymns alone has laid the Church under perpetual obligations to him. Heretics have been heard in absent moments whispering over "Rock of Ages," as if they clung to it when they had let slip all things beside. Great statesmen have been known to turn it into Latin, as if to perpetuate its fame. The only matter of regret is, that the writer of such excellent hymns should have written so few. If he had lived longer, written more hymns, and handled fewer controversies, men would have been better pleased.

That hymns of such singular beauty and pathos should have come from the same pen which indited such bitter controversial writings, is certainly a strange anomaly. I do not pretend to explain it, or to offer any solution. I only lay it before my readers as a naked fact. To say the least, it should teach us not to be hasty in censuring a man before we know all sides of his character. The best saints of God are neither so very good, nor the faultiest so very faulty, as they appear. He that only reads Toplady's hymns will find it hard to believe that he could compose his controversial writings. He that only reads his controversial writings will hardly believe that he composed his hymns. Yet the fact remains, that the same man composed both. Alas! the holiest among us all is a very poor mixed creature!

I now leave the subject of this paper here. I ask my readers to put a favourable construction on Toplady's life, and to judge him with righteous judgment. I fear he is a man who has never been fairly estimated, and has never had many friends. Ministers of his decided, sharply-cut, doctrinal opinions are never very popular. But I plead strongly that Toplady's undeniable faults should never make us forget his equally undeniable excellencies. With all his infirmities, I firmly believe that he was a good man and a great man, and did a work for Christ a hundred years ago, which will never be overthrown. He will stand in his lot at the last day in a high place, when many, perhaps, whom the world liked better shall be put to shame.

THE ROSE OF JERICO.

A SERMON FOR CHILDREN.

BY REV. HUGH MACMILLAN.

"Flee, save your lives, and be like the heath in the wilderness."—JER. xlviii. 6.

HAVE chosen this text because there is a beautiful picture in it. But this picture, intended to explain the prophet's meaning, must first itself be explained; for it is not one whose beauty and suitableness you can see by a single glance. You are all familiar with the common heather, that covers with its homely russet mantle the breezy hills and lonely moorlands, where there is no trace of man and his works, and the only sounds heard from break of day to eventide are the shrill wail of the plover and the dreamy murmur of the mountain stream. You have wandered over its elastic carpet in the sweet autumn holidays, and pulled its crimson bells, and drank in health and pleasure from the romantic sights and sounds connected with it. You have tried to pull up a plant of it by the root, to bring home with you as a memorial of your ramble on the hills; but after blistering your hands, you were obliged to desist, and content yourselves with merely breaking off a few sprigs covered with flowers. There is, indeed, no plant that has a stronger, tougher root, than the heather. And

this is a wise provision of nature for enabling it to keep its place, and grow on the bare, bleak, stormy places which it adorns with the only beauty and brightness they possess. If it had a lighter hold of the ground, the wild winds that sweep over it would speedily tear it away, and the soil on the mountain-sides, left without a covering, would come down in terrible landslips and destroy the houses in the valleys, and cover the fertile fields with desolation.

Surely, then, the language of the prophet, when he speaks of the heather fleeing, as though it were a dead leaf or a handful of chaff carried away by the wind, is not true to nature. The figure, however, strange as it may seem, is perfectly correct. The heather does flee! But then the heath of which Jeremiah was thinking when he wrote the words of the text, is not the same kind of heather as grows on our hills. In fact, there is no heather at all on the mountains of Palestine. The ground is too dry and rocky, and there are no mists to nourish any vegetation except a kind that can do without water. But there is a species of plant growing in

lonely desert places in the south of Palestine, which bears some kind of resemblance to our common heather, especially to those dry stumps over which fire has passed, and which have been bleached by exposure to the weather. This plant is called by a long name—*Anastatica*; but it is more familiarly known as the Rose of Jericho. It is evidently the plant to which the translators of the Bible have given the name of heath, and which the prophet speaks of as fleeing and saving its life. The Crusaders used to bring it home from the Holy Land, and some superstitious tales are told of it; as, for example, that it first burst into blossom on Christmas eve, to welcome the birth of the Heavenly Babe, and paid its tribute of honour to the resurrection of the Redeemer, by continuing in flower till Easter morn. But its own true history is stranger even than these fables. The spots where it is found are moistened with water during the rainy season; but in the hot summer they are dried up, and become baked by the heat almost as hard as a brick. Rain seldom falls in the south of Palestine; months frequently pass away without a shower, or a cloud as big as a man's hand; the sky above is like brass, and the earth beneath as iron; and all the channels of the streams and rills are dry and white as the roads. Now, what becomes of the Rose of Jericho when all the moisture in the spot where it grows is dried up, and the soil becomes loose and dusty about its roots, and the sun shines down upon it with scorching intensity? Most plants in these circumstances would perish utterly, and become bleached skeletons. But the Rose of Jericho does not perish with the drying up of the water on which it lives. God, whose tender mercies are over all his works—over the lilies of the field as over the fowls of heaven—has furnished it with a remarkable provision by which it escapes from the dreadful consequences of drought. Whenever all the water within reach of its roots is exhausted, and it can get no more, it sheds its leaves, gathers all its branches together, and rolls itself up into an irregular elastic ball. And thus packed up in a travelling-bag composed of its own framework, like the fairies of old that were said to go from place to place in chariots of nut-shells, it awaits patiently till the wind of the desert begins to blow. It is then speedily uprooted, rolls easily over the surface, and is driven to and fro through the desert. For days, and sometimes even weeks, it is whirled about from place to place; but it suffers no injury. The life is still strong in it, and all its tender and vital parts are gathered safely into the middle, protected by the branches, that close over them like a network. It looks a dry, unsightly, faded thing in this state. But at last it is carried to the brink of a stream, to some little oasis or spot of moisture; and no sooner does it feel the scent of water than it begins slowly to unfold its branches, to stretch down its roots into the moist soil, and to expand its tiny flowers in the genial atmosphere. It grows in that spot until it, too, becomes a dry and parched land; and then it rolls itself

up in a ball, is again uprooted by the winds, and carried to a moist place, where it again unfolds itself and grows. It repeats this strange process of migration until its seeds are perfected, and ready to be shed in a suitable place for their growth, when it finally dies. And though its withered branches continue for many years to curl and expand, according to the state of the atmosphere, this is no longer a vital, but a mechanical process.

Such is the wonderful history of this tiny, insignificant plant; and the use which the prophet Jeremiah makes of it will now be easily understood by you. If the Rose of Jericho, or the heath, as it is called in our Bible, had remained in the spot when the sun had dried up all the moisture so necessary to its well-being, it would inevitably have withered and died; but it flees on the wings of the wind to some place where it can get water, and by this means saves its life. Now, the prophet tells us to do likewise. He told the children of Moab to flee from the destruction that was threatening them. He tells us to flee from the wrath to come that is threatening us; and he wishes us in this to follow the example of the heath, or the Rose of Jericho: "Flee, save your lives, and be like the heath in the wilderness." This is not the only instance in which the Bible tells us to take a lesson from the inferior creation—from the plants and the animals around us. Where does the wise man send the sluggard to receive instruction, and to be made ashamed of his laziness? Not to the busy city, where the hand of the diligent maketh rich in the warehouse or the market-place. No; it is to the little, insignificant ant, that stores up her food in time for winter's scarcity: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." Where does Solomon send the man who feels himself to be weak and helpless, for an example of wisdom and foresight in such circumstances? Not to the walled cities and fortresses of men, but to the feeble conies, which seem to be the prey of every creature: "The conies are a feeble folk, but they make their holes in the rocks." And how does God seek to show the baseness and shameful ingratitude of his people Israel for all the benefits he had bestowed upon them? Is it not by the flight of the storks and the swallows, that know their appointed time? is it not by the tameness of the ox and the ass? "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." Alas! God has abundant reason to turn to the things of nature, that so perfectly perform the purpose for which they were created, and that do in all things the will of God, as witnesses against us, who have been made wiser than the fowls of the air, and received more knowledge than the beasts of the field, and to whom God has been uniformly most good and gracious; and who yet, in spite of all these things, have requited our Benefactor with the basest ingratitude and sin: "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me."

God wishes us, then, to learn a lesson from the lilies

of the field, from this humble heath—wishes us to flee and save our lives as it does. In applying this beautiful image to your state, I propose to consider five things, which you may count on your five fingers: 1st, *Whence* you are to flee; 2nd, *Where* you are to flee; 3rd, *How* you are to flee; 4th, *When* you are to flee; and 5th, *Why* you are to flee. A few plain simple words upon each of these five divisions will, I trust, interest and profit you, under the blessing of God's good Spirit.

1. The first thing, then, we have to ask is, "*Whence* you are to flee." The heath, or the Rose of Jericho, as we have seen, flees from drought and death. It leaves the spot where it can get no water to nourish it, and where its seed would be sure to perish. Now, you are like this heath. You live in a world that was once pronounced by God to be very good, but which sin has blighted and ruined. You dwell in a dry and parched land, wherein no waters be, where nothing can satisfy your heart, where you can find no nourishment for your soul. The curse of sin is upon everything; and like the dove which Noah sent out from the ark, you can find no rest for the sole of your foot. You cannot remain in this state. You will perish of spiritual thirst and leanness of soul. You will wither under the blight of sin. The wrath of God will consume you. You cannot be happy where you are and as you are, for "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." You must flee, therefore, from this state of sin and misery, as the heath flees from the dry and parched wilderness. You must flee from the wrath of God, which, we are told, resteth upon the children of disobedience. You must flee from the world lying in wickedness, that would destroy you with its false joys and vain pleasures. You must flee from your ungodly companions, and the temptations which they put in your way to do evil. You must flee from the sin of your own soul—your own evil heart of unbelief—which is turning you away from holiness and happiness. You must flee from the scene of your guilt as the man-slayer, pursued by the avenger of blood, fled to the city of refuge; for the law which you have broken is pursuing you with the flaming sword of vengeance in its hand. You must flee as Lot fled from the burning cities of the plain; for you are living in the city of Destruction, and the fires of heaven will soon descend and consume it. You have heard of the terrible fires that sometimes sweep over the prairies of America, burning forests, and homesteads, and corn-fields, and vast tracts of dry grass. How would you feel if you saw one of these awful fires advancing rapidly upon you? Yonder it comes, a huge wall of flame a mile wide, roaring like the waves of the sea in a storm, and darkening the sky with volumes of black smoke! Would not fear give wings to your feet? Would you not flee for your life with all your might, and not draw breath until you had reached a spot of safety? We read that when the eruption of Mount Vesuvius poured its burning lava down into the streets of Pompeii—a town that was destroyed and buried many hundreds of years ago—some

of the inhabitants, who were not instantly overwhelmed, tried to flee from the fiery river of death that was pursuing them. But they could not run fast enough to escape. They were overtaken and consumed. And those who are now engaged in digging down into the ruins of that town not unfrequently come upon the hollow casts of those poor unfortunates in the act of flight, their forms moulded in the hardened lava that had encrusted them. Now, so long as you remain in sin and unbelief, so long are you exposed to the fire of God's wrath; for God is a consuming fire to those who do not love him, and those who do not believe are *condemned already*. So long as you are unconverted and in a state of nature, you are standing, as it were, at the foot of a volcano—Mount Sinai—that burns as with fire, and which at any moment may pour forth its lava floods to destroy you. And you can get no satisfaction to your heart, no peace to your conscience, no rest to your soul, if you remain in the dry and parched desert of sin. Say, then, to yourselves as the lepers, perishing outside the walls of Samaria when besieged by the enemy, said: "Why sit we here until we die?" Say to yourselves as the prodigal, dying of hunger amid the husks which the swine did eat, said: "I will arise and go to my father." Flee from the wrath to come. "Flee, save your lives, and be like the heath in the wilderness."

2. But we have now to consider, in the second place, *Where* you are to flee. Here, too, the heath in the wilderness will give a lesson of instruction. It leaves the dried-up spot, where it cannot get the means of life, and goes on the wings of the wind to a place where there is water. Now, you remember who it was that stood up in the temple on the last day of a great feast at Jerusalem, and cried aloud in the hearing of the multitude, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." All you have to do is to go to him who said this; and you will find in him all that you need. David said of him, "All my well-springs are in thee;" "With thee is the fountain of life." And he himself said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life." You cannot do without this living water. Your souls need it as much as your bodies need common water. Your soul would wither and pine without the blessings of salvation, as the heath would wither and die without the dews and the rains of heaven. You can have no beauty of character, no goodness of conduct; you cannot live holy or useful lives, without the quickening influences of grace. You have seen a flower long exposed to the scorching sun without rain or dew. What a miserable object it is, with its leaves hanging limp about it, or dry and crackling, and covered with white dust, and its fair head bowing down helplessly on its stalk. Well, that sun-scorched flower is just a picture of the state of every soul in sin—of every soul that is seeking its happiness in the things of

this world. If you are to be quickened into a new life, and grow up strong in faith, and be what God intended you to be—a blessing to yourselves and others—you must go where you can find salvation. You will find all the means of life, all the blessings of which you stand in need, in Christ, and you will find them nowhere else; for there is salvation in none other. This wide wilderness world has only one well in it, and if you miss it you will go about all your days, driven by the winds of circumstance, parched and thirsty, crying out, "Who will show us any good?" you will lead an aimless, useless life, walking through dry places seeking rest and finding none; spending your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not. But if you set yourselves diligently to seek this one well, you cannot miss it. As truly as the wise men from the East were guided to the manger at Bethlehem, where the infant Jesus lay, so truly will you be led to this well of living water. The path to it is distinct, and beaten hard by the footsteps of the flock—by the feet of those who, in every age and from every country, have come there to drink; so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein. Thousands upon thousands have gone there with their empty pitchers, with their weary, careworn, sinful hearts, and have come away filled, refreshed, and rejoicing. And Jesus is now inviting you to come and get your dry and parched souls refreshed by his love and grace. You will get pardon for your sins in him, peace to your troubled conscience in him, joy to your restless and dissatisfied hearts in him. You will find in him all that you require: wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption. You can say, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want; he leadeth me in green pastures, and beside still waters." Flee then to Christ, the fountain of living water, as the heath in the wilderness flees to the brink of the desert stream.

3. But we have now to consider, in the third place, *How* you are to flee. Take a lesson in this too from the heath in the wilderness. I showed you that, when the moisture of the place where it grows is dried up, it rolls itself up into a ball, gathers all its branches and flowers into the inside, and then trusts itself to the wind to take it where it will find what it wants. Now, this is exactly what you are to do. The Spirit has convinced you that the place where you are living is exposed to God's wrath and curse, and will soon be destroyed; that you cannot be happy where you are and ~~as~~ you are; that you must flee to Christ, or perish. And being thus convinced of your sin and misery, you are not to rest satisfied with merely wishing to go to Christ, resolving to do so at a more convenient season. You must give yourselves up to the task of *actually* going to Christ. You must make it your sole business, your one great aim and object in life. You are to gather the multitude of thoughts and desires within you, and bend them all to this one great act, this one great purpose of fleeing to Christ. One thing is needful: therefore,

like David, you are to desire one thing of the Lord, and seek to obtain it. You are to cry out, not as a mere church expression, but in solemn earnest, "What must I do to be saved?" A good wish or a good feeling now and then will not do. You must resolve, like Paul, to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus. Nothing great was ever done in this world without a struggle. Nothing good was ever got in this world without an effort. You cannot get salvation in your sleep or in your sloth. The reason why so many people are not saved is, because they are not earnest and diligent enough about their salvation. They set about it in fits and starts. "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling," says God's Word. "Be diligent in making your calling and election sure." It is a matter of life and death, and therefore cannot be done in an easy, thoughtless, half-spirited way. You must face it as you would the most solemn and important thing in your life. The Spirit is now striving with you; suffer him to uproot you from the soil of sin in which you have hitherto been content to grow; to tear you from your ungodly companions and youthful lusts, to take you away from your guilt and danger and misery. Commit yourselves to his guidance, and he will bring you to Christ. Flee on the wings of faith and love. You will be led to the Saviour, if you are willing to go. Let your prayer therefore be, "Turn me, and I shall be turned;" "Draw me, and I will run after thee." Faith is all that is required of you; only believe, and you will see the glory of God. Believe and live. Flee, then, earnestly, resolutely, on the wings of faith, to Christ, as the heath flees to the water on the wind of the wilderness.

4. But you ask me, in the fourth place, *When* you are to flee. Whenever the heath in the wilderness feels the soil getting dry about its roots, and its sap circulating very languidly in its cells and fibres, then it immediately begins to shed its leaves, to gather up its branches into a ball, and prepare for flight. It does not wait till the sun withers and burns it into a cinder. Now, you may learn a lesson from the heath in this too. You have not a moment to lose. The sun of God's fierce wrath is beating down upon you, sin is drying up and withering your soul; and if you remain much longer as you are, you will perish in your sins. You are apt to think, and Satan tries to cherish the idea in your mind, that religion is only for old people and for a dying bed. You think that in the gay season of youth you have no present concern in the things of religion, that you have time enough to think seriously of them when you have tasted a little more deeply of life's sweet cup. This idea is very wrong and dangerous. The time of youth is in reality the best time for religion. When the world has not deceived or hardened the heart, when the mind is teachable and pliable, when the feelings are fresh and ardent, when ungodliness has not yet become a habit, and the attention is not engrossed by the cares and anxieties of life—this surely is the best time to give the

heart to God, and to love and serve him. Ah! it is far easier for you now to be good than ever after. Heaven is very near to you now, but it will mount higher and further away every day. The longer you delay to come to Christ, the more difficult will you find it. You will love the world more and more, and its power over you will become stronger. Your heart will be harder and more insensible to good things, and the grasp of sin will be tighter and more vice-like; you will become a withered, dried-up plant, which no dew can revive, no showers of spring bring back to life again. If you cut off a branch from a willow-tree, and stick it immediately into the ground, it will begin to grow and put forth roots and leaves, and at last become a great tree; but if you leave it to dry and wither in the air for a few days, it will not grow at all—it will continue a mere dead stick when you put it in the ground. And so, while the sap is fresh in you, while your life is strong and active, seek to be grafted in Christ, planted in the root of Jesse; and then you will grow and bring forth blossoms and fruit, and your fruit will remain. But if you wait until sin has dried up all your vigour, and life, and tenderness of heart, then, when you seek to be joined to Christ, you may not be able; you may seek repentance with tears, and not find it; you may call upon God, but he will not hear you, because you neglected the day of your merciful visitation. Think, my young friends, of the awful truth, that one-fourth of the human race die in childhood and youth. Half of mankind are removed from the world under twenty years of age; and you do not know but that you may have to die ere you are grown up—ay, ere you are many weeks older. Then, too, think of this important fact, that the largest number of those who have been at once most useful in the Church and most respected in the world, and who have made the most progress in Christian doctrine and life, are to be found among those who, like Obadiah, have sought the Lord from their youth, or, like Timothy, have known the Scriptures from childhood. It is a common saying, that if you wish to attain eminence in anything, you must commence early. This rule holds particularly good in religion. If you have any desire to be eminent in piety and usefulness, you cannot begin too soon; you have much to learn, much to undo, much to conquer, and the work will prove less difficult now than if delayed for another year or another month. "I love them that love me," says God, "and they that seek me early shall find me." Hesitate, then, I beseech you, no longer. Flee now, and be as the heath in the wilderness. If the flower be not blown, offer the bud; for "the flower, when offered in the bud, is no mean sacrifice."

5. But I must hasten to close by answering the fifth question which you ask, *Why* you are to flee. The heath in the wilderness that flees to save its life, when it is brought by the wind to a place where there is water, begins to unfold its branches, and to strike its roots into the soil. It clothes itself with fresh leaves, puts out its

blossoms, and though dry and withered-looking before, becomes a beautiful and blooming flower. And so, if you flee from the wrath to come to him who is the fountain of living waters, you will put forth buds and blossoms of happiness like the heath. You will have life, and that more abundantly; you will undergo a great change, you will think and feel differently; your old stony heart of unbelief and wickedness will be taken away, and a new heart—a heart of love, and gratitude, and devotion to God—will be given to you. You will become new creatures in Christ; all old things will pass away, and all things become new; your possessions will be new possessions, your friends new friends, your joys new joys. Like the fabled enchanter's touch, everything will be turned to gold when sanctified by the blessing of the Lord, and when divine love has taken possession of the heart. You will love only what is good, and seek to do only what is right; you will grow up in favour with God and man, like Jesus himself; your usefulness, early commenced, will grow with your growth; and, planted early in the house of the Lord, you will flourish in the courts of our God, and bring forth fruit in old age. There are foolish people who suppose that when they make their wills they must die immediately afterwards, and therefore they put off this duty year after year, until at last they die without a will at all, and their affairs are left in hopeless confusion. But I trust that you are not so foolish as to suppose that religion will have the effect of shortening your life. I could easily show you that early piety has a tendency to make people live long. Who was it that said, "The wicked shall not live half their days?" How many young men and women do we see carried off to the tomb by their own evil ways, proclaiming in awful tones that "the wages of sin is death." But who is it again that says, "The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death;" "The fear of the Lord prolongeth days." Early piety will keep you from the lusts, passions, vices, and cares which shorten life; and though it will not take away the seeds of disease that may be planted in your frame, it will tend greatly to prolong your life by the calmness and peace which it brings to heart and mind; and it will prepare you for death whenever it comes, be it soon or late, so that you will not dread it, but welcome it as a kind angel to take you home to be for ever with him whom your soul loveth. By fleeing to Christ early you will not spoil but increase your happiness. If the heath remained in the dry spot, it would be a withered, ugly, joyless thing; but by fleeing where there is water, it becomes fresh and fair, and puts out blossoms to the sun; and so, if you remain as you are, you will never put forth the blossom of holiness and joy. But if you flee to Christ, you will be not only safe, but happy; you will know what true happiness is; Christ's own joy will be in you, and your joy will be full. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to those that lay hold of her, and happy is every one that retaineth her."

My dear young friends, I have thus told you how you are to imitate the example of that strange plant, the Rose of Jericho—"Flee, save your lives, and be like the heath in the wilderness." I have told you *whence* you are to flee—from sin and Satan, from unbelief and death. I have told you *how* you are to flee—by faith, and with all the earnestness and perseverance of your whole nature. I have told you *where* you are to flee—to Christ, the Fountain of living waters, the Friend of sinners, the only satisfying portion of the soul. I have told you *when* you are to flee—now, to-day, in your health, in your youth, without delay. I have told you *why* you are to flee—in order to prolong your lives, and make you holy, useful, and happy. You are preparing for immortality, and according as you decide and act now will be your character and your portion for eternity. You, my young friends, are the hopes or the fears, the blessings or the curses, of a coming genera-

tion; when, "instead of the fathers, shall be the children." Many of you are the children of pious parents. How are they praying that every attempt to bring you to Christ may prove successful! How anxious are your teachers that their self-denying labours and prayerful instructions may be blessed of God for your souls' everlasting salvation! Wait then no longer. Fulfil ye our joy in making the promise true: "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring: and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses." "Flee, save your lives, and be like the heath in the wilderness." Give yourselves, heart and soul, to Christ; and through all the changes of life, and from the very verge of the tomb, he will honour the surrender, and say to each of you, "I remember thee the kindness of thy youth."

THE BETRAYAL OF THE YUCATAN ISLANDERS.

"We have not followed cunningly devised fables."

"When the Spaniards understood the simple opinion of the Yucatan Islanders concerning the souls of their departed, which, after their sins purged in the cold northern mountains, should pass into the south—to the intent that, leaving their own country of their own accord, they might suffer themselves to be brought to Hispaniola, they did persuade these poor wretches that they came from those places where they should see their parents and children, and all their kindred and friends that were dead, and enjoy all kinds of delights, with the embracements and fruition of all beloved beings. And they, being infected and possessed with these crafty and subtle imaginations, singing and rejoicing, left their country, and followed vain and idle hope. But when they saw that they were deceived, and neither met their parents nor any that they desired, but were compelled to undergo grievous sovereignty and command, and to endure cruel and extreme labour, they either slew themselves, or, choosing to famish, gave up their fair spirits, being persuaded by no reason or violence to take food. So these miserable Yucatans came to their end."—Quoted in "*Short Studies on Great Subjects*," by J. A. Froude.

I.



HEY come o'er the Eastern Sea;
None had ever seen its shore;
And living things,
With grand white wings,
Those white-limbed strangers bore.

White wings on the purple sea,
Like the white-winged clouds o'erhead.
We said, "They come
From the far-off Home,
Where rest our happy dead.

"They know of the far white hills
Where our beloved go,
Cleansing their souls
Where the thunder rolls
O'er the fields of ice and snow!

"They come from the sunlit shore
Where our beloved rest;
Where they rest in light
All pure and white,
'Neath the morning's golden breast."

They landed on our isle,
Our reverent trust they won,
This Royal Race
From the Dawn's own place,
These Children of the Sun.

Like lightnings flashed their swords;
They held the winds their slaves;
The thunders raged,
In their sea-towers caged;
They rode on the foaming waves.

We saw they were strong and wise,
 We thought they were brave and true;
 We said, "They will tell
 Where our lost ones dwell,"
 For we thought they all things knew.
 They saw how we yearned for our dead;
 They answered grave and slow:—
 "Trust us; we come
 From that far-off home;
 With us to your Dead ye shall go."
 We climbed their dread sea-towers,
 For we trusted the words they said;
 We feared not the thunder,
 Caged, sullen, under;
 For we went to rejoin our dead.
 Singing and glad we went,
 Those treacherous billows o'er,
 To those unknown strands,
 For a clasp of the hands
 We had feared to clasp no more.
 For a sound of the well-known voice
 We had feared not to hear again;
 For we thought, "Even thus
 They are watching for us,
 Watching across the main.
 "Will they meet us one by one,
 On lonely cliff or shore,
 Or with flowers and song
 In a festive throng,
 To part from us never more?"
 So, singing and glad we went,
 Trusting, across the main,
 Till we reached the strand,
 Where they drove us to land
 With laughter, and lash, and chain.
 For the welcomes of our Beloved,
 The stranger's stripes and jeers;
 For the promised Home,
 The slave's dark doom,
 And toil without time for tears.
 But they will not bind us long;
 We are breaking their fetters fast;
 No chains can keep
 From that long, safe sleep,
 Where we join our Dead at last.

II.

Oh, Thou who camest from far,
 From the shores none living know;
 And over the sea,
 Biddest us with Thee
 To our beloved go.
 Not Thine the thunder-sign;
 Silent thou trodd'st the wave,
 Hushing its strife;
 But Thy touch was life,
 Death was Thy fettered slave.
 His Sea grew a crystal Floor,
 When Thou saidst, "Its shore I know;
 Trust Me: I come
 From that far-off Home;
 Follow me,—to your dead ye shall go."
 Thousands obeyed Thy call,
 Left all for Thee, content;
 Through fire and sword,
 Trusting Thy word,
 Singing and glad they went.
 What feverish dream of doubt,
 What terror of hearts death-cold,
 Has raved that from Thee
 Such wrong could be
 As this base wrong of old?
 God, by Thy goodness proved,
 Infinite by Thine Heart;
 The deeds Thou hast done
 A world have won;
 We trust Thee for what Thou art!
 Little Thy lips have said
 Of that mysterious shore;
 But we seek not a Place,
 We seek Thy face,
 And we crave to know no more.
 Thou hast promised no stormless course,
 Yet singing and glad we go;
 Faithful and True
 Thou wilt bring us through;
 If not, Thou hadst told us so.

ARTHUR ERSKINE'S EXPERIENCES.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

XIV.—A FRIEND IN NEED.

"If there be one that o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne part,
Hath watched in sickness by thy bed—
Call his a kindred heart."

HERMANS.

ABOUT five weeks afterwards, Arthur Erskine lay on his bed, perfectly conscious, but feeble as an infant. One sat beside him, one who for many days and nights of "danger and distress" had rarely been absent from that post. But just then, the danger being considered over, the watcher was occupied with a little book, which he was reading diligently to himself.

Arthur, for his part, was putting together, with painful effort, the facts that were gradually returning to his memory. He knew that he was in Paris; he could even recall the circumstances under which he had last left his lodging, the Huguenot's sermon, the fray that followed it, and his own attempt, made at the request of a stranger, to protect a woman with two frightened children. Had these things occurred but yesterday, or had they taken place a long time since—days, weeks, months ago?

His impressions on this point were not clear; but everything he felt or observed combined to lead him gradually to the conclusion that he had been—nay, that he still was—very ill.

But where was he? Not in his own lodging; that, at least, was certain. Who had cared for him, watched by his side, supplied all his wants? These questions perplexed him sorely; all the more because he had a strong conviction that every word spoken to him, or in his presence, had been in the familiar accents of his father's tongue. He was nearly sure, indeed, that a very short time since a grave personage in black had felt his pulse, and assured his attendant that he "might do vera weel." Yet, on the other hand, he had had so many strange dreams of Wedderburn and Haddington, and of all his former life, that he could not feel too certain whether this also was not a dream.

But assuredly it was no dream that a quiet-looking young man, in a "sad-coloured" doublet, was sitting beside him reading. Nor was he mistaken in thinking that this very person had been his chief attendant throughout his illness. The face, as he scanned it attentively, seemed somehow or other familiar to him, though he could not remember where he had seen it before, and the effort to do so wearied him strangely. Indeed he had already accomplished as much connected thought as his brain, in its present condition, was able to bear. His eyes therefore closed unconsciously, and he fell into a light slumber.

He awoke in a few minutes, with a clear impression on his mind that his kind attendant was no other than George Duncan, Allan Durie's apprentice. He rather wondered that he had not recognized him at once, since he piqued himself especially on his memory for faces; added to which, the conversation he had had with Duncan, and the commission he had given him, were in themselves sufficient to have stamped his image on his mind.

A long quiet look assured him he was not mistaken; and with some difficulty he exerted himself so far as to say, "George Duncan!"

The book was laid aside in a moment, and a pleasant though rather care-worn face was turned towards him. "Ay, Maister Arthur?"

"Have I been very ill?"

"Ay, sir; that ye hae. But ye're mending, thank God."

This answer was a decided relief to Arthur; for there lay within him, beneath every other thought, an undefined apprehension—*fear*, perhaps—that he might *not* mend. But he was far too weak to dwell upon it, or even to venture near the terrible perplexities into which it would have led him. Against these his mind closed, instinctively and without an effort of the will, just as the eyelid closes to protect the eye against a blow; and perhaps he was glad to take refuge from them in an effort to solve the smaller mysteries of his outward position.

"I say, Duncan, have *you* cared for me all through?" he continued, after a pause.

"We have, sir. But dinna fash yersel about that the noo. Thae that hae showed ye kindness hae done it freely, for the guid Lord's sake."

"Is Master Durie here?"

"Na, sir. And I'm no his servant ava' the noo. I'm a craftsman o' Maister Patrick Lyndsay's of Edinburgh city, and it was anent his affairs I came to Paris."

"Am I then in your lodging?"

"Na, Maister Arthur; ye're just a hantle better off than that. Ye're in my Lord of Murray's ain house, and under his protection; for the whilk ye may weel thank God."

"My Lord of Murray!" repeated Arthur, in great surprise.

"Ouer true, sir. And ain' the day we brought ye here, ye hae lacked for naething."

"But how came I here at all?"

"That's no hard to tell ye. Maister Nicholas Elphinston, a friend o' my Lord's, met me in the street that morn, and gared me gang wi' him and a wheen ither Scotsmen to the Huguenot Preach at the Prince of Condé's. It was the same Maister Nicholas wha askit ye to help him wi' the puir frightened woman body and her bairns in the tulzie afterwards. Sae, when ye got the clour on yer head, in course we maun stan' by ye and gie ye a' the aid we could. It was I that raisit ye frae the ground, and then, Maister Arthur, I kent a'. I said just ane word or twa to Maister Nicholas, and tald him you were a friend, and that I maun bring ye to my ain place. But my Lord's house was right in the gait, and he wadna that we passit by. He said he kenned my Lord's heart to his countrymen. Sae he tint nae time, but gaed himsel and tald him the haill matter. And my Lord, being a noble and Christian gentleman, wadna hae a Scotsman left to strangers in his sair dule and sickness. Sae ye hae had a' ye wanted, and mair care and kindness than I can tell ye the noo; and, forbye a' the lave, they hae let me bide here to tend ye."

Tears gathered slowly in Arthur's large bright eyes. "It's not so hard," he said, "to owe my life to a guid Scots noble, and the queen's brother, as to a stranger—to him and to you, George Duncan," and he feebly stretched out his hand.

George held it a moment in silence, then seemed about to speak, but changed his mind. At last he said, smiling, "We maun make yon puir white hand mair fit to carry sword or lance before we gang back to bonny Scotland."

A day or two passed before Arthur ventured again upon anything like conversation. He was now no longer perplexed by the mystery of finding himself, though in the midst of Paris, surrounded by Scotchmen, and attended by a physician of that nation. But as his powers of thought returned, other things began to trouble him far more seriously. One evening his ever-watchful attendant was administering some capon broth to him, when he asked, very abruptly, "George, can you tell me anything of my sister?"

So sudden was the question, that the hand that held the cup trembled visibly, and a flush over-spread the young man's face.

Arthur half raised himself, and grasped George's arm. "Tell the truth," he cried. "Is she dead? Has my folly killed her? Oh, I guessed it would be thus!" he added, falling back exhausted, and covering his face with his thin hand.

"Na, na, Maister Arthur," said Duncan's quiet voice. "What gars ye think sic a thing? God be thankit, the young leddy's unco weel."

"Then what gared *you* look like a bogle when I speired after her?" said Arthur, with the irritability of weakness.

Duncan did not answer him directly; he only said, in a low voice, "I hae seen Mistress Helen just before I left Edinburgh. Aiblins ye'll be wae to hear she doesna bide at Wedderburn the noo."

"Is she married?"

"Hoot! no, sir; but the Laird of Wedderburn has married again. And forbye that—but yer sister 'ill tell ye a' hersel, Maister Arthur. Ony gait, a full year ago and mair, Maister Durie gaed to Haddington. He brought Mistress Helen back wi' him, just to lodge certain days, till her friends in the west country, wha desired her presence, might send to fetch her. But there was dule and death amang them, sae that they could not send for her ava'. I dinna ken a' about it; but this I ken, that as it chanced frae that day to this she has bided in Maister Durie's house."

"In *his* house! a tradesman's house in the Canongate!" murmured Arthur, in no very complacent tones.

"Ouer true, sir," Duncan answered, with an undertone of suppressed feeling, "it's na guid enoo for the like o' her. Still I think she's happy; and I ken unco weel she's loved and honoured. Nae doot of it, she brought a blessing wi' her to that house."

"Did you give her my letter?"

"In course, Maister Arthur; that's of lang syne."

"Does she grieve for me? Did she blame me?"

"Grieve for ye, sir? ay, did she. 'Twas her one wish that you—" Here Duncan paused, apparently unwilling to conclude his sentence.

Arthur looked at him long and earnestly; so earnestly, indeed, that he turned aside to avoid the gaze. At last he said, "George, what ails you?" For his own sufferings had rendered his eyes keen to notice, and his heart quick to sympathize with the sorrows of another.

"Me, Maister Arthur? Naething in the warld, God be thankit."

"That's all clavers. I know better. You had the face of a merry 'prentice lad when I saw you last; now you have the look of a worn, sorrowful man. You have tholed a great sickness or a great trouble since, George Duncan."

A straight line may be indeed "always the shortest road," but it is not always the most convenient one to the confidence of a friend. In the present instance, it was Arthur's weakness of mind and body which tempted him to take a shorter road to his object than at any other time he would have ventured to tread.

Duncan looked, and felt, perplexed by this plain dealing. On the one hand, his truthfulness of character led him to shrink, almost morbidly, from concealment or subterfuge; on the other, a full confession was what, at that time, he could not make to any man, and least of all to Arthur Erskine. Some moments elapsed before he answered, "I suppose, Maister Arthur, ilka man has troubles of his ain, some gait or ither. I willna pretend I'm no like the lave. Still I've nae cause for dule or discouragement, but muckle cause to thank God for the past, and tak guid heart for the future."

After a moment's silence, he repeated, in a low voice, and as if more than half to himself, the opening lines of one of James Wedderburn's "guid and godly ballads." They did not differ much from those of the Twenty-third Psalm, according to the present Scottish version:—

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

XV.—GEORGE DUNCAN'S STORY.

"The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment;
Before the present, poor and bare,
Has made its chilling comment."

NOT until long afterwards, if ever, did Arthur Erskine receive an answer to his simple, straightforward question: "George, what ails you?" Yet so closely, in fact, was the answer interwoven with his own history, that it may be necessary to give it here.

In almost every human life, great things and small are so linked together, that it is difficult, if not impossible, truly to narrate the one without touching on the other. There may be given, indeed, a mere abstract of a man's career, a kind of skeleton of his history, with nothing but the dry bones of hard and colourless fact; but this would be no faithful representation of the truth. In the mind of any one who really knew him, as of necessity in his own memory, the bones will appear covered and clothed upon, the dry facts will be coloured, modified, illustrated, by a hundred influences and circumstances, each perhaps trivial in itself, yet all in their sum total making his life what it was, for power or weakness, for bane or blessing.

Had George Duncan been required to single out the most momentous day of his past life, it is certain that the incidents of one particular morning would at once, and with the utmost clearness, have returned upon his mind; but equally certain that he would have repressed the impulse to name them. For he could scarcely have proved, to the satisfaction of his understanding, that the bright May morning when he rode his master's stout hackney from Haddington to Wedderburn, to fulfil Arthur Erskine's commission, was marked by any event of particular importance. Why then did memory revert so often

to that pleasant ride, and to his conversation in the great hall of Wedderburn with the friendly laird, whose kindness so soon set the young apprentice at his ease? What followed was very simple, very commonplace. Having explained his errand, he was answering the laird's inquiries for his master, when "Mistress Helen," sent for from some distant "chalmers," entered the hall. The interview was not in the least embarrassing, because neither party was thinking of him or herself. To Helen, the tidings of her absent brother were as cold waters to one dying of thirst, who would be little likely to notice whether the cup from which the welcome draught was obtained was of silver or earthenware. George, on the other hand, while he told his tale, and told it well, was all the time not thinking—for his mind was passive—but certainly receiving impressions. Helen's dress, as he saw at a glance, was only remarkable for its extreme plainness. The dark-coloured kirtle of home-spun, and the simple ribbon that bound her wavy dark-brown hair, suggested an almost amusing contrast to Elspeth's Sunday gown and mantle of fine taffetas, trimmed with lace, and looped up to show the dainty embroidered "mule" or slipper. Yet George was profoundly conscious that he was speaking to "a lady;" and every look, every word, increased this feeling. She seemed to stand upon a height above him, and to stoop, as if to confer some unexpected boon, when she thanked him, in a few kind simple words, for his care for her brother, and the tidings he brought. And as he rode on his homeward way, he saw, wherever he looked, nothing but the tall slight figure in the russet kirtle, and the broad white forehead and wavy hair of Arthur Erskine's sister. Perhaps they occupied his mental vision all the more because he had a strong and very natural impression that his bodily eyes were destined never to rest on them again.

Yet his replies to his master's rather minute and curious questions were by no means as full and satisfactory as might have been expected. Neither Durie himself nor his grand-daughter could extract from him any description of Helen Erskine more distinct than this: "She's no that like her brither ava'; but she's a braw leddy."

After an interval of about six months, Allan

Durie had business to transact again with the general of the mint at Haddington. Upon this occasion, he chose to undertake the journey himself, leaving George the care of the shop during his absence. Two or three days before his return, "ane boy passeand with a token" from him appeared at his house, charged with a verbal message to his wife, directing her to prepare a chamber, with all things meet and suitable, for the accommodation of a lady who was to return under the escort of Master Durie, and to lodge with him certain days. The tidings occasioned a little pleasant excitement in the household, but no great surprise, as persons even of very high rank were accustomed in those days, when obliged to go to the city, to lodge in the houses of the tradesmen, and most frequently in those of the goldsmiths, with whom their money transactions brought them into such close connection.

George Duncan, being intent upon other matters, heard with indifference the speculations and conjectures of Durie's family about the guest he was bringing home with him. But this indifference was destined to vanish in a moment. Summoned by Flemming, who had been two full hours on the watch, he ran out hastily to welcome his master and assist him to dismount, and saw that a lady, closely veiled and wrapped in a travelling mantle, sat *en croupe* behind him. Not a feature of her face was visible, but her figure, her hand, a slight movement of her head, were abundantly sufficient to render superfluous Durie's well-meant command and introduction: "Duncan, help Mistress Helen Erskine frae the horse."

Promptly and not ungracefully he gave the required assistance; it was accepted with a quiet, "I thank you, George Duncan," meant simply to show the apprentice that Arthur Erskine's sister had not forgotten him. But the commonplace words brought a vivid flush to his face and a thrill of pleasure to his heart. He bowed low, and then stepped modestly aside as Durie came forward to lead the young lady into the house, and to present to her his wife and grand-daughter.

Not lightly had Helen Erskine quitted the safe and happy home of her girlhood. She was one of those who, by nature, hate and dread change, and cling fondly to accustomed scenes and things. Moreover, in those rough days a change of abode

was a far more formidable event to a young unprotected girl than it would be now. For many reasons, the quiet and decorous refuge afforded by the old convents might have been sometimes desired even by those who very heartily detested the system of which they were a part.

The laird of Wedderburn's second marriage (an event which took place shortly after Arthur Erskine's flight) had not tended to promote the happiness either of the children or the dependants of the family. Still, Helen would have borne much rather than abandon her early home; while, on the other hand, her industry, good sense, and self-denying habits, rendered her too valuable a member of the household to be lightly parted with. But about this period, the eldest son of the house very clearly manifested his preference for the "tocherless" orphan, Helen Erskine; although the well-portioned daughter of a neighbouring laird had been destined for him since his boyhood. Helen justly abhorred the thought of bringing discord into the home that sheltered her, and repaying Sir David's kindness by disappointing his ambition and wounding his heart. There seemed to be only one way of avoiding these evils, and after much prayer and anxious thought she resolved, though not without sore conflict, upon taking it. She must abandon Wedderburn for ever; nor might she even remain with the late Lady Wedderburn's kindred, the Johnstones of Elphinstone (who would joyfully have welcomed her amongst them), since the Master of Wedderburn frequently visited his mother's family.

Still it was some comfort that in her perplexity she could take counsel with the Johnstones. Her calmness and apparent absence of fear for the future surprised her friends. She who was so full of anxieties and apprehensions for her brother, seemed to have none to spare for herself. Her duty was plain to her, that was the great matter. She could not doubt for a moment that she had done well in leaving Wedderburn; and as to the rest, "Wherever I go," she said, "I shall find work and bread." For these only, and in this order, were the necessities of life to Helen Erskine.

And ere long a path opened, or seemed to open, before her. The chief of the Johnstone

family or clan, called "Johnstone of that Ilk," who resided in the south-west, happened to visit Elphinstone, and became interested in Helen. He told his relatives that his wife would gladly receive the young lady, and treat her as a daughter; and that if they would have her safely escorted to Edinburgh, one of his sons, who was about to go there on business, could bring her with him to Castle Johnstone. For in those days the short journey was as difficult and formidable a task as a pilgrimage to the remotest quarter of the earth would be now. Durie's visit to Haddington occurred a few days after the laird of Johnstone's rapid journey; and the opportunity it afforded of a suitable escort for Helen seemed too good to be lost.

Little did she think, when she arrived at the goldsmith's house, that her stay there was to be prolonged from days to weeks, and from weeks to months. Yet so it proved. Many days passed wearily by, without bringing the promised escort to Castle Johnstone. So unaccountable seemed the delay, that at last she concluded she was forgotten. And when, after a considerable time, the mystery was cleared up, the solution proved a very painful one. It was with much sorrow that she learned that the chief of the Johnstones had met with an accident in hunting, which occasioned his death. Thus ended her hope of a home at Castle Johnstone.

She had, however, a thoughtful, energetic spirit, strengthened and animated by firm trust in God. She at once decided that under no circumstances could she return to Haddington, and this resolve her reason and conscience fully approved. Until some other way should open for her, she believed she could maintain herself and pay her charges to Durie by means of her unusual skill in all kinds of embroidery. Beside a careful education in these female arts under Lady Home of Wedderburn, she had previously learned from her mother a few valuable secrets of "the French manner," not then generally known in Scotland. When her first piece of work was finished, she took into her confidence the goldsmith's pretty grand-daughter, who had already contracted a warm friendship for her. Elsie was full of admiration at the "muckle round piece of sewit work of silk and thread-of-

gold," which bore witness to an industry and perseverance she could scarcely comprehend. She readily promised to find means for its profitable disposal; and fortunately she was able to do this without unduly taxing her own ingenuity or thoughtfulness. For a long time every difficulty in that household had been, by tacit arrangement, brought to George Duncan to solve or to overcome; and George Duncan never undertook a business more entirely to his taste than this one. With his whole heart he revered the true lady, who was ashamed of no honest work, but who would have been infinitely ashamed of debt or dependence.

With such efficient aid, Helen's project of self-help promised well. And a circumstance soon occurred which altered all her relations to the goldsmith's family. Sickness, "the shadow of death," entered the household; the goldsmith's wife, always feeble and often ailing, was stricken at last with one of those painful and lingering maladies which modern science has named and classified, but which, in those days of ignorance, were commonly ascribed to witchcraft or slow poison. "Bonny little Elsie," one of those girls who would probably be called "little Elsie" all her days, was a woman indeed in years, but in mind and character only a sweet and winning child. She was a pretty plaything for hours of happiness, but no help or stay in the time of trial. Very pitiable indeed was her look, as, leaving the couch of suffering (who could have expected *her* to stand beside it?), she hurried at midnight to Helen's chamber, weeping and wringing her hands, and moaning helplessly, "Oh but, Mistress Helen, what 'ill we do ava'!"

Then the strong, deep loving nature asserted and proved itself. So will it ever be. Such times try the spirits, and separate the pure gold from the bright but superficial gilding. There are women we are sure to find by the bedside of the suffering, by the couch of the dying—in all circumstances of difficulty and danger. They go everywhere that others "*cannot*" go, they do all that others "*cannot*" do, because they have learned two marvellous secrets of power—they forget self, and they remember that God is with them. Let us mark their faces well; no doubt they are the faces that in early days of faith

would have fronted the hungry lions in the Roman amphitheatre, or have been lit up by the glare of faggots in later and not less cruel ages of persecution.

It was natural—nay, it was inevitable, that Helen Erskine should throw herself into the breach when sorrow visited the house that sheltered her. Wonderful was the effect of her calm cheerful presence in the sick-room, and indeed through all the house. George, ever quietly observant, marvelled at the change he saw. The invalid was tended with never-failing kindness, skill, and thoughtfulness, while the comfort of the rest of the family was never forgotten.

All this was Mistress Helen's doing. But Mistress Helen herself, though uniformly kind and gentle, was very unapproachable. It was difficult to find opportunities of speaking with her. George came every moment upon the traces of her work; but she herself was seldom seen, or if seen, was too busy for much conversation. He soon began to think her presence like the precious ointment, with the odour of which "the house was filled," a sweet, unseen, beneficent influence.

He sought to do little helpful things for her; and all the oftener because he noticed that she took the most laborious part of every task herself, never seeming, in her abundant thoughtfulness for others, to consider herself for a moment. And sometimes there were quiet minutes on the Sabbath, or late in the week-day evenings, when circumstances threw them together, and it was natural to exchange a few remarks upon "Maister John's sermon," or upon the chapter they had been reading at family-worship. In this way George discovered that the practical, active "Mistress Helen" was a Christian of deep thought and high attainments, and that the joy of the Lord was indeed her strength for the manifold labours of her outward life. Once those themes, so dear to both of them, were touched, there was abundance to hear and to tell. For his path had been hitherto nearly all in sunshine, Helen's mostly in shadow; with her, indeed, patience had wrought experience, and experience hope. Besides these higher subjects, George was tempted once or twice to speak to her of his home, and especially of his mother, of whom, in some way he could

not very well explain, she always reminded him. On one of these occasions she happened to say : "Your Jamie maun just be the same age as my own brother Arthur; gif I could see Arthur's face again, and God gave him back to me a good true Christian man, I would be quite happy."

Helen Erskine would have been more careful of her words, had she the remotest idea what they were to her listener. But she had not; and so it happened that, having started a train of thought that in its operation might alter the whole current of his life, she went back to her embroidery frame, innocent and unconscious, never dreaming what she had done. George, meanwhile, went out into his master's krame, with a vow, not indeed upon his lips, but in his heart, that if Arthur Erskine yet lived, though it were in the furthest region of the habitable world, he—George Duncan—would find him, and bring him home to his sister and his sister's faith.

And then—he said it to himself over and over again—Mistress Helen would be "quite happy." The cloud of care would pass from her sweet face,

which would look as young as for her years it ought; and the smile that came so readily to cheer others, would come unbidden, out of the gladness of her own heart. *And then*—But did he, even in thought, pursue the subject one step further? It is not easy to answer. Perhaps he did.

For a short period, but a very happy one, in his history, his bright dream of finding Arthur Erskine went hand in hand with a sober calculation of probabilities. His term of apprenticeship was now drawing to a close; and he had little doubt that his kind indulgent master, who in every way manifested the highest consideration for him, would be willing to send him to France, to transact business and to make purchases for him in Paris, Rouen, and Lyons. Then, surely, with the aid of such directions as Mistress Helen could give, he might and should accomplish all the rest. He was in that mental condition for which difficulties are not; or rather, for which they are pleasant stimulants, quickening instead of repressing ardour.

LEAVES FROM AN HOSPITAL VISITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.



IT is only natural, in recording experiences of missionary or any other work, that the bright side should be that on which the memory and the pen love best to dwell. The fisher counts over his glittering spoil, and the hunter regards with satisfaction the prey he has taken in the hunting. The farmer rejoices over his gathered sheaves and the perfected fruits of the earth, and thinks no more of the seed that has perished under the clods, or brought no fruit to perfection amidst the choking thorns. There may have been toil, and labour, and sorrow, during the dark nights on the deep, and the perils of the chase, and the ploughing and sowing of the early spring; but all is forgotten in the deep satisfaction of seeing the fruits of successful labour.

Thus it is, too, with "fishers of men," and labourers in the Lord's vineyard. Many a time in darkness and sorrow they have to record, that they have toiled all night and caught nothing—many a pang of disappointment they experience, when they have drawn in their line and found nothing but stones or sea-weed. But the unmistakable quiver of "life on the hook" fills them with new hope and energy again, and "he that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed," knows that his labour shall not be in vain in the Lord, but that he "shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Because in our records of hospital visiting we bring forth the cases which have made our hearts glad, and tell of the peaceful end of those who have died in the Lord, let none suppose that we have no other side to present. No labour which *seems* in vain, no bitter disappointments, no dark and hopeless deathbeds to attend. Nor are all these without their solemn and salutary lessons: often indeed, by means of seeming failure, God makes these the deepest and most enduring.

It has often been said that a dying bed is no place for repentance, as sickness and death have enough to do with themselves. This is true. When the body is racked by pain and the mind dimmed by weakness, and all the sorrows of death are compassing about the sinking soul, it is an awful thing to have to encounter also the agonies of an accusing conscience and an awakened spirit, realizing for the first time that the question of questions is still unsettled; and not only is it an awful thing, but, humanly speaking, it is a most unlikely thing that the confused and troubled mind will be able to understand and grasp the hope even then held out to it in the gospel of God's grace.

It is a proof of the exceeding greatness of the power which is put forth in quickening dead souls, when in such circumstances the gospel hope can be really apprehended and embraced; and in fact, unless where the Spirit of God is at work, the sufferings of the poor, fainting, failing

body, soon quench and overpower any spiritual anxieties that may have arisen in the soul. It is a very common thing to see impressions die away, and the sufferer come to care for nothing but the wants of the body. When the outward man is perishing, to see the inner man renewed day by day, and going forth in hungerings and thirstings and earnest desires after God, and the things of God, betokens the working of His own hand. For as the new-born babe longs for the breast, so does the new-born soul turn to and long after Christ and his salvation, desiring earnestly the sincere milk of the Word which testifies of him, and breathing after him in prayer and supplication.

The indications of spiritual life in a soul are sometimes very weak and very indescribable. An eloquent writer, in referring to such, has characterized them by the expression already used—"life on the hook;" and Mr. Spurgeon speaks of a *smell* from the Shunamite's son gladdening, as a true sign of life, the heart of Elisha; and I think that those who watch for souls know what such expressions mean, and in the weakness and feebleness of expiring nature we can sometimes look for nothing more than such signs, and may be thankful for even these.

But oh, what lamentations do we often hear over lost and wasted lives from those who, at the eleventh hour, have been brought back to God! "Oh that I had known him sooner, that I might have served him all my life!" "Oh that I could live my life over again!" And what deep and burning shame is felt at having at last to apply to the mercy and love so long spurned or trampled under foot!

But I meant in this paper rather to bring forward the reverse side, and to give some cases of those sad deathbeds where there is no gleam of hope to break the gloom. And here I may say that the Psalmist's description of such is generally true: "There are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm." Few, very few, comparatively, are the cases where a "fearful looking for of judgment" is apparent even in those who confessedly have no *good* hope. It gleams sometimes through the troubled eye when it gets no expression in words; and even where it may be traced in the broken speech, it is seldom so as to attract the attention of those who have no spiritual discernment. How often are such dying scenes as Falstaff's repeated to us, and by those who describe them much as Mrs. Quickly did, with as little knowledge of the awful import of the departing spirit's broken, incoherent words.

Satan's policy is to keep souls asleep. "When a wicked man dieth, his expectation shall perish, and the hope of unjust men perisheth;" and by groundless expectations and delusive hopes not warranted by the Word of God, the deceiver seeks to lull unsaved souls into deeper slumber, till awakening comes too late. And there is something so awakening, even to the most hardened, in the miserable end of those who have avowedly no hope, and on whom the pains of hell

have already taken hold, that no wonder he tries to keep his own as quiet as possible. But now and then such cases do happen, and God's messengers find many an open ear and get access to many an anxious heart, in the wards where they occur.

"I know all that you can tell me, and that has been my ruin. Torment me not before the time!" was the answer made by a wicked man who had sinned against much light, to all the chaplain's endeavours to approach him: and so, cursing and blaspheming, he died.

"A mouth full of cursing and bitterness" is said by God to be a distinguishing mark of his enemies; and little as careless men think of profane speech in general, it makes them tremble to hear it breathed by dying lips. Not that it is invariably to be taken as such a mark, for I have heard a delirious tongue use language which in sane moments it would rather have been cut out than utter. It is possible that Satan may bring to a man's tongue from his memory what he has heard uttered by others; and there are positions in life where neither a man's associates nor their language are under his own control. But the Lord, who knoweth the heart, will not hold one responsible in such circumstances, and we must not harshly judge. Such was the case of a carter who had been trained up in the fear of God from his mother's knee, and who, whilst in possession of his senses, humbly trusted in Jesus. He died raving in delirium, and using terrible words. Those who heard him regarded him as lost, but I could not think so. "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan." That mean enemy who takes advantage of weakness and helplessness, to cast his own evil upon God's children! and who is so ready to harass and distress those whom he has no power to destroy. Blessed be God, we have an all-prevailing Advocate as well as a merciless Accuser.

In a ward where many had been awakened to concern about their souls, was a girl who would not be spoken to by any one about these things. Absolutely ignorant, she seemed little raised above the brutes that perish, so far as the knowledge of God or of an immortal spirit or a future life was concerned. She was evidently dying, but would not believe it, and, at the urgent desire of some of the others, I tried hard to win her to listen to me one day I happened to be in the ward. But I had to give it up at last, for she would not even give me a hearing. Two days after, death came, and truly "chased her out of the world." Her affrighted cries for help against this inexorable enemy, whose hand she now felt strong upon her, must have been terrible to hear. All in the ward shuddered as they spoke of her. But a few weeks had elapsed since the peaceful death of Mary K—in the same room. How strikingly there was felt the force of the words, "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death."

A week or two only had passed, and again the inmates of the same ward were moved to tears by the dying wails of a fair young English girl of nineteen, crying for a home and mother forsaken, and literally mourning at

the last, and saying, "How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof; and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me." "All night," said a fellow-patient, great tears of pity flowing down her cheeks, "we heard her crying, 'Mamma, mamma! oh, that I had never disobeyed mamma!' and then the cries grew faint, and ere the morning light dawned the eyes were shut for ever, but no mother's loving fingers had lightly closed them, and the lips silent for ever, but no mother's tender kiss had sealed forgiveness on them; and the troubled, remorseful spirit, whither had it flown?"

And even worse and more hopeless was the silent end of another such, a few days later, in another ward. Long had she lain a-dying, and been pleaded with by many of God's messengers. But all seemed vain. Warnings, entreaties, kindness, and even tears, fell upon her stony apathy as sunshine and rain fall upon the sterile rock. There was no response even of natural feeling—no gratitude for kindness—no love awakened by the yearning love that would fain save. At last there came a message, she was fast dying and wished to see the visitor. Hoping to find the ice at last dissolved, I hastened up; but there was no perceptible change, save, perhaps, a slight gleam of anxiety in the cold dull eye. So once again, to her and to the rest, was life and death set forth, and she was urged even with tears, "to-day, even to-day, to hear God's voice and harden not her heart." But she made no response and gave no sign. Next day I met her shrouded form as it was being borne down the stairs. Her day of grace was ended for ever and ever.

And sometimes, as a rotten rope gives way when a heavy strain is brought to bear upon it, so does a false profession give way in the dying grasp of those whom the compassing waves of death have swept out of their

security. "The hour is come at last, and I am not ready—my lamp is gone out, and there is no oil in my vessel," said a dying man to me once; and as he lay with closed eyes, muttering aloud his troubled thoughts, we heard him say over and over again, "And they all with one consent began to make excuse;" as if in memory he was retracing invitations refused and offers of grace neglected.

I cannot dwell on these painful memories. This only will I say, that the saddest and most hopeless deathbeds I have witnessed have almost invariably been of those who have sinned against light;—those who knew the truth, and with whom the Spirit of God had often striven, but who loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. Let all such be warned in time not to deceive themselves with delusive hopes of a deathbed repentance. The closing passage of the first chapter of Proverbs not seldom finds a literal fulfilment. Often has it been brought to my mind, at the dying beds of impenitent men: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me: for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: they would none of my counsel: they despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices. For the turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them. But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil."

A. B. C.

THE CHURCH OF PENTECOST.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL GEROK.

ACTS II. 42-47.



HEY steadfastly maintained what the apostles taught;
The doctrine and the faith they kept, and faltered not.

One family of love, one yet unbroken band,
Through sorrow and through joy they journeyed hand in hand.

They held the feast of love, the Supper of the Lord,
Remembering Himself around the sacred board.

Early and late they fed the holy flame of prayer;—
It glowed in every heart, it rose unceasing there.

And freely as they shared the gifts of love divine,
So with their common goods—they knew no "mine"
and "thine."

In temple praise and prayer they took a joyful part,
And went their way with joy and singleness of heart.

So God the blessing gave, the Word was scattered wide;
Like drops of morning dew believers multiplied.

O blessed early dawn! are all thy glories o'er?
Shall that pure golden light illumine earth no more!

O spring-time of delight ! O brightest, briefest May !
Are all thy roses gone ? thy odours fled for aye ?

Sweet childhood of the Church ! are all our longings vain ?
Can prayers nor tears avail to win thee back again ?

O Paradise regained, so doubly lost to be !
Whence came the flaming sword, which shuts us out
from thee ?

Ah, 'tis the old sad tale, the fate of all things fair—
They blossom but to fade in our ungenial air.

When flowers from Eden bloom, a glimpse of Paradise,
Man comes with strife and sin, till all in ruin lies.

Where the good seed has sprung, there lurks the nightly
Foe,
Among the rising corn his poison plants to sow.

Yet, what has come from heaven must heavenly life
retain ;
The seed which Christ has sown shall not arise in vain.

The tares, the frost, the storm, may all its growth oppose :
It rises through them all ; it ripens and it grows.

September 1867.

It grows in sun and shade ; it rallies from decay ;
It grows and ripens on, till comes the harvest-day.

Then, people of the Lord ! pray, fight, and labour on ;
Recall in faith and hope the glories that are gone.

Still steadfastly maintain what the apostles taught ;
Firm on the rock of truth abide, and falter not.

In bonds of common faith and fervent love allied,
Through sorrow and through joy "go forward" side by
side.

Keep oft the blessed feast, the Supper of the Lord,
Remembering Himself around the sacred board,

And daily, nightly feed the holy flame of prayer,
Kindled in every heart, to glow unceasing there ;—

So shall the Prince of Peace be with you in the fight ;
Through trial's darkest hour Himself shall be your light.

So shall ye meet at last and form a countless band,
One brotherhood of love, before His throne to stand !

H. L. L.

The Children's Treasury.

GRASPING THE APPLE.

BY A. L. O. E.



H, these children, these tiresome children, how they worry me !" exclaimed Annie Pine, with a burst of impatience. "I can't be away for five minutes to wash the baby and look after mother, without finding them in mischief when I come back. Tommy, you little rogue, you've eaten up all the baby's gruel while my back was turned ; I'll teach you to do so again, I will !" and a sharp slap from his elder sister set the little boy roaring and howling. "And you, Bessy, why you've torn your dress again, after all the trouble I had yesterday to make it neat and fit to be seen. What will Miss Manners say ? Tommy, you be quiet, will you ? mother can't stand that noise ! I'm sure I wish with all my heart that she were well again, for to nurse her, and take care of baby, and tidy the cottage, and cook the food, and manage the two most troublesome children that ever were born, is a great deal too much for poor me !"

Annie suddenly stopped short in her angry speech, and Tommy in his crying, for a tap was heard at the door, and then Miss Manners, the Sunday teacher,

entered with that kindly smile which made her presence welcome as that of the sunshine.

"Good day to you, my young friends. Annie, how is your mother ?" asked the lady.

"Mother is doing very well, I thank you, Miss," answered Annie, hastily wiping from Tommy's face the trace of big tears, and darting a vexed glance at Bessy's untidy dress ; for the girl was anxious that all should appear neat and nice while she was in charge of her mother's cottage. Things were not, however, as they should be. Tommy had not only eaten up the greater part of the gruel, but had spilt some on the table and some on the floor ; Bessy had not only torn her own dress in romping, but had knocked over the stool, and scattered in every direction a heap of dry sticks which Annie had collected for firewood. The cottage looked untidy, the children cross, and Annie out of temper. She was an industrious, steady little girl, one of the best scholars in the school, and very fond of her book ; but cooking and cleaning and managing children were occupations which Annie disliked, and in which she certainly did not shine.

The lady guessed how matters stood in Mrs. Pine's cottage—that there was a little impatient nurse, and troublesome, disobedient children. Annie's only way of keeping her charges in order was by sharp words and sharper blows, and this kind of treatment was injuring their temper as well as her own. Miss Manners made no observation, however, but sent Annie into the inner room to see if Mrs. Pine would like a visit, and seating herself on a chair, took little Tommy on her knees, and spoke a few kind words to Bessy.

"Mother's just dropping to sleep," said Annie returning. "She and baby have been roused half-a-dozen times this morning by these noisy children, whom I could not turn out because of the rain. Tommy and Bessy would not be quiet; I've to be at them morning, noon, and night!"

"She's al'ays a hitting us, and scolding us, and banging us about," whimpered Tommy.

It was clear to Miss Manners that there had been faults on both sides, and that Annie had not proved equal to the task of managing children, as she had neither shown wisdom nor love. Yet the lady felt for the hard-worked girl placed in a difficult position, and thought that it would be better to help her by a few gentle hints how to manage better in future, than to discourage her by reproof. Miss Manners therefore quietly observed, in reply to Tommy's complaint, "I daresay that you find it hard to keep still, and Annie finds it as hard to make you do so; yet you both wish, I am sure, for dear mother to sleep and get well, and to have everything go on nicely while she is not able to watch you. Suppose now, as I see that the rain has just come on again, suppose that I should help to amuse you in a quiet way by telling you a little story that I read yesterday in a clever book."*

There was no danger of the children being noisy now; a story was to them as amusing as a romp, and Annie, as she saw how quiet and good they both looked, wished that the lady could come every day, and stop all day long at the cottage.

"Not many years ago," said Miss Manners, "a clever man, named Mehemet Ali, ruled in Egypt. You know something about Egypt from the Bible," she added, addressing herself to Annie.

"Oh, yes," replied her young pupil; "it was in Egypt that the Israelites were in bondage, and it was in Egypt that Moses was born, and put in the little ark by the river."

"This Mehemet Ali," continued the lady, "was determined to send forces to subdue Arabia, a country where many of the people are fierce and wild, and where it is often difficult to get supplies of food and water in the hot sandy deserts. Everything was arranged for the expedition, but it was not yet known who would command the army which was to march against the wild tribes of Arabia.

"Mehemet Ali, so the story goes, took a strange way to choose a general to lead his forces. He called together his dark courtiers and officers, and received them in a room in which there was a carpet, with nothing on it but a single apple placed in the middle.

"Now," said the Egyptian ruler, 'he who can reach and hand to me that apple without letting his feet touch the carpet upon which it lies, that man shall be my general, and command the army that I am sending to subdue Arabia.'"

"Oh, how funny it was to choose a general that way!" cried Bessy.

"I can't think how a man's picking up an apple could show that he could conquer a country," said Annie.

"I'd have picked it up in a moment, and eaten it too!" exclaimed Tommy.

"You would not have found that so easy to do as you think," said Miss Manners. "The carpet was a large one; and it was no such simple matter to reach the apple without setting a foot on the carpet."

"I'd have lain down on it, and put out my hands very far, only keeping my two feet outside," observed Annie.

"That is exactly what the Egyptians did," said the lady. "Down went the courtiers, lying at full length on the carpet, stretching out their hands as far as they could to grasp at the apple."

"Oh, would'n't I have liked to have seen them kicking up their heels!" laughed Tommy.

"But all their stretching and straining was in vain. The longest arms amongst them all were not long enough to touch Mehemet Ali's round apple."

"I think," observed Annie, "that the Egyptian prince was mocking at all his poor officers."

"Then forward came Ibrahim Pasha, the adopted son of Mehemet Ali. He was a short, stout man, so that the courtiers burst out laughing when he said he could get the apple without putting a foot on the carpet."

"If the big men couldn't do it, the little man couldn't do it," observed Bessy.

"They who have not long arms may have long heads, my dear child; a little patience and consideration will often enable us to overcome difficulties which at first seemed too great for our powers. Ibrahim Pasha did not throw himself flat on his face and try to make himself bigger by stretching; but he stooped down, bent in the edge of the carpet, and began rolling it up gently—gradually—round and round, till at last, without having ever touched it with his feet, he had curled it up so far that he could easily reach the apple, grasp it, and hand it to the Viceroy of Egypt."

"Oh, wasn't he clever!" cried Tommy.

"And was he made general?" asked Bessy.

"Yes; so the story goes. Ibrahim Pasha was made commander of the forces sent against the ruler of Arabia. His manner of picking up the apple had shown him to be a man of intelligence, who in a position of difficulty would be likely to find his way cleverly out of his troubles. Ibrahim Pasha's conduct when he in-

* Palgrave's "Central Arabia." Mr. Palgrave gives the story as he heard it in the East, but cannot vouch for its accuracy.

vaded Arabia—his manner of subduing that country—reminds one much of rolling up the carpet; and he grasped victory at last, just as he had grasped the little round apple."

"He couldn't roll up a country like a carpet," cried Bessy, wondering what the lady could mean.

"No, not exactly," said the lady with a smile; "but he rolled up his difficulties as he went along. Instead of plundering the natives of the land, burning down their houses, cutting down their fruit trees, and leaving bitter enemies behind him wherever he went, as is the way with too many conquerors, Ibrahim Pasha set about his work in his own quiet sensible way. He was careful to keep his troops in good order; he paid for all that they ate; the poor Arabs found themselves so well treated, that instead of lying in wait to attack the Egyptians, they were willing to come and sell food in the camp."

"It must be hard to get enough to feed thousands and thousands of hungry soldiers," said Annie, who knew the difficulty of satisfying the appetites of her little brother and sister.

"It is hard indeed," replied Miss Manners. "Fierce cruel conquerors, who have laid waste the countries through which they marched, have sometimes been sorely punished at last by finding their own men starving in the desert which they themselves had made. But Ibrahim Pasha was wiser. He made friends instead of enemies; he had peasants bringing him food, instead of wretched ruined men attacking him from behind while he was engaged with foes in front. He won at length complete success; and Mehemet Ali had reason to be glad that he had chosen as his general the short stout man who had had the sense to reach the apple by gently rolling up the carpet."

"What a funny little story," cried Tommy.

"One that carries its lesson," said Miss Manners, glancing kindly at Annie. "We sometimes have some object to attain, as the courtiers had the apple, which we cannot reach by impatient efforts, however hard we may struggle and strain, while a little quiet management may give us complete success. When we have to deal with others, as Ibrahim with the Arabs, we must not necessarily stir up a spirit of opposition, but try to gain influence by winning hearts. There are some whom a smile will subdue better than a blow. And oh, surely it more becomes a Christian to show that gentle charity *which suffereth long and is kind*, and so be able to ask and hope for a blessing from Heaven, than, by giving way to temper, set an evil example, and make the fatal mistake of trying to govern only by fear."

Miss Manners' hint was not lost upon Annie, who saw that her efforts to keep order had hitherto been like the struggles of Mehemet Ali's courtiers as they lay on the carpet, straining to grasp at the apple beyond their reach. As she had used the powers of her mind to master a lesson, so she must bring the same powers to bear on the yet more useful task of trying to make

children both happy and good. Annie had seen how quiet Bessy and Tommy had kept while the lady was talking to them; there had been no need of scolding or of slap. Could not their sister also try to win the apple by rolling up the carpet?

When Miss Manners had left the cottage, Annie turned with a good-humoured smile to Tommy, who was beginning to make a great noise by hammering on the table with a big stone.

"Come, Tommy dear," she said, "suppose that, instead of hammering, you try to be useful and help poor sister, who has so much to do, you know. You and I both like to see the cottage look nice, and please dear mother, who loves us so much."

"I likes to please mother, but I can't do nothing," said the child, hammering again.

"Oh, you can do more than you think. Suppose you play at being a woodman, and pick up all those sticks that are lying about and littering the floor, and make them up in a little stack in that corner."

"Oh, yes," cried the boy, dropping the stone; "I like to play at woodman; I'll make such a jolly little stack!"

"And what can I do?" asked Bessy, who was eager to be useful also, if she could be amused at the same time.

"Let me see: if Tommy plays at being woodman, you shall play at being the woodman's wife, who must keep things tidy at home. Here's an old towel to use; see where the gruel has been spilt, mind that you wipe it up carefully—don't let Tommy find a spot—rub the table till it shines. I must play at being washerwoman, for I have all these things to wring out. Let us see which of us three will be most quiet and most busy. If we all do our work well, I'll read to you a pretty story out of my prize book before you go to bed."

In another minute Bessy was diligently cleaning up where Tommy had spilt the gruel, and Tommy on his hands and knees was picking up the sticks which Bessy had scattered. "Idleness is the mother of mischief," and Annie found that as the mother could be kept from the cottage, the daughter also remained outside. But she had to use a little tact and skill in finding out occupations that the children could turn into play, and make them more pleasant by smiles, and words of praise, and trifling rewards. It was a treat—because made so to the little ones—to be allowed to shell beans, string buttons, or rub up pewter spoons till they looked "like silver." "Am I not useful now?" was a question often asked and answered with a cheerful smile, and Annie found that the plan of leading by love was more successful as well as more pleasant than that of driving by blows.

Should this little tale fall into the hands of any girls or boys that have to look after children, it may give them a useful hint to try patience and management where rough treatment will not succeed; it will make their own hearts happier, as well as those of their poor little charges, if they follow Ibrahim's plan of reaching the apple by gently rolling up the carpet.

THE UNLOCKED DOOR.



THE keen winter of 1858 will not soon be forgotten by the inhabitants of the village of B—, situated on the south bank of the Nidd, a Yorkshire river, whose rapid and brawling waters were caught at last by the frost, and their music hushed and their motion stilled.

Hastening to school one morning after the frost, our little friend, W. B— made to the door with a bound. His mother, as if foreboding what would happen, strictly charged him that he should go "straight to school, and, whatever he did, to mind to be sure to keep off the river; for, as yet, no one had ventured upon it."

The hours of school passed away, and, as the night drew on, William's mother began to inquire if any of the neighbours had seen "our William." No one had; and she walked hastily to the house of the nearest school-fellow.

"Hast 'e seen owt of our William?" she said, with a voice that betokened alarm.

"Never sin' mornin' school loosed," was the reply.

"Why, what dost 'e mean?" said the mother, whose terrified looks now betokened considerable alarm. "Warn't he at school this afternoon?"

"Oh no. Schoolmaster *did* ask for him, but no one knew why he was absent, and we thought as how you had kept him at home for something or other."

It was enough. The poor creature's whitened lips told her fears; and quickly the news flew that little "Bish" was missing, and it was thought that he must have gone on the ice on the river. In a few moments the neighbours were astir. Hither and thither, patiently and anxiously, every accustomed haunt and every unlikely spot was searched far and near. Some flew to the river's brink, but there was no trace of broken ice. To be sure, there was a weak spot newly frozen over under a tree not far from the bank; but then that had probably been made by a blow from a stone thrown on to try the strength of the ice the day before. Well, night wore on, and although darkness set in, yet all the night through unwearied search was made by the aid of lanterns carried by anxious and willing friends. The succeeding day dawned and closed, but still no tidings of our lost one. Every nook, every cranny, every barn, and every spot likely to have offered rest to a weary little wanderer, was searched for miles round. Bills were printed, rewards were offered, inquiries were made far and near, but still no tidings. The mother rocked and moaned in her chair, ever and anon starting up to take a hasty look to see if some welcome messenger were bringing the long-lost one back. For upwards of seven long weeks the parents and neighbours hoped and despaired; they watched and wept.

At last a heavy storm of wind and rain swelled the floods of Nidd; and when the water had subsided, another search was made, and this time not in vain. Caught by his little blue smock, there hung our poor little "Bish" from the bough of a tree, swollen and besodden. They took him gently down, they wrapped him carefully up,

and brought him home. Yes; the poor little and long-lost one was at last rescued from the rude grasp of the unfriendly element, and laid by his mournful parents upon that little bed where once he had slept so securely.

The writer of this record had frequently visited the parents in their sorrow, and he no sooner heard of the child being found than he seized the first opportunity of offering any services he could. The father was at his work, but the mother was at home, with a calm gleam of satisfaction settled on her face, which seemed to say, "I know the worst, but I have him safe."

"Well, neighbour," said the visitor, the clergyman, "sad as the news is, you must be greatly relieved by knowing for certain what has become of your long-lost treasure!"

"Ay, I am that!" she answered. "We locked our door last night, and went to bed as if we could rest."

"Locked your door!" said the minister; "don't you always lock your door?"

"We always used to lock it," she said; "but ever since William was lost, we never have; for," added she, with feeling and pathos which the writer will never forget, "I thought if it should so happen that my bairn was only lost, and should find his way home, he should never find his mother's door locked against him."

As I walked home I thought on those words: "He would not find his mother's door closed against him." What a story this told of a mother's love, of a love which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things! She would leave the door on latch till the very last. Others might give up hope; she would cling on to the last shred. Till she saw her boy stretched dead before her, she could not but think that he might return.

Oh, the loving-kindness of a mother! Oh, the long-suffering! Oh, the hoping against hope! But what are these but shadows of a great reality—sparks from the central Sun of all love? What is all a mother's love in comparison to that of God? Yea, she may forget, but I will not forget. We speak of the loving-kindness and the long-suffering of God to sinners. Alas, that we use it too much as a phrase of speech! We hardly believe ourselves when we use the word.

Yet so it is. The Father's home on high is ever "on latch" to the returning and repentant prodigal. By night and by day, in sickness and in health, in the sunshine of prosperity and under the dark cloud of trouble, he is always waiting to be gracious, and ready to receive us back. Not yet, blessed be God, not yet is the door shut. By-and-by, when the Bridegroom has gone in to meet the bride, the door will be shut. It will be then too late to call and knock. To those who would enter then his words will be: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, I know you not." "When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door" (Luke xiii. 25), it will be in vain to knock; but till that hour it is always kept on latch for the returning sinner—
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ON BOTH SIDES OF THE SEA:

A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration.

A SEQUEL TO "THE DRAYTONS AND THE DAVENANTS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

XXVI.

LETTICE'S DIARY.

BROAD OAK, *February* 1666.—For a brief season we are in this haven, driven into rest by many storms.

The Plague has left London. The Court has returned to it unchanged, to pursue its revelries. The ejected ministers who preached to the dying city are once more silenced and driven from their pulpits, and not only driven from their pulpits but from the city, by the Five Mile Act, which prohibits any ejected minister, on severe penalties, from approaching within five miles of the church where he was wont to preach.

Roger deemed his work in London for the present done.

When we left, the streets were fragrant with the smoke of sweet woods, burned in the houses, and curling through the open windows day and night. The air was laden with strange Oriental odours of incense, of aromatic gums and perfumes, floating the spirit on their dream-like fragrance (as perfumes only can) within the spells of enchanted ground.

Yet the change is pleasant, thence, to this wholesome country air, fresh with the smell of the new-ploughed earth, of the young mosses and grasses shooting out everywhere bright tiny spikes or stars of jewel-like green, of the breath of cows, of gummy swelling leaf-buds, and fir-stems warmed into pungent fragrance by the sun, of early peeping snow-drops and rare violets, of sedges moist-

ened by the prattling brooks, of free winds coming and going we know not whence or whither—from the mountains, from the sea, or from the forests of the American wilderness. It is invigorating to body and soul to change those costly foreign manufactured perfumes for all these countless, changing, blending, breathing fragrances, which make what I suppose is meant by "the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed."

It is a wonderful relief to be here, after what we have gone through; free to go where we will, living with open doors, neighbours freely coming and going, guests, unsuspected, dropping in at the hospitable door from the highway.

It is not so much like coming in a ship out of the storm into the haven, as like being quietly laid on a friendly sunny shore, after buffeting with panting chest and weary arms through the waves which have made the ship a wreck.

Something of this calm, indeed, began to come even before we left London.

It is a thing never to forget, the change that came over people's countenances on the first morning late in September, when the number of the dead was in the week declared to have *diminished* instead of *increasing*; the tears that those first gleams of hope brought to eyes long dry in despair; the re-awaking of neighbourly sympathy, as each house ceased to be either a refuge against infection, or a pest-house from which it issued; windows opened fearlessly, once more, to hear good news. The reserve which, like a fortress, rampart with rampart, guards the deepest feelings of

our people, broken down by the common deliverance; strangers grasping each others' hands in the streets, merely for the joy of telling the good news, weeping aloud for gladness, or uttering the brief fervent thanksgiving,—"*'Tis all wonderful; 'tis all a dream. Blessed be God, 'tis all His own doing. Human help and skill were at an end. Let us give thanks to Him.*"

This melting together of men's hearts in the rapture of a common deliverance, struck me more than all. It made me think how the best balsam to heal the wounds of Christendom would be for Christianity to be once more understood as the Gospel of Great Joy which it assuredly is. There would be little room for controversy, I thought, and none for isolation and exclusion, if every heart could only be penetrated with the joy of the forgiven Prodigal, and of the Angels' Christmas hymn.

Some people in their eagerness to purify their houses burned them down. Wild despair was succeeded on every side by hopes as wild. Those who had suspected every one, and crept along the streets, fearing to touch each others' garments, grew so bold that they no longer feared even the poor ghastly scarce-recovered victims of the Plague, who began to limp about the streets with the bandages of the dreaded sores and swellings still around their heads and limbs.

If even the reckless Court itself had lived through that peril and that rescue, I think it would never have affronted Heaven and this city of mourners again with its profligate revelries. The city, indeed, was well fumigated from infection with perfumes, and with brimstone, to make it a safe dwelling for the Court. But what incense, what fires, can purify England from the infection of the Court itself?

We should have gone to Netherby. But that is scarce a safe home just now for Roger. A vexatious suit has been instituted against him, on the ground of his aiding or abetting in some "disloyal" attempt of which he knew nothing. But we know it is his work during the Commonwealth that is the true ground of prosecution. Sir Launcelot Trevor will never pardon Roger's detecting him in one of the plots for assassinating Cromwell. It is not the hard laws themselves, severe as their restrictions and penalties are, that

cause the most suffering. It is the power they give to bad men to annoy the good.

Already much of the Drayton property has been sacrificed through vexatious exactions. But now it is more than property that is threatened. And so this pleasant home of Broad Oak, which is a house of mercy to so many, has now become a refuge for us. We are, in fact, here as in a hiding-place, until this tyranny be overpast, or we can find some other refuge.

Our host, Mr. Philip Henry's courtly deference of manners, his listening to every one as if he had something to learn from each, has more charm for me than I like to confess to myself. It recalls the stately courtesy of my brother Harry and of the Cavaliers who were his contemporaries.

The Puritan manners are severer and less chivalrous than those of our old Cavaliers, though with more of true knightly honour to women in them than the courtiers of this New Court are capable of comprehending.

We read together often, Roger and I, these old records of the early settlers in the American wildernesses. We are beginning now to glean more particular tidings concerning the various village communities into which the settlers have now organized themselves. For more and more we begin to speak of a "New Netherby" rising beside some inland mere or pleasant creek of the forest in the New England.

"Not that I despair for a moment of England," Roger says. "But we have but one life, and its years are few and precious; and if the good fight is going on victoriously elsewhere, it seems scarce a man's place to stay where the best he can do is to keep quiet and hide for his life."

February 1666, BROAD OAK.—There is a serenity and sunshine about this house which makes it like an island of fair weather in the midst of the turbulent world. Continually it recalls to me Port Royal. And even more by resemblance than by contrast.

It seems to me as fully as Port Royal a temple or house of God. (In one sense I, as a Protestant, should believe *more*, since the church, not the convent, is God's sacred Order.) Every morning and evening all the inmates and family assemble for *prayer and reading of the Bible*. "As the priests in the tabernacle," Mr. Henry says,

"used daily to burn the incense, and to light the lamps." All pray kneeling; for Mr. Henry "has high thoughts of the body as God's workmanship, and desires that it should share in the homage offered to Him."

Mr. Henry never makes this service long, so as to be a weariness; he calls it the "hymn to keep the rest of the day from ravelling." In the evening he gathers his household, servants, workmen, day-labourers, and guests, early, that the youngest, or those who have done a hard day's work may not be sleepy. "Better one absent than all sleepy," he says.

He explains the Bible as he reads it, not merely "mincing it small, but by easy unforced distribution." Above all, he seeks to lift up before the heart "*Christ, the Treasure in the field of the Bible.*" "Every word of God is good," he says, "but especially God the Word." He closes with a psalm; sometimes many verses, but sung quickly, every one having a book, so that there is no interruption to the singing.

Afterwards his two little boys kneel with folded hands before their father and mother, and ask their blessing, while he pronounces the benediction over them, saying, "The Lord bless thee." On Thursday he catechizes the servants on some simple subject.

On Sunday, "the pearl of the week, the queen of days," the perpetual Easter-day on which we sing, "The Lord is risen indeed," the whole house seems so full of tranquil light, all sounds and signs of needless labour banished, all the sweet sounds of nature, birds and bees and running brooks, heard with a new music in the hush of human rest, the men and maids in their sober holiday attire, that it is difficult to believe there is not an audible, visible increase of light and music in the external world, that the fields and woods and skies have not also donned a festive attire, that the sun is not shining with a new radiance, like the ancient Lamp of the sanctuary, fresh filled and trimmed for the Sabbath. It shines on the heart with a quiet radiance, like the last chapters of the Gospels; the resurrection chapters. The household, since Mr. Henry has been silenced, attend the Church service in the little neighbouring parish-church of Whitechurch, always going early, before the service

begins. The walks through the field to and from the church are a sacred service in themselves, by virtue of Mr. Henry's discourse. In truth, there is no silencing the music of such a piety as his, unless you could make it cease to flow.

This temple also has its shrines and inner sanctuary. Mrs. Henry pointed out to me the little chamber where her husband prays alone; when he changed it once, he consecrated the new one with a special prayer. I remember Roger's father used to call the direction, "*When thou enterest into thy closet shut thy door,*" "the one unquestionably divine rubric of the New Testament." And it seems to me beautiful that the inmost sanctuary of our houses, as of our hearts, should be that which is consecrated by solitude with God.

Then, like Port Royal, this is a house of mercy. Standing near the wayside, it is seldom that the hospitable board has none but inmates round it. And Mr. Henry's simple, fervent thanksgiving at the table must, I think, go along with the traveller on his further journey, like the echo of a hymn.

The order of the convent, moreover, can scarcely be more thorough than that of this home, save that it is broken, like the order of nature, by the sweet irregularities and varieties which always come to stir all Divine order out of monotony. The Hand which can make Life the mainspring of its machinery may dare irregularities.

Port Royal was especially recalled to my mind by a letter I received last November from Madame la Mothe, in which she speaks of the return of the nuns to Port Royal des Champs. Four years ago they were dispersed into imprisonment in various convents, in the hope that the courage of each alone might fail, so that in isolation, moved by the most plausible persuasions and the severest threats, the community might separately sign the condemnation of Jansenism, which they had refused to sign together. It was a simple question of fact. They were required to declare that the five condemned propositions were in Jansenius' books; thus asserting what they believed false to be true. But out of the ninety-six nuns thus dispersed eighty-four returned unshaken. Madame la Mothe writes:—

"Such a welcome and restoration home as the holy sisters had was worth sore suffering to win

as the various carriages met, bringing the Mother Angélique and her scattered daughters once more together. The church bells pealed joyous greetings, and the peasants shouted or wept their welcomes, flocking by the roadside, along the steep descent into the valley, in holiday dresses; gray-haired tottering men, little toddling children, mothers and babes in arms—not a creature that could stir left behind to miss the joy of welcoming their benefactresses back. And so the long procession of nuns, in their white robes, with scarlet crosses, disappeared under the great Gothic gates, into the sacred enclosure. It was a sight indescribably beautiful to the eye, but who can say what it was to the heart?"

Martyrs not so much to truth as to truthfulness, they would not recognize the distinction between consenting to what they deemed a lie and telling it.

Should not their enemies concede at least this merit to the two thousand ejected ministers? They may be over-careful, as I think they are, in some of their scruples. But why cannot people, who see a noble heroism in eighty nuns suffering ejection and dispersion rather than declare that false which they believe to be true—rather than bring on their souls the degradation of a lie—see something of the same heroism in two thousand English clergymen with their families suffering ejection, calumny, and peril of starvation, rather than solemnly declare they believe things true which they believe false? The families who have to share the misery whether they will or no, do not make the sacrifice easier.

Yet many a tender-hearted lady of our acquaintance, of the old Cavalier stock, whose face has glowed with interest when I have told her of the sufferings and constancy of the Mère Angélique and her nuns, and who has rejoiced with me when I read the story of their restoration, can see nothing but vulgar perversity and obstinacy in the conduct of these ejected ministers.

Why cannot these also be respected as martyrs, if not to truth, at least to truthfulness?

Can it be that the white dresses and red crosses and the grand arched entrance gates make the difference?

Or is it merely that the one took place in France and the other at home?

Building the sepulchres of the prophets is such easy and graceful feminine work! As easy as tapestry-work, especially when the sepulchres are reared in the imagination, and the prophets prophesied to other people's forefathers.

But it seems as if, in heaven, not the slightest value were attached to those elegant little erections.

The one thing regarded there seems to be whether we help and honour those who are contending or suffering for truth and right now. And this is not always so easy.

For, on the other hand, Aunt Dorothy was not a little incensed when I once told her (intending to be conciliatory) that I thought the Nonconformist ministers quite as much to be honoured as the Mère Angélique and her nuns.

"To compare Mr. Baxter and two thousand of the most enlightened ministers in England to a set of poor benighted Papists!" said she.

And she was only to be mollified by the consideration of the deficiency in my own religious training.

Perhaps for us women the safest course is to render as wide a succour as we can to all who suffer. Because then if we make any mistakes as to truth, in the great account they may be counterbalanced by the entries on the side of love; which, on the whole, seems to overrule the final judgment.

March 1666.—We are to leave this friendly holy roof for another shelter.

Many a sharp-cut diamond of Mr. Henry's good sayings I shall carry away with me.

"Repentance is not a sudden land-flood, but the flowing of a perennial spring; an abiding habit."

"Peace is joy in the bloom; joy is peace in the fruit."

But more than all such sayings, I bear away with me the memory of a sanctity as fresh and fragrant as any I ever hope to see, fragrant not as with the odours of manufactured perfumes, but with the countless fragrances of a field which the Lord has blessed.

A self-denial made all the lovelier by the capacity for the happiness it foregoes, by the belief that every creature of God is good and to be enjoyed with thanksgiving which prevents its being stiffened into austerity; a submissive Loyalty, ennobled by the higher loyalty which

prevents its becoming servile; an open-handed charity sustained by busy-handed industry, by the thrift which deems waste a sin and the justice which deems debt a degradation; a Devotion whose chief delight is to soar and sing, and which sings never the less when it stoops to serve; a Religion as free from fanaticism, worldliness, or austerity as any the world can see.

A piety which would have been my mother's element; worthy it seems to me of the sober joyful Liturgy she loved so dearly, yet to which Mr. Henry cannot entirely conform. Yes; it seems to me a piety more unlike that of the Puritans of our early days than unlike that of George Herbert or of Port Royal. A lovely, patient, quiet, meek-eyed piety! It recalls to me the group of St. Paul's gentle graces, "love, joy, peace," and the rest, which I used to think pictured my mother's religion, far more than St. Peter's belligerent virtues, godliness, faith, courage, which seemed to me to stand forth in sword and breastplate like the religion of Roger and the Ironsides.

"If the old Cavaliers, alas, are gone," I said to Roger to-day, "it seems to me the old Puritans are gone as well. Mr. Philip Henry is far less like the Ironsides than like my mother. This is a piety which would have suffered in prisons and pillories to any extent, but would scarcely have lifted its voice in the Parliament with Mr. Hampden and Mr. Pym, and would certainly not have raised the standard at Edgehill or Worcester. Where are the old Puritans gone?"

"Where we may follow them, sweet heart," said he; "to fight the wolves and conquer the wildernesses of the West."

"Then," said I, "are the wrestling Christian virtues to migrate to New England to subdue the New World; whilst the feminine Christian graces are to stay at home to endure the pillory and the prison? That were a strange division. Meseems what with prohibitions to speak, and imprisonment, and the banishment of the fighting men, this patient, passive, nonconformity can never spread. Perhaps in a generation or two it will die out."

"Scarcely, I think," he said. "The old country is patient and dumb, and sometimes takes a long sleep, but I believe she will wake one day, and break the nets they have entangled her in, and

scatter those who twisted them, simply by rising and shaking herself. Only her sleep may be too long for us to wait to the end of it."

"But who is to wake her?" I said. "A piety this of Mr. Henry's, as of Mr. Herbert's, indeed beautiful and pure enough to convert the world, if some louder voice could only rouse the world to look at it. But whence is this voice to come? For it seems to me our Liturgy, though the purest music of devotion that can rise to Heaven if once people are awake to hear it and to sing it, has scarcely the kind of fiery force in it to arouse the slumbering world. And if the Puritan religion becomes alike so meek and soft-spoken, whence is this enkindling fire to come?"

"You might as well have asked our ancestor Cassibelawn where the fire was to come from when the forests were cut down," he said. "While the forests give fuel enough, who can foresee the coal-pits?"

"Perhaps," he added after a pause, "when the spring comes and the ice melts and the music of the living waters breaks on England again, as it must and will, the new streams will find new channels."

Our discourse was broken at this point by the arrival of two horsemen who dismounted at the door. The hospitable board was spread for the midday meal, and as we went down to take our places at it, Mr. Henry introduced us to these new guests as friends of his.

They were Dr. Annesly and Dr. Wealey,* two of the Nonconformist ministers.

XXVII

OLIVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Troubles came, as troubles are wont to come, in troops, sweeping down on us thick and fast in the year which followed the Plague 1666.

Through the whole year Roger was in concealment with Lettice and their boy. Lands and houses are no safeguards in a persecution, when so much lies at the mercy of informers. And Roger—and Lettice also—had an implacable enemy in Sir Launcelot Trevor, the profligacy of whose early years had at its second fermentation soured into malignity against those who had

* Maternal and paternal grandfathers of the Wesleys.

reproved or thwarted him. It was Sir Launcelot, indeed, who hunted us hither. In his youth he had made some careless studies in the law, and now he was appointed one of the judges. Vexations which render life impossible for all the best ends of living are terribly easy to inflict when bad laws are executed by worse men. And it was this which made the misery of those times. The laws were indeed (as we believe) harsh and unjust; but it was the authorities who made them and the judges who administered them, it was the spirit in which the letter was carried out that made them (at last) unsupportable.

About the spring of this year the pressure of the times fell hard on Cousin Placidia.

Her son Isaac was arrested for attending a forbidden meeting near Bedford, and was thrown into the old jail on Bedford Bridge, where John Bunyan (though loyal as Mr. Baxter) had already been incarcerated for six years.

Isaac wrote as if the imprisonment in such company were not imprisonment but emparadising. "Such heavenly discourse as John Bunyan makes here," said he, "would make a dungeon a palace." He gave hints also of a wonderful story, or allegory, which the tinker was penning in the jail, and which (said Isaac) would make as much music in the world, when it came forth, as Mr. Milton's poems. We smiled at the lad's enthusiasm, for it was not to be thought that a poor tinker, however godly, could write anything beyond edifying sheets suited to paste on the walls of poor folks like himself. Indeed, we had seen some verses of his, which, though full of piety and patience, were scarce to be called poetry.

And that very year Mr. Thomas Ellwood, a Quaker, and a friend of Annis Nye, who had once been reader to Mr. Milton in his blindness, brought us marvellous accounts of a manuscript Mr. Milton had given him to read at a "pretty box" Mr. Ellwood had taken for him, during the Plague, at Giles Chalfont. It contained the Epic Poem called "Paradise Lost." Thomas Ellwood said to him, "Thou hast said much here of Paradise lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise found?" Some time afterwards, Mr. Milton showed him another poem called "Paradise Regained," saying, in a pleasant tone, "This is

owing to you; for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of."

So that, seeing, besides all he had already done to the marvel of Europe, Mr. Milton had these wonderful epics in store, it naturally amused us not a little that Isaac should compare this good tinker with him. Nevertheless, we honoured the lad's heartiness, and rejoiced that in his doleful condition he had such pious company to comfort him withal.

Not so, however, his mother. Her distress knew no bounds. This affliction tore her heart in twain; setting what was highest in her in fierce civil war with what was lowest. For, in spite of all her protestations of poverty, rumour had rather magnified than diminished the amount of Cousin Placidia's hoards. The more she sought to keep them unknown, the more magnificent they grew in the busy imaginations of her neighbours. And coffer after coffer of her painfully hoarded stores had to be confessed and emptied as she sought to bribe one exacting officer after another to release her son; until the more she gave the more they believed she could be tortured into giving, the more the ingenuity of informers and the greed of jailers increased, and the more distant grew the prospects of poor Isaac's liberation.

My heart ached for the torture she went through as, bit by bit, she had to offer up the money which was dear to her as life, for the child who was dearer.

"It is worse than the boot or the thumbscrew with which they are torturing the poor Covenanters in Scotland," I said one day to Job Forster, when we were staying at Netherby; "screwed tighter and tighter till it crushes the bone."

"Never heed, Mistress Olive," said Job. "Thank the Lord it isn't in your hands but in His, who loves Mistress Nicholls a sight better than you do. It isn't her *heart* that screw is crushing, it's the *worm in her heart* which is eating it out."

"Thou art somewhat hard on Mistress Nicholls," said Rachel, "to my mind; after all, she had saved it all for the lad."

"Women's hearts are tender," said Job, giving an emphatic hammer to the spade he was repairing, "and thine tenderer than any. But there's

a love tenderer than thine. Glory to His holy name, He did not put away the sorrowing cup for all His own pains. And He will not put aside the healing cup for all her crying or thine. In His warfare it isn't once setting us on Burford church roof, nor twice, that keeps us steady to the Captain's lead."

This trouble of Isaac's wrought much on Maidie, who had always repaid Isaac's devoted homage loftily, and not always graciously, since the early days when he overwhelmed her with the unwelcome offering of his best hen. Sharp-sighted as these children are (flatter ourselves as we may) to spy out our failings, and intolerant of them as youth with its high standards will be, Maidie had been wont to hear Cousin Placidia's moans of poverty with ill-disguised incredulity, and had called her economies by very unsparing scriptural names. But now Isaac's imprisonment seemed at once to exalt him in the perverse maiden's imagination from a boy to a hero. She wrote to him; and, what was more, Dolly treacherously reported that she wept nights long about him; and (which was the greatest triumph of all) she began to love his mother for his sake. "It was plain," she said, "how unjust she had been to Cousin Placidia; it was plain that it was only for Isaac's sake she had pinched herself, and sometimes also other folk. Otherwise, would she be ready to part with everything for his sake now? It was noble for a mother to deny herself for her son," pronounced Maidie, controversially; "and if this denying extended to others sometimes, it must be excused. It was but the exuberance of a virtue; and she, for her part, was ashamed of having ever spoken hardly of Cousin Placidia, and would never do so again."

So a close bond grew up between these two; and it became clear to me I should have to spare a portion of my daughter's love to soften with its free sunshine, and quicken with its own generous youth, this heart that had grown so old and shrivelled with self-imposed cares.

And it was also plain what would come of this when Isaac, always so faithful to her, came out of prison, at once exalted into manhood and smitten into knighthood in Maidie's eyes—by persecution, and found Maidie already ministering to his mother as a daughter. Indeed, the be-

trothal was already accomplished in all its essentials. And it seemed to me that, so beggared and so enriched, Cousin Placidia would have at last no alternative but to throw aside the self-deceiving and self-tormenting which had made her youth old age and her wealth poverty, and in her old age and destitution for the first time to grow rich and young.

As the year went on, more and more our thoughts turned to the New World on the other side of the sea. Roger's mind had been turned thither ever since the Lord Protector's death, as the only place where in his lifetime it was probable he would be able to render England those "public services for which a man is born."

Loyalty he believed England had refused to the prince God sent her, and was suffering for it. And Liberty, said he, who ever wakes and sleeps with her twin-sister Loyalty, would scarce awake again, in our days, to lead to noble warfare the men of this bewildered generation.

Meanwhile my husband, while the prisons were fuller than ever of sufferers for conscience, found it more difficult than ever to obtain access to them or to give them succour.

Aunt Dorothy was prepared at any moment to shake off the dust from her feet against the profligate Court which encouraged Sabbath-breaking, theatres, and bear-baitings, and banished five miles from its suburbs the loyal and godly ministers who had laboured so faithfully to bring it back; and against the infatuated country which could pay servile adulation to such a Court.

She was also troubled at Mr. Baxter's marrying so young a wife, and winced a little when Lettice defended him, and declared that at heart Aunt Dorothy's place, after all, was beside the holy maids and recluses of Port Royal.

Cousin Placidia, on her part, was ready for any refuge which would keep Isaac out of the way of John Bunyan and the informers. Thus, by different strokes, the cords of the old tent were being loosened for us all.

Job and Rachel Forster, however, still hesitated. They could not "get light upon it." They doubted whether it would not be deserting the post they had been set to keep; and more especially whether it would be safe to

take Annis Nye, who had gone to live with them, to New England. I think also they were more moved by sympathy with Annis Nye's beliefs than they quite knew themselves. Rachel thought the Quakers had been set to give a wonderful testimony for peace and patience in an age when there was too much fighting; and for silence in an age when there was too much talking. And Job said, "We have done fighting and talking enough in our day, in my belief, to last some time; and now the Lord seems to be saying to us, '*Study to be quiet and to do your own business*,' and, '*Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst of them*.' That's about where the lessons for the day seem to me to be just now. And I've a mind we'd better be in no hurry, but sit still and learn them."

Thus we still lingered. It was not so easy to despair of the re-awaking of an England in which John Milton was still living and thinking, and John Bunyan, and John Howe, and Dr. Owen, and Richard Baxter, and through which thirty thousand of Cromwell's soldiers were still scattered, working at their farms and forges throughout the land. Nor was it easy to leave such an England, so few years before a Queen of Nations, as long as she would but give us a little sheltered space wherein to work for her, and a little reason to hope.

But slowly the necessities which pressed us from her shores gathered closer and closer around us, until we could linger no more.

The Great Fire of London brought my husband to a decision.

Our own house escaped; but many houses in the city, in which much of his property consisted, were burnt. And the misery of so many thousands, whom our losses deprived us of the power to relieve, made us at last resolve to make the voyage, while we had the means yet left to pay the ship-master and purchase such goods as we should need in beginning life again in the wilderness.

It was at ten o'clock on the 2nd of September 1666 that the flames of that terrible Fire burst forth. By midnight they raged. In three days the whole city was a heap of smoking smouldering ruins.

To us who lived at Westminster, it seemed as if the fierce eastern wind was driving the flames towards that guilty roof at Whitehall, which scarce a righteous man in the nation but deemed to be itself the plague spot and the Gehenna which was bringing desolation by plague and fire on the whole land.

All the night the sky was fiery, "like the top of a burning oven." In the day the air was so thick with the coiling columns of smoke, that "the sun shone through it with a colour like blood." Those who ventured near said that the pavements glowed a fiery red, so that no horse or man could tread them, and the melting lead from the burning churches ran down the streets in a stream. Now and then the dense masses of smoke were broken by the stones of St. Paul's flying like grenades, or by a sudden burst of vivid flame making the smoke visible even in the daylight, as some of the coal and wood wharves and stores of oil and resin along the river-side were seized by the fire. And the steady roar of the flames was broken now and then by explosions, as vast powder-stores split asunder, or by the wailings and cries of the ruined people running to and fro in helpless consternation, not even attempting to save their goods.

Still, day and night, the east wind, so steady in its fierceness, drove on the flames and smoke towards us; towards the Court; till, on the third day, they crossed towards Whitehall itself. Fearful, it was said, was the confusion in those houses of revelry. Good men could think of nothing that ever could be like it but the universal conflagration of the world. But again, as in the Plague, the Court escaped. The neighbouring houses were blown up, so as to kill the flames by starvation; and at last their impetuous onset was stayed, and Whitehall was left without one of its gaming-tables or chambers of revelry being touched.

Streets in the west, which were nests of unblushing wickedness, escaped; whilst the city, of which Mr. Baxter said "there was not such another in the world for piety, sobriety, and temperance," was burnt to ashes.

Aunt Dorothy took this much to heart; and from that time I scarcely remember her attempting any more to interpret the Divine judgments,

which had once seemed to her so easy to translate.

After the horror came the misery and the desolation. It is when the ashes of the fires which desolate our lives are cold that we first understand our loss. And it was many days before the ashes of the Great Fire of London were cold enough for men to tread them safely and learn the extent of the ruin; to see the fountains dried up, the stones calcined white as snow.

Two hundred thousand homeless men, and women, and little children, were scattered in the fields and on the hill-sides, chiefly on the north, as far as Highgate, by the wretched remnants of their household stuff. They were ready to perish of hunger, yet my husband said they did not beg a penny as he passed from group to group. Some of them had been rich and delicately lodged and clothed three days before, and had not learned the art of craving alms. Others were, it seemed, too stupified. His Majesty did his utmost to make provision for their relief (said the admiring courtiers) by "proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions;" which, moved by the proclamation of the king (or by another proclamation issued sixteen hundred years before by One who spake with authority), the country people did, to the glory of the king and the admiration of the courtiers.

It was not the easiest thing in the world as we looked from one side of our house over the blackened heaps of cinders, where three days before had stood the City of London, and on the other towards Whitehall, standing unscathed; when we thought of two thousand faithful servants of God forbidden to speak for Him; of ten thousand houses, from not a few of which had gone up day and night true prayer and praise, made desolate; of a hundred thousand, not a few of them good men and true, swept away by the Plague the year before; and then of all the riotous voices in the palace not silenced, but permitted to speak their worst for the devil; it was not always easy to keep firm hold of the truth that "all power is given in heaven and earth" not to the accuser and the enemy, but to "Jesus Christ the righteous." It was not easy. We had to endure in those days "as seeing Him who is invisible."

My husband said, indeed, that the fire might prove to be God's fumigation against the pestilence; and that the pestilence itself was but (as it were) the ships which take us to the "other side," being sent in a fleet instead of one by one.

But in the pestilence which is inwardly and eternally pestilential, the pestilence of vice and selfishness, which was corrupting the inner life of England, the raging fire of sin which consumes not the flesh only but the soul,—who could see any good?

Roger's and my old puzzle of the apple-tree yawned beneath and around us, a great gulf, dark and unfathomable as of old.

If our hearts were less tossed about on the surging waves of this abyss than of old, it was not that the waves were quieter or less unfathomed. We knew them to be deeper than we had dreamed. For we had tried line after line and touched no bottom. We felt them to be more unquiet, for the times were stormier, and we were no longer on the edge but launched on the sea. It was simply that, falling at the feet of Him who stood at the helm, we could worship Him with a deeper adoration, and trust Him with more confiding simplicity. "Thou knowest the other side," we could say. "Thou art there. Thou art taking us thither. Thou knowest the depths. Thou alone. Thou hast risen thence. Thou knowest God. We see Him manifested in Thee. And Thou hast said, good and not evil is the heart and the crown of all. And we are satisfied."

So, after a heavy winter on the edge of that desolation which we could do so little to restore, we left our old house in London in March, and went in the spring for a few weeks to the old home at Netherby, before it was broken up and passed out of our hands for ever.

Many of the old fields (we knew every flowery bank and copsy corner of every one of them) had already been sold to meet the expenses thrown on Roger by the lawsuit. And now the old house itself was to be sold. Oliver's Parliament had not altogether reformed the Law. And I suppose no reformation of laws avails very much when the men who administer them are corrupt. Besides, unsuccessful revolutions must be dealt with as rebellions; those who fail must expect

to suffer. Roger and most of us had made our account for that, and it was not of that we complained.

It was not safe for Roger and Lettice to be with us at Netherby.

Of this I was almost glad. The fuller the old home was, and so the more like its old self, the harder it would be to leave. There were enough voices silent for ever, making every chamber, and every nook of garden and pleasure sacred by their echoes in the memory, to make the parting such a wrench as scarcely leaves us the same ever after.

All Aunt Dorothy's Puritan training had not swept the heathen idolatry out of my heart. For what else was it to feel as if all the dumb and lifeless things had voices calling me and pleading, "Forsake us not, forsake us not, have we served you so ill?" and arms stretched out to cling to us and draw us back?

The store-room over the porch, where Roger and I had held our Sunday conversations; the chamber where my father's books and mathematical instruments still were, undisturbed, in the places where he had left them, where he had taken me on his knee and said, "Before the great mysteries, I can only wonder and wait and say like thee, '*Father, how can I understand, a little child like me?*'"—the wainscotted parlour where "Mr. Cromwell of Ely" had talked to us of "his little wenches," and looked at Roger with softened eyes, thinking, perchance, of that death of his first-born which "went as a sword to his heart, indeed it did;" where John Milton (not blind then) had played on the organ, and discoursed with Dr. Jeremy Taylor;—how dared I have tears to spare for leaving such as these, or even the graves of our fathers in the old church they had helped to build, and the places where we and ours had knelt for generations, when England had lost Liberty and the strenuous heart to strive for it, and it seemed almost the heart to weep for it now it was gone, and could not afford her noblest even a grave?

But there were other partings which went far deeper into the heart, on which even now it is best not to dwell much, partings from those whom it was no idolatry to feel it very sore to leave, old faithful friends—our father's friends; (and every

familiar face in the village, as it came to see us go, was as the face of a friend to us, going we knew not whither, among we knew not whom.)

We could never have left them, had it been possible for us to befriend and succour them longer at home. As many as could leave went with us.

And hardest of all it was to pass the old forge, and see no friendly faces there, and know that Job and Rachel were praying for us in the old cottage within, not daring to see us go.

Cousin Placidia was away making the last effort to release her son.

So we went at the beginning of April to Southampton, where the ship was. We had to wait some days there for her sailing. Dreary, blank days, we thought they must be, suspended between the old life and the new. But two surprises made them bright to us as a beginning, rather than an end.

Two days before we started, Isaac appeared, with his mother. He looked very much as if the prison had indeed been a Paradise to him; and her face, sharp and worn as it was, seemed to me stamped with the cares which enrich, instead of impoverishing, the cares of love instead of the cares of covetousness. There was a glow and a rest in her eyes, as she looked on Isaac and Maidie, which I had never seen there before. And as to Isaac and Maidie, I believe distinctions of time and place were just then so dim to them, that if you had asked them where those days were spent, they would have been clear but on one point, and that was that it was most surely not in the Old World, but in a world altogether and for ever New.

Thus, as ever, in the music of this changing life, the closing cadences were intertwined with the opening chords, and the last evening in Old England came. Roger and Lettice, with their little Harry Davenant, were already safe on board. We were to join them at the dawn. And when we climbed up into the ship, very strange it was to find my hand in the welcoming grasp of a strong hand, certainly not that of a strange sailor's, and looking up, to see Job Forster, with Rachel and Annis Nye behind him.

"There was no help for it. That wilful maid would come," he said, apologizing to himself for

doing what he liked. "She had the 'concern' at last I have been afraid of all along. She was set on going into the lions' den; so, of course, there was nothing for it but for Rachel and me to come and take care of her."

So we sailed down Southampton Water, by the shores the *Mayflower* had left nearly half a century before. There were clouds over the wooded slopes of the dear old country as we looked our last at her, which broke ere we had been long on board, blending earth and sky in a wild storm of rain. But before we lost sight of the shore, the clouds were spanned by the rare glory of a perfect rainbow, bridging the storm with hope.

Then, as we sailed on, the clouds rose slowly and majestically, detaching themselves from earth in grand sculptured masses, like couchant lions guarding the land; until at sunset they had soared far up the quiet heavens, and hovered like angels with folded wings over a land at rest.

And as we looked, Lettice said to Roger,—

"See! is it not a promise of the better sunshine hereafter to come?"

"It is a witness of the sunshine now behind," he said; "of the unquenchable Sun which shines on both the Old England and the New." And he added in a low voice, in the words of Oliver Cromwell, "*Jesus Christ, of whose diocese we are* 'On Both Sides of the Sea.'"

CONCLUSION.

OLIVE'S MEDITATIONS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SEA.

New Netherby, 1691.—New always to us, but already to many grown into "the old house at home."

Again I am alone in the house, as on the day when the quiet rustling of the summer air among the long grasses, and the shining of the smooth water, and the smell of the hay from the hay-stack, carried me back to the old house on the borders of the Fen country, in the days of my childhood.

The crimson and gold of a richer-coloured autumn than that at home glows in the forests and in the still creek below, over which the great trees bend. And autumn is also on our lives; its fading leaves, and also, I trust, its harvests and its calms.

At many intervals, these recollections of my life have been gathered together out of the old yellow leaves in the oaken chest.

The past has lived again to me through them. But not through these pages alone. The past lives not only in dried herbs and grasses, in memories and monuments, but in every blade of grass and ear of corn of the present; in our new houses and our old home customs, our new laws, our new conflicts, our victories and our hopes.

The Old England lives and breathes in every breath of this our New England. Sometimes from what we have heard during the dreary years of oppression, we have thought she lived more truly here than in the England we have left.

The household is away, and the pleasant cheery house is silent. It is not the harvesting that has emptied the house and the village to-day. It is the thanksgiving for the harvest; the one festival which the first settlers in the wilderness appointed, in the first year of their exile, when the land was indeed a wilderness and an exile, and the next harvest a precarious blessing. More than half a century this festival has been kept. A venerable antiquity for New England.

And now our hearts are rich with tenfold offerings of praise.

For at last we believe the harvest of the seed sown in the wars and sufferings of early days has been brought in!

The great Englishman who, as we believe, served England so well, has still no monument in our country, nor even a grave.

But a true Prince, of a race of princely deliverers, a race whose deeds fulfil more than their words promise, the grandson of William the Silent, the Liberator of Holland—is on the throne of England.

Once more, on the last days of January, forty years after the death of Charles the First, the throne was vacant. For King James had fled.

The link with the past, so sacred in England, which failed Oliver, places William of Orange on the throne.

"Yet," Roger says, "but for Oliver, King James had never fled, nor William of Orange ever reigned. The throne of the one hero is the best monument of the other."

Heavier and heavier the tidings came to us

from across the seas year after year; until the climax seemed to us to be reached, when in one year one gentlewoman was beheaded at Winchester for giving refuge to two fugitives of Monmouth's Rebellion, and another was *burnt* at Tyburn for a similar act of mercy.

The free Puritan spirit often seemed to us extinct during those years of corruption and wrong. Hope of deliverance for the nation seemed to have expired in men's hearts. The best men seemed to gather up all their courage to suffer cheerfully. Christianity appeared no more with the sword of the warrior, keen to redress wrong, or the sword of justice, heavy to suppress it, but with meek folded hands as the martyr to endure it.

Yet we knew, all through the darkness, the old fires were burning still, though they burned now in the still fires of devotion, patience, and meditation, rather than in the flames which consume fetters or which evangelize the world.

For beautiful words came to us from across the sea; high words of highest hope when lower hopes were quenched; of largest tolerance of difference of thought, blended with a truthfulness ready for any sacrifice rather than darken the soul with the least shadow of falsehood.

The very names of the books written then, with the circumstances under which they were written, sounded to us like a Psalm.

From imprisoned Bunyan, a "Pilgrim's Progress from this world to a better," written in Bedford Gaol.

From blind Milton, barely suffered to live, "The Paradise Lost and Regained," sung in the darkness which he felt to be "the shadow of celestial wings," in that lost England he never lived to see restored.

From silenced Owen, "The Glory of the Person of Christ," "The Mortification of Sin in Believers."

From silenced Howe, "The Living Temple," "The Blessedness of the Righteous," "On Delighting in God," "The Redeemer's Dominion over Hades."

It was of little avail to the kingdom of darkness the silencing of such as these. It was silencing their thoughts from "a life," to "an immortality." It was giving them a planet to preach from instead of a pulpit.

It was of little avail to crush with a weight of oppression hearts such as these. All the oppressions pressed out of them no moans; but only immortal songs.

And dear to us as any were the wise and mellowed words of Richard Baxter, especially his declaration of the "*things in which he himself had changed*," as he learned by the slow teaching of life. In our hearts they were written in letters of gold, the autumnal gold of harvests and ripe fruits.

"Among all parties," he wrote, "I found some that were naturally of mild, and calm, and gentle dispositions; some of sour, froward, peevish natures. Some were raw, inexperienced, and harsh, like a young fruit. And some I found to be like ripe fruit, mellow and sweet, first pure, then peaceable, easy to be entreated.

"But the difference between the godly and ungodly was here the most considerable of all.

"In my youth I was quickly past my fundamentals, and was running up into a multitude of controversies; but the older I grew the smaller stress I laid on these controversies and curiosities (though still my intellect abhorreth confusion), as finding greater uncertainties in them than I at first discerned; and finding less usefulness even where there is the greatest certainty. *The Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, are now to me as my daily bread and drink*; and as I can speak and write over them again and again, so I had rather read and hear of them than of any of the school niceties. And this I observed with Richard Hooker also, and with many other men.

"Heretofore, I placed much of my religion in tenderness of heart and grieving for sin, and penitential tears, and less of it in the love of God, and studying His love and goodness, than now I do. Now, my conscience looketh at love and delight in God, and praising Him, as the top of all my religious duties, for which it is that I value and use all the rest.

"I was once wont to meditate most on my own heart, and to dwell all at home, and look little higher; I was still poring either on my sins or wants; but now, though I am greatly convinced of the need of heart-acquaintance and employment, yet I see more need of a higher work. At home I

find distempers to trouble me, and some evidences of grace; but it is *above* that I must find matters of delight and joy, and love and praise itself. Therefore, I would have one thought at home upon myself and my sins, and many thoughts upon Christ, and God, and heaven.

"Heretofore, I knew much less than now; and yet was not half so much acquainted with my ignorance; but now I find far greater darkness upon all things, and perceive how very little it is that we know in comparison with that we are ignorant of.

"I see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did; I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections. And I find few are so bad as either their malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine. Even in the wicked generally, there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness than I once believed there had been.

"I less admire gifts of utterance, and bare profession of religion, than I once did, and have much more charity for those who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession; for I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life. Yet he that on this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about to bring heaven and hell together.

"I am not so narrow in my special love, nor in my principles of church communion, as heretofore.

"My soul is much more affected with the thoughts of the miserable world, and more drawn out in desire of their conversion, than heretofore. Could we but go among Tartarians, Turks, and heathens, and speak their language, I should be little troubled for the silencing of eighteen hundred ministers at once in England, nor for all the rest that were cast out here, and in Scotland and Ireland; there being no employment in the world so desirable in my eyes as to labour for the winning of such miserable souls; which maketh me greatly honour Mr. John Eliot, the Apostle of the Indians in New England, and whoever else have laboured in this work.

"Yet am I not so much inclined to pass a peremptory sentence of denunciation upon all that have never heard of Christ, having some more reason than I had before to think that God's dealing with such is much unknown to us.

"I am further than ever from hopes of a golden age here, and more apprehensive that suffering must be the Church's ordinary lot, and that Christians must indeed be cross-bearers. And though God would have vicissitudes of summer and winter, day and night, that the Church may grow *extensively* in the summer of prosperity, and *intensively* and radically in the winter of adversity, yet usually their night is longer than their day, and that day itself hath its storms and tempests. The Church will be still imperfect and sinful, and will have those diseases which need this bitter remedy.

"My censures of the Papists do much differ from what they were at first. I then thought that their errors in doctrine were their most dangerous mistakes, as to the points of merit, justification by works, assurance of salvation, the nature of faith. But now I am assured that their mis-expressions and misunderstanding, with our mistakings of them, and inconvenient expressing our own opinions, have made the differences in these points to appear much greater than they were; and that in some of them it is next to none at all. But the great and irreconcilable differences lie in their Church tyranny and usurpations, and in their great corruptions and abasements of God's worship, with their befriending of ignorance and vice. I doubt not but that God hath many sanctified ones among them, who have received the doctrine of Christianity so practically, that their contradictory errors prevail not against them to hinder their love of God and their salvation, but that their errors are like a conquerable dose of poison which nature doth overcome. And I can never believe that a man may not be saved by that religion which doth but bring him to the true love of God, and a heavenly mind and life; nor that God will ever cast a soul into hell that truly loveth Him.

"I cannot be so narrow in my principles of Church communion as many are. Many are so much for a liturgy or so much against it, so much for ceremonies or so much against them, that they

can hold communion with no Church that is not of their mind and way.

"I am much less regardful of the approbation of man, and set much lighter by contempt or applause than I did long ago; all worldly things appear most unsatisfactory where we have tried them most; yet, as far as I can perceive, the knowledge of man's nothingness and God's transcendent greatness, with whom it is that I have most to do, and the sense of the brevity of human things and the nearness of eternity, are the principal causes of this effect.

"I am much more apprehensive than long ago of the odiousness and danger of the sin of pride, especially in matters spiritual and ecclesiastical. I think so far as any man is proud he is given to the Devil, and entirely a stranger to God and himself. It's a wonder that it should be a *possible* sin, to men that still carry about with them, in soul and body, such humbling matter as we all do.

"I am much more sensible than heretofore of the breadth, length, and depth of the radical, universal, odious sin of *selfishness*; and of the excellency and necessity of self-denial, and of a public mind, and of loving our neighbour as ourselves.

"I am more and more sensible that most controversies have more need of *right stating* than of *debating*; and if my skill be increased in anything it is in that; *narrowing* controversies by explication and separating the *real* from the *verbal*, and proving to many contenders that they differ less than they think they do.

"I am more solicitous than I have been about my duty to God, and less about His dealings with me; as being assured that He will do all things well, and as knowing there is no rest but in the will and goodness of God.

"I must mention it by way of penitent confession that I am too much inclined to such words in controversial writings which are too keen, and apt to provoke the person I write against. I have a strong natural inclination to call a spade a spade. I confess it is faulty, because it is a hindrance to the usefulness of what I write; and especially because though I feel no anger, yet (which is worse) I know there is some want of honour and love and tenderness to others, and therefore I

repent of it, and wish all over-sharp passages were expunged from my writings, and desire forgiveness of God and man. And yet I must say that I am often afraid of the contrary extreme, lest when I speak against great and dangerous errors and sins, I should encourage men to them by speaking too easily of them, as Eli did to his sons.

"I mention these distempers that my faults may be a warning to others to take heed, as they call on myself for repentance and watchfulness. O Lord, for the merits and sacrifice and intercession of Christ, be merciful to me a sinner, and forgive my known and unknown sins."

These words are as familiar to us as a liturgy, so often used Aunt Dorothy to ask them to be read over to her; although to the last the part she ofteneast asked me to read was that about the danger of the "contrary extreme of speaking too easily of dangerous errors and sins," to which she always gave her most emphatic Amen.

She forgave Mr. Baxter, however, for his marriage, on consideration of his young wife's generous assistance of destitute ministers, of her own and her mother's "manly patience" in adversities, and of the faithful affection with which she shared and cheered her husband's imprisonment.

And dear to Aunt Dorothy beyond all other uninspired writings was Mr. Baxter's prison-hymn:—

"THE RESOLUTION.

"Must I be driven from my books,
From house, and goods, and dearest friends?
One of Thy sweet and gracious looks
For more than this will make amends.
The world's Thy book: there I can read
Thy power, wisdom, and Thy love;
And thence ascend by faith, and feed
Upon the better things above."

"I'll read Thy works of providence:
Thy Spirit, conscience, and Thy rod
Can teach without these all the sense
To know the world, myself, and God.
Few books will serve when Thou wilt teach,
Many have stolen my precious time;
I'll leave my books to hear Thee preach,
Church-work is best when Thou dost chime."

"As for my home, it was my tent,
While there I waited on Thy flock;
That work is done, that time is spent,
There neither was my home nor stock."

Would I in all my journey have
Still the same sun and furniture?
Or ease and pleasant dwelling crave,
Forgetting what Thy saints endure?

"My Lord hath taught me how to want
A place wherein to put my head;
While He is mine, I'll be content
To beg or lack my daily bread.
Heaven is my roof, earth is my floor;
Thy love can keep me dry and warm;
Christ and Thy bounty are my store;
Thy angels guard me from all harm.

"As for my friends, they are not lost;
The several vessels of Thy fleet,
Though parted now, by tempest tost,
Shall safely in the haven meet.
Still we are centred all in Thee;
Members, though distant, of one Head;
In the same family we be,
By the same faith and Spirit led.

"Before Thy throne we daily meet,
As joint petitioners to Thee;
In spirit we each other greet,
And shall again each other see.
The heavenly hosts, world without end,
Shall be my company above;
And Thou my best and surest Friend,
Who shall divide me from Thy love?

"Must I forsake the soil and air
Where first I drew my vital breath?
That way may be as near and fair,
Thence I may come to Thee by death.
All countries are my Father's lands;
Thy sun, Thy love doth shine on all;
We may in all lift up pure hands,
And with acceptance on Thee call.

"What if in prison I must dwell,
May I not there converse with Thee?
Save me from sin, Thy wrath, and hell,
Call me Thy child, and I am free.
No walls or bars can keep Thee out;
None can confine a holy soul;
The streets of heaven it walks about;
None can its liberty control.

"Must I feel sicknesses and smart,
And spend my days and nights in pain?
Yet if Thy love refresh my heart,
I need not overmuch complain.
This flesh has drawn my soul to sin,
If it must smart, Thy will be done.
Oh, fill me with Thy joys within,
And then I'll let it grieve alone!

"I know my flesh must turn to dust,
My parted soul must come to Thee,
And undergo Thy judgments just,
And in the endless world must be.

In this there's most of fear and joy,
Because there's most of sin and grace;
Sin will this mortal frame destroy,
But Christ will bring me to Thy face.

"Shall I draw back, and fear the end
Of all my sorrows, fears, and pain,
To which my life and labours tend,
Without which all had been in vain?
Can I for ever be content
Without true happiness and rest?
Is earth become so excellent
That I should take it for my best?

"Or can I think of finding here
That which my soul so long has sought?
Should I refuse those joys, through fear,
Which bounteous Love so dear has bought?
All that does taste of heaven is good;
When heavenly light does me inform,
When heavenly life stirs in my blood,
When heavenly love my heart doth warm.

"Though all the reasons I can see,
Why I should willingly submit,
And comfortably come to Thee—
My God, Thou must accomplish it.
The love which filled up all my days
Will not forsake me to the end;
This broken body Thou wilt raise,
My spirit I to Thee commend."

Such was the kind of "whine" or moan which persecution drew from the true Puritans! Such was the music oppression drew by its strain from strings not otherwise deemed musical. It is the solitary spontaneous songs of those whose natural speech is a quiet prose, which, more than anything, make me comprehend what is meant by the New Song.

We sang that hymn by Aunt Dorothy's grave, on the hill-side, under the old oak-tree where she loved to sit on summer evenings. She used to say the sound of the wind in its leaves took her back to old Netherby; and from its shade she could catch a gleam of the sea, on the other side of which is England.

We had not expected, and we did not find New England to be an Eden, nor even the "desired haven" where the "good fight" would be over. It has been possible, however, to wage the war here, not only for our own souls, but "in those public services for which a man is born." For that end we took refuge here; and we are content. Yet of some wars we have, I trust, seen the victorious end. Since the "being" of the plantations seems secure, men have more leisure to seek

their "well-being." Since law has grown to have firmer roots, the lawgivers have grown more merciful. Magistrates and ministers have ceased to persecute, and Quakers have ceased to provoke. Which was the cause and which the effect, will perhaps long remain a subject of debate.

Just now, however, there are terrible rumours of witches, which recall the old witch-drowning and rescue of Gammer Grindle on Netherby Mere in my early days. Wretched old women are said to be accusing themselves of riding through the air on sticks, and of having evil spirits in the form of cats to wait on them, knowing that if convicted they will be hung. My husband thinks that, by-and-by, when the magistrates cease to excite diseased fancies by threats of the gallows, and thus the stimulus of danger is withdrawn, the witches will cease to believe they deserved a terrible punishment by having committed impossible crimes.*

Meantime John Eliot has been fighting the devil in more undeniable forms by preaching the gospel to the Indians. He reduced the language to writing, and translated the Bible into it. At first the Pauwaws, their magicians or "clergymen," were furious, and threatened his life. But he went fearlessly, alone, among them. "I am about the work of the great God," he said. "God is with me. Touch me if you dare." Now there are six churches of baptized praying Indians, and eighteen assemblies of catechumens.

Yet when he was passing away, he said there was a dark cloud on the work among the Indians. The nation itself seems to fade before us. The praying Indians perish like caged deer in their Christian villages.

Now, alas, his life of love, which shone among them and before us so many years, has at last faded from our vision.

The firm gentle hand which was wont ever to "ring the curfew for contentions" is still; the voice and the life which preached among us so constantly "*bear, forbear, forgive*," are silenced. The eyes which flashed so indignantly against wrongs to the weak and helpless, and which glanced so tenderly on the little children, are

closed. The "lambs which Christ is not willing to lose" will watch for John Eliot's smile and kindly word henceforth in vain.

Whenever bad news came from England (and in those days it came so often!), he would say, "These are some of the clouds in which the Son of man will come."

And now the better tidings have come, he has passed to better still. The Son of man has come for him, not in a cloud of darkness but of light.

When he was too feeble to labour longer among his Indians, he said, "I wonder for what my Lord keeps me longer here." And then he turned to such sufferers as his labours could yet reach. His last efforts were to gather the negro servants of the settlers and teach them. His last scholar was a blind boy whom he took to be with him in his house.

His last words to us still in the battle-field were, "*Pray, pray, pray*."

His first words to the victors he has joined were, "Welcome, joy!"

And soon after this our "Apostle of the Indians" died. Mr. Baxter wrote:—

"There was no man on earth whom I honoured above him. It is his evangelical work that is the Apostolical Succession I plead for. I am now dying, I hope, as he did. It pleased me to read from him my case ('my understanding faileth, my memory faileth, my tongue faileth, but my charity faileth not'). That word much comforted me. God preserve you and New England."

Thus New England has already her apostolic fathers and her sacred graves.

A few months passed, and then we heard how Richard Baxter had followed Eliot home.

"I have pain," he said; "there is no arguing against sense. But I have peace—I *have peace*." And when asked during his mortal sickness how he did, his reply was, "*Almost well*."

So the day he looked for as his Sabbath and "high day" came to him, and he is gone to the great company of those he justly honoured, and of some whom he never learned to honour here, in the "many mansions" of that "all-reconciling world."

But, alas! when shall we say "*almost well*" for, what he called, "this distracted world?"

* "When the persecution of the witches ceased, the Lord chained up Satan, that the afflicted grew presently well"—*v. CORROW MATHAN*.

In England the better days seem dawning, and here in New England.

But from France Lettice's old servant Barbe, who has taken refuge here with her family, brings tidings too sad to think of.

Port Royal is extinguished as a source of light; the schools suppressed; the nuns prisoners in their own convent or elsewhere; the recluses silenced and scattered. Hundreds of the best men and women in France, as Madame la Mothe deemed them, thus rendered powerless for good.

But the sufferers of whom Barbe speaks count by hundreds of thousands! "One soweth and another reapeth." Who will reap the harvest of this sowing?

Of these hundred thousand good Protestant men and women, scattered, tortured, killed at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and through all the persecutions before and after it, of whom Barbe tells us stories of horror such as England never knew, those other good men and women of Port Royal, on earth, knew nothing.

Oh, joyful revelations of that "all-reconciling world!" Next to the joy of seeing Him in whom

God reconciles us all to Himself and to each other, will be the joy of seeing the wonder on the countenances of saint after saint as they unlearn their wrong judgments of one another.

The joy of the unlearning.

Yes; this joy of unlearning is one we shall certainly none of us miss! As John Robinson said on the other side of the sea, at Delft Haven, to the fathers of our New England when they were departing, "If God reveal anything to you by any other instrument, be very willing to receive it as from me. Lutherans go not beyond Luther; Calvinists beyond Calvin; yet though burning and shining lights in their time, they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God. But were they now living, they would be as willing to receive further light as that which they first received from the Word of God."

They *are* living, living and learning, and ever "receiving further light" from the Eternal Light (oh, how willingly!), on the other side of that Great Sea which we must all so soon pass over, to learn together, with ever deepening love and joy, how wide His dominion is "of whose diocese we are" "On Both Sides of the Sea."

FLETCHER OF MADELEY AND HIS MINISTRY;

OR, ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE.



BELIEVE that no one ever reads his Bible with attention without being struck with the deep beauty of the fourteenth chapter of St. John's gospel. I suspect that few readers of that marvellous chapter fail to notice the wondrous saying of our Lord, "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you." Cold and dull must the heart be that is not roused and stirred by these words.

This beautiful saying, of late years, has been painfully wrested from its true meaning. Men of whom better things might have been expected, have misapplied it sadly, and imposed a false sense on it. They have dared to say that men of all faiths and creeds will find a place in heaven at last; and that "every man shall be saved by the law or sect which he professeth, so that he be diligent to frame his life according to that law and the light of nature." They would fain have us believe that the inhabitants of heaven will be a mixed body, including heathen idolaters and Mohammedans as

well as Christians, and comprising members of every religious denomination in the world, however opposite and antagonistic their respective opinions may be. Miserable indeed is such theology! Wretched is the prospect which it holds out to us of eternity! Small could be the harmony in such a heterogeneous assembly! At this rate, heaven would be no heaven at all.

But we must not allow human misinterpretations to make us overlook great truths. It is true, in a most comfortable sense, that "in our Father's house there are many mansions," and that all who are washed in Christ's blood, and renewed by Christ's Spirit, will find a place in heaven, though they may not see eye to eye upon earth. There is room in our Father's house for all who hold the Head, however much they may differ on points of minor importance. There is room for Calvinists and room for Arminians, room for Episcopalians and room for Presbyterians, room for Thomas Cranmer and room for John Knox, room for John Bunyan and room for George Herbert, room for Henry Martyn and

room for Dr. Judson, room for Edward Bickersteth and room for Robert M'Cheyne, room for Chalmers of Edinburgh, and room for Daniel Wilson of Calcutta. Yes! thank God, our Father's house is a very wide one. There is room in it for all who are true-hearted believers in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Thoughts such as these come crowding over my mind, as I take up my pen to write an account of the eleventh spiritual hero of the eighteenth century, whom I want to introduce to my readers. The man whom I mean is the well-known Fletcher, vicar of Madeley. I cannot forget that there was a doctrinal gulf between him and my last hero, Toplady, and that while one was a Calvinist of Calvinists, the other was an Arminian of Arminians. But I will never shut my eyes to the fact that Fletcher was a Christian as well as an Arminian. Mistaken, as I think he was, on some points, he was certainly thoroughly right on others. He was a man of rare grace, and a minister of rare usefulness. In short, I think that no account of English religion a hundred years ago could be considered just, fair, and complete, which did not supply some information about Fletcher of Madeley.

John William Fletcher was a native of Switzerland, and was born at Nyon, in that country, on the 12th of September 1729. His real name was De La Flechiere, and he is probably known by that name among his own countrymen to this day. In England, however, he was always called Fletcher, and, for convenience' sake, I shall only speak of him by that name. His father was first an officer in the French army, and afterwards a colonel in the militia of his own country. The family is said to have been one of the most respectable in the canton of Berne, and a branch of an earldom of Savoy.

Fletcher appears to have been remarkable for cleverness even when a boy. At the first school which he went to at Geneva, he carried away all the prizes, and was complimented by the teachers and managers in a very flattering manner. During his residence at Geneva, his biographer records that "he allowed himself but little time either for recreation, refreshment, or rest. After studying hard all day, he would often consume the greater part of the night in writing down whatever had occurred in the course of his reading which seemed worthy of observation. Here he acquired that true classical taste which was so frequently and justly admired by his friends, and which all his studied plainness could never entirely conceal. Here, also, he laid the foundation of that extensive and accurate knowledge for which he was afterwards distinguished, both in philosophy and theology."

From Geneva his father sent him to a small Swiss town called Leutzburg, where he not only acquired the German language, but also diligently prosecuted his former studies. On leaving Leutzburg, he continued some time at home, studying the Hebrew language, and perfecting his acquaintance with mathematics. Such was Fletcher's early training and education. I ask the

reader's special attention to it. It supplies one among many proofs that those who call the leaders of the English revival of religion in the last century "poor, ignorant, illiterate fanatics," are only exposing their own ignorance. They know neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm. In the mere matter of learning, Wesley, Romaine, Berridge, Hervey, Toplady, and Fletcher, were second to few men in their day.

Young Fletcher's education being completed, his parents hoped that he would at once turn his attention to the ministry, a profession for which they considered him to be eminently well fitted. In this expectation, however, they were at first curiously disappointed. Partly from a sense of unfitness, partly from scruples about the doctrine of predestination, young Fletcher announced that he had given up all idea of being ordained, and wished to go into the army. His theological studies were laid aside for the military works of Vauban and Cohorn, and, in spite of all the remonstrances of his friends, he seemed determined to become a soldier.

This strange determination, however, was frustrated by a singular train of providences. The same overruling hand which would not allow Jonah to go to Tarshish, and sent him to Nineveh in spite of himself, was able to prevent the young Swiss student carrying out his military intentions. At first, it seems, on his parents flatly refusing their consent to his entering the army, young Fletcher went away to Lisbon, and, like many of his countrymen, offered his services to a foreign flag. At Lisbon, on his offer being accepted, he soon gathered a company of Swiss recruits, and engaged a passage on board a Portuguese man-of-war which was about to sail for Brazil. He then wrote to his parents, asking them to send him money, but met with a decided refusal. Unmoved by this, he determined to go without the money, as soon as the ship sailed. But, on the morning that he ought to have put to sea, the servant at breakfast let the kettle fall and scalded his leg so severely that he had to keep his bed for a considerable time. In the meanwhile the ship sailed for Brazil, and, curiously enough, was never heard of any more!

Fletcher returned to Switzerland, in no wise shaken or deterred by his Lisbon disappointment. Being informed that his uncle, then a colonel in the Dutch service, had procured a commission for him, he joyfully set out for Flanders. But just at that time a peace was concluded, and the continental armies were reduced; and his uncle dying shortly after, his expectations were completely blasted, and he gave up all thought of being a soldier.

Being now disengaged from business, and all military prospects seeming completely at an end, young Fletcher thought it would not be amiss to spend a little time in England. He arrived in this country, almost totally ignorant of our language, sometime in the year 1750, and began at once to inquire for some one who could instruct him in the English tongue. For this

purpose he was recommended to a boarding-school, kept by a Mr. Burchell, at South Mimms, and afterwards at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire. With this gentleman he remained eighteen months, and not only acquired a complete mastery of English, but also became exceedingly popular as a clever, amiable and agreeable man, both in his tutor's family and throughout the neighbourhood. While staying at Mr. Burchell's, Mr. Dechamps, a French minister to whom he had been recommended, procured him the situation of private tutor in the family of Mr. Hill of Tern Hall, in Shropshire. His acceptance of this post in the year 1752, in the twenty-second year of his age, was the turning-point in his life, and affected his whole course, both spiritually and temporally, to the very end of his days.

Up to this time, there is not the slightest evidence that Fletcher knew anything of spiritual and experimental religion. As a well-educated man, he was of course acquainted with the facts and evidences of Christianity. But he appears to have been profoundly ignorant of the inward work of the Holy Ghost, and of the distinctive doctrines of the gospel of Christ. Happily for him, he seems to have been carefully and morally brought up, and to have had a good deal of religion of a certain sort when he was a boy. From an early period of life, he was familiar with the letter of Scripture, and to this circumstance he traced his preservation from infidelity, and from many vices into which young men too often fall. Beside this, a succession of providential escapes from death, which his biographers have carefully recorded, undoubtedly had a restraining effect upon him. Nevertheless, there is no reason to think that he really experienced a work of grace in his heart until he had been some time an inmate of Mr. Hill's house. Up to this time he had, after a fashion, believed in God and feared God; but he had never felt his love in Christ Jesus shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost. He had never really seen his own sinfulness, nor the preciousness of Christ's atoning blood.

The first thing which awakened Fletcher to a right conviction of his fallen state, was the simple remark of a servant in Mr. Hill's household. This man, coming up into his room one Sunday evening, in order to make up the fire, found him writing some music, and, looking at him with concern, said, "Sir, I am sorry to see you so employed on the Lord's day." At first his pride was aroused and his resentment moved, to hear a reproof given by a servant. But, upon reflection, he felt the reproof was just, put away his music, and from that very hour became a strict observer of the Lord's-day. How true is that word of Solomon, "Reproofs of instruction are the way of life!" (Prov. vi. 23.)

The next step in his spiritual history was his becoming acquainted with the people called Methodists. The way in which this was brought about he afterwards related to John Wealey, in the following words:—"When Mr. Hill went to London to attend Parliament, he took his family and me with him. On one occasion,

while they stopped at St. Alban's, I walked out into the town, and did not return till they were set out for London. A horse being left for me, I rode after them and overtook them in the evening. Mr. Hill asked me why I stayed behind. I said, 'As I was walking I met with a poor old woman, who talked so sweetly of Jesus Christ, that I knew not how the time passed away.' Said Mrs. Hill, 'I shall wonder if our tutor does not turn Methodist by-and-by.' 'Methodist, madam,' said I; "pray what is that?" She replied, 'Why, the Methodists are a people that do nothing but pray; they are praying all day and all night.' 'Are they?' said I; 'then, by the help of God, I will find them out, if they be above ground.' I did find them out not long after, and was admitted into the society."

The third important step in Fletcher's spiritual history was hearing those clergymen who were called Methodists preach about *faith*. Under the influence of newly-awakened feelings, he had begun to strive diligently to make himself acceptable to God by his doings. But hearing a sermon one day preached by a clergyman named Green, he became convinced that he did not understand the nature of saving faith. This conviction was only attained through much humiliation of soul. "Is it possible," he thought, "that I, who have always been accounted so religious, who have made divinity my study, and received the premium of *piety* (so-called) from a Swiss university for my writings on divine subjects—is it possible that I should yet be so ignorant as not to know what faith is?" But the more he examined himself and considered the subject, the more he was convinced of the momentous truth. The more he saw his sinfulness, and the entire corruption and depravity of his whole nature, the more his hope of being able to reconcile himself to God by his own works began to die away. He still sought, by the most rigorous austerities, to conquer this evil nature, and to bring into his soul a heaven-born peace. But, alas! the more he strove, the more he saw and felt that all his soul was sinful. In short, like Bunyan's Christian, before he saw the way to the Wicket-gate, he felt his imminent danger, and yet knew not which way to flee.

• How long this inward struggle continued in Fletcher's mind, is not quite clear. It seems probable that it was at least two years before his soul found peace and was set at liberty, and his burden rolled away. Evangelists were rare in these days, and there were few to help an anxious conscience into the light. His diary shows that he went through an immense amount of inward conflict. At one time we find him saying, "I almost gave up all hope, and resolved to sin on and go to hell." At another time he says, "If I go to hell, I will serve God even there; and since I cannot be an instance of his mercy in heaven, I will be a monument of his justice in hell; and if I show forth his glory one way or the other, I am content." At another time he says, "I have recovered my ground. I thought Christ died for

all, and therefore he died for me. He died to pluck such sinners as I am as brands out of the burning. And as I sincerely desire to be his, he will surely take me." At another time he records, "I heard a sermon on justification by faith, but my heart was not moved in the least. I was only still more convinced that I was an unbeliever, that I am not justified by faith, and that till I am I shall never have peace with God." At another time he says, "I have found relief in Mr. Wesley's journal, when I heard that we should not build on what we feel, but go to Christ with all our sins and all our hardness of heart."

Mental struggles like these are no strange things to many of God's people. They are deep waters through which some of the best and holiest saints have had to pass, in the beginning of their journey towards heaven. John Bunyan's little book, called "Grace Abounding," is a striking account of the inward agony which the author of "Pilgrim's Progress" had to endure before he found peace. There are many points of resemblance between his experience and that of Fletcher. It is a pleasant thought, however, that sooner or later these painful struggles end in solid peace. The greater the conflict at first, the greater sometimes is the peace at the last. The men that God intends to use most, as instruments to do his work, are often tempered for his service by being frequently put into the fire. The truths that we have got hold of by tremendous exertion are precisely the truths which we afterwards grasp most firmly, and proclaim most positively and powerfully. The man who has embraced the doctrine of justification by faith alone, through a hand-to-hand fight with Satan, and a contest even unto death, is precisely the man to preach the doctrine to his fellow-men with unction, with demonstration of the Spirit, and with crushing power. This was the experience of that mighty evangelist, George Whitefield. This was the experience of Fletcher of Madeley.

Once set free from the burden of sin unforgiven, and feeling the blessedness of peace with God, we need not wonder that Fletcher longed to tell others of the way to life. Long before he was ordained a minister, he began to speak to others about their souls, according as he had opportunity. Both in London, when he accompanied Mr. Hill, and even during the sitting of Parliament, and in the neighbourhood of Tern Hall, he seized every occasion of trying to do spiritual good. And even at this early period his labours were not in vain. His biographer says: "Though he was at present by no means perfect in the English tongue, particularly in the pronunciation of it, yet the earnestness with which he spoke, then seldom to be found in English preaching, and the unspeakably tender affection to poor, undone sinners, which breathed in every word and question, drew multitudes of people to hear him, and few went empty away."

We can easily understand that Fletcher's views about taking orders now went through a complete

change. Little by little his doubts, and fears, and scruples as to his fitness for the ministerial office, melted away. Correspondence with John Wesley encouraged him to go forward with the idea of being ordained. Difficulties which seemed likely at one time to put an insuperable barrier in his way, were unexpectedly removed. A gentleman whom he hardly knew offered him a living which was likely to be soon vacant. A clergyman whom he had never even spoken to, of his own accord offered him a title to orders; and at length, in the year 1757, he was ordained deacon on Sunday the 6th of March, and priest on the following Sunday, by the Bishop of Bangor, in the Chapel Royal at St. James's. How Fletcher got over the difficulty of being a foreigner, and of not having taken an University degree, I am unable to explain. I can only suppose that the influence of the family of the Hills, in which he was still tutor, made a bishop of those days ready to ordain him as a "literate person." On what title he was ordained, I am also unable to say. But, putting things together, I conjecture that he was nominated curate of Madeley, the parish of which he afterwards became vicar. The whole matter of his ordination seems to have been attended with strange irregularities, judged by the standard of the present day. But things were strangely managed in the Church of England a hundred years ago.

With characteristic energy, Fletcher lost no time in beginning the work of the ministry. The very day that he was ordained priest, he came straight from the Chapel Royal to West Street Chapel, and assisted John Wesley in the administration of the Lord's Supper. Throughout the next two months, until Mr. Hill's family left London for Shropshire, he preached in many London pulpits, both in the English and French language, according as he had opportunity. Labouring in this way, he soon became well-known as a fellow-labourer of the leading evangelists of the day, and rapidly attained a very high reputation.

In the month of May 1757 he went down into Shropshire with Mr. Hill's family, and found comparatively few openings for the exercise of his ministry. In fact, a friend says that he did not preach more than six times in six months; partly, no doubt, from his time being occupied with the education of his young pupils, and partly, in all probability, because the Shropshire clergy were afraid of him, and would not admit him into their pulpits. The only churches in which he preached were Atcham, Wroxeter, Madeley, and St. Alkmunda, and the Abbey Church, Shrewsbury.

Whatever the cause may have been, I cannot discover that Fletcher had any regular stated ministerial work for the first three years after his ordination. From March 1757 to the latter part of 1760, he seems to have retained his position as tutor in Mr. Hill's family, and in that capacity to have gone regularly to London for one part of the year, and to have been generally in Shropshire for the other. Wherever he was, he appears

to have found time for itinerating and preaching a good deal, and it is only natural to suppose that he was not required to devote himself entirely to the superintendence of Mr. Hill's sons.

I must confess my inability to trace out Fletcher's history very accurately during the first three years of his ministry. The memoirs of men of that day are so often written with a reckless neglect of dates, that at this distance of time it is impossible to follow their movements. Sometimes I read of his being at Bristol, preaching for John Wesley at Kingswood; sometimes I find him in London, preaching in Lady Huntingdon's drawing-room; sometimes he is at Brighton, occupying the pulpit of Lady Huntingdon's Chapel; sometimes he is at Tunbridge, preaching to French prisoners; sometimes he is itinerating about the country, and appearing in all sorts of strange and unexpected places. But the order and reasons of his movements during these three years are matters which I cannot pretend to explain. One thing only is very clear. He became notorious as a public supporter of the great religious revival of which Lady Huntingdon was the mainspring, and formed friendships with all its leading agents which lasted till death.

It was about this period of his life that Fletcher became acquainted with the famous Berridge of Everton. This took place under such singular circumstances, that I shall give them at length in the words of Lady Huntingdon's biographer. It appears that he went to Everton vicarage uninvited and unexpectedly, and "introduced himself as a raw convert who had taken the liberty to wait on Berridge for the benefit of his instruction and advice. From his accent and manner, the shrewd vicar of Everton perceived at once that he was a foreigner, and inquired from what country he came. 'I am a Swiss, from the canton of Berne,' was the reply. 'From Berne!' said Berridge; 'then probably you can give me some account of a young fellow-countryman of yours, one John Fletcher, who has lately preached a few times for Mr. Wesley, and of whose talents, learning, and piety, he speaks in high terms. Do you know him?' 'Yes, sir,' said Fletcher, 'I know him intimately; and did the Messrs. Wesley know him as well as I do, they would not speak of him in such terms, for which he is more obliged to their partial friendship than to his own merits.' 'You surprise me,' said Berridge, 'by speaking so coldly of a countryman in whose praise they are so warm.' 'I have the best reason,' he rejoined, 'for speaking as I do, for I am myself John Fletcher.' 'If you are John Fletcher,' said his host, 'you must do me the favour to take my pulpit to-morrow, and when we are better acquainted, without implicitly receiving either your statement or that of your friends, I shall be able to judge for myself.' Thus commenced an intimacy between Fletcher and Berridge, which no subsequent controversy could ever entirely interrupt."

The turning-point in Fletcher's ministerial history

was his appointment to the vicarage of Madeley, in October 1760. Madeley is a large and unattractive parish near Wellington, in Shropshire, containing, at this time, a population of between eight and nine thousand, employed almost entirely in collieries and iron-works. There is no reason to suppose that it was very different a hundred years ago from what it is now. The circumstances under which he obtained the living were very remarkable, and are well described in his own letters.

The first link in the chain of providence which took him to Madeley, was the offer of the living of Dunham in Cheshire, by his friend Mr. Hill. He told Fletcher that the parish was small, the duty light, and the income good—£400 a year—and that it was situated in a fine sporting country. After thanking Mr. Hill most cordially for his kindness, Fletcher replied, "Alas! sir, Dunham will not suit me. There is too much money, and too little work." "Few clergymen make such objections," said Mr. Hill; "it is a pity to resign such a living, as I do not know that I can find you another. What shall we do? Would you like Madeley?" "That, sir, would be the very place for me." "My object, Mr. Fletcher, is to make you comfortable in your own way. If you prefer Madeley, I shall find no difficulty in persuading Chambers, the present vicar, to exchange it for Dunham, which is worth twice as much, and in getting Madeley for you." In this way, curious as it now appears, John Fletcher, in the month of October 1760, found himself in the strange position of an English incumbent, and vicar of a large parish in Shropshire.

He did not go to Madeley without many doubts and misgivings. Not a few of his best friends thought it a move of very questionable wisdom. Even now, one cannot help fancying that his valuable life would have been longer, and his extra-parochial usefulness greatly increased, if he had been content with the lighter work and smaller population of Dunham. But we must not forget that the "steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." It is place that often draws out grace. For anything we know, Fletcher might have sunk into comparative indolence and obscurity, if he had not been planted at Madeley. His letters, however, at this period, show plainly that the move was not made without great anxiety and exercise of soul.

To Charles Wesley, he writes: "My heart revolts at the idea of being at Madeley alone—opposed by my superiors, hated by my neighbours, and despised by all the world; without piety, without talents, without resolution, how shall I repel the assaults and surmount the obstacles which I foresee if I discharge my duty at Madeley with fidelity? On the other hand, to reject this presentation, burn the certificate, and leave in the desert these sheep whom the Lord has evidently brought me into the world to feed, appears to me nothing but obstinacy and refined self-love. I will hold a middle course between these extremes. I will be wholly passive in the steps I must take, and yet active in

praying the Lord to deliver me from the evil one, and to conduct me in the way that he would have me go. If you can see anything better, inform me of it speedily ; and at the same time remember me in all your prayers, that if this matter be not of the Lord, the enmity of the Bishop of Lichfield, who must countersign my testimonials—the threats of the Bishop of Hereford's chaplain, who was a witness to my preaching at West Street Chapel—the objections drawn from my not being naturalized, or some other obstacle, may prevent the kind intention of Mr. Hill."

It is written that "when a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh his enemies to be at peace with him." This text was eminently illustrated in the matter of Fletcher's appointment to Madeley. Obstacles which at one time seemed insuperable, melted away in a most extraordinary manner, and, almost in spite of himself, he was instituted into possession of the living. In a letter to Lady Huntingdon, on the 3rd of October, he says, "I seem to be the prisoner of God's providence, who is going, in all probability, to cast my lot for life among the colliers and forgemen of Madeley. The two thousand souls of that parish, for whom I was called into the ministry, are many sheep in the wilderness, which, after all, I cannot sacrifice to my own private choice. When I was once suffered to attend them for a few days, some began to return to the Shepherd of their souls, and I found it in my heart to spend and be *pent* for them. When I was afterwards sent away from them, that zeal, it is true, cooled to such a degree that I have wished a thousand times they might never be committed to my charge. But the impression of the tears of those who, when I left them, ran after me crying, 'Who shall now show us the way to heaven?' never quite wore off from the bottom of my heart ; and, upon second thoughts, I always concluded that if the Lord made my way plain to this church, I could not run away from it without disobeying the order of providence. That time is come, the church is vacated, the presentation to it brought unasked into my hands ; the difficulty of getting proper testimonials, which I looked upon as insurmountable, vanishes at once ; the three clergymen who had opposed me with most bitterness, signed them ; —the Bishop of Lichfield countersigns them without the least objection ; the lord of the manor, my great opponent, leaves the parish ; and the very man, the vicar, who told me I should never preach in that church, now recommends me to it, and tells me he will induct me himself. Are not these intimations of the will of God?"

On the 25th of October 1760, he writes to Lady Huntingdon as follows :—"Since I had the honour to write last, all the little circumstances of my institution and induction have taken such an easy turn that I question whether any clergyman noted for good fellowship ever got over them with less trouble. I preached last Sunday, for the first time, in my church, and shall continue to do so, though I propose staying with Mr. Hill till he

leaves the country, partly to comply with him to the last, and partly to avoid falling out with my predecessor, who is still at Madeley, but who will remove about the same time. If I know anything of myself, I shall be much more ready to resign my benefice, when I have had a fair trial of my unprofitableness to the people committed to my care, than I was to accept it. Mr. John Wesley bids me do it without a trial. He will have me see in this appointment to Madeley 'the snare of the devil, and fly from it at the peril of my soul.' I answer, I cannot see it in that light. He says, 'Others may do well in a living ; you cannot, for it is not your calling.' I tell him I readily own I am not fit either to plant or water any part of the Lord's vineyard, but that if I am called at all, I am called to preach at Madeley, where I was first sent into the ministry, and where a chain of providences I could not break has again fastened me. I tell him, that though I should be as unsuccessful as Noah before the flood, yet I am determined to try to be to them a preacher of Christ's righteousness ; and that, notwithstanding my universal inability, I am not quite without hope that he who reproved a prophet's madness by the mouth of an ass, may reprove a collier's profaneness even by my mouth."

The doubts and misgivings with which Fletcher accepted the living of Madeley, appear to have clung to him for several months after he entered on the duties of his parish. Great allowance must, of course, be made for the natural ignorance of a young Swiss about the habits and customs of a neglected mining population in England. But, judging from the three following letters, he seems for some time to have gone through great exercise of mind after commencing his residence at Madeley. I make no excuse for inserting these letters at length.

On the 19th of November 1760, he writes to Lady Huntingdon as follows :—"I have hitherto written my sermons, but I am carried so far beyond my notes when in the pulpit, that I propose preaching with only my sermon-cover in my hand next Friday, when I shall venture on an evening lecture for the first time. I question whether I shall have half a dozen hearers, as the god of a busy world is doubly the god of this part of the world ; but I am resolved to try. The weather and the roads are so bad, that the way to church is almost impracticable ; nevertheless, all the seats were full last Sunday. Some begin to come from the adjacent parishes, and some more, as they say, *threaten* to come when the season permits. I cannot yet discern any deep work, or, indeed, anything but what will always attend the crying down man's righteousness and exalting Christ's—I mean a general liking among the poor, and offence and ridicule and opposition among the respectable and rich people. Should the Lord vouchsafe to plant the gospel in this country, my parish seems to be the best centre of a work, as it lies just among the most populous, profane, and ignorant parts. But it is well if, after all, there is any work in my parish. I despair of this when I look at myself,

and fall in with Mr. John Wesley's opinion about me. Yet sometimes, too, I hope the Lord has not sent me here for nothing ; and I beg for strength to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. Nevertheless, I am still fully determined to resign my living after a while, if the Lord does not think me worthy to be his instrument. If your Ladyship could at any time spare me a minute, I should be glad to know whether you do not think I should then be at full liberty to do it before God. I abhor the title of a living for a living's sake. It is death to me.

"There are three meetings in my parish—a Papist, Quaker, and Baptist ; and they begin to call the fourth the Methodist one—I mean the church. But the bulk of the inhabitants are stupid heathens, who seem past all curiosity, as well as all sense of godliness. I am ready to run after them into their pits and forges, and I only wait for God's providence to show me the way. I am often reduced to great perplexity, but the end of it is sweet. I am driven to the Lord, and he comforts, encourages, and teaches me. I sometimes feel that zeal which forced Paul to wish to be accursed for his brethren's sakes, but I want to feel it without interruption. The devil, my friends, and my heart, have pushed hard at me to make me fall into worldly cares, and creature snares—first by the thought of marrying, then by the offer of several boarders, one of whom offered me sixty pounds a-year ; but I have been enabled to cry, 'Nothing but Jesus, and the service of his people ;' and I trust the Lord will keep me in the same mind."

On the 6th of January 1671; he writes to Lady Huntingdon again, even in a lower key and a more depressed frame of mind. He says:—"I had a secret expectation to be the instrument of a work in this part of our Church, and I did not despair of soon becoming a little Berridge ! Thus warmed with sparks of my own kindling, I looked out to see the rocks broken in pieces and the water flowing out ; but, to the great disappointment of my hopes, I am now forced to look within, and to see the need I have of being broken, and of repenting myself. If my being stationed in this howling wilderness is to answer no public end as to the gospel of Christ, I will not give up the hope that it may answer a private end as to myself, in humbling me under a series of universal unprofitableness. If I preach the gospel ten years here, and see no fruit of my labours, in either case I promise to bless God, if I can only say from my heart, 'I am nothing, I have nothing, I can do nothing.'

"As to my parish, all that I see hitherto in it is nothing but what one may expect from speaking plainly, and with some degree of earnestness. Many cry out, 'He is a Methodist, a downright Methodist ;' while some of the poorer sort say, "Nay, but he speaketh the truth.' Some of the best farmers and most respectable tradesmen talk often among themselves, I hear, about turning me out of my living as a

Methodist or a Baptist, and spread about such stories as your Ladyship may guess at without my writing them. My Friday lecture took better than I expected, and I propose to continue it till the congregation desert me. The number of hearers then is larger than that which my predecessor had on Sunday. The number of communicants is increased from thirty to above a hundred, and a few seem to seek grace in the means. May they do it in sincerity !"

The last letter which I shall quote in this paper was addressed to Lady Huntingdon on the 27th of April 1761. He says :—"I learn by slow experience, that in me dwelleth no good thing. This I find cannot be learned of man, nor by man. It is a lesson that grace alone teaches effectually in the furnace of affliction. I am still at the first line ; but I think I read it and understand it in a manner quite different from what I did before. Surely the Saviour speaks as no man ever spake ; and he teaches with authority, not as the scribes. His words are recorded in the heart, while those of men only graze the surface of the understanding. I have met with several trials since Providence cast me, I shall not say into this part of the Lord's vineyard, but into this part of our spiritual Sodom. Nevertheless, they did not work upon me as they ought to have done. I stood out against them in a kind of self-resolution, supported by human fortitude rather than divine humility ; and so they did not bring down the pride of nature, but rather increased it. The old man, if he cannot have his own food, will live quietly and comfortably on spiritual food ; yea, he is often pampered by what the natural mind supposes will poison him.

"Of late I have met with a trial that, by God's infinite mercy, has found its way to my heart. Oh, may the wound be deep enough to let in the mind of Jesus ! A young woman, daughter of one of my most substantial parishioners, giving place to Satan by pride and impatience, is driven in her convictions into a kind of madness. I could not bear patiently enough, before this, the reports that went about that I drove people mad ; but the fear of having this laid to my charge, backed with so glaring an instance, has thrown me into some agonies of soul.

"Why God permits these offences to arise, has not a little staggered me. Once I was for taking to my heels, and, hireling-like, flying at the first approach of the wolf. But thanks to divine grace, I now try to commit to the Lord the keeping of his own work, and pray for a blind faith in him who calls light out of darkness. Had not this trial staggered me, I should have great hopes that a few living stones may be gathered here for the temple of the Lord. There is a considerable stir about religion in the neighbourhood ; and though most people rise up against it, yet some begin to inquire in earnest what they must do to be saved ; and some get a sight of the way. My church is full, notwithstanding the oaths that some of my parishioners have sworn never to hear me preach again. I am insensibly led

into exhorting sometimes in my house and elsewhere. I preach on Sunday morning and Friday evening; and on Sunday evening, after catechising or preaching to the children, I read one of the Homilies, or a sermon of Archbishop Usher, insisting on all that confirms what I advanced in the morning, which greatly stops the mouth of the gainsayers, till God shall turn their hearts."

Such were the beginnings of Fletcher's ministry of Madeley. His subsequent history would occupy far

more room than can be assigned to it in the limited space of a monthly contribution to a periodical. How he persevered in his evangelistic work at Madeley for twenty-five years—how he became the principal of Lady Huntingdon's College at Trevecca—how his health broke down under the abundance of his labours—how he lived on through evil report and good report—how he married—how he died—how he preached and how he wrote,—all these are matters which I think it best to reserve for another paper.

NOTES INTRODUCTORY TO THE PSALTER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BINNIE, D.D., STIRLING.

NO. VI.—THE PSALMS OF THE CAPTIVITY AND THE RETURN.

IN the reign of Hezekiah, the kingdom of Judah entered on a period of its history which may be described as the Eve of the Babylonish Captivity.

That terrible overthrow, it is true, was still a great way off. Nearly a century intervened between the death of Hezekiah and the first appearance of the Chaldean armies on the frontier, and twenty years more elapsed before the desolation of the kingdom was complete. But during all this period of four generations, the captivity projected its dark shadow on the devoted nation. All who had eyes to see, saw it coming on. Prophets had foretold it. Micah, who prophesied in the days of Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, had declared that Zion should be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem should become heaps (Micah iii. 12); and there is evidence that the prediction excited attention, and was remembered in the capital (Jer. xxvi. 18). Nor was this the first intimation of the Lord's purpose. So early as the year that King Uzziah died, the approaching desolation of the land had been signified in vision to Isaiah, who was then entering on his protracted and memorable ministry (Isa. vi. 11, 12). Some years later, the prediction received an ominous confirmation from the successive Assyrian invasions, which resulted in the carrying away of the Ten Tribes. The tide of invasion, indeed, was turned back from Zion and the house of David, when the angel of the Lord smote the host of the Assyrians. But thoughtful persons, who pondered the word of prophecy, and marked how the clouds continued to gather on the northern horizon, felt

that the discomfiture of Sennacherib, marvellous as it was, meant only respite, not deliverance, to the kingdom of Judah. These facts are necessary to be remembered, if one would fully understand either the age of Hezekiah or the psalms belonging to that age. It was not only a time of rekindled affection between the two Houses of Israel, and of signal deliverance for Judah, but a time also in which the hearts of God's people were chilled by the shadow of a great calamity which they saw approaching.

This characteristic, also, of the period which may be said to have commenced with the reign of Hezekiah, has left its mark on the Psalter. It has done so in two kinds of psalms. For, in the first place, there are some in which the Church pours out penitent sorrow before the Lord. The Eighty-first has been already commented upon;—in all probability a Festal Psalm, in which the whole people of Israel praised the Lord during the four or five years that intervened between the resumption of communion between Ephraim and Judah, and the captivity of the former. It is impossible to read the latter part of the psalm without perceiving that the joy of those years was clouded by the anticipation of the calamities that were coming on the whole nation. "Hear, O my people, and I will testify unto thee: O Israel, if thou wilt hearken unto me. There shall no strange god be in thee; neither shalt thou worship any 'foreign' god. But my people would not hearken to my voice; and Israel would none of me. So I gave them up unto their own hearts' lust. Oh that my people had hearkened unto

me, and Israel had walked in my ways ! I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned mine hand against their adversaries." It is plain that the generation which first sang these sad verses had ceased to hope that the predicted desolation of the country might be averted. The Seventy-seventh (another "psalm of Asaph") may with all confidence be referred to the same period, the Eve of the Captivity. From the way in which the psalmist gathers comfort by the recollection of the past, "the days of old, the years of ancient time," "the years of the right hand of the Most High," it is sufficiently plain that his sorrow, the "sore which ran in the night and ceased not," was not a private grief, but flowed from his sympathy with the calamity of Zion. It is pleasant to note in this psalm the continued working of the brotherly love lately rekindled between Israel and Judah. *Joseph* participated in the redemption from Egypt, and the psalmist calls that fact to mind, that he may comfort himself with the hope that the children of Joseph will be remembered when the Lord shall turn the captivity of his people. "Thou art the God that doest wonders: thou hast declared thy strength among the 'peoples' Thou hast with thine arm redeemed thy people, the sons of Jacob and Joseph."

The Eve of the Captivity was blessed with psalms of a more cheerful order—psalms which take rank amongst the brightest and most joyous the Church ever sang. As the coming on of night brings into view the far-off starry worlds, so God made choice of the age when the temporal glories of David's house were sinking into darkness, for disclosing to the faith of the godly the higher glories he had in store for that house and for his people. The century and a half which preceded the captivity was a period wonderfully favoured in this respect, enjoying the ministry of such prophets as Isaiah and Jeremiah, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Micah. This was the age in which the prophetic books of the Old Testament began to be written. Prior to this time, indeed, God raised up a succession of prophets in the Church ; and, since the days of Samuel, the succession had been uninterrupted. By men like Gad and Nathan in Judah, Elijah and Elisha in Israel, the Lord sent his word to the people, generation after

generation. But there was no *written prophecy*. The function of the earlier prophets was to stir up men's minds by way of remembrance ; they were Preachers of Righteousness, inculcating the law of Moses and bearing witness against the sins of their times. The additions which some of them were moved to make to the canon of Scripture took the historical rather than the predictive form. The reign of Hezekiah may be said to mark the commencement of a new order of things—the commencement of the ministry of the "writing prophets." Henceforward the principal function of these holy men of God is to open up the future. The decline of the temporal grandeur of the nation was fitted, as it was no doubt intended, to wean God's people from transitory glory, and to prepare them for listening to predictions respecting a more excellent. It was at this epoch, accordingly, that the divine purposes regarding the Church and the world, in the latter days, began to be fully opened up by the prophets, and very specially by Isaiah. Assuming that the predicted captivity would certainly come to pass, they spoke of a happy return to Zion ; and with their announcement of that return were mingled intimations regarding the Advent of the Messiah, his sufferings and consequent glory, the Mission of the Comforter, the Calling of the Gentiles, the establishment of the kingdom of God in all the earth. Occasionally, as in the twelfth chapter of Isaiah, the glowing predictions of the prophets blossom into song. It would have been strange if, at such a time, the stock of psalmody in actual use had not been enriched with an increment of new psalms,—songs in which the Church might express her faith in the disclosures God had made, and the gladness with which they filled her heart.

Every devout reader will remember psalms of the character we have described. The middle of the Psalter derives a peculiar brightness from a constellation of them ; the decade, I mean, which closes with the Hundredth psalm. With perhaps one or two exceptions, all the ten, from Psalm xci. to Psalm c., belong to the prophetic order : they are Messianic in the sense of celebrating the kingdom of Christ, although not Messianic in the narrower sense of celebrating his Person. They soar above the level of the Old Testament economy, several

of them carrying the soul forward and upward to a state of things such as the Apostolical Church 'tself never saw. Dr. Delitzsch has, with much felicity, entitled them *apocalyptic psalms*: some of them I should prefer to call *the songs of the Millennium*. The Hundredth psalm, for instance, how grandly does it anticipate the Millennial time, and summon all the nations to unite in the high praises of the Lord!

"ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.
Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take." *

The Ninety-third, another star in this constellation, may be cited entire. The drift of it cannot be better expressed than in the two words with which it opens, **JEHOVAH REIGNETH**. It is a kind of proclamation, in which God's people are invited to declare before men and angels that the Lord is King, He and He only. It is the response of the Church to the preaching of the gospel, so rapturously hailed in Isaiah—the preaching of the messenger "that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"

"The Lord reigneth; he hath clothed himself with majesty;
The Lord hath clothed himself, he hath girded himself with strength;
Also the world is established, it shall not be moved.
Thy throne is established of old;
Thou art from everlasting.
Floods have lifted up, O Lord,
Floods have lifted up their voice;
Floods lift up their billows.
Than the voices of many waters,
Of mighty breakers of the sea,
Mightier is the Lord on high.
Thy testimonies are very sure:
Holiness [inviolateness] becometh thine house,
O Lord, for evermore."

How many of these Psalms of the Kingdom come down to us from the Eve of the Captivity,

* This noble version, *Old Hundred*, is, I think, the oldest now in common use in our language, as it is certainly one of the very best: faithful to the original, and yet full of grace and strength. It was first printed in the psalm book published for the English exiles at Geneva in 1561; and is believed to have been written by William Kethe, a native of Scotland, who joined the exiles at Geneva in 1556. See the third of the very learned and valuable Dissertations prefixed by the Rev. Neil Livingstone to the sumptuous reprint of "The Scottish Metrical Psalter of 1635" (Glasgow, 1864). From an allusion in Shakespeare, the psalm in this version, and the well-known melody named after it, would appear to have been as great favourites in Queen Elizabeth's time as it is among ourselves. The writer of such a version deserves to be had in remembrance.

cannot be determined with any certainty. Dr. Hengstenberg very confidently sets down the decade already referred to (Psalms xci.-c.) as having been written during the reign of Hezekiah; but on insufficient grounds. Some of them may very well have been written after the return from Babylon. Nevertheless, the present seemed the fittest place at which to take note of this class of psalms. For two reasons. In the first place, they stand related, in a close and vital manner, to the wonderful word of prophecy which, as we have seen, constitutes the peculiar glory of the hundred and fifty years preceding the captivity. Let any one who doubts this compare, for example, the Ninety-sixth or Ninety-eighth psalm with the prophecies of Isaiah. The connection cannot be mistaken. The one is a clear articulate echo of the other. Then, in the second place, some of the psalms in question contain allusions which warrant us to attribute them either to the reign of Hezekiah or the period immediately after it. The Eighty-seventh is an instance in point. It celebrates the Church's latter-day glory in modes of representation borrowed from the age which listened to the predictions of Isaiah and Micah. I name these two prophets, because the psalm takes up and makes answer to a prediction which was delivered by them in common. "It shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many 'peoples' shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem" (Isa. ii. 2, 3; Micah iv. 1, 2). The incorporation of the Gentiles with God's Israel, which the prophets so boldly announce, is precisely the theme of the psalm. And how wonderfully is it celebrated! Not content with representing the great Gentile nations as coming up to Zion, year by year, to seek the Lord and rejoice with the gladness of his nation, the psalmist, waxing bolder, announces the advent of a time when the Lord will enroll them among the *native citizens* of Jerusalem.

This remarkable psalm, unlike most of the productions of the later psalmists, presents great diff-

culties to the translator. Instead, therefore, of venturing on a translation of my own, I will, in this instance, content myself with the humbler task of reproducing in English that given by Dr. Hupfeld in his recent German Commentary. I have another reason, besides the difficulty of the passage, for making use of this eminent critic's assistance. His bias is all to the rationalistic side, and it has occurred to me that many readers may feel a certain satisfaction in perceiving that the prophetic glory of the psalm is not due to the evangelical feeling of our translators, but is inherent in the Hebrew, and shines the brighter the more severely faithful the translation.

"His foundation on the holy mountains Jehovah loveth.
The gates of Zion before all Jacob's dwellings.
Glorious things are spoken [promised] of thee,
O city of God. [Selah.]

"I will name Rahab [Egypt] and Babel as confessors of me:
Behold Philistia and Tyre, with Cush,
'This man was born there.'
And to Zion it shall be said, 'One and all are born in thee,
And He will establish thee, even the Highest.'
Jehovah shall count when he writeth up the peoples,
'This man was born there.' [Selah.]

"And they sing and skip for joy,
All the dwellers in thee."

The reader will mark the names that occur in this catalogue of the nations, which are one day to be enrolled among the citizens, the born citizens, of Zion. Egypt and Babylon, Philistia and Tyre, with far-off Ethiopia; these are precisely the nations which had proved formidable to Israel in the ages preceding the Babylonish captivity; precisely those which would arrest the attention of a psalmist of the reign of Hezekiah or Josiah, who, taking his stand on a pinnacle of the temple, surveyed thence the panorama of the world. We hold ourselves warranted, therefore, to assign the Eighty-seventh psalm to the eve of the captivity; and if this bright millennial star cheered the deepening gloom of that period, we may be pretty sure that others of the same order belong to it also.

The PSALMS OF THE CAPTIVITY, strictly so called, fall under three heads, according as they were written in the first anguish of the carrying away, or after the exiles had settled down in their new abodes in Mesopotamia, or when the time fixed for the return drew near.

To the first class belong the Seventy-fourth

and Seventy-ninth. In reading them, we seem to hear the cry of the people ascending up to heaven as the Chaldeans scale the wall, and fire the city, and desecrate the sanctuary. They are both entitled psalms of Asaph; and the vividness with which they describe the desolations wrought by the Chaldeans, with sword and with fire, leaves the impression that they must have come from the pen of Levites who were eye-witnesses of the dismal scene. In the former of the two, the godly complain that there is no more any prophet among them, nor any that knows how long. This has led some commentators to think that, whatever may be the true date of the psalm, it cannot refer to the Chaldean invasion; for it is certain that at that epoch the Congregation enjoyed the ministry of distinguished prophets, and that Jeremiah, who was one of them, foretold how long the captivity was to last. The utterance of the complaint is deemed sufficient to show that the psalm belongs to the age of the Maccabees, and has reference to the sufferings inflicted on the Jews by Antiochus Epiphanes. This subject of Maccabean psalms will come up again; meanwhile it is enough to say that the one before us cannot have been written after the captivity, inasmuch as the second Temple was never consumed with fire till its final destruction by the Romans. The truth is, that complaints uttered in the first pressure of sore affliction are not to be interpreted too literally. That the complaint in question must be taken with some qualification, is apparent from the fact that it is found in the Lamentations of Jeremiah himself. "The Lord hath cast off his altar: He hath purposed to destroy the wall of the daughter of Zion: the law is no more; her prophets also find no vision from the Lord" (Lam. ii. 8, 9). Let us hear the psalmist:—

"O God, why hast thou cast us off for ever?
Why doth thine anger smoke against the sheep of thy pasture?
Remember thy congregation, which thou hast purchased of old,
Which thou hast redeemed for the rod of thine inheritance,
This Mount Zion, wherein thou hast dwelt.

"Thine enemies have roared in the midst of thine assembly;
They have set up their ensigns for signs.
They show themselves like one who lifteth up on high
His axes in the thicket of the wood.
And now the carved work thereof all at once
They beat down with sledge and hammers.
They have set on fire thy sanctuary;
To the ground they have desecrated the dwelling-place of thy name.

They said in their heart, Let us destroy them at once:
 They have burnt up all the assemblies of God in the land.
 Our signs we see not: there is no prophet more:
 Neither is there with us any that knoweth how long.
 How long, O God, shall the adversary reproach?
 Shall the enemy blaspheme thy name for ever?"

Such is the former half of the psalm. The latter half is of a more cheerful tenor. The Church remembers God's mighty works in nature and in grace, and her grief is assuaged. With recovered faith she betakes once more to prayer. "Have respect unto the covenant: for the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

So much for the psalms that date from the great overthrow. The condition of the exiles in their new abode was attended with much less of hardship than the mention of captivity suggests. It is an entire mistake to think of them as in a state of slavery, like their fathers in Egypt. They were transported beyond the Euphrates, not to be made slaves of, but that they might help to replenish the central parts of the Babylonish empire with an industrious population. They were subjected to no civil disabilities; and in fact, great numbers of them rose rapidly to wealth and political eminence. Hence they soon got rooted in the new soil—so deeply rooted that only a small remnant could ever after be persuaded to return to the place of their fathers' sepulchres. In a worldly point of view, the exiles were better off in Babylon than they could hope to be, for many a day, at Jerusalem. These facts will afford assistance in appreciating the true design of the Hundred and thirty-seventh psalm, which is a voice out of the midst of the captivity. The recent commentators seem with one consent to regard it as a *reminiscence* of the captivity, on the part of the remnant who returned. For myself, while not insensible to the force of the considerations they adduce, I am disposed to hold by the old opinion, that the psalm was actually written by some captive Levite, dwelling among his brethren by the Ulai and the Chebar:—

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat; yea, we wept,
 While we remembered Zion.
 Upon the willows in the midst thereof,
 We hanged our harps.
 For there our captors required of us words of song;
 And our spoilers [required of us] mirth,—
 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion.'

"How shall we sing the Lord's song
 On foreign ground?
 If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
 Let my right hand forget [her cunning].

Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,
 If I do not remember thee;
 If I do not prefer Jerusalem
 Above my chief joy.

"Remember, O Lord, against the children of Edom
 The day of Jerusalem;
 Who said, Raze it, raze it,
 Even to the foundations thereof.
 O daughter of Babylon, who art undone.
 Happy shall he be that recompenseth unto thee
 Thy deed which thou didst to us.
 Happy shall he be that seizeth and dasheth thy little ones
 Against the stones."

The air of pensive melancholy which imparts such a charm to this ode, may seem hardly consistent with what has been said regarding the advantageous condition of the exiles. But it is to be remembered that their very prosperity was pregnant with danger to their highest interests, and might well, therefore, be suggestive of alarm to a man like the psalmist—a man who set Jerusalem above his chief joy. The ordinances God had appointed for the Old Testament Church, and which were such a copious source of blessing whilst that dispensation lasted, were unalterably bound to the land of promise; they could only be celebrated in the city which the Lord had chosen to place his name there. While the captivity lasted they ceased. Hence the tears of tender regret with which the psalmist remembered Zion; hence his determination to regard the place of his present abode as "foreign ground" to him, and to reserve for the Temple the Temple Song. The design of the psalm is to guard the people against allowing their affections to settle in the place of their sojourn: with this view, the psalmist labours to strengthen within their hearts the affectionate remembrance of Jerusalem, the hope and desire to return in God's good time, and the assured expectation that the haters and oppressors of Zion shall be overthrown.

The Hundred and second psalm brings before us the captivity in its third phase. The Lord had, by Jeremiah, announced a return after seventy years. This was done in plain terms. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that, as the years wore away, the fearers of God among the exiles began to look out for the fulfilment of the prediction. Daniel tells us that he had come to understand "by books, the number of the years, whereof the word of God came to Jeremiah the prophet, that he would accomplish seventy years in the

desolations of Jerusalem." He knew more. He knew that when God holds forth the promise of blessings, he desires to be inquired of by his Israel with respect to it. Daniel accordingly "set his face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplication, with fasting;" and the burden of his prayer was that the Lord would at length turn the captivity of his people. "O our God, cause thy face to shine upon thy sanctuary that is desolate, for the Lord's sake." I refer to these exercises of the man greatly beloved, because I am persuaded that the chapter which relates them, the Ninth of Daniel, furnishes the best and most apposite commentary on the Hundred and second psalm. There is no reason to attribute the psalm to Daniel, but it gives expression to the very thoughts and feelings which filled his soul, as the time fixed for the return drew near. I will add, that it furnishes God's people with the best model on which to frame their exercises at the present agitated time, when so many signs concur to suggest the hope that the domination of the mystical Babylon may be near its end; that the year appointed for its destruction may be at hand:—

"Thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion:
For it is time to favour her, for the appointed time is come.
For thy servants take pleasure in her stones,
And favour her dust.
And the heathen shall fear the name of the Lord,
And all the kings of the earth thy glory.
For the Lord hath built up Zion,
[And] hath appeared in his glory.
He hath regarded the prayer of the destitute,
And hath not despised their prayer.
This shall be written for the generation to come:
And the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord."

The change which passed upon the Jewish Church during the captivity can scarcely be exaggerated. It was strongly marked, and it has been permanent. In one of the prophecies of Ezekiel announcing the return, there was coupled with that announcement the promise of a blessed amelioration of the character of the people, a deep and abiding religious reformation. "I will take you from among the heathen, and gather you out of all countries, and will bring you into your own land. Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you" (Ezek. xxxvi.

24–26). The promise did not fall to the ground. The people received a new heart, and were cleansed from their idols. Since the Babylonish captivity, the Jews have never once bowed the knee to graven images; and this decisive and final abandonment of idolatry may be taken as the index of a genuine revival of religion at the time of the Return. Bearing in mind the connection we have traced all along between seasons of quickened life in the Church and the production of new psalms, we are prepared to find that the century which followed the return was more fruitful of inspired psalmody than any other period, with the single exception of the age of King David.

THE RETURN has itself left its mark on the Psalter. The Eighty-fifth psalm may, with great probability, be ascribed to this time. "The sons of Korah" are named in the superscription (it is the last occurrence of their name), hence we may infer that it was written by one of the Levitical singers, who, when the edict of Cyrus brought liberty, gladly took down their harps from the willows, and returned to resume the Lord's song in Zion. The Hundred and twenty-sixth is still more evidently a song of the exiles who came back. In common with the Eighty-fifth, it reminds us of the intermingled weeping and shouting which Ezra speaks of at the laying of the foundation of the Temple. Laughter and tears chase each other on the cheek of the daughter of Zion; she rejoices to find herself in her own land again, but a touch of sadness checks her joy as she marks her impaired strength and beauty:—

"When the Lord brought back the home-comers of Zion,
We were like them that dream.
Then was our mouth filled with laughter,
And our tongue with singing:
Then said they among the heathen,
The Lord hath done great things for them.
The Lord hath done great things for us,
And we are glad.
Bring back, O Lord, our captivity,
Like the torrents in the south.
They that sow with tears,
With rejoicing shall reap.
He that sowed forth and weepeth, bearing the load of seed,
Shall come again with singing, bearing his sheaves."

The first care of the people, after their arrival in the Holy City, was to rear again the altar of burnt-offering and resume the daily sacrifice. Their second care was to set forward the rebuilding of the Temple. Their hands were greatly

strengthened in this work by the prophesying of Haggai and Zechariah : and the same Spirit who moved those prophets to speak to the people, moved psalmists to cheer them with new songs. Who these psalmists were, we do not know. We cannot name one of them. We cannot even determine with certainty the tribes from which they were raised up. In the absence of any hint to the contrary, we can only conjecture that, like the generality of the psalmists after David, they would belong to the Levitical families, whose inheritance was the service of song in the Temple. We know from the history, that when the Levitical singers were carried to Babylon, they neither abandoned the honourable office transmitted to them from their fathers, nor suffered their right hand to forget its cunning. They mustered strong in the remnant who returned. The sons of Asaph, in particular, who had so pathetically lamented the desolation of the sanctuary, in the Seventy-fourth and Seventy-ninth psalms, are recorded as having officiated in song when the foundation of the Second Temple was laid. They were set, on that high day, "with cymbals, to praise the Lord, after the ordinance of David king of Israel. And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord ; because he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever toward Israel" (Ezra iii. 10, 11). We need not doubt that these Levites, like their brethren the sons of Korah, were employed by the Spirit in the composition of new psalms—that they were psalmists as well as singers.

Of the psalms written after the return, a large proportion were primarily designed for use in the Temple Service. So strongly marked is this design that, if they were collected into one book, it might be entitled, "The Songs of the Second Temple." Some of them are very short—the Hundred and thirty-fourth for example :—

"Behold, bless ye the LORD, all ye servants of the LORD,
Which stand in the house of the LORD in the nights.
Lift up your hands to the sanctuary,
And bless ye the LORD.
The LORD bless thee out of Zion,
The Maker of heaven and earth."

The Hundred and seventeenth, the shortest of all the psalms, belongs also to this time. The shortest, but not the least weighty, in the Psalter. It is cited in the Epistle to the Romans as cele-

brating beforehand the calling of the Gentiles ; for it invites them to unite with God's ancient people in worshipping Him. Since the invitation is addressed to all the nations, we may look upon it as truly a millennial song. Overleaping the intervening centuries, it anticipates the happy time when the fulness of the Gentiles shall be brought in :—

"Praise the LORD, all ye nations :
Laud him, all ye peoples.
For mighty towards us is his loving-kindness :
And the faithfulness of the LORD endureth for ever.
Hallelujah ! "

These Temple Songs are not all short. Some of them are amongst the longest in the Psalter. The Hundred and eighteenth may be named as a beautiful example. It is evidently a Temple Song ; and the critics, with great unanimity, ascribe it to the century after the return. The precise occasion on which it was written is a point on which opinions differ ; some of the critics, like Ewald, holding that it was composed to be sung at the Feast of Tabernacles, when the remnant who returned commenced to offer again the daily sacrifice ; others, with Hengstenberg, connecting it with the laying of the foundation of the house ; while others again, with Delitzsch, connect it with the solemnity of the dedication (Ezra iii. 1-6, 8-13 ; vi. 15-22). The truth seems to be that it is simply a Festal Psalm of the Second Temple, which may well have been sung on any or all of the occasions named by the critics, but is not to be restricted to any one in particular. It breathes a spirit of jubilant trust in the Lord, in the midst of infinite difficulties and perils. Its trumpet tones made it one of Luther's favourite psalms. In the midsummer of 1530, when Melancthon was deputed to present the Confession of the Reformed Churches of Germany to the Diet at Augsburg, Luther was advised to abstain from any public appearance. Looking out from his retirement on the perils of the time, "the sea and the waves roaring, and men's hearts failing them for fear," he found in the Hundred and eighteenth psalm a word in season, and set his pen to work on an exposition of it. In the dedication, which is dated "*ex Erema*, the first of July MDXXX," he gives characteristic expression to his love for this portion of the Divine word. "Since I am obliged

to sit here idle in the desert, and, moreover, must sometimes spare my head, and give it a rest and holiday from my great task of translating all the propheta, I have gone back to my mine of wealth, my treasure. I have taken in hand my precious psalm, the *Confitemini*, and put on paper my meditations upon it. For it is my psalm, that I delight in. For although the whole Psalter and the Holy Scripture is dear to me, my proper comfort and life, I have taken so to this psalm in particular that I must call it my own. Many a service has it done me; out of many great perils has it helped me when help I had none, either from emperor, or king, or saint, or wise and prudent. I would not give it in exchange for the honour, wealth and power of all the world, Pope, Turk, and Emperor. In calling the psalm mine own, I rob no man of it. Christ is mine, nevertheless he is the same Christ to all the saints that he is to me. Would God that all the world would challenge the psalm for their own, as I do; it would be such friendly contention as scarce any unity or love could compare with. Alas! that there should be so few, even among those who might well do it, who will once say to the Holy Scriptures or to some particular psalm, Thou art my book: thou shalt be mine own psalm.* I make no apology for this extract. The work from which it is taken is inaccessible to the English reader; and, besides, there are few things better fitted to make us feel what a treasure God has given us in the psalms than being put in mind of the strength and encouragement that have been ministered to saints in critical times by some which most readers might pass by.

The Hundred and thirty-fifth and Hundred and thirty-sixth psalms belong evidently to the same class and period as Luther's favourite. One of them is a Hallelujah psalm, the other is remarkable for the recurrence, in every verse, of the refrain which makes itself heard so often in the songs of the sacred temple, "*For his mercy endureth for ever.*" Along with these we may class the five with which the Psalter ends: all the five are Hallelujah psalms, beginning and ending with the summons to *praise the Lord*.

Eighty years after the first band of exiles returned, under Zerubbabel and Joshua, the remnant at Jerusalem had their hands mightily strengthened by the advent of a fresh band, under the leadership of Ezra the priest. The title by which this distinguished man is constantly designated is, the *Shopher*, or Scribe. When his name is first mentioned in Scripture, he is introduced to the reader as "a ready scribe in the law of Moses," who "had prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord, and to do it, and to teach in Israel statutes and judgments." He is the first well-defined example of an order of men who have never since ceased in the Church; men of sacred erudition, who devote their lives to the study of the Holy Scriptures, in order that they may be in a condition to interpret them for the instruction and edification of the Church. It is significant that the earliest mention of *the pulpit* occurs in the history of Ezra's ministry. He was much more of a Teacher than a Priest. We learn from the account of his labours in the book of Nehemiah, that he was careful to have the whole people instructed in the law of Moses; and there is no reason to reject the constant tradition of the Jews, which connects his name with the collecting and editing of the Old Testament canon. The final completion of the canon may have been, and probably was, the work of a later generation; but Ezra seems to have put it pretty much into the shape in which it is still found in the Hebrew Bible. When it is added that the complete organization of the Synagogue dates from this period, it will be seen that the age was emphatically one of Biblical study.

Of this also, traces have been left on the Psalter. We see these in certain *historical* and *Biblical* psalms. The age of Ezra, it is true, was not the first to be furnished with *HISTORICAL* psalms. The Sixty-eighth and Seventy-eighth were written, the former by David, the latter by Asaph the Seer. But the longest of this class of compositions are undoubtedly to be traced to the century after the return. The Hundred and fifth and Hundred and sixth psalms—those beautiful abridgements in verse of the history of the chosen people—go together, and the latter is wound up with the prayer, "Save us, O Lord our God, and gather us from among the heathen, to give thanks

* Luther's Works, Walch's Edition, vol. iv., p. 1704.

unto thy holy name, and to triumph in thy praise." Of the DIDACTIC psalms we may, with much confidence, attribute the Hundred and nineteenth to the time of Ezra. It is throughout a meditation on the law of the Lord, the written Word. It also is formed on a Davidic model; for the royal psalmist shewed the way in every mode of psalmody. The Hundred and nineteenth may be regarded as an expansion of the latter part of the Nineteenth, which is David's eulogy of the written Word.

We have followed the stream of inspired Psalmody in Israel from Moses to Ezra, a complete Millennium. Did it cease when Ezra and Malachi were gathered to their fathers? Or does the Psalter contain productions of the age of the Maccabees? This is still a moot point among the critics. The question is one of very narrow dimensions, relating to not more than three or four psalms at the utmost. There are, no doubt, a few critics who would have us believe that half the Psalter and more was written in the Maccabean period: but their idle dreams need no refutation. It would be unbecoming were we to set aside in this summary way the *whole* theory of Maccabean psalms: for, to the limited extent just indicated, it has commended itself to commentators of the highest order, including Calvin him-

self. That prince of commentators is inclined to refer the Forty-fourth, the Seventy-fourth, and perhaps one or two more, to the persecuting reign of Antiochus Epiphanes. But it is becoming more and more apparent that the grounds alleged for this are insufficient. We have already seen, for example, that the Seventy-fourth cannot have been written after the Captivity. And on the other hand, there is much evidence to show that the canon of the Old Testament must have been completed soon after the death of Malachi. So strong is the presumption on this ground against the existence of Maccabean psalms, that nothing but positive proof of the existence of such psalms can countervail it; and no such proof has ever been adduced. We hold ourselves entitled, therefore, to conclude that the cessation of inspired psalmody was contemporaneous with the cessation of prophecy; a coincidence in itself exceedingly probable. When the Spirit of the Lord ceased to communicate new revelations to the Church, the harp of inspired psalmody ceased to sound. And, in this instance, the cessation was final. After an interval of four centuries, the Spirit of inspiration spoke again by the Evangelists and Apostles; but no psalmist was raised up in the Apostolical Church. The New Testament contains books of history, of doctrine, and of prophecy; but it contains no book of Psalms.

GOULBOURN ON PERSONAL RELIGION.



R. GOULBOURN is chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford. From that circumstance alone we might have concluded him to be one who inclined to the sacramentarian side of the Church of England. And his otherwise admirable manual* so far confirms the supposition. There is, however, extremely little in the book which the most strict evangelical could reasonably find fault with. If some half a dozen passages were expunged from its pages, there would be literally nothing left to awaken even a faint suspicion in the mind as to the ecclesiastical sympathies of the author. It is true, indeed, as we have heard it objected, that there is no very express account given in the work of how the new life begins, or, in other words, of the nature and means of conversion or regeneration; but then the writer does not

profess to treat of that part of the subject. His theme is not that of Doddridge—"The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul"—but simply the promotion of the life which he assumes to have been already originated. His argument is, that while much is done now-a-days by preaching and otherwise to produce religious impressions, little is done towards carrying on the work of sanctification in Christians to the highest possible point of development; and recognizing this as a special defect in the religious systems of the age, he offers the present volume as a contribution to the supply of it. And the need of just such a book will be admitted by every one. We hear of many "converts," but of comparatively few "saints." We know of many publications whose object it is to arouse sinners and direct them to Christ; but we are not acquainted with many which show in a wise, practical, thoughtful way how those who have come to Christ are to go on unto perfection. And if it can be made out that Dr. Goulbourn's

* "Thoughts on Personal Religion." By E. M. Goulbourn, D.D. London, Rivington.

manual contains nothing which is by implication seriously subversive of what we believe to be the truth about the conversion of souls, we shall certainly not feel inclined to condemn him because he fails to do what it did not lie in his way to do; namely, give us in so many words his own theory of regeneration.

At the same time, just because we are about to speak of the book in terms of the strongest commendation, we conceive it to be right to point out plainly at the very outset what we regard as its blots. They constitute the internal evidence to which we have already referred, that the author is a High Churchman. The blots themselves are all connected with an idea about baptism which comes to the surface now and again, and which is not only not very intelligible in itself, but seems to us quite inconsistent with Dr. Goulbourn's own otherwise most thoroughly evangelical religious system. We shall best put the thing before the reader by quoting some of the passages in which the notion occurs.

"The mere earnest desire for a holier life . . . is the fruit of grace; it is the working in the inner man of the *instinct which baptism implanted*."

"As we first consciously entered into fellowship with Christ by faith (I say *consciously* entered into fellowship with him, for *when we were baptized as infants, we entered unconsciously into this fellowship*), so there is no other way to abide in him than by repeated exercises of the same faith."

"At the beginning of the spiritual life, when the first fervours of conversion are upon a man, when he has fully declared for Christ in his own mind, or, in other words, *has realized in his own experience the conditions on which baptism was granted*, he is almost sure to dream of heaven at once."

"As to the guilt arising from the corruption of our nature, it has been the constant doctrine of the Church that it is removed by the sacrament of baptism, when that sacrament has been realized in the individual's experience by faith."

"Be but true to your convictions. Do but follow the instigations of that Spirit who hovered over the waters of your baptism."

Now, these are, so far as we have observed, the only passages in the book which even hint at the dogma of baptismal regeneration. One or two of them are capable of an interpretation to which evangelicals would assent; but taking them altogether, we suppose they can scarcely be regarded as doing less than proving that Dr. Goulbourn holds views about the office and efficacy of one of the sacraments which so far sectarianizes what would else be in every respect a broad and catholic manual of practical religion. The leaven, however, we repeat, exists in so small a quantity, and pervades the mass in so slight a degree, that it cannot seriously embarrass any one. We have read the work for ourselves with delight, and we trust with profit, and we would not hesitate to put it into the hands of the youngest and least instructed believer. If there is danger to be apprehended from

such passages as we have quoted above, a single word of warning will suffice to guard from striking on the scarce hidden rocks; while nothing is more certain than this, that, apart from them, the whole drift or current of the book is as little sacramentarian as it is possible to be.

Not, indeed, that with all this we are in the least reconciled to the sentences we have quoted. They are excrescences on the work. We can scarcely imagine how one holding the views which Dr. Goulbourn everywhere else propounds upon the essentially spiritual character of the gospel, could bring his mind to write them; for if it is true, as he says, that baptism is a "repository" of grace, and has the power to *implant an instinct* in an infant's nature, one does not see why he should hesitate to go further. The germ of all sacramentarianism is there; and after admitting such a dogma, he ought to have, in consistency, enlarged on the inherent efficacy of the Church and the Eucharist. But he not only does not do that, but says a great deal of a quite contrary tendency; and we are driven to suppose, either that there is a real discord somewhere in his doctrine, or that he does not put upon his own words the full sense that they seem to bear. We would almost venture to make an appeal to him to consider whether it is worth his while to preserve needlessly in his pages equivocal expressions, to which some will certainly attach a significance which he would himself be the first to disclaim, and over which other good people equally conscientious will as certainly stumble. No one who has thought upon the subject at all will refuse to admit that there is scarcely any doctrine of our religion which it is so difficult accurately and adequately to state, as the doctrine of baptism. While shunning the Scylla of those who make everything of it on the one hand, we tend to run into a Charybdis on the other side, and make nothing of it. But just because it is so difficult to define the real nature and value of the ordinance, it seems reasonable to expect that in books intended to promote the divine life which has been already awakened in the soul, and to be of service not to a mere section of a community, but to the whole body of believers, the allusions to that means of grace should take as little as possible of a controversial form. Dr. Goulbourn's work, we repeat again in the most emphatic way, appears to us very much just such a book as the religious world, as it is at present constituted, needs. It is suited to the wants of Christians of every name. Why, then, should he go out of his way to remind us that there are serious divisions amongst us? The "Pilgrim's Progress" was written by a Baptist, and yet no one is once reminded of this in its perusal: why should we seek sheer spiritual good in these "Thoughts on Personal Religion," and meet even half a dozen times forms of speech which compel you to remember that the author is a High Churchman? Is it not possible now-a-days for our devotional writers to be catholic?

We must now proceed to notice some of the ideas and practical suggestions of the book; but, before doing so,

we may quote one passage from it to show, that however dubiously Dr. Goulbourn may speak of baptism, he has no sympathy with the present ritualistic movement in the Church of England. "We have not any of us," says he, "too much religious zeal; it is a great pity to spend any of it on such questions as the make of a robe, the shape of a chalice, and whether one or two collects should be said in the case of a concurrence of festivals. Generally speaking, such points are hardly worth the energy spent in the discussion of them. . . . In matters of religion, we want all our available space for the dear Lord who has bought us with his blood, and really cannot afford any lodging for rubrics, however ancient, or ornaments, however decorous. Let our churches be all fitted up in a style suitable to the wealth of the district in which they stand, and, as far as possible, to the majesty of Him whose houses of prayer they are; but, that being done, let us think no more about the building, but turn our whole attention to the living stones, ourselves amongst the rest, who congregate in it."

And now for the manual itself: here is its key-note. "We believe that where conversion is considered everything, and edification nothing; where quiet instruction in the lessons of holiness is sacrificed to exciting addresses, which stimulate the understanding and arouse the feelings; and where religion is apt to resolve itself into a religious emotion every Sunday, just stirring the torpor of a worldly life with a pleasurable sensation—there will be many" who, giving no diligence to make their callings and election sure, will "frustrate their calling and election." "And we have devoted this little work to an exposure of the hollowness of such a form of piety, and to a protest in favour of that interior life (or, in other words, that personal religion), for the lack of which no brilliancy of active service done to God can by possibility compensate."

The work is thus, in plain terms, a treatise on sanctification; and we have, it will be said, many such already. Yes; but the peculiarity of this treatise is, that it is cast in a thoroughly modern mould; it is written in a peculiarly interesting and attractive style; and most of its counsels are given with an eye to the fact that the ordinary run of Christian men in the present day are very busy, and not very profoundly versed in the science of theology. In this way it is an eminently sensible book, capable of being advantageously used by all, and well fitted, as we think, to promote the growth of a more earnest life among such classes as form the British Church in this last half of the nineteenth century.

It is divided into four parts: the first being introductory, the last supplemental; while the second and third, composing the body of the treatise, treats of the Christian life in its active and contemplative states. We do not mean, of course, to review the whole work here, or to go over it in such a way as to convey an idea of its entire contents; but we shall dip into it here and there, and give such samples of its method as shall

not only justify what we have said of the work itself, but help, we trust, directly to further the great and blessed end for which the work was published. First of all, let us notice some of his fine and practical

THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

To prevent our daily prayers from degenerating into formality, Dr. Goulbourn recommends that special attention be paid to the state of the mind before we begin to pray and after we have concluded. "Before thou prayest, prepare thyself." "The natural recoil from the strain which real prayer always puts upon the mind is levity. Against this levity the devout man should watch and strive. When we have withdrawn into ourselves for a while for communion with God, the glare of the world should be let in gradually on the mind again, as an oculist opens the shutters by degrees upon his restored patient."

He dwells at some length, too, on the necessity of our recognizing *the twofold aspect of prayer*. It is, he says, too exclusively thought of simply as "a means of supplying our necessities," while it is forgotten that, apart from the consideration of its utility altogether, it is binding on us to offer prayer as an act of homage to the majesty of God." Prayer "is a tax laid upon our time, just as alms-giving is a tax laid upon our substance; and if we would render unto God the things that are God's, the tribute-money must be faithfully and punctually paid. This is indeed the inner principle and spirit of the Fourth Commandment. God says we must keep a certain portion of our time clear from secular occupations. . . . Every day is the gift of his mercy through Jesus Christ. Therefore one day in each week—and, on precisely the same principle, a certain portion of our leisure each day—must be fenced round from the intrusion of secular cares and secular business, and reserved for devotion, in acknowledgment that we hold all from him."

On the subject of "The Secret of Success in Prayer," he says: "In the ancient augury by birds, as soon as the augur had made the preliminary arrangements—covered his head, marked out the heavens with his staff, and uttered his prayer—he stayed on the spot, watching for the first appearance of the birds: *he was on the outlook for the result*. But this is just what many Christians fail to do in regard of their prayers; they have no expectation of being benefited by them," and this want of faith prevents their words of prayer from being words of power. To help to cure this evil, he recommends that we should "strive to acquire the habit of asking definitely for particular graces of which we stand in need, and of expecting a definite result."

With regard to the duty of prayer for others, notice is taken of the fact that intercession, instead of being a mere clause added to the Lord's Prayer, is woven into its very texture. "Break off the minutest fragment: you please, and you will find intercession in it. Oil and water will not coalesce; pour them together, and the oil

will remain on the surface of the other. But wine and water interpenetrate one another : in every drop of the mixed liquid there are both elements. When we pray for others, we usually add some paragraphs at the close of our ordinary prayers, distinct from them, as oil, though placed upon water, remains distinct. But in the Lord's own model prayer the intercession and the petitions for self interpenetrate one another ; the petitioner who uses it *verbatim* and *literatim* never employs the singular number—a wonderful contrivance indeed, by which the author secures a more important end than we perhaps are apt to think of” . . . “The smallest contribution made by a vast number of people would soon fill a monarch's treasury. Let, then, thy feeble intercessions be put forth to move the will of God to show mercy to others. Other intercessions shall meet it at the throne of grace which shall convert it into a strong force.”

Yet, again, it is finely shown that prayer is to be regarded, not only as a distinct exercise of religion, for which its own time must be set apart, but as a *process woven into the texture of the Christian's mind*, and extending through the length and breadth of his life ; and, referring to Cowper's saying that it is the believer's vital breath, he describes mental prayer as consisting of two processes—*first*, recollecting or gathering up the mind ; *second*, breathing it out toward God : or, to adopt another and a Scripture formula, it is, first, to enter into the closet of the heart and shut the door, and then to pray to the Father which is in secret. “In days of hard and drudging work, in days of boisterous merriment, in days of excitement and anticipation, it is wonderfully refreshing to recollect the mind, and to place it consciously under the eye of the divine Majesty. It is like a breath of sweet air coming across us in a foul and crowded alley, or a strain of sweet music stealing up to our window amid the din and discord of a populous city.” . . . “One great master of devotion recommends us, after our morning meditation, to select some one thought which has most pleased and interested us, and to carry it away with us for our spiritual refreshment in the intervals of business ; ‘as a man,’ he says, ‘does not quit a pleasant garden until he has gathered a nosegay, with the scent of which he may refresh himself during the day.’”

These passages will, we are sure, suffice to satisfy the reader that, although the subject of prayer has been discussed times without number by others, there has still remained something fresh and suggestive for Dr. Goulbourn to say about it. And the same remark may very well be made with regard to his treatment of

OTHER MEANS OF GRACE.

He offers, for example, some very sensible remarks on *Devotional Reading*. “The reading of spiritual books,” says he, “may be regarded, and ought to be regarded, more or less in the light of a divine ordinance.” Preaching is so regarded, he argues, and rightly so ; but what is preaching ? It is too narrow a view of it to say

that it consists only of the oral discourses which a minister delivers from the pulpit in the course of divine worship. A far juster definition would be to take it as being the communication of divine knowledge to men through the instrumentality of men ; and if we agree to regard it in this light, then a book may preach to us—reading may be a divine ordinance ; and “if it is wrong to be otherwise than seriously attentive to preaching in church, where the preacher is a living man, it is equally wrong to be otherwise than seriously attentive to preaching in the closet, where the preacher is perhaps a dead one.” Dr. Goulbourn gives a short list of books which he would recommend for devotional reading, and we are glad to see in this list the works of Nonconformists as well as of Churchmen ; but he well knows that the responsibility of selection must always lie in the end on each individual Christian, and he urges his readers accordingly to bear this important rule in mind : “In a right state of mind, those books will please us most which most resemble the Holy Scriptures—which are most weighty, most sober, most simple, most savouring of a spiritual mind. To a pure taste, the manna was a more attractive food than the flesh-pots of Egypt.”

There are very few subjects on which it is more difficult for Christian writers to discourse in such a way as to satisfy all their readers than that of *Fasting*. The practise has been so abused by those who imagined they could purify themselves by pain, or atone for their sins by self-inflicted torture, that a positive prejudice has been exerted against its continuance in any form ; and in some ears it sounds half Popish to talk of the duty at all. We regard it, then, as no slight achievement on Dr. Goulbourn's part, that he has been able to treat this delicate topic in such a way as that, while he shows most clearly the continued obligation of fasting, he at the same time presents the duty in such a light that no sensible man can fail to see its propriety and importance. The principle of fasting he sees laid down in the words of St. Paul : *I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection* ; and all that he contends for is that, by whatever self-discipline may seem most efficacious, we should acquire such perfect control over our appetites, tastes, and enjoyments as to be capable of restricting our indulgence in them at any time, if it should be necessary, without producing an irritating and decomposing effect upon our spirits or tempers. “If, as regards any one innocent enjoyment, a man has not moral courage enough or force of character enough to abstain from it occasionally, to that enjoyment the man is a slave. And the only true freedom lies in his obtaining by grace such force of character as to be lord paramount over the enjoyment, and to be able to say, ‘I could easily dispense with this or that comfort, if there were any good object in resigning it.’ But then, this power of easily dispensing with comforts is not to be gained except by actual practice and experiment. To all the numerous blessings of daily life wherewith a bountiful God crowns our cup, we have no idea, we can

have no idea, how much we are wedded until we are deprived of them." But he supposes it to be objected that the self-control here desired must run parallel with our daily life, and not be confined to stated seasons. Yes, this we allow; but he well adds: "Those know little of the human heart who do not know that a duty, for which no stated seasons are set apart, more especially if it be an unpalatable duty, is apt to be altogether evaded by the conscience." He argues, therefore, for systematic efforts being made at set times by Christian men to attain to a more perfect mastery over themselves; and he urges this all the more in view of the luxuries and over-refinements of the present age. "The flesh grows wanton and insolent; the spirit, just kept alive in the nation by the august presence of the gospel, and by the ministrations of a church whose labours are totally incommensurate to the extent of her harvest-field, pines and languishes, and is ready to die. Now, the remedy for this state of things is the revival of the Fast-day—not in the narrowness of a mere literal observance, but in that spirit of humiliation and love and self-restraint to which alone God has respect."

In his chapter on *Alms-giving*, Dr. Goulbourn is equally happy. Two things in particular, he labours to bring out: *first*, that the place of this duty is much higher than many suppose; and *second*, that it has suffered enormously from having appealed so much to good impulses, instead of seeking to establish itself firmly on fixed principle. "Alms are the correlatives of prayers. The two exercises are, if I may so say, branches from a common stem, which binds them together. And what is that common stem? It is the moral law of God. . . . That law branches out, as we know, into two great precepts—supreme and unbounded love to God, and love to our neighbour as ourselves. Now, the man who really and habitually prays, the man who lives in the spirit of prayer, fulfils the first great branch of duty. . . . And the man who gives alms in the true spirit of alms-giving, is equally fulfilling the second great branch of duty. *Devout alms-giving is the outcome and expression of a man's duty to his neighbour.*" Following out this idea, he pleads, that since we should never be satisfied to pray in a haphazard sort of way merely when we were asked to do so, or when a good impulse came over us, we ought not to be less systematic in our benevolence. "A portion of our time must be fenced round from the intrusion of worldly cares and secular business, if we are to discharge God's claims upon us. And, on the same principle, a portion of our substance must be regarded as a sacred treasury, not to be invaded by our own necessities, much less by our self-indulgences and love of luxury." Practically, Dr. Goulbourn adopts the principle of the Beneficence Society—that of laying by in a separate store a proportion of the income, and regarding the sum thus accumulated as a sacred deposit, to be dispensed in the way that seems most to accord with the will of God.

The chapters on *Frequenting the Communion* and the *Public Service of the Church* contain, as might have been expected, some things with which many will not agree; but the points that may thus be controverted are generally of a kind about which Christian people will agree to differ. They do not, like the views of baptism already referred to, touch the quick of the faith. An endeavour, for example, is made to show that the celebration of the communion cannot be too frequent; it may be done with advantage even every day—though, indeed, he does not recommend in present circumstances the observance of the ordinance quite so often as that. In support of his opinions on this subject, Dr. Goulbourn quotes the testimony of Calvin, who, he says, desired the dispensation of the Supper at least every Sunday; and of Adolphe Monod, who speaks of the comfort which he had in the enjoyment of it *daily*;—and his principal argument in favour of more frequent communicating is put in the following form: "What were the materials out of which Christ framed the highest rite of his holy religion? Did he prescribe a costly sacrifice, such as it would be a tax upon human resources to furnish? No such thing. He blessed a common meal, and consecrated it into a sacrament. . . . What did he mean by so doing? Many things of grave import, some things possibly beyond our reach; but this most assuredly, that the genius of his religion, as expressed in its highest ordinance, is to sanctify all the actions of human life, even down to the humblest and most necessary. To do this is, if I may so say, to breathe the atmosphere of the holy communion, and to have such a congeniality with it as shall never make it match ill, or show unsuitably upon the general groundwork of their lives. Reader, are you and I striving thus to sanctify, not only holy seasons and holy exercises, but all the common actions of daily life? Then shall we feel attracted towards a frequent reception of the holy communion, as one great means of furthering our object." Of course, there is another side to be looked at in the discussion of this subject, but it is not our purpose here to enter into controversy, and we simply give Dr. Goulbourn's view, leaving it to be received for what it is worth. Certainly there is more significance than we are always, perhaps, in the way of admitting in the consecration to so high a service of a meal; and of the two who have recently made most of the circumstance—Robertson of Brighton and Dr. Goulbourn—we very greatly prefer the interpretation of the latter.

In treating of the *Public Service of the Church*, Dr. Goulbourn labours to show that neither in the Romish nor in the Dissenting Churches are the functions of the people in divine worship properly recognized. The Church of England alone, by requiring responses, secures that not the minister only, but the whole congregation, takes part in the service. In this connection high ground is taken. All Christians, he argues, are priests, and to compel those who have no special office to sustain to remain silent, is to prevent their joining and

bearing their part in the spiritual sacrifices which are offered to God in his Church. Again, we say, we are not going to dispute here. Dr. Goulbourn is well entitled, as a minister of the Church of England, to speak in a commendatory style of the method of its public services, and to urge those of his readers who belong to that Church to employ them to the best advantage. But, of course, it would be easy to show that all the logic is not on his side. Much can be said with a show of reason both for and against liturgies and free prayers in congregational worship, and little effect can be produced on any mind not already convinced by a mere repetition of the arguments in favour of the one system or the other; and as for the peculiarly solemn consideration which Dr. Goulbourn adduces about the priesthood of believers, any one may see how little bearing it has on the settlement of the question by visiting for himself some of the communities of Dissenters in which it is said the worship is transacted only by the minister. We have been in English churches where the silence was broken chiefly by the clerk and choir, and we have been in Methodist meeting-houses where there was a perfect hurricane of responses. At the same time, the idea itself is an important one. It is not the minister who prays in the presence and hearing simply of the people; it is the people, as a whole, who unite with the minister in offering to God a common sacrifice; and the more perfectly that fact is realized by each individual worshipper, the better will it be at once for himself and for the Church.

The third part of Dr. Goulbourn's book treats of *The Practical Life*, and is full of admirable suggestions. We must give a few of these, studying brevity to the utmost extent. Most emphatically does he teach that we must seek not only justification, but

SANCTIFICATION IN CHRIST.

"Blessed things are prayer, and sacraments, and watchfulness, and rules of life, and self-discipline, and self-denial, when they occupy their right place in the spiritual system, as means, channels, and instruments; but if they be unduly magnified so as to cover the whole field of view, if we for a moment allow our minds to regard them as sources of grace, and trust to them to work in us sanctity, we shall be utterly disappointed in them. Mark me, reader, *our sanctification is in Christ*; not independent of him, and therefore not to be had independently."

Succeeding the chapter which treats of this subject, are two noble ones, entitled,

"DO ALL FOR GOD."

His question here is, *how we may work devoutly*; and referring to the inconsistency which seems to exist between worldly pursuits and a heavenly calling, he argues that the secret "by which we may convert the most secular occupation, so long as it is an innocent one, into fine gold of the altar," is wrapped up in these

words: "Brethren, let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide WITH GOD." How can we abide with God in the work of our calling? "By throwing into the work a holy and pure *intention*. . . . Intention is to our actions what the soul is to the body. . . . It is the motive or intention with which a thing is done, which gives to the action a moral character." And working out this thought, he commends for adoption such rules of life as the following, with a view to the giving of an elevated tone to the labours of everyday life:—*First*, "Before you go forth to your daily task, establish your mind thoroughly in the truth that all the lawful and necessary pursuits of the world are so many departments of God's great harvest-field, in which he has called Christians to go forth and labour for him. Let us regard them all as at least, if nothing more, wheels of the great world-system whose revolutions are bringing on the second advent and kingdom of Christ." *Second*, "Imagining yourself for a moment under no worldly obligation to pursue your particular calling, undertake it with deliberate and conscious intention of furthering his work and will." *Third*, "At the beginning and end of every considerable action, renew the holy intention of the morning." *Fourth*, "As to the smaller duties of life, there should be an honest attempt to bring them too under the control of the ruling principle: *Whatever ye do, in word or deed, do ALL in the name of the Lord Jesus*." With all this, he dwells on the necessity of maintaining the consciousness of God's presence in the works of our calling, and, by way of showing the possibility of this in the face of those who argue that, because the mind can only be intently occupied with one thing at a time, it is vain to expect that we can be always thinking of God while we are diligent in business, he employs one of those happy illustrations for which the whole work is so remarkably distinguished. A man's mind, he says, is never more active than when delivering an extempore address; yet, while he is engaged in speaking, he is so far from being unconscious of the presence of an audience, that the sense of that presence may powerfully stimulate the mental powers which he is exerting. And so a realization of the divine omnipresence, if attained to as it might be, would give an intensity to our entire existence.

Some extremely suggestive thoughts are offered on the light in which we should regard what seem to be

INTERRUPTIONS IN OUR WORK.

He calls attention to the fact that our Lord's life on earth was without any apparent plan of his own devising. He did not seem to lay out his day, and adhere rigidly to the course he had fixed for himself, but allowed his proceedings to be directed and modified as circumstances arose. Now, Dr. Goulbourn does not conclude from this that there was no real plan in Christ's life, nor that we should spend our days in a hap-hazard manner, without any attempt at systematic arrangement, but he argues that we ought not so to lay out our

hours as to feel that we have a right to be angry when, in God's providence, there occurs an interruption. The interruption may be no cross-current breaking in impertinently on the divine plan of our existence, but may be itself a part of the plan, and to be therefore welcomed as an agent in the carrying out of the higher law. It is manifest that the germ of a great and important principle lies here, and that a principle which is capable of manifold applications. For example, it indicates the light in which we should look at

SUFFERING,

on which Dr. Goulbourn has some fine remarks. He enlarges on the fact that it is "a vocation"—nay, that it is the highest of all vocations. The last scene in a believer's life is usually a sick-bed, and dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. Trial tends to unmask latent graces of character, which might else have remained for ever undeveloped; and, were there nothing else, it is in suffering that the closest conformity may be attained to him who is the highest example of human virtue. "Despise not little crosses, then; for, when taken up and lovingly accepted at the Lord's hand, they have made men meet for a great crown."

It will at once be accepted as a proof of the sensible and unexaggerated character of the book before us, that it fairly faces and deals in a wise and practical way with the difficult subject of

RECREATION.

A sincerely religious man who never relaxes—who is always serious, always solemn, and in whose eyes amusement of every sort is sinful—we simply do not believe in. The human being who professes that his nature is in a state of constant tension, and whose piety is of such an exalted description that he is never in the humour to laugh, must either be a hypocrite or a hypochondriac. God has made us so, that if we are in the enjoyment of any mental and bodily health at all, we must have occasional recreation; and what a wise spiritual instructor will seek to do is, not to crush out of existence the part of our constitution which requires this, but to give such direction as to secure that even in this connection we shall "abide with God." "Recreation is for the mind what sleep is for the body;" and we elevate it at once to its right place in our religious system when we say, "I take innocent recreation of deliberate choice, not merely because it gratifies me, but chiefly because it is subservient to my end"—the employment of all my faculties in the service of God.

The fourth section of the work is described as "supplemental," but it, no less than the other parts, teems with ideas which are full of practical value. We have been greatly interested, for instance, in the chapter which invites us to look at

EACH DAY AS A MINIATURE LIFE.

In God's design the day is the rudiment of the whole

life, as is manifest from such considerations as these: *first*, that we are to pray only for a day's provisions; *second*, that we are to take no thought for to-morrow; and, *third*, that our purposes are to be limited by the same horizon as is implied by the challenge, "Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city." And the points of parallel between a day and a lifetime are very apparent. Morning and youth, noon and manhood, evening and age, night and sleep, correspond exactly; and scarcely less evident are the advantages which will appear, if the parallel is borne in mind in the conduct of the spiritual life. "In place of that constant reaching forward into the future of time which characterizes the natural man, let us devote ourselves to doing in faith and fear of God the duties which call for immediate discharge, and to meeting in his strength the temptations which to-day are imminent. Let our horizon of forethought and care in things spiritual, as well as in things natural, be nightfall. To coin afresh an old proverb which is homely to vulgarity—a coinage, by the way, by which it would gain much in moral value, as well as in gracefulness—*Let us take care of the days, and the years will take care of themselves.*"

Among the many other thoughts which Dr. Goulbourn presents in this portion of his work are the following, which our space will allow us to do little more than indicate:—

In seeking to promote the work of our sanctification, it is, he thinks, of great importance to concentrate the attention on one particular object—such as the extirpation of some particular sin, or the cultivation of some one particular virtue. This will prevent the dissipation of our strength, and progress in any direction will inevitably involve in it a general growth in holiness.

Then, while strongly holding that it is the duty of all Christians to seek to do good, as they have opportunity, to other men, he protests against the fallacy into which he seems to think Nonconformists incline to fall—that of supposing that every new convert has a call to preach. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may"—not hear your words, but—"see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

In another chapter he utters an earnest warning against the temptation which, in these days of controversy, some peace-loving men lie under—to think lightly of creeds, and regard benevolent activity the whole of religion. "Christian practice," he well says, "is no separable thing from Christian doctrine;" and if the tendency to believe otherwise should go on, we are approximating to a very sad state of things.

Again, he insists that the study of God's truth, to be really successful, must be not merely with the intellect, but with the heart. It is because this fact is forgotten, that so much of our ordinary reading of the Scriptures is utterly profitless. Such reading often resolves itself into a mere mental exertion, and that not of a very high order—an exertion in which the only faculties

evoked are attention, memory, and comparison. Very different is that kind of study to which might be worthily applied the too frequently misused expression of "learning by heart."

But we must finish. We have laboured to give something like an adequate idea of the nature and value of this admirable directory; regarding which we feel inclined to say, that if only a very few changes were

made in some of its forms of expression, it would approach as near perfection as any book of the kind we know. Gratitude to its author, for personal benefit received through its pages, constrains us to give to it this high testimony; and if that testimony has to any ear a sound of exaggeration, we trust that the questioning which it awakens will lead in fairness to a direct examination of the work itself.

ARTHUR ERSKINE'S EXPERIENCES.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

XVI.—GEORGE DUNCAN'S STORY CONTINUED.

"Oh, there was never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of him to be our Friend."

WORDSWORTH.



HERE was no happier heart in all Scotland than that of George Duncan, on the morning of the auspicious day when the first stroke of twelve from the "muckle knock" of the Tolbooth was to make the 'prentice lad a free man. Still the heart of his master, Allan Durie, was very happy also; even although, as he said himself at the little festival given in George's honour, he "tint, that day, the best 'prentice, no to say in the hail burgh of the Canongate, but in the hail realm."

A favourable turn had taken place in the malady of Mistress Durie, and she was now restored, not indeed to health, but to comparative ease. But this, though no doubt a cause of thankfulness and rejoicing to her husband, was not the source of the peculiar pleasure which, upon this occasion, brightened his eye and lent softness to his hard, strongly-marked features.

The fact was, that honest Allan Durie had just brought himself to adopt a very magnanimous resolution, and few things are so exhilarating as conscious magnanimity. He thought himself justified that morning in thanking God for a great victory over his two besetting sins—avarice and ambition. Indeed, he might have been excused for imagining, as we suspect he did, that he had fairly dealt these formidable enemies their death-blow. Alas! he lived to confess, with bitter penitence, that "there's na muckle fear o' killing the devil ouer soon."

His ambition was centred in his pretty grand-

daughter, and his avarice pleaded for itself the same excuse. This beloved child, his "wee Elsie," as he called her, was his world, his all, the object for which he thought, toiled, planned. From the first day that he took her to his home and heart, he had chosen to forget that she had any kindred, any name but his; that in reality she was not Elspeth Durie, but Elspeth Home of Manderstone. He considered her as wholly belonging to him, and to his own class; she was a burgher maiden, a tradesman's daughter, nothing else. According to the ideas of the age, it was now high time to settle the grand question of her destiny, and to establish her in life. But the lesson against sacrificing a child's happiness to the ambition of placing her in a higher rank than her own, had been burned into his heart through suffering, the keenest suffering he had ever known. With his present feelings, there was little danger of his seeking a laird's son for Elspeth; in fact, it is to be feared he disliked and despised the whole class. He brought himself to think, moreover (and this was in itself a victory), that wealth need be no consideration in the matter. He had enough to give her; and the savings of a lifetime would be well bestowed in promoting her happiness.

Honour, probity, the fear of God, a kind heart and a gentle temper, and last, though not least, the skill to carry on his own trade as his partner and successor, these were the qualifications he sought in Elspeth's husband. He had not far to seek for them. Indeed, it was now two or three years at least since his eye first rested upon George Duncan as the very youth to occupy this proud and fortunate position.

He had little doubt that Elspeth would be

content and happy ; none whatever that George would be positively overwhelmed with gratitude and joy. To marry his master's daughter, and to succeed to his business, had been the consummation devoutly wished for, and finally the crown and reward of virtue, to the pattern apprentice since trade began to flourish. The English story of the celebrated Whittington, who so opportunely turned again at the sound of Bow Bells, had doubtless its Scottish counterparts. What was to hinder Master George Duncan, goldsmith and horloger, becoming one day, not indeed Lord Mayor of London, but Lord Provost of the good city of Edinburgh ? For he might accomplish the transfer, in earlier years often meditated by his master, of the old established "krame," to which the name of Allan Durie gave prestige, from the Canongate to an advantageous position on the "Hie Gait" of the city.* But whether or not he adopted this course, he was certain in a few years to take his place amongst the deacons or masters of the honourable guild of the hammermen, with which the goldsmiths were at that time incorporated. He was certain, also (and this was no small matter), to throw Durie's rival, Mosman, of Forester's Wynd, completely into the shade by the superior beauty of his designs and elegance of his workmanship. Already two or three of the great nobles who boasted a little taste in these things had given commissions to Durie, or rather to his talented apprentice ; though the Papist queen and her court ("what better could be expected from them, *puir doited bodies* ?") still continued to patronize Mosman, probably because he was suspected to be "a bird o' their ain feather."

Such were some of Allan Durie's reflections on the morning of that memorable day. With such a thing as sentiment, whether called by that name or by any other, he had no personal acquaintance, nor could he understand or allow for its existence in any one else. It was not, in Scotland, a sentimental age ; and no one could expect Allan Durie to be in advance of his generation.

He had made up his mind to speak plainly, and to act frankly and promptly. Accordingly, with all the elation of a man about to perform a

generous action, unshadowed by a single fear or misgiving, he summoned George that evening into the little parlour behind his booth, and joyfully unfolded his scheme.

He had proceeded far before he expected or awaited an answer. But at length he paused, and a half-faltering, "Weel, my lad !" told of a vague, unexpected chill, caught from something in the aspect of his listener.

He paused in vain, however. George stood silent, with a face of sorrowful surprise.

Half-angry, half-bewildered, Durie cried at last, "George Duncan, are ye struck dumb, or hae ye tint yer senses ?"

Then the truth came out ; not perhaps the whole truth, but enough, indeed too much, for Allan Durie. A few low words, broken with emotion, expressed surprise, gratitude, affection—everything but acquiescence. Duncan acknowledged his master's kindness—he would remember it all his life—but yet this thing could never be.

At first Durie could not, or would not, understand him. Such stupendous folly and ingratitude appeared to him simply impossible. And thus he forced the deeply pained and reluctant George to repeat the same things over again, and in plainer terms.

Then fierce anger overmastered astonishment. This, though wrong, was not unnatural. His pride and his affection were both wounded, and in the tenderest point ; his generosity was baffled, his kindness scorned. And all by one whom he had loved and trusted as his own son !

He gave free vent to his passion. What words he uttered he neither knew nor cared. He called George ungrateful, false, a hypocrite and deceiver. He told him he rued the day he first saw his face, and he bade him be gone from his sight for ever.

George Duncan's countenance betrayed astonishment, not anger. Grown man as he was, for a few moments he flushed and paled, and flushed again,—

"Like a child that has never known but love,
Whom words of wrath surprise."

Then his colour settled into a steady paleness, he bowed his head slightly, pressed his lips together, and thus, silent and unresisting, he let the storm sweep over him.

* It is to be remembered, that the Canongate was a separate burgh in those days.

It was indeed a storm. Durie's strong passions, having burst the bonds of self-control in which he usually held them, found free and fierce expression. Bitter falsehoods fell from his lips, mingled with still more bitter half-truths. "It's no that ill," he said at last, "to ken wha's at the bottom of a' this folly. The tradesman's bairn's na guid enow for Maister George Duncan; naething 'ill serve his turn, forsooth, but to speer after a lady born. An Erskine o' Blackgrange"—

Duncan started, flushed, grew paler than ever, then began some faltering, agitated words, that died unfinished on his lips.

"Ay," repeated Durie, more emphatically, "an Erskine of Blackgrange, but plack or bawbee, may be worth looking at, while a bonny lass o' yer ain degree—though she's no yer ain degree, after a'. I'd hae ye to mind, sir—*Maister* George, an' it like ye—my bairn's o' gentle bluid by the father's side, and may haud her head up wi' the Erskines, ony day. But gang yer ain gait; I see no constrain ony man. Gin ye think weel on't, ye may just gang to Holyrood House the morn, and ask Mistress Helen's hand frae her Papist uncle, the Queen's equerry. Let's see what he'll say to the bonny lad, the goldsmith's 'prentice, whaese father was naebut a puir baxter in Dundee."

Here Duncan raised his head, and said in a low, rather tremulous tone: "My father, sir, is a brave and honest man, and God's faithfu' honoured servant. Say what ye list o' me, but dinna touch his name."

Durie made this the key-note of a new series of reproaches. He used to think that George Duncan loved his family, and was willing to toil and strive for their benefit. But it was easy to see what his good resolutions were worth, when he could fling away the chance of raising all his kith and kin to wealth and comfort, for his selfish love, or ambition, whichever he was minded to call it.

George waited until all was over. Then he said, in a voice that once or twice only faltered slightly: "Maister, I didna think to anger ye, or to be ungratefu'. Gin I did, I'd hae earnit a' ye say, and mair. For ye've been maist like a father to me, sin' the first day I came here, a bit callant o' fourteen. I canna—and I willna—forget a'

that. Guid-e'en, maister, and God bless ye. He'll mak' a' clear yet, I dinna misdoot."

And without one relenting word or look, Allen Durie saw his favourite apprentice, his intended and well-nigh adopted son, depart thus.

But he "paid the wyte," as he himself would have expressed it, in that very room, on his knees before his God that night. There, in bitter anguish, the cry arose from his heart: "I have sinned against the Lord." And not for a long time was it given him to hear the answer of peace: "The Lord also hath put away thy sin."

But although sincerely penitent for having "given place to the devil," and spoken unadvisedly with his lips, he did not feel the least disposed to underestimate the provocation he had received, or to alter his view of George Duncan's monstrous ingratitude. He would forgive him, *of course*, being himself a forgiven man, and a professor of the true Evangel, but he would never speak to him or see his face again.

George, on the other hand, felt no shade of resentment towards his former friend and benefactor. For a great grief not only kills every other grief, but stifles for the time every other passion. And that night George Duncan's heart was bowed beneath the weight of the first great grief he had ever known.

It had not been hard for him, at first, to bear with patience his master's bitter, but undeserved reproaches. They fell from him like darts from armour of proof. Until, perhaps at a venture, one was hurled that found its way through a joint in the harness, reached his heart, and pierced it to the core. And the feather that winged the shaft was truth. In Durie's mention of Helen Erskine there was not one word perhaps that was not strictly true, yet were they the most cruel words that one man could speak to another. The touch of his rough hand shattered a glorious dream, rich with every hue of thought and fancy. Scarcely, even to himself, had George ever dared to translate that dream into language. Alas! it would not have borne to be thus translated; as the rude, plain words of Allan Durie but too clearly showed. For it vanished before them in a moment, like a scene of fairy revelry at cock-crow. Who was he, George Duncan, yesterday a goldsmith's apprentice, to-day a craftsman

without a master, to lift his eyes to such a prize? He could have smiled at the thought of his own presumption; nay, he did smile, a smile more full of sadness than the most impassioned tears.

And thus George Duncan was called to tread a path that he knew not—the path of conflict and anguish. He “had not passed by this way heretofore.” But now it was inevitable. For his nature, though calm, was deep; he was capable of enjoying and of suffering intensely. And the passion his reason told him was utterly hopeless, had entwined itself, in darkness and silence, with every fibre of his being.

Yet he was all his life a better, a braver, and a wiser man for those days and nights of agony. In their slow course he learned much that otherwise he could never have known. There is, it is said, “an electric experiment, which consists in passing a flash through letters of gold-leaf in a darkened room, whereupon some name or legend springs out of the darkness in characters of fire.” Long ago (so long, indeed, that he could not remember the process, though he was very conscious of its results), there had been written upon his soul, in letters of gold, some such words as these: “I am thy God—I have loved thee—I am with thee.” He was wont to think that he knew that writing well. But when the light of day was withdrawn, and darkness—ay, darkness that might be felt—filled its place, at first, for one terrible hour, he could not read it, or even see it at all. But then came a flash from above, a gleam of essential light; and in very truth the inscription “sprang out of the darkness,” and burned and glowed in characters of living fire. Thus illumined, it would have been worth many hours of darkness only to see it once. But in George Duncan’s eyes it retained that light for evermore.

Sorrowful, but resolved and courageous, he bade farewell to his dream of selfish happiness. But he did not bid farewell to the dream of making her he loved “quite happy,” by restoring the lost brother of her childhood. On the other hand, he clung to it more fondly than ever, and his determination to make it a reality deepened every day.

Immediately after the expiration of his ap-

prenticeship, he left Edinburgh for a short visit to his parents. Just at this period, the excitement created by a great public tragedy stirred the waters throughout the whole country, and troubled every little private circle of interest. The murder of the unhappy Henry Darnley thrilled with a like horror and indignation the heart of Allan Durie in his workshop, of the Laird of Wedderburn in his castle, and of George Duncan in his father’s secluded home amongst the Sidlaw Hills. The feelings it awakened, and the endless discussion to which it gave rise, helped to arouse George from his depression. He was anxious, for many reasons, to be at work again, and therefore soon returned to Edinburgh to seek for employment.

He made application, by his father’s advice, to a much respected goldsmith and horloger of the city, Master Patrick Lyndsay. To this man, a friend of the Laird of Dune’s, belonged the honourable distinction of having confessed Christ in the early days of the Reformation, long before the great Reformer Knox had emerged from obscurity. He was, moreover, a man of considerable ability, and particularly noted for his knowledge of mathematics, that study so important to a “horloger.” What was a trade to Allan Durie, and an art to George Duncan, was a science to Patrick Lyndsay.

Master Patrick was glad to have such a promising craftsman as George for his “child,” as the phrase then was. “I have seen a silver cup you designed for my Lord of Murray,” he said to him, “and I misdoubt not the lad that did that kens the use of his eyes and his hands.”

George, encouraged by his kindness, mentioned his desire to travel.

“Bide your time, my lad,” returned Master Patrick, and he said no more on the subject.

He gave George, however, abundance of work, and that of the kind in which he excelled, work requiring artistic taste as well as skill and care. The profit was proportionate, and George stored it carefully for his great project. Unlike other industrious youths in his position, he had no little reserve fund, gathered during his apprenticeship, to fall back upon; since he had recently “warded” the “drink-silver” given him by his master’s customers to pay his brother John’s

apprentice fee, naturally assuming that in Durie's employment he himself would not need it. So that, even with the greatest industry and self-denial, a considerable time must elapse ere he could save a sufficient number of crowns of the sun, bonnet-pieces, marks, and silver pennies to provide for a journey to France.

Fortunately, he had not to wait so long. Lyndsay was the friend of Knox, and in the confidence of the Lords of the Congregation, who placed implicit trust in his prudence and fidelity. When, therefore, they desired to send letters of importance to the Earl of Murray, who had retired to France shortly after Darnley's assassination, they willingly accepted Lyndsay's offer of finding them a safe and trusty messenger. No more proper person than a goldsmith's agent could be made choice of for such a purpose; because, being occupied with his master's business, he would scarcely excite suspicion, while he could not transact that business efficiently without possessing sufficient shrewdness and discretion to qualify him for any important charge.

Very thankful for this turn in his affairs, George obtained from Helen the necessary directions for finding her relatives in Paris. She only knew that he was going thither as Master Patrick Lyndsay's agent, and that he thought it a pity to neglect so favourable an opportunity of making inquiries after her brother. She gave him, therefore, all the information she could, gladly and gratefully. It may be mentioned also, that for some time past he had been studying the French language diligently and with good success.

Thus furnished, he arrived in Paris. He duly delivered his letters to the Earl of Murray, and was soon upon very friendly terms with that nobleman's Scottish retainers, with whom, from sympathy of race, of religion, and of politics, he naturally "forgathered" in the strange city.

He lost no time in commencing his inquiries for the De Salgues family; but he soon found, to his disappointment, that they were utterly fruitless. He was meditating what step to take next, on the morning that he was led to accompany Master Nicholas Elphinstone, and some other members of the earl's household, to the Huguenot Prêche, and thus unexpectedly attained the first part of his wish. He found Arthur

Erskine, indeed, but in what condition of mind and body?

No marvel that he tended him throughout his long illness with a brother's—and more than a brother's—love. Intense was his anxiety, not so much for his life, as for his soul. For he felt, and he knew that Helen would feel, that not death or life here, but death or life hereafter, was the one great absorbing question.

There was little comfort to be gathered from anything that Arthur uttered in the ravings of delirium. Sometimes, it is true, there were broken words of prayer; but these would alternate with snatches of light French songs, disjointed scraps of conversation grave or gay, and pathetic appeals to his mother, or to Helen, to come to him.

Very dreadful were those weeks of suspense; often and often his heart quailed at the account he might have to render of them. But, in the hours of pain and perplexity, he stayed himself upon his God. As he said, on one of those rare occasions when, in after-years, he reverted to that period of trial, "It was an ill time a' thegither, for a'budy thought Maister Arthur sure to dee. But I just bided the Lord's will. I cast four anchors out o' the stern—prayer, faith, hope, and patience—and I langed sair for the day."

XVII.—COMING FORTH TO THE LIGHT.

"Thou wouldst not be seeking Him if He had not already found thee."—PASCAL.

A FEW days after the short conversation last related, Duncan sat beside the open window of Arthur's room, reading aloud. The weather was oppressive, and, partly perhaps on that account, Arthur's strength returned but slowly. He was usually silent, and upon the subjects of which George longed to hear him speak, he had hitherto been entirely so. Nor, intense as was Duncan's anxiety, did he dare to break this silence. To excite his patient now would be to risk a relapse of his dangerous malady, and thus probably to see all that he desired to gain pass at once and for ever beyond his grasp.

Still the sufferer liked to hear him read aloud, and had already heard from his lips the greater part of the four gospels. For, although George Duncan well knew that "every word of the Lord

is pure," and "tried in the fire," yet the words of the gospels, and, above all, those of Christ himself, were his peculiar treasure, and in a special sense his "counsellors." They were the food upon which his spiritual life had been chiefly nourished, and it took its tone and colouring from them. In this, perhaps, he differed from most other thoughtful Christian men of his time, who studied the Old Testament and the epistles more, and the gospels less than he did.

It happened, however, that Arthur fell asleep (he often fell asleep now) in the midst of the story of the woman of Samaria, and that his dream reproduced the scene with more vividness than his waking fancy. He felt the burning heat of the Syrian noon; he looked down into the cold depths of the sacred well, so carefully enclosed; and he had a distinct consciousness that upon the low wall that surrounded it there sat One—One who himself was weary, and yet said unto all the weary, "I will give you rest"—One who himself was thirsty, and yet said to all who were athirst, "I will give unto you the living water." Sleeping and waking, Arthur was indeed weary, and his whole nature was athirst for truth, for peace, for life. So he was about to say, but his dream was broken too soon. Some one dipped a pitcher into the well—he distinctly heard the trickling of the cool water—and then, waking suddenly, discovered, with a thrill of pain and disappointment, that all had vanished.

Yes, all were gone: the glowing sky, the Eastern well, and He that sat beside it, with the rest and hope his presence brought. Only George Duncan was there, reading still, and the words he read were these: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." "Then, after all," thought Arthur, "there is light to be had, and it is Christ who gives it. He gives it to those who follow him. And what is following him? Does it mean following the Church? No, certainly; upon that road there is darkness enough, and no light. But what then? Something, I trow, that those poor Huguenots at Poitiers have learned to do, and George Duncan and Helen. For surely they have the light of life! But then, the professors of the new Evangel say good works are worth nothing, and that 'it matters never a

jot whether we do right or wrong. That sounds strange. Perchance I have mistaken their doctrine; it may well be so, indeed, for at Wedderburn I was always thinking of other things while Master James preached or taught us. George," he said aloud, interrupting the reading, "do you think it's no matter whether you do right or wrong?"

George looked up, a little surprised by the sudden question, which had no connection, apparent to him, with what he had been reading. "Do you, Maister Arthur?" he asked; "or does ony living man wha thinks ava', gin his conscience has no been seared wi' a red-hot airn?"

"I, at least," said Arthur, "have good cause to know it is matter enough. Had I not done very wrong, I should not be here at all."

It was not without great reluctance that Arthur Erskine forced himself to make this acknowledgment. But he felt that it must be made, and the sooner the better. Having made it, however, he returned quickly to his former subject. "But the Catholics say that you of the religion believe a man is not saved for his good works, and therefore he may do as much evil as he pleases, if only he has faith. That cannot surely be 'following' the Lord Christ?"

George addressed himself, after his own fashion, to the task of clearing away the oldest and commonest objection to the doctrines of the Evangel. "Maister Arthur," he said, "gin a wee bairnie, left its lane in the house, were to play wi' the fire, ye ken unco weel what wad be likely to come o' that. But aiblins, when the puir silly thing was wrappit in the flames, ane guid freend or neebor might hear its pitiful cry, and come ben and save it, risking his ain life to do it. Wad the bairn think 'twas nae matter for the fire, and nae be fear'd for it ony mair frae that day forth?"

"That, indeed, is no like to be," said Arthur, smiling.

"Bide a wee; I've no done yet. He that saved us frae the fire did mair than risk his ain life; he tint it. The flames brent him as a hail brent-offering, that they might hae nae power over us, even sae muckle as to singe a hair o' our heads. But, in deeing, he left us for a charge: 'Dinna play wi' fire, or touch it ony mair. Mind what it cost me.'"

Arthur lay very still for some minutes. "I think I see," he said at last.

"The Lord 'ill gar ye see, Maister Arthur, gin ye ask him."

Arthur turned and fixed upon George's face large, wistful, sorrowful eyes, full of doubt and pain, and weary unsatisfied longing.

"O George, I *have* asked, and no one answers; I *have* knocked, and no one opens. And whiles I misdoubt sore it's because there's no one there to answer or to open."

A look of exceeding pain, not unmixed with perplexity, passed over George's face. He had never before been brought into contact with one who doubted everything. But a moment's silence gave him time to cry for help from above; and then he answered calmly: "That's no true, ony gait, as I can bear witness the day. For I hae askit, and an answer came; I hae knockit, and the door was opened."

"True; and so have other folk. That thought has kept me from despair. And I have never lost it. Even when I lost the last plank I clung to, the last shred of the old faith—the sacrifice of the mass." This was said slowly, and with some reluctance.

George responded, fervently, "Thank God."

"Oh, say not that," said Arthur, bitterly. "Could you thank God for taking your all away, and leaving you beggared in heart and hope for the next world as for this?"

"I didna say *you* could thank him. No just now; but ye'll do it ane day. For ye're in his schule, Maister Arthur, tho' ye dinna ken your Teacher yet. Ye hae learned twa guid lessons there—that ye maun hae your sins taken awa', and that the priest and the mass 'ill no do it for ye."

"Yes," said Arthur. "I must have forgiveness of sins, or die. But I need more than that; I must know the truth anent God and my own soul; I must know does he love me, or care about me at all. And if he does, will he make me good, and at peace with him and with myself?"

"Ay, Maister Arthur, ye want truth, life, and peace. Just the vera things the Lord Christ has come to gie."

"I know that. At least it seems so from the gospels. There are no words but such as these:

'I am the way, the truth, the life, the light; 'I will give you rest; 'My peace I give unto you.' But are they all true, George Duncan?"

"God has said them, Maister Arthur," answered George, in the quiet tones of assured confidence.

"But you may be deceived, as I have been anent the mass and the Catholic Church."

"No just that. Sic a sermon as we heard the day we fand you, Maister Arthur, wad mak' short wark o' the mass, and the priest, and a' that. For they're just bits o' fancies, that hae got naething ava' to rest on. But this Book, and ilka word that's in it, 'll stan' to the vera end. Ilka gait ye turn it, it'll stan'. Prove it, an' ye will, by history, by reason, by common sense, or by a man's ain experience, though I think the last's a hantle the best proof of a'. The Lord Christ says the noo, as he said lang syne to them that speired after him, 'Come and see.'"

"George, I would come an' I could."

"Gin ye think ye canna come, *look*. For to look and to come are just the same, sin' he stands beside ye, watching and waiting."

"He stands beside me, George?"

"Nae doot but he does that. Ye wadna be thinking lang after him, the least bit in the world, gin he hadna first thocht lang after you."

"Then you think," said Arthur, with some hesitation, "you think he loves me."

"Gae and ask him, Maister Arthur. And here's his Word to help you to an answer."

Arthur took the precious, well-worn little book from his hand. "Will you leave this with me?" he asked.

"Wi' a' my heart. But ye ken I maun gang the noo. Ye dinna mind being left yer lane?"

"I wish to be alone."

George made a few arrangements for his patient's bodily comfort, and then left the room.

Two hours elapsed ere he was able to return. He found Arthur asleep, with a look of rest on his pale face, and the little book lying open beside him. It was some time before he awoke: when he did so, George asked if he felt better.

"Ay, Geordie," he said. "And I trust the good Saviour that he will not go back from his word, but will give me pardon and light." He added, after a pause, "Some little glint of light,

I think, he must have given me even now, else I could not have seen that what you said of him was true."

Late that night he said to George, who slept in his room, "Geordie, I want you sometime to explain to me the true doctrine of the Evangel, and to tell me wherein it differs from the Catholic faith."

"The Evangel, Maister Arthur? Why, sir, ye ken it yersel' the noo. It's just the message that God loves ye, and that he'll forgive your sins for the guid Saviour's sake; and that he has got a' ye want for this warld or the next, and is able and willing to gie it to ye, bdt money and but price."

That day was to Arthur the "beginning of days;" the commencement of a new life, that "could never perish or have an end," here or hereafter.

XVIII.—WHAT WAS HAPPENING IN SCOTLAND.

"But we on changeful days are cast,
When bright names from their place fall fast;
O ye that with your glory passed,
We cannot mourn you now!"

HERMAN.

ARTHUR recovered his strength much more rapidly from that day forward. He was soon able to leave his couch and his room, and even to take a short walk, or to sit in the open air, in one or other of the public gardens. He received much kindness from the nobleman whose generous hospitality he was still enjoying, and from all his household. But George Duncan continued to be his constant and faithful companion. He was not long released from his sick-room ere he discovered that strange alterations had taken place in the world around him. Not indeed in the gay world of Paris; with this he had now, and probably would have henceforward, nothing to do. He found himself once more completely surrounded by Scotsmen, and consequently in the very midst of Scottish feuds and Scottish interests. And although little more than two years had passed since he quitted the shores of his father's land, he saw that every one regarded him almost as one of the fabled Seven Sleepers, returned, after an interval of a couple of centuries, to the world of living men: the rather perhaps because George, either from accident or design, had not spoken to him at all of public

affairs during his illness; while the dreary months that preceded it had been spent in such utter isolation, that although just then all the Continent was echoing with the report of events deeply interesting to every Scotsman, scarcely a rumour of them reached his ears.

Thus it happened that the very first day he left his own apartment, he hazarded, in the presence of several members of the Earl's household, a question about the "Queen's Grace," which at once betrayed his ignorance, and drew upon him a perfect hail-storm of startling, and, as it seemed to him, contradictory information.

"Whaur have you been all your days?" asked one Scotsman, with pitying contempt, awakened by the discovery that Arthur's knowledge of Scottish politics ended with the marriage of the Queen to Lord Darnley. And as a bewildered gaze was his only reply, another honest Scot was heard to remark in an undertone, "Eh! but I'm fear't the puir lad's an idiot." It chanced that there was really more truth in this than the speaker was himself aware of, since "idiot" only meant originally a private person who took no share or interest in public concerns; and Arthur certainly deserved the reproach of having hitherto, in more senses than one, "lived unto himself."

After his first expressions of wonder, not un-mixed with indignation, at the terms in which those around him dared to speak of their sovereign, he wisely relapsed into silence, and took the earliest opportunity of asking George Duncan in private, as they sat together out of doors, what all these things meant.

"I thought," he said, "that the Government of the Queen's Grace was, on the whole, well liked of the people, and that my Lord of Murray here, and the other Lords of the Congregation, as they called them, had the chief power in the country."

"Ay, Maister Arthur, sae it seemed. But the Queen's heart was never wi' them, or wi' ony-thing that was guid. She has been ganging an ill gait, frae the first day she came, for our sins to our puir country."

Then George told the story of the last two years and a half. He told it, of course, from his own point of view, and from that of his own

class and party; and modern criticism might find in his narrative some things to soften and many things to explain, yet after all, perhaps, not much to alter—not anything, at least, that could affect the substantial accuracy of the tale. He said plainly that the beautiful Queen “had no heart for Christ’s Evangel,” although it had been set before her by “Maister John” himself—a high privilege, which, however, she unfortunately failed to appreciate. She still obstinately continued “an unpersuaded princess.” And her marriage with Henry Darnley, the chief hope of the Roman Catholic party in England, was considered a manifest indication of her purposes and leanings, and indeed a step towards the attempted re-establishment of Popery in her own country.

Here Arthur interrupted him. “It’s not hard to say that, George, of course; but it may not be easy to prove it. Are you right sure, after all, that such was the Queen’s purpose?”

“Nae doot of it, Maister Arthur. Her conduct afterwards, when she gat the power, showed it unco plain. I hae seen mysel’, wi’ my ain een, the altars she preparit to be set up in St. Giles’s Kirk for the wicked mass; and—aiblins ye hae heard o’ the Catholic League?”

The Duke of Guise’s former page *had* heard of it, undoubtedly.

“Weel, sir, the Lady Mary has set her han’ to that. What mair faith or trust could we put in the guid words she failed not to gie us, ainst we kenned her name was in that bond, and that she had promised to root out and destroy, wi’ fire and sword, the professors of the true Evangel? My Lord Darnley’s wife, she thocht to hae a’ the Papists in England at her beck and call, and then might the faithfu’, baith there and in Scotland, be soon in evil case. The Lords o’ the Congregation kenned that unco weel, and Maister John Knox kenned it too, as he kens maist things, by the guid wit God has gi’en him—but I dinna speak the noo o’ the special teaching of his Spirit,” George added reverently. He went on to tell of the abortive and truly unfortunate attempt made by the Earl of Murray and other zealous Protestants to prevent the marriage by the force of arms, and how it ended in utter failure and the exile of its promoters.

“And then,” said George, “the Queen had

everything at her ain will—and an evil will it was. She didna care ane bawbee for the young King, wha was naebut a puir silly callant; but she gied a’ her confidence to ane David Rizzio, an Italian singer that she made her secretary. Maister Arthur, I dinna like to rail upon yon puir miserable wretch the noo, seeing his wark is done, and he stands before his Judge; yet this I maun say, that it was an ill day for Scotland he came amang us ava’. A stranger and a varlet, he had the hail guiding o’ the realm, and o’ the Queen hersel’; and that was an unco thing for Scotsmen to thole. And forbye that, it was plain enoo he hated the Evangel wi’ a’ his heart. He and the Queen thegither sought to force the Parliament (wha liked it not) to pass an Act of Attainder, in his absence, against my Lord of Murray.”

George’s story from this point became a dark and sad one, which it is only painful to follow. Far, indeed, would it lead us from those things that are pure, and lovely, and of good report, upon which we love to dwell. The first act of Mary Stuart’s strange tragedy may be said to open with that murder on the stairhead of Holyrood, when the fierce Scottish barons sprung on the miserable Italian “like hounds on a mangled wolf,” and found “scarcely flesh enough to stab, or life enough to take.” With whom shall we sympathize—with the poor wretch who spent his last breath in vain cries for mercy? With the beautiful, insulted Queen, whose tears started as she murmured, “Poor Davie, good and faithful servant, God have mercy on your soul,”—but turned to sparks of fire with the indignant vow, “It shall be a dear day to some of you, if David’s blood be spilt?” With the foolish, guilty King, mean and cowardly in his revenge, as in almost every act of his short, sad life? With the bold, bad men who perpetrated the deed, or with the good, true-hearted men who approved it or enjoyed its fruits? But this leads us to the strangest feature of the story. Throughout those eventful years, it is not only mournful but perplexing to find the bright silver threads of genuine spiritual life so strangely interwoven with the black or blood-stained lines of worldly hatred or ambition. Such men as George Duncan, for instance, spoke of “Davie’s slaughter,” as Knox spoke of it, with approval, as the “just punish-

ment" of a "knave" and traitor whom the arm of ordinary justice was incapable of reaching; though indeed George wished that it had been accomplished, as was at first intended, in a different manner. "They suld hae taken him," he said, "and tried and hangit him; but the foolish King wadna. As it fell out, it gars me think o' what Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount said lang syne anent the slaying of Beaton, the bluidy Cardinal,—

* Although the loon is weel away,
The deed was foully done.*

But ony gait," he continued, "it was done. And then my Lord o' Murray came again frae his exile, to the muckle joy of ilka true Scots heart. But the Queen dissembled, as she can do sae weel; and though she hated him in her heart, and had just been seeking his life, she grat on his neck, and kissed him, and ca'ed him her ain dear brither, and said they wadna hae dared to use her sae had he been there. Truth is truth, Maister Arthur," said George, exerting himself to make a confession in opposition to his personal feelings, "and I maun tell ye my Lord loved her weel. He couldna forget that she's his sister, bonnie King Jamie's ain bairn. I used to think, wi' Maister John Knox, it was ill done of him to stand by her, and to plead for her, and even to gar the folk gie her leave to hae the wicked mass in her ain place; and I dinna think yet it was a'thegither right. But, waes me! it's unco hard to ken the right gait whiles. And I'd liefer trust a bit ouer easy, and be a bit ouer saft and gentle to a puir erring, sorrowfu' woman, than gae wrang on the ither side."

"You wax warm in my Lord's defence, George; but surely there is no need to defend him. Had he done otherwise, I at least would hate him."

"Weel," said George, with a sigh, "let that pass. As I was saying, my Lord's heart was melted; sae he soothed and comforted her, and made them leave her her ain guard. She turnit next to the puir young King, and, though the purple stain o' Davie's bluid lay between them for everinair, she caressed, and fuled, and flattered him, until she gared him think—puir feckless silly callant—that she loved him wi' her haill heart, and had forgi'en him a' the past. The end was, they fled thegither frae the Lords the

vera night after. Your uncle, Maister Arthur, was in the plan, and helpit her. She rode *en croupe* behind him, and folk say she tald him she wad trust him wi' a thousand lives."

Arthur drew a long, deep breath. "I am glad I was not there," he said.

"Why, Maister Arthur? Ye couldna hae hindered yer uncle."

"So far from it, George, that in his place I would probably have done as he did."

"Na, sir; that ye wadna."

"I know not. A beautiful lady, and a queen! The queen of our bonny Scotland; the daughter of our kings! And needing loyal service more than ever, because alone and sorrowful amongst those rude fierce men, who had just slain her faithful servant (for he was faithful to *her*) almost in her very sight. George, I think you are over hard upon the Lady Mary."

George's brow darkened ominously; and his face, usually so calm, assumed an expression that startled Arthur Erskine, who did not yet understand the depth of abhorrence that what is morally hideous can awaken even in the gentlest nature. "Oh, Maister Arthur," he said, "time was I cried wi' the lave, 'God bless our bonny Queen! God save her Grace!' Ay, and mony's the day I'd be fain to leave my wark, and to walk till my feet were weary, just to get ane glint of her sweet face. Thae times, when the spell was on me, I wont to envy James Mosman's craftsmen, wha gaed whiles to Holyrood on their maister's adoos; for even to simple folk like thae she'd gie a pleasant smile, or speak a word or twa, sae kind and friendly. An' I used to think—but that's a' by noo. Sir, I canna tell ye a' I think—a' I *ken*, o' the bonny Queen; but this I will say, gin she were to send to our puir hame for my wee sister Janet, or Kate, or Effie, and gie her word the bit lassie suld eat of her ain bread, and drink of her ain cup, and be as a bairn to her, I'd see her, or aebody I loved, in her coffin first, and the green grass above her!

"Weel, Maister Arthur, she gaed to Dunbar wi' the King, and there she bade the Lords defiance. For she turnit the foolish King 'round her finger,' as they say; and gared him disavow ilka thing he had done anent Davie's slaughter.

Then a' the folk wha didna ken the right o' the quarrel, and didna care for the Evangel, rallied round her. And sae, ainst mair, she had a' at her ain pleasure. She came back to town, and a' that had joined against Signor Davie maun rin awa' unco quick, and hide themsel's. But that was no enoo. The folk kenned weel that her heart was hot against the Evangel; and sae plain was that, that Maister John Knox himsel' couldna bide wi' us, but was fain to tak' his journey into Kyle.

"And just then the wee prince was born—the heir o' Scotland's crown, and aiblins of England's too. In course there were braw doings. A' gaed weel wi' the Queen—a' but her ain heart. She was her ain warst enemy, Maister Arthur."

And then, in strong, simple words, he told the dark story of Bothwell and the Queen, from the point of view in which he, and all like him, regarded it then; and in which, to say the plain truth, those who have studied the subject with least prejudice regard it now. It is not good to linger over such themes as these, but though the steps leading gradually onward to a great crime may be buried in oblivion, the crime itself was in this case too terrible and too momentous in its consequences ever to be forgotten. The picture is a striking one to the imagination;—the poor betrayed, friendless youth of twenty-one, whom Mary Stuart had cursed with the fatal gift of her hand, left sick and lonely in the house of doom to which her arts had lured him, with those ominous parting words in his ear: "*It was just this time last year that Davie was slain!*" "She was very kind," said he; "but why did she speak of Davie's slaughter?" Then deep silence; until, two hours after midnight, a sound like thunder startled the sleeping city—half of "Balfour's house of Kirk-a-Field" crumbled into ruins, and young Henry Darnley, with two of his servants, lay forty yards away—dead. So ended that brief, wasted, miserable life. But so ended not the crime by which its thread was sundered.

Upon whom the stain of blood-guiltiness really rested, George Duncan did not doubt. He told, with deep indignation, how the Queen threw the shield of her authority over the perpetrator of the deed; loaded him with tokens of favour; overbore justice in his behalf; and at last, as the

crown and the explanation of all, set him in the place of his victim. He did not forget that a thin veil of pretended violence had been spun to hide the revolting truth; but he said it was so transparent, that friend and foe alike disregarded it.

Nor did he fail to add that, with keen sorrow, the one just and generous man who, perhaps in all Scotland, really loved the guilty Queen, saw her determinately pursuing her way to ruin, her eyes blinded by passion. The Earl of Murray could not save her from herself. "Had he remained in Scotland, he must have been either Bothwell's victim or his executioner." He therefore quitted the country; first for England, then for France.

"And what more?" asked Arthur, who up to this point had listened in silence.

"A mickle mair," George Duncan answered. "The awfu' sin against the God of heaven has stirred ilka honest Scottish heart to the vera depth wi' shame and horror. The ministers and the lave spare not to say that wi' Him there's nae respect o' persons, and that by his law the murderer suld dee the death."

"Ay, Bothwell. Gif your tale be true, never man deserved it more."

"Bothwell was no his lane in the sin; and folk say he suldna be his lane in the punishment."

"Oh, Duncan!" exclaimed Arthur, growing pale.

"I dinna say it will come to that. But, Maister Arthur, it has come sae far as this,—the Lady Mary is Queen nae mair the noo. She's a puir, angry, forfoughten, weel-nigh heart-broken captive in the strong wa's o' Lochleven Castle, and wi' her vera life in danger. Gin she has sinned, God wot she has suffered too."

"And who has done all this?"

"SCOTLAND has done it, sir. The hail nation, as ane man. By the whilk I mean, in reason, a' the folk that can think and feel, and that ken right frae wrang. And God be thankit for the deed! It was right weel done. The black stain is wipit awa' frae our honour. I'm no 'shamed to walk the streets of Paris in broad daylight lest the fremit folk suld say, 'Yon's a bonny Scot! In his country they maun hae never heard o' the

Ten Commandments, for the darkest sin sits unpunished in the highest seat."

There was a long pause. Then Arthur said, abruptly, "Geordie, I think I see Master Elphinstone coming towards us."

"Ye're right enoo, Maister Arthur. I wonner what can bring him. It's no his ordinar to gang abroad the afternoon."

"He certainly seeks us."

This was evident, for in a few moments the gentleman came up and seated himself on the same bench. It was plain that he had something of importance to communicate to George, and that he did not care to exclude Arthur, to whom he had always shown marked kindness, the rather as he considered himself in a manner the cause of his accident. He began by saying, rather suddenly, "George, I am going home; I leave Paris to-day."

George started. "O sir, what has happened?" he asked.

Elphinstone glanced at Arthur. George understood the look, but wished his friend to make answer for himself. So he only said, "I've just been telling Maister Arthur a' that has befallen in Scotland sin' he left it, twa years ago."

"Well, Erskine, and what think you of the story?"

"I scarce can think yet. All seems so strange—so sad. But is it certain that the Queen—you know what I would say. Remains there no room for doubt?"

"Whatever room there *was*, there is none now, nor can there be for evermore. I speak freely, Erskine—I conclude that the principles of your uncle and namesake are not yours?"

"You conclude aright. I am a Protestant and a Scotsman; and if, amidst all these perplexities, I may find any humble way of serving my faith and my country, I shall thank God."

"Well spoken, Erskine of Blackgrange! Now for my tidings, which indeed are already public enough in Scotland. A little silver enamelled casket, the property of that knave Bothwell, hath just been taken from one of his servants by the confederate Lords. It was the Lady Mary's gift to him; and it contains, amongst other papers of importance, certain letters in her own hand, wherein the progress of the detestable conspiracy

that cost her late husband's life and her own fair fame is but too clearly shown. The indignation of the people passes all bounds; they clamour for her blood."

"And what does my Lord of Murray think?" was Arthur's very natural question, after the first exclamations of surprise, not unmixed with horror.

"What he thinketh is not so easily told. I can tell you, however, what he doeth. I go from him in all haste to Scotland, to plead for the unhappy lady's life. *Only* for her life; yet even that, as matters stand now, seemeth much to ask. He himself will follow, no doubt, so soon as he may. His countrymen desire him to take the rule over them in this time of difficulty; but to that request he sendeth no answer by me, nor will pledge himself to aught, until his own return. Which it may cost him some trouble to effect; for while the Medicis bears rule, it is not so easy for a man on whom so much depends to quit France as to enter it.

"But now I dare not linger. Come with me, if you will; we can speak by the way. George Duncan, I will confess it was upon my own adoes I sought you. I must have your help to settle my accompts with Monsieur Forfait, and certain others."

"I am honoured to serve you, sir."

And the conversation turned upon matters of business connected with Elphinstone's sudden departure, and George Duncan's occupation as confidential agent to a goldsmith and banker. Arthur was thus left at leisure to reflect upon the strange things he had heard. But his thoughts were far too confused and confusing to be adequately represented in words.

XIX.—"PLACES TO WALK AMONGST THOSE THAT STAND BY."

"Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be."

Scottish version of the Twenty-third Psalm.

ARTHUR's disposition led him to lay aside, as quickly as possible, all the habits of an invalid; although for some time his pale face and wasted form bore witness to the struggle through which he had passed. He soon found much to interest

him and to engage his thoughts. The Earl of Murray's lodging was the resort of all the Scotsmen in Paris who shared his religious or political principles, whilst those of the opposite faction frequented the quarters of the old Duke of Chatelherault. There was, moreover, constant intercourse with the gentlemen of the English Embassy, and with many of the chiefs and members of the great Huguenot party.

"Erskine, younger of Blackgrange" (as his new friends called him, having learned who he was from George Duncan), was freely admitted, as a gentleman, into this, to him, very interesting society. His pleasant countenance and his engaging manners won for him a degree of kindly consideration, while his youth and his unknown antecedents necessarily threw him into the background. This, however, was a position not unfavourable for purposes of observation, and he used it with great diligence. He played the part of a listener admirably at all times, but especially when the affairs of Scotland were under discussion. But, although he pondered much upon what he heard, he was slow in imparting the result of his reflections to any, even to George Duncan.

He was especially reserved on the subject of his history during the past two years. He never, indeed, spoke of it except to George, and to him but seldom and sparingly. His friend, moreover, wisely forbore to question him, feeling that confidence is always better given than asked, and that there might be passages in the story painful to hear and worse to tell. The rest of the household, from the Earl downwards, gave him the benefit of a generous forbearance, springing from the same root as the old custom which forbade inquiry into the antecedents of any one laying claim to hospitality or protection.

At length, however, this reserve was broken through, and Arthur and his new friends became, in consequence, better acquainted. The early dinner, universal at the period, was just over, and most of the numerous and miscellaneous company (in which, of course, Scotsmen largely predominated), lingered in the hall, conversing in parties. Arthur sat apart in the deep embrasure of a window, reading a popular Scottish ballad on the death of Henry Darnley, which George had given

him that morning. Not far from him, a group of listeners, all Scottish or English, were gathered round a voluble little Frenchman, a Huguenot, who had made his first appearance among them that day. But Arthur paid no attention to what was passing, until he came to the verse of the ballad in which the author, having exhausted his store of classical epithets in abuse of the guilty Queen, fell upon the expedient of wishing himself a ferret, that he might enjoy the pleasure of "worrying" her—

"Were I an hound—oh! if she were an hare;
And I a cat, and she a little mouse;
And she a bairn, and I a wildwood-bear;
I a ferret, and she the caniculus."

With a smile of mingled disgust and amusement, he flung away the broadsheet; and as he did so, his ear caught the words, spoken in a Frenchman's English, "I remember myself that one said he was much *dérégulé*—what you call it?—disruled."

"He maun have been something by-ordinar, wae's me! to earn his dismissal from that service," said Master Gilbert Skeyne, the Earl's physician, and Arthur's kind and constant attendant during his illness.

"That's true; for those great nobles keep in their trains sich awful godless rogues and ruffians, that a man must have had his hand in some piece of unheard-of wickedness to make him over bad for their company." This was said by Captain Robert Stuart, a young Scotsman of a very daring and reckless character; who, however, had good means of knowing what he spoke of, as he had been for some years a resident in France, and had seen service in the late Huguenot war.

"Puir lad, puir lad! Wha wad hae thoct it?" said a kindly Scot, shaking his honest gray head with a mournful air.

Arthur felt his curiosity awakened about the 'poor lad' whose early depravity seemed to excite the compassion of the company.

"But, Monsieur, do you know of what he was really guilty?" he heard some one ask.

"Not all-to-fact. But my cousin, Master of the Household to the Duke of Guise (Arthur started, and the blood mantled suddenly to his forehead),—we are very good friends, Messieurs, except for the religion. I wish to say, my cousin

hinted to me that it acted of a riot in Poitiers, in which the young man made party."

"What!—he speaks of me—I am the theme of his discourse—the object held up to pity and contempt by this wretch—liar—slandere!" were Arthur's burning thoughts.

What followed he scarcely heard; but he knew that at last the Frenchman concluded: "In fine, one thought it not proper that a young man who had demeaned himself like that should be retained in the service."

Then his wrath could restrain itself no longer, and well-nigh had his hand been impelled to a deed of what, in his haste, he would have accounted deserved, though summary, justice upon the offending Frenchman. But he paused, and for some moments remained silent and motionless. In that short space the conflict within was keen; but the new and better mind prevailed. Grace, though yet young in Arthur, won the victory, and his natural self succumbed.

He walked quickly into the midst of the group. "Gentlemen," he said, "I should have made you aware of my presence ere this, had I guessed you were speaking of me."

The Scotsmen looked surprised, perhaps a little disconcerted; and one of them muttered a proverb, probably old even then, and not complimentary to listeners. The Frenchman, for his part, seemed half abashed, half angry; he supposed the young man intended to make what he had heard the ground of a personal quarrel, and he was as yet undecided whether to brave it out, or to apologize. After all, he had intended no harm; having repeated the tale as it was told to him, except indeed for a few slight exaggerations and additions, the result of a loose and careless manner of speaking. But Arthur did not notice him, even by a look. He turned at once to his countrymen, whose good opinion he valued deeply and truly. "I know," he said, "what you have just heard looks ill. And I acknowledge it is true in part. I have been the Duke of Guise's page. I was present at a tumult in Poitiers; and I was, in consequence, dismissed from the Duke's service."

"Spoken like a man, at least," said Captain Stuart.

"Ay, sir," added Master Skeyne, "tell truth

and shame the devil. Forbye that, lad"—this was spoken encouragingly—"ye might hae done mony a waur thing than just bear a hand in a tulzie."

The imputation of so common and venial an offence would certainly never, in itself, have stung Arthur so deeply. But far heavier charges had been insinuated by the Frenchman, whose remarks, half true as they were, were calculated to leave most untrue impressions on the minds of his hearers. Still he mastered his irritation, and continued, very calmly, "I shall tell you all how and why I lost my place. You have heard, doubtless, of the murder of Maçon, the Huguenot glove-maker, at Poitiers?"

Not one of those present, except the Frenchman, had heard of the outrage. Even he knew nothing of the circumstances; but he just remembered having heard it mentioned as one amongst the many grievances of his party. He bowed accordingly; but Arthur, who was not looking towards him, and did not observe him, went on with his story.

"The man—a brave man, too, and an honest—would not, or did not, hang tapestry and flowers about his house on the day of the *Fête Dieu*. A trifling offence, you will say; but it cost him his life. The townspeople broke into his house, dragged him to the Grande Place, and burned him there as an obstinate heretic."

Most of those present uttered expressions of astonishment and indignation, and one asked, "Did ye see that yersel', Maister Arthur?"

"I not only saw it," said Arthur, with a crimsoned face, "but I confess, to my shame and sorrow, I took part at first in the doing of it."

Those who stood nearest retreated a pace or two from him; but all waited in silence for the end.

He went on: "It was before I guessed or dreamed what they were about to do. You will believe that of me, my countrymen?" His look was appealing, yet frank, and full of manly confidence.

It was responded to by several of his hearers with "Ay, ay," and "We dinna misdoubt ye, my lad."

"But did the Duke turn you off for that, Maister Arthur?" asked the physician. "Gif he did, it was unco little like him, for a black-

hearted Papist, ain son to the Butcher of Vassy." And Robert Stuart laughed scornfully at the very supposition.

"No," said Arthur; "thank God, he did not. It was not for my sin I suffered, but for my weak effort to undo it. As they hurried their victim to his doom, he appealed to any man of honour and humanity in the crowd, if such there were, to protect his innocent wife and children. I took the charge. I could do no less—could I? I drove the rabble forth."

"What, all by yourself?" "At your own hand?" cried one, and another, and another of his hearers, wavering between admiration and incredulity.

"It was not hard to do," said Arthur, modestly. "They were arrant cowards—for the most part unarmed—and the dregs of the people. And, forbye that, the fiercest of them rushed of their own accord to the Grande Place to see the end. The rest were easily dealt with. Howbeit, lest they should return, I guarded the house that night. Now, my friends, I have told you my crime." And he turned, intending to leave the place.

But Captain Stuart barred his way. "Master Arthur Erskine," he said, "you have done a braver act than I ever did in all my life, though this right hand hath dealt some hearty blows against the enemies of truth and freedom. Will you clasp it, offered in friendship?"

"And permit me the honour also," added the Frenchman, extending his hand, and subsiding into his native tongue; "that is to say, if Monsieur will have the goodness to pardon"—

"Don't speak of it," said Arthur, his voice growing slightly tremulous.

Master Gilbert Skeyne's hearty "God bless you, lad! I'm glad I fought with you through your fever," did not tend to calm him.

Nor did the strong words of approval which fell from the lips of one and another in the group, nor the eager hands stretched out to grasp his, as that of one who not only was "an honour to bonny Scotland," but had actually been a sufferer "in the cause of the true Evangel."

"I do not deserve all this. Moreover, what you say of me is not true," he said, at length. "At that time I neither knew nor loved the

Evangel. Indeed, I had turned my back upon it. But I ken now that I may thank God for that day's work all my life, and beyond it. Only for that, I might have remained to this day in the Guise's service, and have become—what the Guise's servants are. But he led the blind by a way that he knew not. Not, therefore, to the blind, but to his merciful Guide, all the praise is due."

He said this earnestly, and without hesitation, for it was one of those rare moments when, under the influence of strong feeling, a man can speak as freely to a hundred listeners, or to a thousand, as he could to one.

Those who heard, partially, and but partially understood him. "That is all very good," said Robert Stuart, and he uttered the thoughts of most of the rest. "Still it doth not alter the facts of the case. I say it again, let who will contradict it, you were a true sufferer for the cause, though you meant it not. And that should stand to your credit with all who love it. But, gentlemen, here comes my Lord, let us relate the whole matter to him, and ask his opinion thereupon. I know it liketh him well to hear of such a deed as this youth hath done."

They did so accordingly; and the consequences were not unimportant to Arthur Erskine.

George and Arthur stood together that night at the open window of the little room where one of them had suffered and learned so much. It was a very small window, with no prospect except the walls and roofs of a few neighbouring houses, and a precious glimpse of the sky—the usually clear and brilliant sky of Paris. Just then, the full moon, walking in her brightness across that field of azure, lent to the commonplace scene below beauty enough to fill the eye and heart of a poet. This was scarcely appreciated, however, by either of the two young men, for their thoughts were occupied with other scenes. Had they been looking out upon Egyptian darkness, there would still have been brightness enough in the heart of one, and perhaps indeed of both.

"Maister Arthur, are ye no glad we're ganging hame?" asked George, breaking a temporary silence.

"Ay, Geordie; and still more glad to feel that it is home."

"Ye're a true Scot the noo, and no Frenchman."

Arthur motioned assent. "I think," he said, after a pause, "there never yet was a man used so little after his deserts as I."

"Better, or waur?" asked George, with a quiet smile.

"Better, a thousand times. Well enough to humble me in the dust. After flinging away every good gift God gave me, and going the right gait to be ruined, soul and body, here I am, rescued, sheltered, cared for, and, forbye that, my eyes opened at last to know good from evil. And, as if all this were too little, I go home to my father's land, not like the ne'er-do-weel and dyvour I am, and the beggar I deserve to be, but with my Lord of Murray's promise, given me this day, that I shall find such work there as a brave man's head and hands may do."

George started, and his face brightened.

"I'm ouer blythe to hear it," he said. "Then, Maister Arthur, ye've nae mair doot ava"—here he hesitated.

"Anent what?" said Arthur. "The Queen? Alas, and alas, would that I or any man could dare to doubt! But that's an ill subject; let us not talk of it. I do *not* misdoubt that in serving my Lord of Murray, I shall serve my country also. And in good sooth, Geordie, I have not often seen the man I could serve as I find it in my heart to serve him."

"Atweel," said George, "he hath been kind, and ye're grateful."

"Not that at all," said Arthur, thoughtfully, as he opened and shut a clasp-knife he held in his hand. "Though that's true, too. But have you heard, Geordie, that all is settled at last for our crossing of the Channel? Master Thomas Jenner hath succeeded in engaging an English fishing-boat to carry us over from Dieppe to Rye."

"Oh ay; but I jalouse there's a muckle need of care and caution yet. These Messieurs are slippery folk, and the Italian Lady waur than a'. I dinna marvel, indeed, that Queen Catherine suld be sae laith to let my Lord depart. For, thanks to his firmness and honesty, Scotland may hope at last to be free of her and of France; and,

still better, to be free o' that family wha has been the curse and bane o' France, and o' Scotland too, for mony a lang year—the bluidy House of Guise."

"Geordie, I think whiles that God sent me to France just to learn what Papistry is, and what the Guises are."

"Like enoo, Maister Arthur."

"There's but one thing gars me grieve now, Geordie,—the waste of my life up to this day, without use or service to myself or to any man."

"Hoot awa'! Dinna talk o' yer life that gait, Maister Arthur. It's naebut just beginning. How old may you be, sir?"

"More than eighteen." From his tone it might have been eighty.

"Weel, sir, Maister John Knox had your years twa times ouer and mair before his voice was heard in the land. Yet God has given him time to do sic a wark for him as nae ither man living has done, or will do, gin I ken aething ava'. Though that's scarce to the purpose. After a', Maister Arthur, ye're young enoo still to thank God, wha has gien ye the grace to seek him early and to find him."

"But the past?"

"As ye partly see yersel', it's no wasted. It's like yer braw sword yon"—

Here Arthur interrupted him. "Oh ay, George, my sword. How shall I thank your thoughtful kindness in fuding it out, and redeeming it for me? In truth, I have so much to thank you for, I scarce know where to begin. Shall I ever be able to show you I am not ungrateful?"

George turned his face away, and said, with hesitation, "Aiblins—some day." Then, in an altered tone, "Na, na; dinna think on that word of mine, it was naebut a fule thocht. The paths we maun tread in, sir, are no like to lie thegither ony mair. Sae soon as we gang hame, I maun turn to my trade, and labour hard at that. What gared me speak o' yer sword ava', was just this: It's braw to look upon the noo, and it'll be unco usefu' in a strang hand, and for a righteous cause. But do ye no mind the lang time it maun hae lain idle and useless, and the melting, the forging, the hammering, and sic like, it maun hae gaen through to mak' it what you see it the day? Ye're

just like yon sword yersel', Maister Arthur. To this very hour ye've been, as it were, in the Maker's han'a. Noo ye're finished out of han', sae to speak, and in course ye maun be usit. Nae doot but it's time for ye to set to wark and do

something. And sae, God helping us, we'll baith gang hame to bonny Scotland wi' hopefu' hearts, and we'll dae the wark he sets us—I mine in my lawfu' calling, and you yours, whilk is like to be the better wark after a'."

D. A.

Miscellanies by the Rev. T. L. Ouyler.

I.—THE CROSS OF CHRIST FIRST.

FIRST of all," wrote Paul to the Church of Corinth, "I delivered unto you that Christ died for our sins." The "first of all" here does not refer to priority of time; for Paul had sounded the gospel-trump through the streets of Ephesus, and under the shadow of Mount Lebanon, before he ever struck its key-note amid the voluptuous idolaters of Corinth. But it means that as the *principal thing* he preached the cross of the crucified Saviour. The Alpha and the Omega of his preaching was, that "Christ Jesus died for our sins." This was his faithful saying. Whatever else came second, this always came first; whatever else he omitted, he never omitted the very core and marrow of the gospel of salvation.

What Paul made first, the Word of God makes first also. The cardinal doctrine of the Bible is, that Christ died for the sinner's sins. Other religious systems make prominent the character of their supreme being, or the life of its teachers, or some ritual of worship. But the peculiar characteristic of Christianity is the sacrificial death of its divine Founder. The Bible does not underrate Christian ethics, or the spotless example of Jesus; but the sacrificial death of the Redeemer transcends all other truths in significance and saving power. As Dr. James W. Alexander once said, "He who would tear from the gospel the atoning death of the Redeemer, would drain away the vital fluid from vein and artery and heart. Of all objects in the gospel, that which stands in highest relief is—the cross! Of all its syllables, the most sacred is—atoning blood." Of all that my Bible tells me of my divine Lord, the most precious and the most memorable is, that he laid down his life for my sins. If I could deliver but one discourse to a congregation made up of all the dwellers on the globe, this would be my text,—“Christ Jesus died for our sins.”

This is the text that has rung round the world wherever pure Christianity has found a voice. This is the truth that shook pagan Rome to its foundations, and has been an overmatch for the proudest infidelity. This is the truth that has lain warmest and closest to the Christian's heart in every age. This is the truth that awakens sinners and converts souls. The touchstone of

every ministry is, Does the man preach Christ and him crucified? Wherever the most spiritual power is developed from a pulpit, wherever sin is most fearlessly assailed, and wherever the richest revivals have been enjoyed, there has there commonly been the most faithful preaching of the searching and saving doctrine of the Cross. For one, I hold that it is the imperative duty of every Christian minister to thunder against oppression, and injustice, and intemperance, and fraud, and licentiousness, and covetousness, and Sabbath desecration; but the true vantage-ground from which to assail all these tremendous sins is beside that cross where Jesus died to condemn all sin and to save the sinner.

If I were a member of a vacant church, seeking for a pastor, my first question would be, Does the candidate for our pulpit understand, and believe, and preach that the atoning blood of Jesus is the only means to save a guilty sinner? No matter what his erudition or his eloquence, if he lacked this "one thing needful." From the most learned or the most brilliant discourse, that has no atoning Saviour in it, the hungry, unsatisfied believer comes away mournfully complaining, "He has taken away my Lord, and I know not where he has laid him."

But not every preaching of Christ's death is either scriptural or soul-saving. Theodore Parker sometimes spoke of the dying Redeemer in language that makes one's blood run cold. One man teaches that Jesus died simply to display his fortitude and his sincerity to a principle. A quarter of a million American heroes have lately displayed all this on a hundred battle-fields. Another man teaches that Jesus died to set an example. Another, that he died to reveal the wickedness of sin, and to make men abhor it. But, in our humble judgment, none of these theories meet the tremendous necessities of a sinful world, or the mighty demand of this plain gospel record,—“Christ Jesus died for our sins.” This alone meets the demand; it was a sacrifice for human sin. It was a voluntary sacrifice; it was a vicarious sacrifice. Christ, having become man, offered himself as our representative, and in our stead, to make an expiation by his death for sinful men. By this sacrificial death Christ satisfied the demands of righteous justice. He exhausted the punishment due to sin

in his own bleeding person. His infinite dignity gave to his atoning death an infinite value. Whosoever believes in and accepts this atoning Saviour with heart-felt faith and obedience, receives pardon, grace, and the promise of everlasting life. Every living creature is invited to believe and accept the offered Saviour; and no man perishes for want of an atonement. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The three great ideas connected with the atonement of Jesus are substitution, sacrifice, salvation. Christ became our substitute, and suffered for us. Christ became our sacrifice, and laid down his life to take away our guilt. Christ secures salvation to every true believer and faithful follower.

These three ideas are distinctly affirmed in scores of passages in the inspired Word of God. In these three points the vast body of Christian believers agree. This

has been the common faith of Christ's Church from the day of Pentecost. Paul preached this glorious doctrine of the Cross under the shadow of the Parthenon. Luther preached this to slumbering Europe, and it rose from the dead. Calvin taught this. Cowper sang it in celestial strains among the water-lilies of the Ouse. John Wesley proclaimed it to the colliers of Kingwood, and the swarthy miners of Cornwall. Spurgeon thunders this doctrine of the Cross into the ears of peer and peasant, with a voice "like the sound of many waters." The heart of Christendom has ever held to this as the heart of Christian theology,—"*Christ Jesus died for our sins.*"

Paul placed this precious truth "first of all." He hung it as high, and distinct, and clear as God hangs the morning-star. Where the great apostle placed it, the Church of Jesus Christ has ever kept it—the pre-eminent ensign and glory of the whole people of God.

II.—CLOUDY CHRISTIANS.



DOUBTING from the private conversations we have with church members, and from the private notes that are often addressed to us, there must be a large number of professed Christians who spend most of their time under a cloud. But little spiritual joy sweetens their cup. But a few gleams of sunshine brighten their daily path. As for a happy and radiant day on the "Delectable Mountains," such as Bunyan gives to his Pilgrim, they do not know much more about it, practically, than they know about the Grand Lama of Thibet.

One of our parishioners writes to us that his Christian hope is wholly overclouded. He leads a circumspect life before others; but in his own heart lies an overwhelming mass of *doubts*, that rob him of his spiritual peace. He has become a chronic doubter. What Thomas was for one evening, this poor man is for nearly every day and night of his existence. It has become habitual with him to distrust the Word of God, to distrust its precious promises, to distrust the reality of his own conversion. He hardly knows what it is to grasp a revealed truth firmly, and cling to it, and rest on it, and grow by it as his hungry body eats and thrives on his daily bread. If the Apostle Paul should come to him and say, "I *know* whom I have believed," he would be very apt to reply, "Paul, *how* do you know it? I never have any assurance. I sometimes doubt whether my Bible is true, or whether Christ ever died to redeem me, or whether God's Spirit ever converted me. I am a terrible doubter."

Yes, friend, you are indeed! It is your own work. The man that does that miserable doubting lives and walks in your shoes. There is not another person's sin against you, but your own sin against your own soul, and against your God. It is your besetting sin. Not

merely your misfortune, observe, but your fault. God commands you to believe him, and you disobey. Christ bids you look to him, and you look away; to trust him, and you only stand off and question his truthfulness and love. He promises you that, if you seek the grace that is sufficient for you, he will answer your prayers. You are no exception to his fixed law. If Paul received from him pardon, peace, assurance, strength, and spiritual joy, so can you. There is a vast deal of self-conceit in that heart of yours, which pretends that what sufficed for Paul and for millions of others is not clear enough, or strong enough, or efficacious enough for you.

In addition to this subtle self-righteousness, you are also guilty of no little obstinacy. You hold fast to your doubts, instead of holding fast to Jesus. When these harassing doubts come to your heart's door, instead of bolting it in their face, you let them in, and sit down and parley with them. You harbour them; you do not resist them. To every sly sceptical whisper of your tempter, stoutly say, *Get thee behind me, Satan!* Cry at once, in prayer, for *faith*. Grasp hold of a promise, as sinking Peter stretched out his arms to Jesus. Turn away from Satan's suggestions to God's own declarations. That terrible *habit* you have contracted of disbelieving the Lord Jesus must be dealt with as a tippler must deal with his habit of indulging in the intoxicating glass. You must break it up, at whatever cost. Lay hold, with a death-grip, of God's Word, and say to yourself, "If I go any further in this way, I shall become an infidel, and a wretch. I will never tamper with my Saviour again. I will cling to him, if I perish. Lord, I *BELIEVE!* Help thou me to conquer that accursed unbelief!"

Depend upon it that you will never attain any sunshine of spiritual peace, or any power as a Christian,

until, in the divine strength, you overcome this guilty and deplorable habit of doubting. What have you ever gained by it? What has it ever done, but insult your Saviour? If you expect to venture on him in the dying hour, why not do it now?

It is said that Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, the great Swiss historian, was sorely oppressed with doubts during his student days. He went to his old, experienced teacher for help. The old man refused to answer them, saying, "Were I to rid you of these, others would come. There is a shorter way of destroying them. Let Christ be *really* to you the Son of God, the Saviour, and his light will dispel the darkness, and his Spirit lead you into all truth." The old man was right. He saw the fatal habit which the young student was acquiring. He knew, too, that the glorious Sun of righteousness could alone scatter, by his divine effulgence, the clouds that make a human life dark and dreary.

"Tis midnight with the soul till HE,
Bright morning Sun, bids darkness flee."

There is also another class of cloudy Christians, who suffer from their peculiar temperament. Such should be treated considerately and tenderly. They are periodically cheerful, and periodically desponding. Their usual condition is one of depression; but this is relieved by an occasional sunburst of light and joy. Then the barometer rises. The skies brighten. You can see the change in their countenance, if you meet them in the street. To-morrow the "east wind" will blow again, and his barometer will fall to the stormy quarter. No sun or star appears in his lowering sky. The worry of his business, the failure of his plans, the loss of his wonted sleep, or some painful intelligence,

have completely upset him, and his prayer sounds like the mournful wail of a captive, through prison-bars. Now, such a nervous, excitable, fitful Christian needs a large supply of grace. He needs, too, to look well after his bodily health. Watchfulness, too, is his duty; and he ought to face the very beginnings of despondency and irritability with as bold and prayerful a spirit as he would face a temptation to a fraud. He manufactures the very clouds that fling their shadows over his pathway.

How true this is, too, of that still larger class of professors who darken their own lives by *wilful sin*. They have sinned away their Christian hope. Their iniquities, like a thick cloud, separate between God and their own souls; the divine countenance is hidden, as in a terrible eclipse. Spiritual declension is fatal to spiritual peace. No church member who neglects his closet and the house of prayer, who pursues crooked paths in business, who indulges in fleshly lusts, or who is unfaithful to his vows, can ever expect to enjoy the blessed "assurance of hope." That is a fearful description which Bunyan gives of certain stumbling backsliders, who, having turned off over a "stile" from the King's highway, were left to grope among the tombs under the shadow of a dark and lonely mountain. As Christian looked at them, his eyes gushed out with tears. I have occasionally seen such backsliders awaked out of their guilty condition by some alarming providence, and crying aloud, "Where is now my hope?" If such an one reads this paragraph, I would say to him, You may find your lost "hope" only where Peter found his, when he "went out and wept bitterly." You may find it, in penitence, at the cross of Christ. Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and *Christ shall give thee light!*

The Childrens Treasury.

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY A. L. O. E.

"**H**URRAH! Will Welling, I've such a piece of news for you; I would tell it to no one but you!" exclaimed Roger Bolt, as he met his favourite companion, with a face flushed with pleasant excitement.

"What's the news?" asked Willy, with eager curiosity.

"I've found out where the eagle's nest is!" replied Roger, his eyes sparkling as if he had discovered a diamond mine.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Willy, looking just as much interested as his companion.

"I do, though. I'll tell you how it was; just come

this way with me, under the steep crags," said Roger, drawing Willy along by the arm. "You know that Sir John shot the male eagle two days ago, and offered a reward of a guinea to whoever should take the nest, as the eagles have done such mischief amongst the young lambs. Well, thinks I, I'll watch; and so I did—I played truant from school all yesterday."

"What did your mother say to that?" asked Willy.

"Oh, who minds what she said!" answered Roger carelessly; at which Willy looked grave. "At last," continued the boy, "I saw the big mother-eagle, just at sunset, come and drop down where her nest must be;

just there—don't you see?" and he pointed about half-way up the high rocky crag.

"I see nothing there but a little brown bush."

"That's the place; the nest must be just behind that brown bush, for it's there where the bird disappeared, and there's where she flew out this morning. Now, don't you think that you and I could climb up and get that nest while the mother-eagle is away?"

"It would be rare fun to try!" cried Willy.

"It won't be easy work," observed Roger: "the eagles were cunning birds to choose such a nook for their nest."

"Well," cried Willy eagerly, "you just wait till I've been to the town and bought the things which my mother bade me get, and you and I will set to climbing at once."

"I've no notion of waiting for you or any one else," said Roger; "now's the time to clamber up, while the fierce old bird is away. Put off your tiresome shopping till we have carried off the nest."

"I cannot put it off," said Willy Welling, "for mother bade me go directly; I ought not to stand talking with you here."

"I never knew such a chap as you," cried Roger Bolt, with impatience; "if your mother tells you to do a thing, you do it as if your life depended upon it. Why, my mother has forbidden me ever to attempt to climb up that cliff; if she has done so once, she has done so a dozen times—but I shall climb up this hour, for all that."

"If my mother had forbidden me, I would *not* climb," said Willy, with decision.

"Then a pretty Molly you would be," cried Roger, shrugging his shoulders with scorn.

Willy Welling flushed at the taunt. "Roger," he said, "it is written in the Bible, *Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right*;" and without stopping longer, since delay was disobedience to his mother's command, Willy with quick steps walked away.

"I don't care one straw either for his words or his example," muttered Roger; "though I'm sorry not to have his company and help in a difficult adventure like this. But certainly I won't stop for his nonsense. I never knew a fellow like Willy—always thinking of duty, and of what he ought or ought not to do. He makes himself a slave to his mother, and she's not half so nice a one as mine. Why, *my* mother, she never thinks anything good enough for me; she'd rather dine on a crust than not give me my bit of meat every day; while Willy's mother—but never mind about all that," said Roger to himself, as the thought of his own parent's kindness did not make it seem a more right and dutiful thing to break her command; "my business now is with the nest. 'Twill be a pretty tough bit of climbing to reach that brown bush at that height."

So Roger, who was a strong and active boy, began mounting the rocky steep, clutching at every tuft or twig that could help him in his ascent, digging his foot

or his knee into every cleft, or clinging to any projection that could give him an upward lift. It was wonderful how, with pulling, and struggling, and scrambling, he managed to rise higher and higher. Of course, Roger could not go up in a straight direction: he had now to bend to the right to catch hold of a bough, now to turn to the left to take advantage of a jutting-out stone; and as it was impossible for him to keep the brown bush in view while he was straining every muscle in climbing, he was a good deal afraid that, with all his efforts, he might not be able to find it.

"I wish that stupid Will had been standing below—he would have called out and directed me," thought Roger, as at last he stopped to take breath, after having done what he felt to be—wonders. "I've got up a tremendous height from the road, but I've not a notion whether I should climb to the left or the right. I don't see, though, that I've much choice which way to go, for that ledge above me is the only footing I *can* reach from here, and my limbs are aching so terribly now, and my arms are so tired, that I shall hardly have strength to clamber up there. Oh, dear, dear, how my heart goes thumping! my face glows like fire, and I don't know when I shall get back my breath! Never mind, 'faint heart never won fair lady,'—when once I stand on that ledge, I shall be able to look about me. I dare say I'm close to the nest."

Making an effort, the almost exhausted boy did manage to get upon the ledge; but he found it a good deal narrower than he either expected or liked, and the rock above it rose for eight feet almost as straight as a wall, only, alas! leaning a little outward. Even if there had been any little hole in this rock-wall in which a skilful climber might have found foothold, a great projecting bit of crag just above it completely stopped all progress. Not a goat could have mounted higher in the direction which Roger had taken. The boy, already tired out, now became very much frightened.

"I can't get up, and oh, how can I possibly get down!" he gasped forth. For the first time since he had begun his ascent, Roger glanced downwards, and, heated as he was, the glance made him shiver with fear. The lonesome road looked so terribly far below him, his brain seemed to reel at the sight—he dreaded to gaze down again. To get down, poor Roger felt, was quite as impossible now as to clamber up higher: he could not see where to set his foot, and if he should slip and fall, he knew that he would be dashed in pieces. It was horrible to the boy to find himself standing half-way up the great cliff, on a ledge but six inches broad, with not so much as a bunch of grass to hold by, and so much tired that he felt ready to drop. To add to Roger's misery, it seemed to him that the ledge on which his life depended was not itself very firm. He fancied—perhaps it was only fancy—that it was beginning to tremble under his weight! Roger dared not shake it by changing his posture from standing to sitting, as he would otherwise gladly have done; he was almost afraid

to shout out for help, lest the vibration caused by his voice should hasten the fall of what might be a loose fragment of stone, ready to fall crashing down with the wretched boy whom it now supported.

Roger's position soon grew to be one of agony. He called at last, loud and more loudly; but no sound was heard in reply but the echo of his own voice from the rock. The spot was so little frequented, that no one might pass by for hours, and for how many minutes longer would his power of endurance or the strength of his little ledge last. Roger had cried in vain for help from man; at last he gasped out a broken prayer to God. But the boy had hitherto cared little for religion, and he had no right to expect the same comfort from it as if he had made it his guide and his joy. Nay, instead of comfort, religion brought now to Roger only a new cause of terror. He might be, he knew it, very near death—his poor crushed form might shortly be lying where he did not venture to look; and *where would his soul be then?* Was he not engaged in an act of sin at that very moment—disobeying his God, because disobeying his mother? *Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right*, rang in the ears of poor Roger. He had a thousand times gone against the wishes of his mother—so often, that his conscience had grown quite hard on the subject, and he had not dreamed that he was bringing himself under the wrath of God; but now Roger's sins appeared to him in a clearer, more terrible light than they ever had done before. And oh, how bitter to him was the remembrance of the love which he had slighted! what he would have given to have been sure that he should ever look on the face of his mother again, and have another opportunity of trying to make her happy! Roger might have been her joy and comfort, but he knew—too well he knew—that many a grief had he caused the tender heart that loved him so well. In his misery the boy cried to God to have mercy upon him, to spare him a little longer, that he might try to be, what he never yet had been—a dutiful son to his mother.

Suddenly the sound of a voice from below startled and sent a thrill of hope through Roger.

"Hollos, Roger! you up there!" He knew the voice of young Welling.

"O Will!" he almost shrieked, "quick! quick! call help! I can't get either up or down; my strength is going—the ledge is trembling; if you're long, I'll be dashed to bits!"

"Hold on! I'll run for help!" shouted Willy.

Then a long, long silence succeeded, when every minute that passed seemed like an hour to Roger. He could not think what could detain Willy; nor could he imagine how any one could manage to help him down, as no ladder could possibly reach him.

At length Roger again heard a welcome voice; this time not from below, but from above.

"Shout, that we may know where you are, for we cannot see you, Roger." The poor boy eagerly obeyed.

"Don't be afraid: we've got up another way to the top of the cliff with a famous long rope, and we're making a noose at the end, that you may slip it round you and be safe."

"If it does not come soon, all will be over with me!" cried poor Roger.

Down came the noose over the rock, within sight of the boy, but, alas! not within reach of his hand. The projecting crag kept it full seven feet distant from Roger, who could no more touch it than if he had been seven miles off instead.

"I can't reach it—oh, what shall I do?" yelled out the agonized boy.

Quickly the rope was drawn up; another dreadful pause succeeded, then something dark came suddenly over the crag: it was Willy himself, fastened to the rope, holding the noose-end in his hand.

"If I throw it, can you catch?" cried Willy, in a tone so cheerful and hearty that it gave new courage to Roger.

"Oh, throw it, and quickly!" he exclaimed.

Willy threw, and Roger caught the rope, almost overbalancing himself as he did so. With trembling hands he passed the noose round his waist—he dared not have trusted his life to his power of clinging. It was well that he had not done so, for the moment that, at a signal from Willy, the men above began pulling up the rope, the exhausted lad fainted away.

Willy, of course, knew nothing of this; he only knew that Roger was safely hanging below him, and would soon be hoisted with him to the top of the cliff. Willy had been in such haste to descend to the help of his poor companion, that he had not observed, when first let down, that he was passing a little brown bush; but now he uttered a joyous shout, which made the men above pause in their pulling.

"Hurrah! Roger, hurrah!" shouted Willy, eagerly catching at the bush; "here's the very nest, the eagle's nest, with the downy, gaping little monsters in it. I've got it; hurrah! I've got it! no more lambs shall they have for their prey."

As Willy's hands were both free, he was able, with a little difficulty, to secure the large nest, with two downy young eaglets in it.

"All right—pull away now!" he shouted.

In a few minutes both the boys were drawn to the top of the crag. Willy naturally felt pleased and triumphant; but his joy was instantly damped when, on being released from the rope, he saw poor Roger, pale as death, stretched on the rock beside him.

"No fears for him," said one of the men; "he'll do well enough; just dash a little water in his face; we'll take him home to his mother."

These last words reached the ear of poor Roger, who was slowly recovering. "Oh yes—to my mother; take me to my mother," he repeated, scarcely conscious of what he was saying.

Home to his parent Roger returned: Willy ran on

before to her cottage, to prevent her being alarmed by an exaggerated report of the danger of her boy. She hurried forth, in tender anxiety, and met Roger walking, looking pale and grave, but not otherwise the worse for his fearful adventure. The men had gone back to their work; only Willy was present at the meeting between the mother and son.

"Oh, my boy, why did you attempt to climb that cliff when I had so often warned you against doing it!" cried Mrs. Bolt in a tone of tender reproach, as she took her rescued son into her arms.

Roger's pale cheek flushed as he said, "Will you forgive me, mother?"

Mrs. Bolt was surprised at the question; it was, alas! the first time that she had ever heard such words from her son.

"Forgive you, my child!" she exclaimed. "I never thought of chiding you; I am only too thankful for your preservation."

"I owe it, under God, to Willy," said Roger. Mrs. Bolt turned and thanked Willy Welling with tears in her eyes; he had not even mentioned to her the part which he had taken in rescuing his friend.

"I'm glad that you'll have the guinea from Sir John, Will," said Roger.

"I don't reckon it as my due," cried Willy. "It was you who found out the eagle's nest, and you should have the reward."

"I will never touch a farthing of it!" exclaimed Roger, with vehemence; and then he added, more calmly, "No, no, Willy; you've well earned the guinea."

"At least we'll divide," suggested Will.

"Yes, we'll divide thus," replied Roger: "You shall have the reward, and I the *lesson*, which is worth a great deal more, I take it, than all the money that Sir John can give. I hope that to the end of my days I'll never forget the command which I nearly lost my life from neglecting to-day,—*Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.*"

Willy added the next verse, but not aloud: *Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise.*

BE HONEST, CHILDREN.

I SUPPOSE some of the little boys who read this will say, when they look at the title of this piece, "That's easy enough; I am honest; I never took anything that

did not belong to me in my life." Well, that is right; but there is more in being *truly honest*, perhaps, than you think. I will tell you a story, and then you will understand me.

In a country school—the school of which I am the teacher—a large class were standing to spell. In the lesson there was a very "hard word," as the boys say. I put the word to the scholar at the head, and he missed it; I passed it to the next, and the next, and so on through the whole class, till it came to the last scholar—the smallest of the class—and he spelled it right; at least I understood him so, and he went to the head, above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself. I then turned round and wrote the word on the black-board, so that they might all see how it was spelled, and learn it better. But no sooner had I written it, than the little boy at the head cried out, "Oh! I didn't say it so, Miss W——; I said *e* instead of *i*;" and he went back to the foot, of his own accord, quicker than he had gone to the head. Was not he an honest boy? I should always have thought he spelled it right, if he had not told me; but he was too honest to take any credit that did not belong to him.

Let me tell you another story with a like lesson:—

One summer day, a school was out at play. There were a great many children, and the boys, some of them, had balls to play with. The boys had not much playground around the school-house; there was only a very small yard, and all around were high brick houses. One of the little boys threw his ball, and it went straight through a window, breaking the glass, and the pieces came rattling down on the bricks. There were so many children playing, that nobody knew who broke the window, except the boy who did it. He did not tell any one, but he was very sorry. Directly the bell rang, and all went in. The children had not much more than taken their seats, and all was still, when the door opened and a lady came in, with Eddie's ball in her hand. She lived in the house where the window was broken. She was very angry, and scolded so loud and fast, that the teacher could not say anything. When at last she stopped, and the teacher told her she would inquire about it, just then Eddie raised his hand; the teacher gave him leave to speak, and he rose from his seat, and said distinctly, "I broke the window accidentally, and I am very sorry; but this afternoon I will bring the money to pay for it." Was not that an honest boy?





